

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

IT has often been said that the Devil can quote scripture to suit his own purposes. The history of the world since Christianity was founded has afforded ample evidence that in the same manner the powers of evil can utilize Christianity, or, indeed, any other form of religion, to subserve their own ends. The Brotherhood of Mankind was proclaimed by Christ as, indeed, