

# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE old faiths die hard, and when we are most convinced that they are dead we are generally disillusioned before long in finding them springing up to life again in the most unexpected ways, and in the most unlooked-for places. We are, however, all of us agreed that when the present devastating conflict is over, nothing, even in the ordinary routine of daily life, will be quite the same as it was before. We have, in fact, been effectually shaken out of our common ruts. The old conventions, the old traditions, however deep rooted they may be, will never again have quite the same hold on us that they once had. There are times when the land must be ploughed up in order to allow the crops to grow, and it is for this reason that from the point of view of cosmic evolution, these great crises in the world's history are rendered necessary. However terrible, however devastating they may be, they have in the great world scheme a salutary purpose.

"For centuries," says the author of *The New Science of Colour*,\* "man has evolved through the creation and the understanding of form; but he has now reached a point at which he is

\* London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net. (See advt. pages at front.) San Francisco: Union Lithograph Co.

in danger of exalting the mechanism above the mind that made it, and of succumbing to an obsession of individual power."

THE  
OBSESSION  
OF INDI-  
VIDUAL  
POWER.

One of the principal results of the present war, Miss Irwin suggests, may be to counteract this tendency. Through failure to understand the meaning of life and the essential object of his being, man had allowed his material servants to become his masters. He had striven, apparently with greater and greater success, in the words of the Psalmist, "to make the winds his servants and the flames of fire his ministers." But the time had arrived when their purposes of service had been transformed into purposes of destruction, and when the mineral kingdom no less than Nature's more secret forces, which were chained to his chariot, had revolted and reared themselves against him, destructive and defiant. In the author's words, "The ethical significance of the world-struggle was thus at stake."

We forego our illusions only when we have suffered from them too long and too severely to cherish them any longer in our hearts ; and we are only capable of learning from an object lesson, in the fearful evils of war, the value of the healing properties which are born of the union for single high purposes, of the spiritual forces of humanity. Competition and rivalry, if carried beyond their legitimate bounds, must inevitably produce war and discord ; and the doctrine of human brotherhood is as incompatible with the Darwinian philosophy which accepts the survival of the fittest as the ultimate object of the struggle of the stronger with the weaker, as it is with the final outcome of the rivalry between nation and nation, which precipitates, as it is bound eventually to precipitate, a world conflict on the battlefield of the jarring interests involved. For Darwin and Nietzsche

DARWIN  
AND  
NIETZSCHE.

were both wrong in their apotheosis of Might as the victor in the world struggle. For the fittest to survive in Nature's conflict is by no means necessarily the highest or the noblest in the scheme of evolution. The outcry of Ecclesiasticism against Darwin's discoveries and Darwin's teaching was based on a false reading of Nature's aims and of Nature's methods. But there lay at the root of it a true instinct which realized intuitively, though darkly, that the gospel of Darwin and the gospel of Christ were in direct antithesis the one to the other. The philosophy of Nietzsche was the transference of the teaching of Darwin to the plane of human conduct and ethics, just as the teaching of Jesus Christ was the protest against the acceptance of such a creed and the inculcation of the higher law.

It is because the drift of unguided and uninspired humanity must ever be towards the lower and consequently easier path, that the



MISS BEATRICE IRWIN,  
Author of *The New Science of Colour*.

need must arise, more especially at certain epochs and turning points in the world's history, of those messengers from the higher planes of the spiritual world, who will bring back mankind

from his materialistic imaginings to the realization of his true aims on earth—to the recognition, that is, of the source from which he sprang, and the high goal which is his journey's ultimate end and term.

It may appear a far cry from such philosophizing to the message which the New Science of Colour has to offer to the reconstituted and reconstructed edifice of human endeavour, when the flames of the universal conflict have at last died down, and when Peace again holds her normal sway. Perhaps, however, not so far a cry as may appear at first sight. To the world, after the destruction of the Flood, came the message of the rainbow,

the message of the harmony of colour, and the pledge of the at-one-ment of God and man, the token of the Divine covenant which, hidden though it be for long periods by the fog-banks of materialistic illusion, still stands as a promise and a pledge "between God and man, and every living creature of all flesh."

Though we may not, most of us, be prepared to go so far as Miss Irwin in her belief in the ultimate possibilities of colour education, we shall all of us, probably, be ready to admit that the development of the colour sense, not only for æsthetic, but also for therapeutic, moral and spiritual purposes, may prove to be one of the great revelations of the coming age, and that through the unfolding of this colour sense a more highly attuned and efficient organism for mankind may gradually be evolved. "Na-

tions," says Miss Irwin, "respond to colour as plants do to the Sun. They blossom and bear fruit physically, mentally, and morally in answer to the waves of colour with which they are surrounded. In other words, the human inhabitants of any part of the globe are the completion of its landscape, inasmuch as they focus in themselves the potencies of the colour waves that distinguish that particular bit of the earth. Thus the heart of a land is transmuted to the soul of a people, for nations express the potencies of colour with purpose, whereas nature can only do so with passion."

It is a bold saying, though not, I imagine, without a considerable element of truth, "that the human inhabitants of any part of the globe are the completion of its landscape." At any rate, it appears to me that insufficient stress has ever been laid on the effect of climate and environment upon race. A nation, I would suggest, changes its characteristics in insensible response to the environment in which it finds itself. The Celtic race will be found to evince very different characteristics in Brittany from

those which it manifests in Ireland, while the Welsh type differs essentially from either of the other two. Nay, more. English conquests and English settlements have had the effect on the eastern coast of Ireland, not merely of diluting the Celtic blood, but probably of rendering the Norman-Saxon the predominant racial influence. This is especially the case with the more aristocratic caste, who are in almost every case of Norman-Saxon blood. And yet these families represent in temperament and general characteristics a far closer affinity to the Irish Celt than they do to their English ancestry. Of all Ireland Ulster has been least responsive to the Celtic influence, the Ulsterman still approximating more closely to the Lowland Scotch than to his Irish neighbours. Here the colder and more severe climate has doubtless helped the partial retention of the racial characteristics of King James's settlement ; but in spite of their political and religious antagonism to the remainder of Ireland, from the point of view of the Englishman the evidence of the Irish birth of the Ulsterman is generally sufficiently apparent. In America again we see the gradual evolution of a distinct nationality, in conformity and sympathy with the geographical and climatic conditions of the country. In older times the Bœotian was noted for his indolence and slothfulness, while his neighbour, the Athenian, was readily recognized by the vivacity of his temperament. In this case there is no reason to suppose any distinction in racial ancestry. The climate had set its seal on the natives of either country. Hence their divergent dispositions.

Miss Irwin divides the various colours into three categories : the physical, mental, and spiritual ; and these, again, into sedative, recuperative, and stimulant. Her view is that those nations most liable to suffer from physical inertia are mainly attracted by the more stimulating colours, which they find it necessary to draw upon to make good their depleted reservoirs of vital force. Northern and Western races, on the other hand, she argues, " favour the ethereal blues, greys, and purples, which furnish those spiritual vibrations which the stress of our material civilization renders such a luxury." Of Japan she says that it presents the phenomenon of a country that has " evolved a kind of phantom colour chart composed of ghostly colours that are difficult to define."

The Japanese greys, lavenders, browns, yellows, purples and greens, are such etherealized editions of physical and mental sedatives and recuperatives that they form almost a new scale of stimulants. This scale,

though lacking in intensity, has the charm of a very subtle balance ; in fact, it possesses the effect of an incense in which the ingredients are so suavely mingled that one cannot differentiate them.

Orange and a peculiar vivid pink are the only spiritual stimulants employed by the Japanese, and these are used sparingly.

Our author laments the decadence of the colour sense in modern Italy. "In the fifteenth century," she says, "Italy produced masterpieces of colour in painting and brocades, and the pageant of her civil life was a festival in itself." "In Holland and America," she adds, "the colour development is vital. In France it is complex, though somewhat degenerate ; in England rather atrophied, but daily stirring to new life. Of all Western lands that I have visited," she continues, "Germany is the least advanced. This fact is significant of her lack of human development and of her bulbous mental Kultur. The Teuton colour sense is coarse, and runs to the two extremes of neutrality and garishness."

Miss Irwin urges the desirability of personal experiment in testing the colour sense, preferably, in the first instance, through the medium of external Nature, and later on, when certain conclusions have been arrived at, the construction by the student of a colour chart in accordance with the individual temperament. She submits a sample colour chart of her own, not necessarily

A COLOUR  
SANCTUM.

for general adoption, but rather as a guide to individual choice. Finally she would urge every one who is in a position to do so, to set apart some room in their home which should be dedicated to colour alone. "Such a retreat should," she says, "if possible be circular in shape, devoid of furniture, save for a couch or cushions, and the draperies that compose its walls should comprise curtains of varying tones and textures that could be intermingled by a system of pulleys. In such a retreat, regardless of season and circumstance, the individual could enfold himself at will in the greens of the forest, the purple of the sea, the azure of heaven, or the soft fawns and umbers of the earth, and he could gradually derive from each colour the message that would satisfy his needs."

A correspondent from Bournemouth sends me the subjoined letter in relation to an article which appeared in last month's issue entitled "Family Death Warnings" :—

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Gillespie's article on "Family Death Warnings" was of so interesting a nature that I felt somewhat disappointed that no explanation or suggestion was offered as to the possible cause or occult

reason for such connexions. I am acquainted with a family in South Africa who recognize the appearance of a certain large moth **A FAMILY** —called, on account of its uncanny head markings, the **DEATH** Death's Head moth—as a sure sign of an impending **WARNING.** decease. I was playing whist, beside an open window, one evening, with a daughter of the family, when she suddenly dropped her cards, and, turning very pale, pointed to one of this curious species which had alighted on a picture frame opposite to her. Then rising hastily she left the room. "It is our family warning," she confessed later, "one came to me just before my mother's death; another when my husband died, and now here it is again." A week later news arrived that her only brother had met with a fatal accident on his farm.

Yours truly,

BOURNEMOUTH.

FLORENCE E. PINCHON, F.T.S.

The complaint of my correspondent, that no explanation of the occult reason for such occurrences is offered by the writer, is not perhaps unnatural, but the problem raised is one of the most difficult and abstruse in all occultism, and the fact that such death warnings occur, and occur regularly and repeatedly, is, to my mind, a most noteworthy indication of the entire falsity of the basis of modern materialistic science. Science, in fact, almost

**UNITY OF** admits this, as it is obliged in practice to ignore  
**ALL COSMIC** all such occurrences and treat them either as coinci-  
**LIFE.** dences or as common and vulgar superstitions.

The very large number, however, of such happenings puts any such explanation as this out of court. The clue, in fact, lies deep down at the source of all cosmic life. To admit the reality of these occurrences is to grant in the first place the unity of all animate existence. The ties that bind man to his fellow man bind mankind at the same time to all forms of life in cosmic manifestation, and, when we come to realize this, we learn to attribute an added and deeper meaning to the oft-quoted words of the poet that

The whole round world is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

There is, in a number of these traditions, the implication that the family totem is something more than a savage superstition, and that there is a link between certain families and certain animals, and indeed between certain individuals and certain forms of animal, vegetable and even mineral life, which cause the latter to respond to the former and the former to transmit to the latter, subconsciously, a knowledge of their conditions, present and future. Says Paracelsus :—

If the crowing of cocks announces a change of weather, and if we hear the cocks crow in an unusual manner, we may predict that the weather

will change. Certain animals have inherited instincts that cause them to act in a certain manner, which may indicate other future events than a change in the weather. The peculiar cry of a peacock, or the unusual howling of a dog, may indicate the approach of a death in the house to which they are attached; for every being is a product of the universal principle of life, and each contains the light of Nature. Animals possess that light, and men bring it with them into the world.

Shortly before Queen Victoria's death attention was drawn in the *Globe* newspaper to the fact that a gigantic stone had fallen in the circle at Stonehenge, and the observation was made that this would be regarded as an omen of evil. In a similar

QUEEN  
VICTORIA'S  
DEATH  
OMEN.

manner it is well known that certain precious stones change colour and brilliancy in response to the health and fortunes of the wearer. Several instances bearing upon the point under discussion are given in a little book the appearance of which

during the coming week is announced by my publishers—*Haunted Royalties*, by Katherine Cox.\* In this book it is stated that on the day of the surrender of Napoleon III after the battle of Sedan a frightful storm broke over Windsor, and during the tempest a tree which the Emperor had planted in the park, while he and the Empress Eugenie were visiting Queen Victoria in 1855, was struck by lightning. Still half the stricken tree remained standing, but on the first of June, 1879, a similar terrific storm again swept over the park and a further lightning stroke completed the destruction of the tree. On this date the Prince Imperial was killed in action in Zululand. For further instances of a similar character in the vegetable world, I would refer my readers to an article in the current number entitled "Plant Sympathy."

If the mineral and the vegetable worlds are thus affected by their relationship to human beings, we can hardly wonder that the same law holds good in the case of animal nature.† Another remarkable instance is cited in *Haunted Royalties* in reference to a tradition which warns the ill-starred house of Hapsburg of coming misfortune. As the Hohenzollerns have their White Lady and the Wittelsbachs their Black Lady, so, says our author, the Hapsburgs have their "Turnfälken."

These are enormous white birds—some people say that they are swans—which, as a rule, only come out from their hiding-places on the river-banks at night, but, if they are seen in the daytime, forebode some mis-

\* *Haunted Royalties*. 136 pp. Illustrated. Paper covers, 1s. net. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd.

† See article, "Death Warnings," already alluded to.



fortune to the reigning house. A friend of my own, a lady who for thirty years had made Austria her home, recently related to me an anecdote concerning these curious birds. In June, 1914, a few days before the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Countess Sophie Hohenberg, hismorganatic wife, she was crossing a street in Vienna, when, just in front of the Cathedral, she saw an immense crowd collected

gazing up at the sky. Upon asking what the people were  
 THE gazing at, she was informed, in awestruck whispers, "The  
 DEATH OMEN Turnfalken—the Turnfalken!" and, raising her eyes

OF THE also, she saw, sure enough, a flock of enormous white birds,  
 HAPSBURGS. such as she had never seen before, wheeling round and  
 round in the sky, uttering weird and sinister cries. The  
 sight recalled to her memory the legend connected with the Turnfalken,  
 which, having been for so long a resident in the country, she had naturally  
 heard; but being rather sceptical regarding all omens and superstitions,  
 she thought little more about the matter until a few days later, when all  
 Vienna was ringing with the terrible story of the murder of the Emperor's  
 heir—the murder which was but another tragic episode in the annals of  
 the unhappy House of Hapsburg, and which ignited the first spark of the  
 fearful conflagration now enveloping the whole of Europe!

These veritable birds of ill omen do not often make their sinister  
 appearance, but it is said that they were seen a few days before the death  
 of the Duchesse d'Alençon, the Empress Elizabeth's sister, and a woman  
 of singular beauty and charm, who perished in the terrible fire at the  
 Charity Bazaar in Paris in May, 1897. They were also seen, and heard  
 making their weird, piercing cries, shortly before the death of the Em-  
 peror's only son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, at Meyerling.

Numerous other stories are associated with birds as death  
 omens, and the White Bird of the Oxenhams is merely the best  
 known of such traditions. The fact of a bird flying into a dwell-  
 ing-house is regarded very widely as a warning of death, and  
 some of the stories connected with this belief recount the appear-  
 ance and disappearance of birds in dwelling-houses in the most  
 unaccountable manner. The point, indeed, presents itself: to  
 what extent these birds of ill omen are phantasmal, and to what  
 extent they are actual corporeal entities. Certainly there are  
 a number of stories which bear out both views. There are also  
 certain records which have led to the belief that the deceased

BIRD person has taken the form of an animal or a bird  
 PRESAGES. after death, and possibly the Eastern transmigra-  
 tion hypothesis has found support in such stories.

We may, however, perhaps assume that, where the bird or  
 animal takes objective physical form, it is related to the deceased  
 somewhat in the same manner that the totem is related to the  
 family. We have, for example, the rather curious instance of  
 the Duchess of Kendal and George I. King George, it appears,  
 promised the Duchess that if possible he would visit her after

death, and when, at the time of the King's decease, a large black raven flew in at the window of her house at Isleworth, she took this as the physical representation of her ghostly visitant, and kept it ever after, treating it as in some special sense a representative of her deceased royal lover.

The terrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew was followed, according to the author of *Haunted Royalties*, by some very singular phenomena which are of interest in this connexion.

One evening (she says), a few days after the massacre, Charles IX and his suite were sitting quietly in the palace, when suddenly a din of sound arose which was so hideous that it seemed positively unearthly. Henry of Navarre, who afterwards described the scene to d'Aubigné, could never speak of it "without his hair standing on end." The courtly company were in terror, and went out to see what had caused the noise.

UNCANNY To their amazement they saw that a black cloud of ravens, like black demons, had perched upon the Louvre and SEQUELS TO were croaking horribly. The company looked upon the MASSACRE presence of the birds as an ill omen, and their terror, OF ST. instead of abating, increased.

BARTHOLO- That same night the King, two hours after he had MEW. been in bed, sprang up with a start, and, rousing the gentlemen of the bedchamber, told them that he heard a great roaring in the air, and a concert of voices, crying, groaning, howling, and blaspheming—making, in fact, exactly the same sounds that the poor victims had made on the night of the massacre. The sounds, unearthly though they were, were so distinct that Charles thought there must be a riot in the town against the Montmorencys, and sent his guard to find out. But when the guard returned they told him that all was quite quiet in the city.

Every night for a week, at the same hour, Charles was fated to hear this horrible noise, and it preyed upon his mind to such an extent that his nerves eventually completely broke down.

Such instances serve to show that the world's conscious and semi-conscious forces are related by a far closer bond of sympathy to human affairs than is generally recognized in our prosaic age, and that the following lines of the Scotch bard embody not merely a poetic fancy but also, if in a somewhat fanciful form, a profound occult law :

Call it not vain, they do not err  
Who say that, when the poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper  
And celebrates his obsequies ;

That say mute crag and cavern lone  
For the departed bard make moan,  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges o'er his grave.

All Nature, indeed, animate and inanimate, is susceptible to the most subtle waves of consciousness and capable of taking on conditions from the thought-waves thrown out by the tragic human drama by which she is surrounded on every side, and of responding to them automatically, in virtue of some strange subconscious rapport.

There really seems no end to the predictions that are unearthed from time to time with regard to the present war. My attention has just been drawn to a rather curious one. The prophet is the celebrated French spiritist, Alan Kardec, but it is not Alan Kardec in his earthly body who makes the prediction.

ALLAN KAR-  
DEC'S WAR  
PROPHECY. The prophecy is made in his name through a medium, who is quoted under the initials M. X., and through whose mouth Alan Kardec claims to speak. The date of this prediction is March 31, 1871, and it appears in the Annual for that year of the *Revue Spirite* of Paris. Alan Kardec had passed over some two years before, and he is speaking of the horrors of the Franco-German War, which was just then drawing to a close. These, he tells his audience, terrible as they are, are nothing to those of the great World War which will follow within a period of some fifty years or less. I subjoin a translation of the pertinent paragraphs alluded to :—

You deplore (he says) the terrifying spectacle which you are compelled willy nilly to witness. But how would it be if, like me, you saw this merely as one tragic but necessary episode in the violent tempest which will soon shake the whole world with convulsions and unnameable torments. The war between France and Germany, like the Spanish revolution, like the Civil War in Paris, like the simmering popular agitations which sweep over Russia, England and Austria, are but the preludes of a general conflagration which, after first enveloping Europe, will extend to the whole world. In this period to which I allude, of say from twenty or thirty to fifty years, many peoples long subjugated will recover their independence ; while the most opposite principles will obtain ascendancy and will dominate the nations in turn ; but, make no mistake, the future will belong to the philosophers with broad minds, to the disinterested politicians, who will sow in silence the principles of unity and fraternity ; who will bring men together instead of dividing them, and who, without personal ambition or prejudice, will work imperceptibly for the happiness of all, and not for the triumph of any particular sect or class. They will have, however, a party of their own, and this party will unite all the votes ; for they will not be the agents either of one family or one individual, but indeed of humanity as a whole—humanity cleansed and regenerated in the purifying crucible of adversity.

I continue to receive accounts of visions sent by various readers in connection with the present war. A record which has

recently reached me from Toronto, Ontario, is, I think, of somewhat more than usual interest. The lady whose experiences they are, is a Mrs. Ona Richardson, and she writes me that she did not see them "under control," but that a sort of skin (? film) seems to come over her sight, and that then these scenes appear. It was in August, 1914, that she saw the following vision, there being three other sitters present beside herself. In her vision, which took place at 9 o'clock in the evening, she saw a room in which were present Queen Victoria, the German Emperor, the Tsar of Russia, and she herself appeared to be there also, floating near the ceiling, and looking on. Queen Victoria had her hands clasped and was weeping. She first looked at one and then at the other, saying, "They are all my children," and then tried to take their hands. At this moment a flash came like a flash of lightning, which struck the Kaiser, who fell down full length while his crown rolled off his head. "It rolled," she states, "over and over, until it became no bigger than a small star, and then it went out and vanished entirely." In another of these visions Mrs. Richardson states that she first saw snow on the ground, then the scene changed and she saw the harvest being gathered in. Then snow fell again, and then again the harvest gathering returned. After this all was quiet and peaceful and she had the date given her, "July 23, 1916." She adds: "I am not a public medium, and I am not always able to see when I want to, and cannot, therefore, command the visions."

Students of astrology generally, if not invariably, admit, in theory, the hypothesis that planetary influences operate throughout the animal kingdom in the same way as they do in the human. Animal horoscopy is in any case a fascinating subject, and one that has been but slightly investigated so far by the astrological confraternity. An article on this subject was written many years ago by Mr. Heinrich Daath for *The Horoscope* magazine, and among other curious instances he gave the case of a performing pig, the nativity of which showed Mercury just rising in its own sign Virgo in close square with Neptune, and in close sextile with Venus—certainly a very appropriate figure. I subjoin the data for those who are sufficiently interested to refer to their ephemeris—October 1, 1898. 4.40 a.m. London.

In the same connection a valued correspondent and well-known authority on horses has drawn my attention to an article

in *The Horse Review* of Chicago, for February 9 of the present year, dealing with the effect of planetary influences on the gait and speed of horses. The writer, David Hollins, emphasizes the importance of a study of astrology for the horse breeder, especially where horses are bred for racing. Mr. Hollins states that the hundreds of charts that he has made for colts and horses where the exact foaling time has been furnished him by breeders, have enabled him to formulate a set of rules by which any person who has studied astrology can tell the inherent gait and inherent speed of the standard bred horse. In Nature, he observes, the planet Jupiter represents the trotting gait, and the planet Uranus the pacing gait. I should perhaps explain, for those who are not familiar with such matters, that pacing is when a horse moves the legs of the same side together, as a camel or retriever dog, for instance. When a given sign is on the eastern horizon, says Mr. Hollins, at the time a colt is foaled, that sign and its ruler will determine the gait of the colt then foaled. As an instance.

Take March 22 of any year, when the sun enters the sign Aries, and while the Sun in the sign Aries is on the eastern horizon, as it is at sunrise. Mars, ruler of that sign in sextile, square, trine, opposition or conjunction with Jupiter at the time, the colt then foaled will be a trotter; but if in either aspect to the planet Uranus then the colt will be a pacer. There are exceptions to all rules, but the exceptions to these rules result in double-gaited or badly-gaited horses.

When Uranus and Jupiter, the pacing and trotting influences were in conjunction in the sign Aquarius in the first days of March, 1914, three-fourths of the colts foaled at that time were double-gaited.

The planetary chart of the exact foaling time will reveal the inherent speed as readily as it does the inherent gait. In the fall of 1914 a prominent breeder furnished me with the foaling time of his group of thirty-two foals for 1912. I made the planetary chart and undertook to designate the four best ones. A letter from him recently stated that I selected three out of the four best, and as three-year-olds they worked respectively in a mile in 2 min. 09 sec., 2 min. 9½ secs., and 2 min. 14½ secs. The fourth selection did a mile in 2 min. 18 secs. as a two-year-old.

I might remind readers that the world's record for trotting is one mile in 1 min. 58 secs., and for pacing one mile in 1 min. 56½ secs. There may perhaps be more truth than many authorities would admit in the observation of the writer that "there is a good deal in the breeding of the horse that old horsemen do not know anything about."

In my remarks in a previous number in reference to the Kaiser's horoscope and the transit of Saturn over his ascendant in the month of July, I omitted to observe that the eclipse of

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the Moon on the 15th of the month falls in opposition to Saturn conjoined with the Sun on his ascendant, and that the eclipse of the Sun on July 30 falls in close opposition to the place of Saturn. These facts, the bearing of which will be patent to all astrologers, merely serve to emphasize the point of my remarks on the very perilous time awaiting the Emperor William at this period. The planets, in fact, could hardly look more menacing.

A medical correspondent of the OCCULT REVIEW, Dr. Thomas Hart Raines, forwards me from Savannah, Ga., an interesting account of a phantasm of the living, of the facts in connection with which he has personal knowledge. It appears that while attending the funeral of a deceased comrade, Mr. Lawrence A. McCarthy, member of the Confederate Veterans Association, on the afternoon of Sunday, January 9, at the Cathedral Cemetery, three gentlemen, Mr. Jacob Gardner, Mr. D. B. Morgan and Mr. James Leonard, saw, as they believed, another comrade, Mr. Harry C. Harden, approaching the cemetery gates. His arrival was commented on at the time by these gentlemen, as it was greatly hoped that he would be present, in view of his familiarity with the ritual in use by the Association. Nothing more was thought of the matter at the moment, but a little later he was looked for by his comrades and was nowhere to be found. It was then learned that he had in reality not been present at all, but was ill in bed with what proved to be a fatal illness, and in fact he actually died at home twelve days later, on Friday, January 21. The three gentlemen referred to are personally known to my correspondent, who vouches for their integrity and bona fides. Mr. Gardner, the Secretary of the Association, gave to the press representative of the local paper an account of what happened.

We were standing (he said) at the station of the Savannah Electric Co. near the Catholic Cemetery gate, waiting for the coming of the McCarthy funeral party. There started a discussion as to who should aid the adjutant in conducting the service at the grave, as neither the President of the organization nor the Vice-president were present. Sergt. Leonard spoke to Mr. D. B. Morgan, and suggested that he should assist in the service as he was a Past-President. Mr. Morgan agreed to act. Just then I saw, as distinctly as I ever saw anyone in my life, Mr. Harden approaching from the direction of the golf club. He was accompanied by another man whose features I did not recognize. Mr. Harden wore the Confederate grey coat, and pinned to the coat lappel was the badge of the Association. He walked with the limp that was characteristic of him. I remarked to Mr. Morgan that Mr. Harden had arrived, and as he was a Vice-president

of the Association he would serve with Sergt. Leonard. Mr. Morgan saw Mr. Harden as clearly as I did, and so did Sergt. Leonard. We thought no more of the incident, expecting when the funeral came that Mr. Harden would be on hand to act as officer, but neither of us saw him again. If he ever reached the group among whom we stood, I know of no one who spoke to him. It was, in fact, physically impossible for him to have been present, as on Sunday morning he was at home in bed.

Not unnaturally the gentlemen who witnessed the apparition now hesitate whether to believe the evidence of their senses, but as readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will be aware, apparitions of the living are not so rare as is generally supposed, and indeed an instance of this occurred only a few years ago in Parliament itself, in connection with a member of the British House of Commons. One would like to know who Mr. Harden's companion was. Was he from this world, or from the next?

I am inserting in the current issue an article by Mr. Frederick Thurstan on the Olivar Prophecies. The best known of these is the first cited, and my own view, for what it is worth, is that the second is merely a gloss on the first, with extensive modifications and alterations by some priestly hand. It does not seem easy to square its predictions with the actual trend of events, and in a number of its phrases it reflects the first prophecy in an unmistakable manner. With regard to the predictions of **THE OLIVAR PROPHECIES** Nostradamus, which are paralleled with these prophecies in the article in question, these appear to me so obscure and confusing that I have always found it difficult to take them seriously, though doubtless on one or two occasions Nostradamus made his lucky hits, and I am quite aware that there are those who are ready to champion his claim to the title of prophet. The first prophecy of Olivar, if the account of it can be accepted as genuine, certainly demands more than passing attention.

My attention has been drawn to the fact that the verses entitled "The Calf Path," which appeared in a recent number of this magazine, and attracted a considerable amount of interest and attention, were erroneously attributed to Emma Rood Tuttle. The author was in reality the late Sam Walter Foss, of Somerville, U.S.A., and appears in his volume of poems entitled *Whiffs from Wild Meadows*, published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., of Boston, U.S.A.

# THE OLIVAR PROPHECIES OF NAPOLEON AND AFTER

BY FREDERIC THURSTAN

THE destiny of our Allies, the French, is of close interest to the British in the present crisis of world-change. There have been no more remarkable predictions of French destinies than those given out to the world in 1542 and 1544—at the end of King Henry VIII's reign—by a Doctor of Medicine in France called Philippe Dieudonné Noel Olivarius.

They are prophecies of great personages to arise out of the French nation, or rather as the Prophet designates it, the Celt-Latin Nation, and of the interplay of three currents of karmic national forces—that of the Legitimist Kings called "The Ancient blood of the Cap or the Cape," that of the People or Sons of Brutus, and that of the White Flower—whatever it may mean—probably an inner esoteric aristocratic and occult order, calling itself the White Lotus or Fleur-de-Lys.

The prophecies are remarkable for the accurate and elaborate way they pointed out the career of the great Napoleon, so distinctly so, that, indeed, they influenced the ambition and career of that conqueror, for there is good evidence that one of the original pamphlets in which they appeared, that of 1542, came into the possession of Napoleon early in his career, and fired, if not inspired, his actions, despite their warnings.

Napoleon loved to think himself the pre-destined instrument of a great World Director in the Unseen. He is not the only instance of such a case. Alexander the Great was instigated to his career by the prophecies given to him in the Temple of Jupiter-Ammon in the Egyptian desert, and Marius, according to Plutarch, was egged on to his destiny and cheered in his misfortunes by the predictions given to him in a Numidian Temple when he served as a young Quæstor in the Jugurthine War.

The way in which the text of the two prophecies has been preserved and republished in our times is in itself rather romantic as pointing to a protecting care of some one in the Unseen World.

For the facts of this story and for the authenticity of the two texts we are entirely indebted to Mons. Eugène Baresté, who brought it all to light in the long Preface to his edition of the



Prophecies of Nostradamus in 1840. We have to depend on his acumen and good faith, and there is no good reason to doubt them. There is a certain amount of internal corroboration. The prophecies of Olivarius and Nostradamus, both physicians and astrologers, were published almost contemporaneously, there being only a few years' interval in the dates of their first publication. The style of the former is fluent and lucid compared with the deliberate obfuscation of the quatrains of the latter, but there is in the language the same archaisms and use of words now obsolete and allusions to the same events and personages to come. The afflatus of prophecy must have been rampant in the mental world of France in that decade of years in the sixteenth century.

However, this is the story of the two texts of the Oliviar prophecies as we have it from Mons. Baresté. In the beginning of 1793, a sacking of palaces, mansions and monasteries was carried out under the order of the Montagnard Revolutionists. On a certain day in June of that year, when the great Guildhall of the Commune was piled high with books pillaged and sent up from the country for a decision as to their fate, the Secretary of the Commune, a young man called François de Metz, was engaged in making a list of them.

He came upon a set of books all bound similarly and bearing the crest of the Benedictine Monks. They all treated of the Occult—astrology, alchemy and prophecy, but one volume in particular arrested his attention. It was entitled *The Book of the Prophecies of Philippe Dicudonné Noel Olivarius, Doctor of Medicine, Surgeon and Astrologer*, with the date 1542 in old gothic letters.

He was so struck with the prophecy that he made a copy of it and placed it in a collection he had made of old prophecies, and on his death it was discovered amongst his papers.

In time this copy became talked about. On mounting his throne as Emperor, Napoleon was told of it. He became curious to see the original book, which was hunted out and presented to him, and from that time no one knows what became of it. Baresté imagines him reading it to the superstitious Josephine, to convince her of his destiny. At any rate Napoleon treasured it, for a certain Maréchal mentions in his memoirs that Napoleon talked to him of this prophecy on his return from Elba.

The copy of the original text as recorded in the notes of Mons. de Metz was put into print in 1815, the year of Waterloo, and inserted in the Memoirs of Josephine, and republished later on by one Edward Bricon in a collection of prophecies.

The second prophecy was published in a tract dated 1544, printed at Luxemburg, and bore the authorship of Philippe Olivarius. Bareste seems to consider this may have been a different personage, a younger brother of the other, but he gives no argument, and there is no internal reason for adopting such a supposition. The prophecy, though giving fewer details about Napoleon, is more interesting to us now as continuing the after history of the French and the rise of a second great personage, who is to dominate the European political world.

This second tract came into the hands of a French littérateur, who published it in 1823 in a book called the *Oracle* under the title of *The Prophecy of Orval*. The original has, apparently, been lost, for Bareste in vain hunted for it.

No complete translation of these two prophecies of Olivarius has ever to my knowledge been given to the English public. So I herewith offer a translation I have made of them.

The Prophecy of the tract, dated 1542, is as follows (from the abrupt beginning of both prophecies it would appear that there were previous predictions or remarks in the books which Mons. de Metz and the Editor of the *Oracle* were not interested in sufficiently to copy):—

(PROPHECY PUBLISHED IN 1542.)

Gaul-Italy will see a supernatural being born not far from its bosom. This man will emerge from the sea, all in the bloom of youth, and will come to adopt language and customs among the Celt-Gauls, and while still a young man, will open out for himself, in face of thousands of obstacles, a pathway in the ranks of the soldiers and become their first leader. This tortuous way will bring him into many a troublesome task. He will depart to wage a war in the proximity of his native land for a lustrum of years and more. Across the seas will he be seen waging war with glory and valour, and he will combat afresh with the Roman world.

He will give laws to Germans; he will pacify the troubles and terrors of the Gaul-Celts, and he will thus gain a name, not as king, but as Emperor—a title coming to him after a while out of the great popular enthusiasm evoked. He will battle everywhere throughout his empire: he will drive from their lands princes, lords, kings for two lustrums and more, and then he will raise afresh princes and lords to life, and speaking upon his raised pedestal he will cry aloud "*O sidera, O sacra!*"

He will be seen with a mighty array of forty-nine times twenty thousand men on foot in arms, and they will carry arms and trumpets of steel. He will have seven times seven times seven thousand horse-

men, and they will bear great sword or lance and breastplate of bronze.

He will carry in his right hand an eagle, the emblem of victory in warfare. He will give many lands to the nations and to each one peace. He will have all in his sole control by means of immense resources as much as Rome ever had, and all made in the domination of France. He will have two wives and only one son. He will depart to wage war as far as where the lines of longitude and latitude cross and remain away for fifty-five months. There his enemies will set on fire a mighty city, and there he will enter and depart with his troops over cinders and many a ruin, and his followers, having no more bread or drinking water, will make their retreat through a cold so cruel and decimating that two-thirds of his army will perish, and then even more than half the remainder—he being fallen from his domination.

Then the great man, abandoned and betrayed by his own friends, will be chased away in turn by mighty loss of fortune right back into his own native town by a great gathering of European nations. In his place will be set up one of the kings of the old blood of the Cape.

There kept in restraint in exile, in the sea from which he started in his young days, close to his birthplace, he will remain for eleven moons with some of his followers, true friends and soldiers who will not muster more than seven times seven times seven times twice in number.

As soon as the eleven moons are passed he and his followers will take ship and come to set foot on the Celt-Gaul land. Then he will make his way towards the capital where is seated the King of the old blood of the Cape, who will take himself off in flight, taking with him the royal insignia: he will establish himself in his ancient dominion and give many admirable laws to the people.

Then chased away once more by a triple alliance of European populations after three moons and one third of a moon, back in his place will be set the King of the old blood of the Cape. The other one will be thought to be dead by his soldiers, while they have to stand on guard with their hearts rebelling.

The Celts and the Gauls like tigers and wolves will devour each other. The blood of the old King of the Cape will be the plaything of fresh treasons. Malcontents will be torn and slain by fire and steel—the lilies maintained, but the last branches of the old blood will be menaced again. So they will war, the one against the other.

Then a young warrior will make his way to the capital. He will bear lion and cock on his armoury, and his lance will be given him by a mighty prince of the East. He will be backed up marvellously by warriors of Gaul-Belgic, who will reunite with the people of Paris to make an end of troubles and reunite the soldiers and cover them with olive branches.

Waging war once again for seven times and seven moons with glory so great that one-third the population of Europe, with alarms

and lamentations and tears, will offer their sons as hostages and live under laws sensible, just, and universally popular. So there will be peace during twenty-five moons.

In Lutetia the Seine is red with blood, and after desperate encounters is extending his bed in ruins and mortality. Seditions afresh arise from the discontented small branches. Then they will be chased out from the palace of the kings by the Man of Valour and by the immense nation of the French, acknowledged and declared by all nations to be the great and mother nation: and so this man, saving the ancient remains that have still escaped of the old blood of the Cape, becomes regulator of the destinies of the world and makes himself supreme arbitrator of every nation and every people. He lays the foundation of fruition without end, and then dies.

*(End of First Prophecy.)*

(THE SECOND PROPHECY, PUBLISHED 1544.)

At this epoch a young man arriving from over the sea into the country of the Celt-Gauls will make himself conspicuous by the force of his character. But the Grandees for their protection will send him off to war in the island of captivity. Victory will bring him back to his first country. The sons of Brutus will be stupefied at his approach—for he will domineer over them and take the name of Emperor.

Many high and puissant monarchs will be in real dismay of him, for he will be an eagle that will carry off many a sceptre and many a crown. In his train will run men on foot and men on horseback carrying his blood-stained eagles, and round him swarm the gnats of the air. All Europe will be utterly prostrated, utterly blood-stricken; for he will be so great that God will be thought to be warring on his side.

The Church of God finds little chance of the consolation of reopening its temples to its flocks all astray, and its prayers go up to God. But it is finished! the moons have gone by. The old man of Sion cries to God with his heart crushed by poignant pain, but the man in power is blinded by sin and crimes. He quits the capital with an army so fine that never the like was ever seen. But no warrior can hold himself for long against the force of the destiny of the times, and, lo, a third part of his army, and once again a third part has perished by the cold of the Lord Almighty.

Two lustres have passed after the age of the desolation around him. Loudly has gone up the cry of the widows and orphans. Lo, God is not deaf.

The Grandees laid low regain force and make a league to bring down the man so feared. See, there comes with them the old blood of the ages, and it regains place and position in the capital, whilst for a space the man is brought low and departs for the land across the sea whence he came.

God alone is great : the eleventh moon has scarce yet risen to shine when back to the capital comes the blood-stained scourge of the Lord and the old blood quits the city.

God alone is great. He loveth his people and holdeth blood-shedding in abhorrence. The fifth moon has shed its light over many a warrior from the East. France is covered with men and machines of war. It is all over with the man from over the sea. Lo, back again comes the old blood of the Cap.

God willeth peace, blessed be His holy name. Once again peace flourishing and great will rest upon the country of the Celestial Man of France. The White Flower is held highly in honour, the house of God sings many a psalm of praise. However, the sons of Brutus should hold with wrath the White Flower and gain a powerful rule. Wherefore God is again much pained for his elect sake and because the holy sabbath is again greatly profaned. However God willeth to prove the return of the sinner to him during eighteen times and twelve moons.

God alone is great : he purgeth his people by many tribulations, but ever the wicked will come to an end. Raise thee then again whilst a great conspiracy against the White Flower skulks in the shadow at the sight of a cursed company, and the poor old blood of the Cap quits the Capital, and great rejoicings are made by the Sons of Brutus. Hear how the servants of God cry aloud to God, and God is made deaf by the sound of his arrows, which he sharpens once more in his anger to shoot them into the breast of the wicked.

There is misfortune for the Celestial Man of Gaul. The Cock will efface the White Flower and a grandee call himself the King of the People. Great commotion will make itself felt amongst the people because the crown will be set on his head by the hands of workers who have campaigned as soldiers in the capital. God alone is great. The reign of the wicked will seem to flourish, but they are hurrying on. So, lo, the ideas of the Celestial Man of Gaul are checked and there is a great division of opinion and judgment. The King of the people at first seems very feeble, and so against him will rise many wicked ones. Hardly is he well seated when, lo, God throws him down. . . .

Howl, son of Brutus, call down upon you the beasts who come to devour you. Great God ! what a noise of arms. Again there is no great number of moons to fulfil themselves, and, lo, an arrival of many a warrior. It is finished : the mountain of God desolated has cried to God ; the sons of Judah have cried to a God of the strange land, and see, God is no longer deaf.

What fire flashes along with his arrows. Ten times six moons and yet again six times ten moons have nursed his wrath. Misfortune cometh to thee, great city ! Behold kings armed by the Lord, but already the blasts of fire have levelled thee to earth. However, the just die not ; God has heard them. The place of the crime is purged by the fire ; the great stream has carried out to sea its waters all red

with blood ; and France all tattered and torn begins to join itself together again.

God loveth peace. Come, young Prince ; come, quit the island of your captivity ; join the Lion to the White Flower.

What has been foreseen, that God willeth ; the cold blood of the centuries will cease at last from long divisions. At that time a single shepherd shall be seen in Gaul Celestial. The man made powerful by God's help will be seated firmly ; many wise enactments will call down Peace. God will be thought to be with him, so wise and prudent will be this scion and shoot of the Cap.

Thanks to the Father of Pity, Holy Sion is singing again in its temples of a one great God. Many a stray flock will come to drink at the river of life there. Three princes and kings lay aside the cloak of error and become illuminated in the faith of God.

About this period of time two-thirds of a great people of the sea will recover true belief. God is still blessed for fourteen times six moons and six times thirteen moons. God is satiated with having restrained His feelings of pity, and so it is He wills now for His good followers to prolong the days of peace still for ten times twelve moons.

God alone is great. His blessings are over : the saints are going to experience a time of suffering. The Man of Sin arrives, of two strains of blood, and gains growth. The White Flower is obscured for a period of ten times six moons and six times twenty moons, and then it disappears never to reappear more.

Many misfortunes, no blessing at that period to come. Many a town perishes by fire. Up, arise, Israel cometh to God once afresh.

Sects accursed and sects faithful are found in two well-marked camps. But it is all over. God alone will be believed in, and the third part of France, and again the third part and a half, has no longer any faith.

So also at the same time with the rest of the world. And lo, already six times three moons and four times five moons, and all goes to pieces and the age of the end has commenced. After no long number of moons God fights by means of his two just men and the Man of Sin is overturned upside down. But it is finished. For God on high is putting a wall of fire which dazzles my vision and I see no longer. God be praised for evermore !

With regard to the coming destiny of France, one fact seems to stand out from all this prediction of Olivarius, that there is to be a second great personage who will dominate with beneficence all Europe.

It is here that this seer is echoed by his contemporary Nostradamus. To elucidate this point in full would take too much space, but a brief summary of the destiny of France yet to come according to him might be of interest.

Nostradamus in several quatrains clearly alluded to the

advent of the rule of the populace, the reign of Terror under the "Rouges" and the rise and fall of both Napoleons and the Orleanist interregnum. The French populace or republic he always rather contemptuously designates by the sobriquet of L'Ogmion.

Now in Quatrain vi. 42, he tells us that "it is left to L'Ogmion to oust the domination of Selim the Great, and to bring it to nought. By the help of the Italians ('par les Itales' possibly 'by way of Italy') it will extend its ensign. Its dominion will be brought about by a clever counter move."

Let us hope this refers to the Salonica Expedition and its success. It is disappointing to find no mention of the co-operation of the British, but perhaps there was no room for that fact in the already pregnant four lines.

However, we may console ourselves with the promise that it is the destiny of the British Fleet to penetrate to Constantinople. For in v. 35 he tells us that 'Up to the Frank city of the great sea of Selim, which carries still in its stomach the stone (? that of the Phocæan exiles who founded Marseilles) there will come under cover of a sea-fog the English fleet to pluck a branch of the great extended War.'

In v. 80 we read "L'Ogmion will make an approach to great Byzantium and chased away will be the Barbaric League. A dual system of legislation will be set up which will cause a mutual nullification and set Mohammedan and Frank in perpetual quarrel." Doubtless it is to effect this arrangement that the directing power in the Unseen has inspired the Greeks to withhold their assistance and the Bulgarians to join the "Barbaric Alliance."

France will not hold this city of great destinies long. For Q. v. 54 tells us that "From the Euxine Sea and Grand Tartary a king there will be who will come to face Gaul. He will penetrate through Alane and Armenia, and in Bizance will leave Gaul all bleeding." It is notable that it is no longer L'Ogmion but Gaul spoken of. Will France by then have relinquished her Republic?

Byzantium has many more predictions to come. There will be a reign of terror there connected with some band of seven shorn dervishes and the 300 anointed ones of Trebisond (viii. 36).

There is to be a domination of Europe and Christendom by the "Great Arab." He will be betrayed by the Byzantines (v. 47). Q. v. 25 tells us that "an Arab prince, when Mars, Sun and Venus are in Leo, will make the Church succumb. He will invade Byzantium and Egypt with more than a million followers."

A second great Mohammedan conqueror will arise out of

Arabia Felix (v. 55) and conquering North Africa will vex Spain, conquer Granada, and extend his sovereignty up to the Ligustine Gulf. Nostradamus tells us frequently that there will be three Antichrists. These may be two of them. Who makes up the third? Perhaps some of us have an opinion that a certain Hun has that distinction.

The warfare of the three Antichrists will last twenty-seven years (viii. 77). Fez will be the home of one of them who is called the Great One of Asia (vi. 80). Also we are told that "One—the penultimate of the surname of the Prophet, will take Diana's day (Monday) for his day of rest and wander far and wide a madman in his head, and while raving will place a great nation under imposition."

"The (Mahdi of the) South will be conquered by a very powerful king, both on land and sea, who will lower the pride of the Crescent and bring low the standards of those of Friday" (Mohammedans). That is the good news told in x. 95.

This new Charles Martel is apparently the great personage to come out of France and Italy called The Great Celtic. This man, "born of the ancient Trojan blood and with a heart of the true Charlemagne stock, will chase away the nation of Arab strangers and restore the Church to its pristine pre-eminence. Like the young Mage (in the Occult Glyph of the Tarot) he will remain seated on the four-square block—with a magic rod pointing in his left hand to the mid-heaven and his lips closed by his right" (v. 74-5).

This young prince will dominate Europe with a rule of justice and be assisted by another great mage in Rome called The Great Pastor (v. 41), and (vi. 82).

This man, The Great Pastor, will be worshipped almost "as a demi-god, as one who has been rediscovered after lying hidden for long ages" (i. 25).

In connection with this it may be remembered that in the Monk's list of Popes yet to come there is one designated by Pastor and another Pastor et Nauta—coming just before the end of this dispensation and whom some suppose will be St. Peter himself redivivus or reincarnate. Amid the curious confusion of these prophecies there seems at least to be agreement with regard to the coming of some great European personage connected with France.



# PLANT SYMPATHY

By ETHEL C. HARGROVE, F.R.G.S.

WE are closely allied with Nature. Twice recently I have been told by members of certain families of a weird mysterious affinity between the destinies of various plant growths and the fate of their respective relations.

The first instance was that of a friend, Miss M——, who suddenly exclaimed during an interesting conversation on the subject :—

“ I will tell you of an oft-recurring phenomenon in connection with my own people. When I was quite young we lived in a charming old house surrounded by a large garden. Though it is many years since I left the neighbourhood the garden is still in my possession, and I have let it out to a professional florist. My dear mother took the greatest pride and delight in its beauties and did much to develop its possibilities. On one occasion my Father planted her a young apricot tree, which in due time grew to maturity and every season bore quantities of luscious fruit. Before her last illness (which was a very short one) seeds of decay became apparent in the sturdy plant, and after she passed away it withered up completely, and no signs of life remained. We should not have immediately noted this coincidence but for the fact that precisely the same sequence of events occurred as regards the death of my eldest brother. He had himself planted a vigorous plum tree, whose untimely decay took place simultaneously with his own decease.

“ Still more extraordinary was the link between a lilac bush and my youngest brother. Being in ill-health he was ordered a voyage to Australia, and for a while we continued to hear of his steady improvement. E—— was a keen gardener, and when we were all children he and two of his sisters were the proud possessors of their own particular plots of ground which were merely divided by stone borders. After he had arrived at Victoria a terrific gale swept over our part of the country, and the next morning, when it had somewhat abated, we nervously overhauled the garden to find broken stalks, dismembered branches and shed leaves and blossoms everywhere. E—— had always been particularly fond of a lilac bush planted by his own hands in the

centre of his small allotment, and I discovered it bodily blown up by the roots, prone on the muddy soil, crushed beyond redemption, and practically a tangled mass of débris.

“The next news we received of poor E—— was a letter containing an account of his unexpected death in Victoria just about the same time as the gale took place.

“Eventually we left the dear old home, which was broken up after the death of my father ; since then, however, I have often been irresistibly constrained to revisit the dearly-loved haunt of my youthful days, if only to feast my eyes on the vine-covered walls of the square house, its bay windows festooned with Virginia creeper, the wealth of colour from the herbaceous borders, and inhale the scent of jasmine and lilies-of-the-valley. The familiar faces greeted me no longer, so I was fain to turn to Nature for unspoken sympathy. One day I thought to sit under the shelter of the mulberry tree *planted by my father*. As I approached its site a feeling of depression obsessed me. I looked up expecting to see the clusters of purple fruit fringed with firm green leaves, and beheld instead an empty space, a void !

“The gardener ran up to explain to me that it had rotted away to the very roots, so that he had been forced to cut it down.

“When another sister passed away more recently we were not in our new house, having gone into rooms facing the sea for the benefit of the invalid, leaving behind us a wonderful white azalea which had attained nearly the dimensions of a tree. It was tended carefully by a responsible person every day, but it drooped and died about the period of my sister's death.

\* \* \* \* \*

A further example of “Plant Sympathy” in connection with a particular family occurred in a cottage garden in the heart of the country.

Winnie, a valued servant in the employ of my friend at S——, was seriously ill and had to leave her situation for the time being. She went home for several months to her people who lived about three miles from Basingstoke. One day while resting in the garden she overheard her mother say to a neighbour—

“It's my poor Winnie's turn this time.”

The two women were standing over a bed of broad beans, and their attention was riveted by an entirely white bean plant. Not only were the flowers pure white, but the leaves were blanched and even the stalks ! Winnie described it as being “shadowery,” and added when it bore pods they were always empty. At the time she did not like her mother's remark, for she was feeling

weak and ill. Moreover she had been brought up from babyhood to believe in the sinister significance of the Blanched Bean which sprang up from time to time in her mother's garden. Whenever it appeared she knew it portended a death in her family.

However she recovered and returned to her situation. One day I went to see her, and she told me that the particular "Blanched Bean" that had so distressed her had been the foreteller of her grandmother's death after all.

Surely there is something more than chance coincidence in this affinity between the Kingdom of Nature and the passing of human souls into the Kingdom of the Beyond.

## VENUS

O PAPHIAN—o'er thy rosy pulvinar  
 And splendour of thy rainbow-tinted shell  
 Set in the foam of sunset's ænomel—  
 Thy Planet, adored by lovers from afar,  
 Burns like a kiss transfigured to a star  
 Sealing the lips of Night ; as if to tell  
 (If silence can) of some supreme farewell  
 Ordained of old by heaven's Justiciar.

Now, for earth's banished ones, as I believe,  
 Thou art a sign to cheer the troubled heart :  
 And glimmering softly through the shades of eve  
 Kind as the dew which fell on Gideon's fleece  
 Thou say'st, "*Fear not, all ye who love and part ;  
 Farewell !—this too belongs unto thy Peace.*"

# THE CONFESSIONS OF A SCEPTIC\*

BY THE EDITOR

THERE are, perhaps, not more than seven or eight books of confessions that are worth reading. The reason of this I take to be that, whereas a person who writes his confessions should presumably be an egoist, in the large majority of cases the egoist is an intolerable bore. In fact, so boring is the average egoist, that one is driven rather to wonder how it is that confessions (or books of self-revelation) are not inevitably and invariably tedious. But this is certainly not the case in the present, nor in a number of other noteworthy instances. Some may find St. Augustine's tedious, but they will hardly find Rousseau's otherwise than absorbing. Then, again, there are the confessions of Pepys. Half the charm of these doubtless lies in the fact that Pepys was a man of transparent candour, and that he wrote without any view to publication. Had he written deliberately for the public, Pepys' Diary could never have been of half the interest that it actually is. Of the other books of intimate self-revelation which have found permanent place in the world's literature, it is sufficient to mention Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, the *Journal Intime* of Amiel, and the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. Last, but not least, there is the case of Strindberg and his *Confession of a Fool*, and other autobiographical works. There are, of course, many besides these, such as the autobiography of Mme. de Guyon, which appeal to a limited circle and from a certain standpoint ; but I am now alluding to those which have commanded a world-wide audience. It is true that many writers have made confessions in an indirect sort of way. They have half revealed and half concealed themselves under the guise of fiction, but the definite attempt to lay bare a man's fundamental characteristics is quite another matter. The book before me is entitled *The Confessions of Two Brothers*, but it is not really this at all ; it is the confessions of John Cowper Powys, and a brief diary by his brother which hardly seems as if it should have found a place within the same binding. The title

\* *Confessions of Two Brothers*. By John Cowper Powys and Llewellyn Powys. The Manas Press, Rochester, N.Y.

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of the book, in fact, reminds one rather of the old joke about Liddell & Scott's Lexicon—

Two men wrote a dictionary, Liddell & Scott.  
Scott wrote a dictionary, Liddell did not.

The confessions of John Cowper Powys are in the nature of a subtle intellectual self-dissection. The fascination of them lies in the fact that they are, as far as it is possible for the author to make them so, the candid self-revelation of a singularly brilliant though wayward intellect—an intellect that is in essential revolt against the world as at present constituted, and of a judgment dominated to an extraordinary extent by temperament rather than by reason. Sceptic though he is, Mr. Powys differs *in toto* from the ordinary sceptic, through the very fact that in his final decision in matters of opinion he never allows himself to be guided by his reason. In all the vital issues of life, where any definite conclusion is reached, we feel that the deciding factor in his opinion, if opinion we can call it, is temperament, and temperament alone. We feel instinctively that if a truth were disagreeable to him he would reject it unhesitatingly, in spite of the evidence in its favour. He demands for his beliefs an element of the picturesque, and the dramatic, and where this is lacking he will repudiate all proofs, however scientific, and all revelations, however divine. And yet his receptivity and open-mindedness incline him to toy with the beliefs that his temperament will ultimately compel him to reject. What appeals to him in life is its mysterious background—the fact that it is an insoluble riddle—a riddle which he resents all efforts alike of religion or of science to attempt to solve. He congratulates himself that religion and science are in this alike foredoomed to failure.

At the bottom of my mind (he says) I discern a destructive and inevitable assumption that no theory of the universe which anybody has ever had or will conceivably ever have, can possibly be true. As for the popular Hegelian idea of progressive evolutionary truth, I despise and deride it. The ultimate secret is as far off now as it was in the time of Herakleitos, and I have a suspicion that all who do not confess this are either knaves or fools.

He sees the grim figure of Destiny, unalterable and implacable, behind all the phenomena of existence. "I do not (he says) think that I can possibly exaggerate the constant presence with me of a steady, invincible, mechanic force, pushing me forward from point to point, from stage to stage, and giving me no loophole of escape."

He feels that he is himself just part of the eternal mechanism,

and his "arrogant heart no more than a small clockwork fragment of the great timepiece of everlasting necessity." "This huge mill-wheel of irreversible, inevitable order," as he again describes it, appears to him neither benignant nor malign. Here, as usual, our author's temperament dominates his reason. He, in fact, admits it himself. "'Why not benignant?' my reader may exclaim. Well, there we touch again that inveterate prejudice I feel against a world ruled by Providence. If I could get to the bottom of this prejudice I should indeed get to the bottom of myself." And he adds, in a sort of attempt at self-justification, "there is that in me—and it is no mere superficial perversity—which demands an element of cold, unconscious, sublime fatality in the texture of things." Here, as elsewhere, we get the appeal of the dramatic sense vitiating judgments which should obviously be founded on some more evidential basis. Mr. Powys does not say so in so many words, but he practically admits that, as he views it, art, the supremest art, demands this gaunt, grim figure of Destiny in the background. This art is part and parcel of his temperament, and demands satisfaction, even if, in obtaining it, he must do violence to his reason. Thus, when he wishes to prove to us that death is, in all human probability, the end of all things, he does not, as most people would do, attempt to demolish the evidence of an after life, he does not attack the accumulated facts of the Psychical Research Society or hold up to ridicule the conclusions arrived at in Frederick Myers' great work on *Human Personality*. All such evidence is contemptuously brushed aside. He appeals instead to his own literary sense, and his appreciation of what is poetically fitting. "The dignity of death (he says), is absolutely spoiled for me by easy, arrogant hopes of joyful resurrections. Even the great Buddhistic theory of successive incarnations seems to me *less poetical* than the finality touched with the remote, just articulated chance of something else, of the tragic Pagan, *Ave atque vale!*" It is characteristic of Powys, though his attitude towards the other life is entirely sceptical, that he will never quite shut the door. That remote possibility of "something else," what vague, indefinite vistas it suggests to the imagination! And yet there lurks behind the picture the old grim figure of Destiny, unmistakably hinting that whatever fond hopes we may cherish on the subject, are, after all, nothing but illusion.

Our author admits that he himself once doubted this eternal reign of order in the universe; but he has been forced to recog-

nize the absurdity of the alternative of cosmic anarchy. All Nature, indeed, cries out against it.

Pluralism is a pleasant theory to play with, and perhaps has its place, but I must confess that the indissoluble unity of the world of which we form a part is borne in upon me as an axiomatic necessity of my consciousness. The universe may have all manner of layers and levels of divergent life; its fluctuating waves of being may ebb and flow through incredibly varied spheres; but one cannot formulate in thought any gaps or blank spaces there, not connected by some sort of delicate ethereal medium. The universe must remain a universe while our mind remains our mind. To call it a "multiverse" is to use language which makes language impossible.

In the same manner he confesses to a belief in the rationality of the cosmic scheme. "There must (he says) be processes, sequences, harmonics, and laws in nature binding all things together. Otherwise no kind of science would be possible." But, we ask in some bewilderment, if this is the case, how can it be that there is no such thing as purpose in the universe? It seems in fact, almost like a contradiction in terms to talk of processes, sequences, and laws, in an aimless and purposeless scheme. Are we to take it that these laws are accidents inherent in matter and lead no whither? Apparently we must assume this if we agree with Mr. Powys; but if they are accidents, how can they be laws? The fact is, as it seems to me, our author has advanced half way from his original standpoint as an intellectual Anarchist. He has got as far as to admit the absurdity of denying the reign of law and order throughout the cosmos, but he has not gone far enough to realize all that his altered standpoint involves. It is open to him, if he likes, from his materialistic position, to deny the beneficent purpose of the universe; but he cannot deny purpose of some sort without contradicting his own premises.

I have called Mr. Powys' standpoint materialistic, but even here he shows a desire to qualify his confession of faith. His bent is, he says, towards what is roughly called Materialism. "I say (he adds) 'roughly,' because I am not ignorant of the metaphysical and psychological dilemmas implicit in any rigidly monotheistic system." He will, indeed, grant us, if we like, that the materialistic hypothesis which he adopts tentatively and with qualifications, may be a delusion as complete as his own previous faith in the gospel of anarchy; "but (he observes) this does not in the least imply that *we* shall have a life after death, or that there is a God whether personal or immanent, in the least concerned with *us*." "There are (he adds, this time with quite blatant cynicism), very likely gods and demi-gods

innumerable, in life's teeming planes of existence ; but their own pleasures and their own annoyances are quite sufficient to fill up their time." And this, in fact, we shall find, if we are sufficiently interested in Mr. Powys' self-revelations, to pursue the study of his self-analysis, is precisely the case with Mr. Powys himself. Our author has, in fact, followed a time-honoured example. The witty cynic observed that man had made his God after his own likeness. But Mr. Powys has been the first to point out to us that what has been done hitherto in a single instance, can equally well be effected in the gross, and instead of being content to make one god after his own image, he has created for us gods and demi-gods innumerable, and every one of them without exception a replica of John Cowper Powys.

Our author, then, to sum up, as already stated, is dominated by his temperament, and his temperament impels him irresistibly, according to his own admissions, towards fatalism on the one hand, and scepticism on the other. By scepticism, I mean a tendency to disbelieve in all the spiritual side of life, and, as a consequence, in any other existence beyond the present. In his subtle self-analysis he makes a great point of the fact that the spiritual side does not enter at all into the composition of his individuality. "I do not feel (he says) as though I had permitted such instincts to perish in me through lack of cultivation. I do not feel as though they had atrophied from disuse. I feel as though they had never been there. I certainly cannot remember them, though I can remember very vividly certain disgustingly hypocritical attempts I made at various times to pretend to myself that they were there."

On the other side we have, as already stated, our author's frank avowal of his belief in what appears to me the very baldest and falsest form of fatalism.

We may use what, in our necessary illusion, we call our "free will" to the utmost extent. We may struggle, we have a right to struggle passionately, to change our nature ; but our nature will never really be moved one hair's breadth from what has been determined for it, and every one of our vaunted new thoughts and new emotions has really been inevitable from the beginning. If we struggle desperately to "improve" or change, that very "will to struggle" was what the universal destiny implied in us ; and if we do not struggle, that atrophy and inertia also was what the universe intended.

It is scarcely necessary to point out what this attitude of mind must eventually lead to on the part of its votaries. We have only to consider the case of the nations which have adopted it as their creed. We have only to look at the present condition



of the crumbling Turkish Empire to realize the ultimate issues implicit in that single word of doom, "Kismet!" It means, in short, retrogression and dissipation of energy. For the individual, in its ultimate implications, it is the "back to the brute" philosophy of life. For the world, if universally adopted, it would involve the return to chaos and anarchy. Holding these views (or would it not be more correct to say, experiencing these emotions?) it is not unnatural that our author should realize their narrowing outlook on the aims and objects of life. "Why make a fuss (he asks) when all at the last is equal?" In a sort of half-hearted way he professes himself a Hedonist. "I suppose (he says) that ultimately I pursue pleasure, and pleasure alone, as the chief end of my cults and activities." "According to my philosophy (he adds) it were wisdom to balance one sensation against another, and to connect them all reasonably and intelligently, like precious beads upon the silver cord of my self-consciousness. My doctrine is that I should let nothing pass, and abstract the lovely quintessence and delicate pungent flavour from every single one of my common hours." He admits, however, that he is not successful in achieving this.

Mr. Powys, indeed—and it is characteristic of his entire attitude—regards every other human being as equally a pleasure-seeker with himself. "I suspect them all (he says) of living ultimately for nothing but pleasure, even as I do. They may talk of duty, and self-culture, and the service of humanity, and the Will of God. I seem to wave aside all of that, and perceive under every mask the old eternal pressure of the life-lust."

But if Mr. Powys is a pleasure-seeker, he is certainly not so in the most usual acceptance of the term. He states, in fact, that he is the very opposite of a sybarite. "I am naturally (he says) an ingrained ascetic, with lapses into luxuriousness. What is called 'comfort' has very little claim upon me. Many of my most exquisite sensations demand discomfort as their appropriate accompaniment." A man, in reality, finds his greatest happiness (not pleasure) in pursuing those aims and objects in which his greatest interest lies. In short, "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." This happiness may be spiritual, it may be emotional, it may be material. The miser's happiness is to accumulate money: the spendthrift's, to spend it; and, in despite of our author's scepticism, the greatest happiness of a certain few is found in the service of humanity. Mr. Powys, even in the pursuit of the aims of his life, is not oblivious of the fact that, according to his

own philosophy, nothing really is of anything but temporary consequence, and therefore he is prone frequently to take the line of least resistance, even if this involves the sacrifice of the objects which he pursues. There is nothing of the zealot about him. In the pursuit of sensations he is the dilettante. He advocates an epicurianism which he does not practise. He loves, in his own words, "to dally with the more gracious aspects of religion." He experiences a "curious thrill at the idea of the person of our Saviour." What appeals to him in Nature is the magic of her fleeting and evasive charm, "the whole wonder and beauty of which is on the surface." He "believes everything and—nothing, and passes from sensation to sensation like a moth from bush to bush."

The truth is that Mr. Powys' outlook on the deeper problems of life is of a purely negative character. His mental attitude is founded, not on any definite convictions that he possesses, but on a revolt against beliefs to which, in early life, he was taught to subscribe. Others who have been brought up like him have sought and found a more satisfactory basis for their theory of existence. Unlike them, our author has never stepped outside the wreck and ruin of his childhood's faiths. From the midst of the shattered remnants and débris of what was once a life-giving religion, he looks forth and watches, with an amused sardonic smile, the busy builders of the temples destined to enshrine the faiths of the New Time, faiths built on a sounder foundation than tradition, or than temperament alone, but which find the justification of their existence in their appeal alike to the reason and the emotions, and in their capacity for ministering to the spiritual needs of a race of man which has outgrown the swaddling clothes of the anthropomorphic age.

The riddle of life is to be solved neither by the intellect nor by the emotions independently of each other. Life is the great Initiator, and the key to the mystery lies within man himself. Spiritual insight into the nature of things comes only to the soul which, neither eager for pleasure nor resentful of pain, steps boldly forward and embraces life, with all it has to bring of joy or sorrow, and by the aid of the awakened spiritual will pierces the veil of illusion which isolates the individuality from the other "Divine fragments" that, like himself, are seeking to break the bonds which hold them bound within the prison house of self.

# SIDELIGHTS ON THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS

By EDITH K. HARPER

Say ye : " The spirit of man has found new roads,  
And we must leave the old faiths, and walk therein " ?  
Leave then the Cross as ye have left carved gods,  
But guard the fire within !

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EGYPT, the cradle of all that is greatest in human effort, in Art, Music, or Wisdom, has ever been Egypt the Mysterious, the Land of No Beginnings. Other civilizations have waxed and waned, have had their little day and ceased to be, within the scope of a few centuries ; but the star of Egypt glowed in its zenith for thousands of years within man's knowledge, yet the story of its birth and rise is lost in the twilight of the " forgotten Long Ago." Lost, perchance, in the cloud that hides the vanished land of Atlantis !

From sidelights revealed by papyri and other sources of knowledge, recently compiled by Mr. Bothwell-Gosse,\* we learn that the Ancient Egyptians were a " domestic and home-loving race," courteous, affectionate and gentle. " A man's own house is the best thing," is one of their wise sayings. Woman was queen of the home ; the sexes were absolutely equal ; and when a king died the queen-widow ruled in his stead. Every Egyptian youth, prince or peasant, underwent a course of military training. It is said that every soldier received a grant of eight acres of land, free of all tax. Thus the term " Pro Patria " had a very real meaning for an Egyptian warrior. Education, to those great ancestors of nearly all that is most valuable in human tradition, † meant full development of every mental and physical faculty. The two great seats of learning were the Universities of Heliopolis and Memphis. Heliopolis, " the City of the Sun," was devoted to science and philosophy, and was the Alma Mater of Plato and of many another master-mind from foreign shores.

\* *The Civilization of the Ancient Egyptians.* By A. Bothwell-Gosse (Through the Eye Series). Profusely illustrated. Published by T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. 1915. Price 5s. net.

† Ruskin : *A Crown of Wild Olive.*

Here Solon studied law (and doubtless learnt the legend of the Egyptian priests concerning the buried Atlantis), and Thales evolved those scientific principles which he afterwards gave to the world as electricity. Here Hypatia graduated, and here too Archimedes, "the greatest mechanical genius of that or any other age, came in his youth to study." At Memphis, the Oxford of Ancient Egypt, Ptah the Greater, god of all the Arts, held sway. Famous singers and musicians of those days received their training at this University. The chief musical instrument was the harp, which had reached great perfection. Some of the largest harps were beautifully inlaid, or painted, and often decorated with gems. Drums, trumpets, tambourines, lutes, and pipes, single and double, must have formed, with the harps, an enchanting orchestra. Dancing was also a passion, and the *corps de ballet*, clad in gauzy garments, was a special feature in Egypt of old. Judging from pictured records one might imagine that the "high kick" of the modern *coryphée* was acquired on the banks of the Nile in a former incarnation!

To the vast engineering skill of the Ancient Egyptians the magnificent pyramids and temples, the colossal statues and obelisks, bear silent witness. As in Indo-Aryan architecture, we find the re-echoing idea of the cosmic cross,—“the four supports of heaven.” In many another way the Spirit of Art found expression through those wonderful people. Their portrait-statues were “souls rendered visible,” and pictures in oils have been found within recent years which are obviously speaking likenesses. Papyri give evidence that the Ancient Egyptians possessed even a “light literature” of novels and tales, and that the plot of many a modern romance was anticipated ages ago by the story-tellers of the Nile. There is, indeed, nothing new under the sun! Plants, birds, and animals converse with human beings in these stories, and in one quaint tale a sycamore-tree invites a young girl and her lover to dine together beneath its protecting branches. . . .

It is in the records of Ancient Egypt that we first find mention of the wax image in magical rites. The uncomfortable idea that earth-bound spirits haunted the tombs containing their embalmed bodies, with a view to drawing material with which to make visible their presence at those unholy ceremonies, doubtless gave rise to the mediæval superstition of the Vampire.

Though as astronomers the Egyptians must have exercised profound knowledge, most of their records are lost. We know, however, that they could calculate total eclipses of the sun and moon for twenty thousand years back. They knew too, anticipa-

ing Galileo, that the earth revolves round the sun. Their lunar year was divided into twelve months, with three seasons, of one hundred and twenty days each, called "The Inundation," "The Sowing," and "The Harvest." They understood that the moon derives its lustre from the sun. Hence they named it The Eye of Rā, Rā being the Sun-god. The story of Ishtar, the Moon-goddess, typifies the waxing and waning of the moon. With delicately poetic fancy the astrologers drew star-maps and horoscopes. Beauty and charm seem to have entered into all they did. The stars and constellations they depicted as "genii standing in barques and navigating the celestial Nile, which flows through the blue abyss of space." Have we here some unconscious foreshadowing of aviation? In the science of Medicine the Egyptians were forerunners of much of our modern knowledge. Experts say that only since the eighteenth century A.D. have we improved upon the medical skill possessed by Egyptian doctors thousands of years before Christ. The "Ebers" Papyrus may be quoted as evidence that these physicians of old knew of the circulation of the blood from the heart. They understood anatomy, and the setting of broken bones, and had great regard for the laws of health and diet. Woodruff, palm, olives, sates, and herbs, are among the fruits and plants which entered into their prescriptions. Certain records even quaintly reveal that the doctors of ancient Egypt were, on occasion, "complexion specialists," and were sometimes called upon to prescribe face lotions for the beauties, and hair dyes for the dandies, of the stately Courts of the Pharaohs. Evidently human nature in its desire for admiration was very much the same then as now, and "lords and ladies long ago," under the shadow of the Sphynx, sought, by every device, to appear attractive in each other's eyes. Egyptian dames and damsels understood the artistic effect of a crimson lotus blossom in their dusky tresses, and often wore one at the side of the head, exactly as a Venetian girl of to-day would wear a rose. The æsthetic taste of these joyous, laughter-loving children of the Nile expressed itself always in a passion for rich colouring, gorgeous jewels, and delicate perfumes. I have seen amethyst necklaces, two or three thousand years old, so exquisite in lustre and setting that they might have come from a Bond Street jeweller's shop to-day.

One wonders whether those deep-souled dwellers in that Land of Mystery attached any occult significance to the precious gems they delighted to wear. . . . They believed, indeed, in the

Law of Correspondences—that all things have their spiritual counterpart—that this world is but the shadow of the Real. They held that death—the cessation of what they called “the Vital Airs”—was but an open door into the spiritual land of Egypt. The kingdom of “Tuat,” the other world, was to them the meeting place “of the dead, the living, and the yet-to-live.” Like present-day spiritualists, they knew that while the physical body sleeps the liberated ego fares forth elsewhere. Spiritual evolution implied, for the ancient Egyptians, nothing more spiritual than reincarnation through a chain of successive earth-lives. They were, however, a deeply religious people, with a lofty conception of One Supreme God, whose many attributes manifested in many different ways. The “lesser gods” were equivalent to our hierarchy of protecting angels and archangels. Their kings also, they held as half divine. Isis, Osiris, and Horus were the Trinity of their complex theology. Opposed to Osiris, the incarnation of good, was his brother Set, the incarnation of Evil. In the story of the eternal struggle between this duality, Set for a time vanquished Osiris, putting him to death. Isis, the divine mother, wandered till she found his body, when the life of Osiris was restored, and Horus, their son, set forth on the final conquest of Evil. Here we have Death, Resurrection, and Immortality. But the intensity of Egyptian Mysticism was almost too deep for words. Even behind the One Supreme God, they vaguely sought the “Unmanifest and Invisible,” Amen-Rā, the Hidden Light behind the Sun. . . . Their Higher Pantheism extended to all things visible and invisible. God was everywhere, and in everything.

In this belief, as in some other—shall we say “intuitions”?—are not we moderns but learning to think back to the mighty minds that thought forward in the Nile Valley thousands of years ago, when Cheops raised the great Light on the sands of Gizeh; and on the plain of Thebes the giant statues of Amenhotep “sang at dawn”!

# THE WHITE COMRADE

BY A. L. HEAD

[*The story of the White Comrade in connection with the present war will doubtless be familiar to all my readers, though I do not think it has been specifically alluded to in this magazine. I have, in fact, hesitated to regard the phenomenon as other than a subjective experience on the part of those who have narrated it. Whatever view, however, we may take with regard to it, I have the statement of my contributor that the following lines were inspired by an account taken down by an officer from the lips of one to whom the vision was manifested, and I think this is sufficient justification for their inclusion in these pages.—ED.*]

THEY name Him "the White Comrade," for all white  
His garment is, and oft times is He seen  
Beside the wounded in the dusky light  
As sunset wanes, or in the early dawn—  
A silent stranger, of a noble mien  
And God-like majesty, yet none hath dared  
To ask Him whence He is or whither wends.  
A lone mysterious Being doth He seem ;  
But as He passeth near each wounded man,  
The pain is lulled, and oft a happy smile  
Dawns on the tortured face, or gentle sleep  
Falls on the sufferer ; yet He speaks no word.

And oft-times in the battle is His form  
Beheld with arms outstretched as though he prayed  
The Foe to have compassion and to cease.  
And still He ever bears a charmed life.

Such tales I heard but heeded not, for I  
Deemed them but legend born of heated brains.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fight had raged throughout the day, and now  
Toward evening, pierced with grievous wounds, I fell  
Into a sandy hollow, where I lay  
Concealed and hid alike from friend and foe.  
Through the dark watches of the deep'ning night  
I lay in agony—The shining stars  
Gazed from the silent sky—I seemed alone  
In all the world ; for now the deafening roar

And crash had ceased, and there was only Pain  
And utter loneliness within my soul.  
When lo! I saw a figure clothed in white  
And coming nigh to me: "So here," methought,  
"Is some poor woman wandering in her grief,  
Or white-clad peasant seeking midst the dead  
A son or brother," till the Form drew nigh  
And then an inner voice, I know not what  
Whispered: "It is the Stranger"—And behold!  
He took me in His arms and bathed my wounds.

And now it seemed to me that all my pain  
Had vanished, and a Peace ineffable  
Possessed me though I knew not why nor how.  
And still no word was uttered, and I felt  
No need for speech until He moved away.

But as He went, seeing His hand was hurt,  
I cried to Him to ask Him of His wound—  
" 'Tis an old wound," He answered, "but of late  
It bleeds anew."—And then I saw that blood  
Dripped from His brow, and scars were on His feet,  
And lo! Great joy o'ercame me, and I swooned.



# THE SOUL OF MUSIC

## AN ALLEGORY

By D. B. M., Author of "A Dual Personality," etc.

IT is only after mature consideration that I take up my pen with the intention of writing an account of an event which took place in 1910, and although I somewhat hesitate to allude to a matter which on account of its apparent incredibility will doubtless be condemned by many as attributable wholly and solely to the imagination of a sensitive, hysterical mind, I am nevertheless determined to avail myself of this opportunity of setting before the public an exact description of my strange experience, and trust that those of my readers who are disposed to be sceptical will remember that the facts I am about to relate are not dream-concocted vagaries, but actual *bona fide* experiences.

I should like, however, before narrating my story, to explain that, although I have studied various philosophies and interested myself in all matters pertaining to the, supernatural, I have nevertheless refrained from attending séances, or from inquiring into similar spiritualistic phenomena, and will therefore forbear to offer any definite solution of the mystery I am about to relate, but will confine myself to enumerating the various details of the case.

Some months ago I was seated in my studio busily engaged correcting the proofs of my latest novel, when there was a tap at the door and my valet entered bringing me a note. Opening the letter, I read as follows :—

BRIGHTON,

— — 1910.

DEAR JACK,—

I quite omitted when with you this morning to give you the enclosed ticket which I promised you last week.

Apologizing for the delay and trusting that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the concert to-night,

In haste,

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

H. T. O.

I glanced at my watch ; it was exactly ten minutes to five, and, as the concert was not due to commence until eight o'clock, I decided that I would go. Three hours later, having given a few necessary directions to my valet, I motored to the Dome, where the sound of distant music proclaimed that the concert had already commenced. Hurriedly purchasing a programme I slipped into my seat and, after exchanging a few remarks with a friend in my near vicinity, I commenced to follow with interest the rendering of one of Beethoven's Sonatas by Herr —, whose wonderful technique and crystalline touch proved that the famous pianist, in spite of his years, was still undoubtedly complete master of the keys. The second item on the programme was a violin solo by Isolde —, a girl prodigy of some seventeen or eighteen years, who had already taken London by storm, and who promised to become one of the world's greatest violinists. Her interpretation of Tschaikowsky's "Chanson sans parole" was faultless, and as she, after being repeatedly recalled, again stepped forward and raised her violin, I seized the opportunity of examining her more closely and was struck by the unaffected simplicity of her whole bearing and demeanour and the sweet seriousness of her expression.

She in the meantime, having bowed to the audience, paused a moment, then commenced to play, and as I listened, watching her the while, I saw to my intense astonishment that she was becoming as it were enveloped in a mist. Starting forward in amazement I hastily rubbed my eyes, believing myself to be the victim of some strange illusion, but upon looking a second time I found that my eyes had not deceived me and that the mist, or rather what appeared to be a mist, was gradually taking upon itself certain definite forms which, seeming to emerge from the violin, drifted slowly towards the audience passing over some and attaching themselves to others. Glancing eagerly at those people in my immediate neighbourhood round whom these forms were lingering, I noticed that they appeared to be entranced by the music, and that similar forms, detaching themselves from them, mingled with those which came from the violin.

At a loss to account for this extraordinary phenomenon I again turned my attention to Isolde —, when the latter suddenly ceased playing ; the spell was broken, and the forms, slowly dispersing, eventually disappeared into nothingness.

Racking my brains in a vain endeavour to solve the mystery, I listened somewhat indifferently to "Il bacio," which was being sung by Madame —, but, upon glancing casually in her direction,

found, to my intense surprise, that she too was surrounded by the same vapour-like mist, but that, whereas in the case of Isolde — the mist had been of a light blue shade, it was now of a peculiarly heavy crimson hue with occasional flashes of dull red ; I noticed too that the figures which eventually formed themselves out of the mist were particularly repulsive in appearance.

The audience, meanwhile, apparently enamoured by the beauty of the singer, applauded her enthusiastically and, turning round in my seat to note the effect of her singing upon those seated behind me, I observed that they were, with an occasional exception, emitting forms similar to those which proceeded from Madame —, and that these misshapen figures attracted those of the singer.

Unable any longer to doubt the evidence of my own eyes, I tried to recall the various psychical books I had read in the hope of finding a possible explanation of my strange experience, when it suddenly occurred to me that in the East the philosophers and those well versed in the intricacies of Occultism maintain that each individual person is surrounded by an aura, or, in other words, that the several principles of man radiate energy which, combining, constitutes what is known as the human aura. I remembered, too, that these Oriental psychics further declare that this aura takes upon itself different colours in accordance with the various passions, feelings, desires and intellectual attainments of the individual and that these colours are visible to those of highly developed psychic power.

Yet—could it be possible that I was gifted with these super-normal powers ? The idea to me was ludicrous in the extreme ; I had always been considered so very matter of fact, and had never at any time attempted to probe the secrets of Occultism. I felt fully convinced, however, that were I to consult an Occultist upon the matter he would undoubtedly assure me that I was clairvoyant and that the forms and figures which I had seen were merely thought-forms.

As I thus reasoned with myself I called to mind the teachings of Waldo Trine, who in all his works lays so much emphasis upon the fact that thoughts are forces and that like attracts like, and it struck me as quite possible that those of the audience who were in sympathy with the singer attracted her thoughts to them, and *vice versa*.

Thus musing, I watched with interest the impressions produced by the various artistes upon the audience—some, those of the artistes whose thoughts were pure and inspiring, awakened and

called forth equally ennobling thoughts; others, whose ideas and ambitions apparently centred themselves upon the gratification of mundane desires to the exclusion of all that is morally uplifting, seemed to exercise a demoralizing sway over those whose personalities were not sufficiently developed to enable them to discern the difference between good and evil influences; I observed, too, that the music acted more or less as a medium in transmitting the thoughts of the artistes to the audience.

There was one point, however, for which I could find no possible explanation. I had observed amongst other equally puzzling details that although with some of the artistes the predominant thoughts were inspiring, an occasional misshapen form emerged from the mists in which they were enveloped in apparent direct contradiction to the leading features of their respective characters; it has, however, since occurred to me that these artistes were doubtless influenced by the composers whose works they were interpreting, and that it was the music, or, to be more explicit, the soul of music, which thus asserted itself through the mediumship of the performer, and that whereas in some cases the artistes allowed their own conception of a piece to outweigh the intentions of the composer, others endeavoured to give an accurate rendering of the music from the latter's standpoint irrespective of their own feelings, thus enabling the thoughts, both good and evil, of the composer, to embody themselves in forms and be either attracted or repelled by the audience.

Needless to say, since the concert, I have further endeavoured to solve this apparently insoluble enigma, but, although I am still unable to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the reason of my strange experience, I nevertheless have no hesitation in asserting that I am fully persuaded that I was neither suffering from hysteria nor the victim of an optical illusion, and that it was the subtle power of the music which enabled me to become temporarily clairvoyant. Be this as it may, I heartily endorse the opinion of one of our greatest thinkers, who remarked: "Music moves us and we know not why." Ah! we know not why. Can it be the Soul of Music appealing to the Soul of Man? Who can say?

## CORRESPONDENCE

*[The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.]*

### THE SEXES HEREAFTER.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—A letter in your last month's issue on the above subject, signed W. T. Horton, is of such a didactic nature that I think it should not pass unchallenged. As a preliminary I may mention that I am quite in accord about the advisability of more purity and restraint in sexual matters, but we must bear in mind that all attempts hitherto made to check these natural proclivities have not been a success, and I am afraid that, as long as we are constituted as we are, this will continue to be the case. In the above letter the abuse of the sexual function is called the unpardonable sin, etc. In support of this view the Apocalypse (by which I understand the Revelation of St. John is meant) is quoted as an authority. The genuineness and authorship of this literary work have always been, and still are, a matter of dispute. Eusebius objected to it. At the council of Laodicea it was rejected. The Eastern Orthodox Church very nearly omitted it from its Bible. Luther did not approve of it. A recent writer said that it should be consigned to oblivion. I think the most recent view is that the Apocalypse is a composite production like many other Biblical works. It therefore cannot be regarded as a very satisfactory authority to base such tremendous issues upon.

There is what I consider a more reliable statement for finding out what the unpardonable sin is. I refer to the recently re-discovered Didaché, or the teachings of the twelve disciples. The following is an extract from it: "A prophet that speaketh in the spirit ye shall neither test nor discriminate; all sin shall be forgiven, but this sin shall not be forgiven." In early times the Didaché was classed with canonical books, Clement of Alexandria called it Scripture, Augustine of Hippo used it for catechetical instruction. It was only to be expected that it should be omitted from the Canon of the New Testament because there is no reference in it to the doctrines of the Trinity, the Virgin birth, Christmas, Easter, a special priesthood, etc. Its date is uncertain, but it may be as early as 80 A.D.

The texts quoted in the above mentioned letter, viz., Matthew xix. 11, 12, I do not profess to understand, they appear to refer to marriage and divorce.

If the unpardonable sin is connected with lapses in sexual matters, it seems to me that the proportion of those who may expect happiness hereafter will be a very small one. Without condoning sin, I think we should take a charitable view of it when we consider the weaknesses of human beings, and the temptations which beset them. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*

In Matthew xxv. 31 and following verses, which may be called the doctrine of the great assize, our duty towards neighbours is the supreme criterion; doctrines, beliefs, sacraments are not mentioned. I therefore am of opinion that insoluble questions like the one contained in the letter under reference, had better be left alone; what the world wants is help for the living, hope for the dying.

Yours faithfully,

BOURNEMOUTH.

H. J. H.

[Mr. Horton, if I understand him aright, quoted the opinions of others. He had no intention of fathering them. I sincerely trust that doubting inspired communications is not to be regarded as the unpardonable sin!—ED.]

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, Arthur Mallord Turner, dislikes the idea of twin-souls. His dislike, however, does not affect its truth, as those who have met their twin-soul know.

He says my "letter . . . falls rather short of accuracy," but he fails to point out where. He also asserts that the soul is sexless, and speaks of the purest and most interior of all loves, namely, that existing between counterparts, as "sloppy sentiment."

Although soul may not manifest on the higher planes in the sex forms as we know them on this plane, as an emanation from the Highest, soul is essentially dual in its nature, containing potentially the masculine and feminine, the positive and negative qualities. Everything we see here exists potentially, if not actually, on the higher planes, in accordance with the old hermetic axiom, "as above, so below." Manifestation necessitates both cognizer and cognized.

Counterpartal love is not "sloppy sentiment," or even the capacity "of appreciating the opposite sex simply from the beauty or form standpoint," on either the physical, astral, or mental planes, but something infinitely higher, holier, and purer, proceeding, not merely from the Kabbalistic world of Yetzireh or Formation, but that of Atziluth or Pure' Deity. It is internal completion, rather than external attraction, thereby perfecting the individual, who thus becomes an angel twain-one.

Arthur Mallord Turner remarks that "it is well known that the angel type of evolution has never had human experience." This—unless he applies the term "angel" to some other order of beings—is hardly in keeping with the old occult formula that "the mineral becomes a vegetable, the vegetable an animal, the animal a man,

the man a spirit, the spirit an angel, and the angel a god." When your correspondent has evolved sufficiently to meet and recognize his counterpart, he will see and know for himself the truth of dual-souls.

Yours faithfully,

UNITY.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Mr. Lovell's article entitled "Christian Science," appearing in your February issue, is interesting as an illustration of how impossible it is for any one to write intelligently on such a subject as Christian Science without having grasped the point of view of those who understand it sufficiently to prove it. He is unfortunate in supposing the person who offered to visit him for the purpose of making, as he terms it, "a demonstration" for his benefit, to be a genuine Christian Scientist. Christian Scientists heal the sick and sinning when called upon to do so, but they do not arrange exhibitions for or attempt to convince the incredulous.

Referring to Christian Science, our critic says, "It must be remembered that if we profess to use the terms 'God' and 'Spirit,' we must accept the 'scheme of Nature,' for the scheme of Nature is the expression of the Will of God, the two terms being merely different expressions of the fundamental Reality of Being." Christian Science teaches that material phenomena are the objective manifestations of the human or carnal mind, whereas the spiritual universe, including spiritual man, is the manifestation of the divine Mind or God, unseen by the physical senses. The former are temporal, finite and material, while the latter is eternal, infinite and spiritual. It will be noticed here that there are two points of view, the relative and the absolute. If the critics of Christian Science would keep this distinction clear, and always be found, as Paul recommends, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual," a great deal of misunderstanding would be avoided. To attempt to compare the temporal with the eternal, the material with the spiritual, the finite and mortal with the infinite and immortal, is waste of time; yet this is precisely what many people try to do. Mrs. Eddy refers to nature as follows, on page 119 of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*:—"In one sense God is identical with nature, but this nature is spiritual and is not expressed in matter."

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus" is a profound saying, and means much more than is generally understood. To have the Mind of Christ is to think, on all occasions, as Christ Jesus would have thought. Let us try, for a moment, and realize what Jesus was thinking when he said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch forth thine hand," or to the man sick of the palsy, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house"; or to the entombed form of Lazarus, "Come forth." How Jesus thought, and the result of his thinking are very clearly set forth by Mrs. Eddy, on page 476 of *Science and Health*, as follows: "Jesus beheld in Science the perfect man, who appeared to him where sinning mortal

man appears to mortals. In this perfect man the Saviour saw God's own likeness, and this correct view of man healed the sick."

Our critic says, "Mrs. Eddy's fundamental conception that disease originates in the individual mind is a mere travesty of facts, as Nature (and by Nature I always imply ultimately the will of God, the Universal Spirit) displays them to man." Allow me to quote correctly what she does say on this point, from page 411 of *Science and Health*, "The procuring cause and foundation of all sickness is fear, ignorance, or sin." Further he goes on to say, "*Nature could not give health unless she gave disease as well*," and again, "The human mind can no more deny the existence of disease than the existence of health, for both are manifestations of the eternal law of God." He seems to forget that if anything is a manifestation of eternal law, it must be an eternal condition. Now we are told that Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil, and disease was one of the manifestations of evil which he destroyed. How, then, can disease be a manifestation of the eternal law of God, as our critic avers? He will have some difficulty in adjusting these statements with that of Jesus, who said, "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit"; and that of James, "so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh." It was James also who said, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

If there is one thing Mrs. Eddy has done, it is to hold to her premise and make her conclusion conform to it. It is quite impossible to find in her writings the slightest divergence from the premise and conclusion on page 331 of *Science and Health*: "The Scriptures imply that God is All-in-all. From this it follows that nothing possesses reality or existence except the divine Mind and His ideas."

Yours truly,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

TALBOT HOUSE,  
ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C.

#### RE AUGUSTIN-LOUIS BARON CAUCHY

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I think you would be well advised, before building too much upon the case indicated above, to make further investigations.

Baron Cauchy was a distinguished mathematician—big enough anyway to find his way into the first two English Encyclopædias I have been able to consult. The *Oracle* (Newnes) mentions that C. died at Scéaux, May 23rd, 1857; so that evidently this is your man, and not a mere namesake. "Nelson's" Encyclopædia mentions a book, Valson's *Le Baron A. Cauchy* (2 vols., 1868).

It seems to me extremely probable that the life gives his epitaph.—Yours faithfully,

OPEN MIND.

[Can any reader verify or disprove this?—Ed.]



## MOTHER SHIPTON AND FRANCIS MOORE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I should be very much obliged if you, or any of your readers, could give me any information concerning the MS. of which I append a copy. It is written on a folio sheet of the paper of the period, and, as far as I am able to judge, appears to be quite genuine.

At first I took it to be the writing of the Francis Moore who became known as "Old Moore" and started the *Astrological Almanac* still published; but on referring to the *Dictionary of National Biography* I find that "Old Moore" was not born till 1656-7—fifteen or sixteen years after the date appearing on this manuscript.

I should like to discover the name of "Old Moore's" father, as it seems quite likely that the soothsaying business was inherited from a parent also named Francis, who might be the "Foreteller, Soothsayer and Reader of the Stars" whose signature here appears. With regard to the preamble it seems strange that the bulk of the "predicshuns" should be stated to have come to pass by the year 1641, as most of them appear clearly to refer to events of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The "Mother Shipton" prophecies as here rendered do not seem to contain anything new; but (provided the MS. is not a clever forgery) at least show the version current as far back as 1641, and so should be worth publication in the *OCCULT REVIEW*.

Yours faithfully,

LEOPOLD A. D. MONTAGUE, LT.-COL.

PENTON, CREDITON, DEVON.

## LITERAL COPY OF MS.

The remarkable and true prophecies of  
The famous Mother Shipton  
Who lived and prophecied In 1448 They  
Are now Republished In ye present year  
1641. The reader will see that the Predicshun(s)  
ye come to pass except In ye two last lines  
Which pertain to the future.

Francis Moore

Foreteller and Reader of the stars

Here beginith ye Prophecies.

Carriages without horses shall go  
And accidents fill, the world with woe  
Round ye world thoughts shall fly  
In ye twinkling of an eye  
Water shall yet more wonders do  
How strange, but yet they shall be true  
The world upside down shall be  
And gold be found at the foot of a tree

Thro hills man shall ride  
 And no horses nor Ass be at his side  
 Under water man shall walk  
 Shall ride shall sleep shall talk  
 In the air man shall be seen  
 In white—In blue—in green.  
 Iron In the water shall float  
 As easy as a wooden boat  
 Gold shall be found and shown  
 In land that is not now known  
 Fire and water shall wonders do  
 England at last admit a Jew  
 The world to an end shall come  
 In eighteen hundred and Eighty one

Francys Moore

Foreteller Soothsayer and Reader of the stars: \*\*\*\*

Certified true copy of original MS.

LEOPOLD A. D. MONTAGUE, *February 29, 1916.*

### TAKING IMPRESSIONS OF THE PALM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I see a letter in this month's OCCULT REVIEW asking the *best* way to take an impression of the hand!

This is considered the best way possible. Mix up a plateful of sepia paint, water colour sepia, and water. Brush it well over the palm of the hand. Take a large sheet of plain white paper and put the hand firmly on it, palm downwards, and when you take the hand up there will be a perfect impression of the palm. Of course you must not move the hand after it touches the paper.

Yours very truly,

PETRONETTA O'DONNELL.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The best answer to your correspondent P. V., who writes to know the best method of taking an impression of a person's hand for the purpose of delineating character therefrom, may, I think, be found in Cheiro's interesting little book *Palmistry For All*.

Obtain a small gelatine roller, a tube of printer's ink, and a sheet of glass to roll the ink out on until it evenly covers the roller's surface.

Pass the roller over the palm, then press the hand firmly down on a smooth sheet of white paper.

Yours truly,

RATHMELL WILSON.

AUTHORS' CLUB,  
 WHITEHALL.

[Other correspondence is unavoidably held over till next issue.—ED.]

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AN interesting question is raised by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the columns of *Light* as to the place of the soul "during unconsciousness," or more explicitly during the isolation of consciousness from the body and its physical environment—when (a) under the influence of an anæsthetic, (b) in the comatose state produced by grievous illness, or (c) occasionally in sleep. His opinion is that at such times the soul is probably out of the body, though attached thereto by a filament and therefore like a captive balloon. When, however, the experiences of the soul in "the extra-body life" are brought back into the body, on the resumption of normal waking conditions, they point almost invariably to an enhanced state of consciousness. A particular case in point is personal to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He was taken in a cab, with his wife and two sons, to the dentist's; and the cab drove on with its three occupants after he was left at his destination. Gas was administered, and under its influence he says that he was "intensely conscious" of returning to the vehicle on its travels and of seeing its occupants vividly, though realizing that they could not see him. The natural inference is, of course, that the conscious soul followed the moving cab, but it is by no means certain that this is the true explanation, for the fact that the soul perceives things taking place at a distance from its body—when the animation of the latter is suspended—does not necessarily postulate a previous passage through the intermediate space. The so-called travels of the soul may be in virtue of a state of awareness of which we have little realization in this life, while there is also the question of space in relation to the soul—a metaphysical point truly, but the soul is a metaphysical subject. In this connection it may be pardonable to mention a personal experience of the present writer, also under gas at a dentist's. During the normal course of intellectual work, prior to the dental operation, he had been dealing with certain mind-problems arising out of our mode of self-realization by the reflex act, and had not reached their solution; but during the higher state of awareness produced by sense-isolation these problems were solved, and this not by any ratiocinative process but by a direct inward seeing of which no adequate indication can be given in words. A short time after there was another operation, again under gas, and on

this occasion the writer, who does not remember having been dealing previously with specific problems, experienced an inward state of being in pure mind, to which nothing in normal life offers any analogy, at least for him. It was a state of beatitude in realization within the self, if one likes to approximate without reaching a true description. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says that the facts of psychical research are for him the only arguments which are "not in favour of the extinction of our individuality at death"; but for the present writer the second of these two experiences, under a simple anæsthetic, leaves no room for argument whether individual consciousness is independent of the bodily organism. It was a state of free being, having nothing external and no need of the external. But if one asks where was the soul during those brief moments of unconsciousness to the world without, and to all its forms and images thronging the normal mind, there is no one to answer; and certainly in such a state the question matters nothing.

A second issue of our new American quarterly, *The Channel*, is before us and is unquestionably better than the first, to which we gave a warm welcome for the excellence of its performance and promise. Curiously enough, one of its shorter articles brings us a second time into the presence of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has been writing in *Collier's Weekly* some personal reminiscences, as one who has "studied the occult for thirty years," as one who is "conscious of vague and wonderful compulsions and directions," which are for him "innermost facts of life," and as one who realizes not only "the latent powers of the human spirit" but the "direct intervention into our human life of outside forces, which mould and modify our actions." These are suggestive intimations, and very curious, too, is the novelist's account of certain circumstances under which he was offered initiation into "a secret society of esoteric students." It is not difficult to identify this society, but the "very crowded and preoccupied life" of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle found no space or opportunity for such an experiment, though even now he is disposed to wonder whether he was "close to something really remarkable." There is no question, however, that the most generally interesting article in *The Channel* is Mrs. Elsa Barker's account of her experiences with that "living dead man," about which she has published two very striking volumes. It is a graphic narrative, giving particulars of the circumstances under which she became acquainted with Judge Hatch, at first only by correspondence, and also of those later circumstances out of

which her books arose. Mrs. Russak continues her series on the science of occult healing, and has also an excellent paper on the occultism of music and singing.

Though *The Vahan* is naturally devoted in the main to a formal record of Theosophical Society activities, being the official organ of that body in England and Wales, it finds space occasionally for papers on subjects outside the more particular concern. In a recent number Mr. W. L. Hare attacks that time-old problem, a satisfactory definition of religion, and furnishes a variant by which it is identified as "the assimilation of the soul to the universal order." Much yet remains to be said, but this is at least a rational way of escape from the society's own motto—"there is no religion higher than truth"—which embodies a certain confusion of issues and raises the older question: what is truth? In another number there are notes of a lecture by Mr. D. N. Dunlop, on the Way of the Soul, in which there are some wise counsels, whether or not we should include among them that which recommends us to "walk out in the morning expecting miracles to happen." Something depends on the miracles, but in respect of most things which pass under that name one is best apart from their neighbourhood.

*The Revealer* continues excellent reading. We mentioned last month that it represents the new thought movement in Australasia. It knows no sect, but maintains "the unity of God and man." As regards the kind of new thought, Dr. Julia Seton specifies it as that which will be always "a Lamp to the feet of those who are seeking understanding." But a prime object of the periodical is exposition of the Bible "according to the illumination of the spirit through the perfect word"; and the mainstay here is the editor, Mrs. Cooper Mathieson. She is still interpreting Noah and the Flood and is much more engaging than most of her contemporary hermeneutists. There are moments when the mantle of the Zohar seers seems almost to have fallen on her shoulders; but, like the Zohar, she is most profitable when not taken too seriously. The three sons of Noah—Shem, Ham and Japheth—represent physical consciousness, mental consciousness and spirit. The drunkenness of Noah signifies Divine Intoxication. One is glad to learn that the curse pronounced upon the ill-starred Canaan was really a blessing in disguise. . . . We offer a cordial welcome to a series of articles on Thomas Lake Harris, begun in the last issue of *The International Psychic Gazette*. The author is the son of Mr. A. H. Cuthbert, who wrote *The Life and World-Work* of that strange poet and

seer who founded the Brotherhood of the New Life. Mr. Arthur Cuthbert was born in the midst of those early disciples whom Harris gathered about him "in his 'Breath House' at Wassaie, in Butcher's County, State of New York." We hope, therefore, to get for the first time direct information from an independent intimate. Mr. Cuthbert, though the son of a fervent believer, is not a believer apparently, nor one characterized by undue prejudice. So far our knowledge of Harris has come to us mainly from blind partisans or bitter enemies, and we think that the time is at hand when we should be put in a position to pronounce impartially upon the man and his work. . . . There is no end to the making of prophecies, nor to their disinterment from the records of the past. One would like to know something definite about *Le Zodiaque Mystérieux*, published in 1776, and said to foretell a revolution in Germany, when Berlin will be on fire and a certain tyrant—identified as the Kaiser—will perish at the hands of his people. Some occult numbers indicate September, 1916, as the period of a final victory promised to France. Thereafter peace will be signed at Brussels. Our motto is, wait and see. But the information reaches us from *Le Théosophe*, which depends on the Italian *Secolo*, and this borrows in turn from *Le Petit Provençal*. Such are the travels of prophecy, and the migrations help to account for many curious metamorphoses.

From the standpoint of symbolism, the most curious paper in *The Builder* is that on the legends of Solomon. In the domain of critical estimation, the account of Dr. Roscoe Pound, and his lectures on the philosophy of Masonry, is especially informing. Finally, there is an illustrated article giving an exterior view of the Scottish Rite Temple at Fort Wayne, Indiana, with the interior of the Consistory Room and several ground-plans. Our excellent contemporary's announcements of future subjects include the Knights Templar, traces of an Order of Builders through the ages, and a series of studies on Albert Pike and his service to Masonry. In the course of an eloquent rhapsody, a writer in *The New Age* reminds us that according to Chrysostom "man is the true Shekinah," and the meaning is explained thus. The glory shining from the Mercy-Seat symbolized the Divine Presence, and man becomes a symbol of Deity when he attains consciousness of his true nature. The Ark of the Covenant is in our hearts, there is the Mercy-Seat, and thence "the Shekinah will irradiate our lives."

## REVIEWS

### PROSPERITY—THROUGH THE KNOWLEDGE AND POWER OF MIND.

Lectures and Mental Treatments. By Annie Rix Militz, Author of "Spiritual Housekeeping," etc. Third edition. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE author explains in her Foreword that this little work was written "from the basis that thought is a substantial influence in the world, like electricity, steam, heat and light. That man can control, direct, transform and dissipate his thoughts in the same way that he manipulates the forces that are evident to his five senses." She argues that true spirituality finds expression in material prosperity, and that it is only the *misuse* of material benefits which is evil. The true prosperity that is one with God, manifests in everyday life in what is known as "good luck." Riches, like health, are a powerful weapon in the hand of a strong man. The author illustrates her somewhat paradoxical reasoning by many passages from Holy Writ, applied to modern times and circumstances, and she suggests a line of meditation—familiar enough to students of Higher Thought—which, if put into daily practice, could not fail to be helpful and invigorating to the tired mentality of many a slave to old-fashioned Orthodoxy. In her chapter "The Magic of Meekness," Mrs. Militz gives a vigorous interpretation of a much-misunderstood quality generally associated with weakness and lack of initiative. She also gives some amazing examples of practical answers to prayer. In short, the author has given us a very refreshing antidote to pessimism, quite free from mere preaching and platitude. It will appeal to different minds according to their different standpoints.

EDITH K. HARPER.

### THE LIVING TRUTH IN CHRISTIANITY. By Bertram McCrie, Cr.

8vo. Paper. Pp. 48. London: J. M. Watkins. Price 3d. net.

IN sending forth this little book with its message of hope for the starving souls who can find no satisfaction in the literalism of Christian orthodoxy, Mr. McCrie, in a short notice to the reader, acknowledges his indebtedness to those pioneers of Christian esoteric interpretation, Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, to the perpetuation of whose good work he contributes his quota.

To avert the gradual ossification of the Christian creed, the great desideratum is "a reformation in the very symbols of the Faith—the replacing of letter and form with spirit and substance." In the light of the new Gospel of Interpretation, the great pivotal doctrine of the Redemption is seen to be "the return to a subjective state of that which always is subjectively—God's substance—with all its inherent attributes of divinity perfectly unfolded and eternized through complete individuation." The man is not to be redeemed by the love of a Christ who suffers *instead* of him, "for the utmost that even a Christ can do is to suffer in and with

others, and by his measureless sympathy and boundless love win them also to love." No! He must find the way within himself and courageously set his feet upon it, sure in the knowledge that no smallest effort is without its due effect. For once the soul has issued into individual organic life it comes within the scope of the law of Consequence, "the law of spiritual heredity for the true self"; and herein, although at first it may not seem so, lies his hope. The spiritual universe, no less than the visible physical world, is governed by definite Law.

Space will not permit of a more extended consideration of the details of the esoteric interpretation here outlined. We can only speed the author's little book upon its way and echo his earnest hope that it may induce the reader to study more deeply the doctrine embodied in the works of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, and perchance lead some to the treading of the Perfect Way.

H. J. S.

**PEEPS INTO THE PSYCHIC WORLD.** By M. MacDermot Crawford.  
London: The Eveleigh Nash Co. Pp. viii. + 207. Price  
3s. 6d. net.

THEY whose faith enables them to believe queer stories offered by people who wish no names to be used in them will have little fault to find with a lively writer—herself a woman with occult experiences—who serves up the eerie memories which burn the tongue of bashful Anonymity. If, however, one is vexed by a passion for exactitude, much of a book like this has but little scientific value. Touching a question of extraordinary public interest dealt with by our author, the slightest investigation shows her deficiency of zeal in science. On page 44 she makes, apparently on hearsay, the following statement relative to the mummy-case of a priestess of Amen-Ra, alleged to be connected with various misfortunes: "It was shipped to America on the one and only voyage of the ill-fated *Titanic*." In reply to my inquiry, Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum, stigmatizes the statement as "false."

Fortunately the author has a commendable knack for acquiring out of the way knowledge. For instance, she gives us a letter by Mr. Rupert Gauntlett relating his remarkably unpleasant experience of the occult occurrence, known as "repercussion." Her chapter on foresight and reincarnation is not without charm.

W. H. CHESSON.

**THE RECURRING TRACK.** By Kathleen Borradaile. London: Elliot Stock. Pp. viii. + 360. Price 6s.

WE have here the story of an English girl who is revealed as the reincarnation of a male and foreign musical composer. After experiencing the pain of misplaced love, she finds her true affinity in a man much older than herself, who is engaged on the biography of the genius who suffers in her body the sorrow of comparative inarticulateness. The author sketches the members of an aristocratic family with considerable skill, and contrives to make her very unusual heroine attractively pathetic. Personally I am repelled by Miss Borradaile's dogma of justice, or theory of psychic accounts, but, unlike at least one writer of greater fame, she knows how to restrain a didactic impulse in the interest of the fictive art.

W. H. CHESSON.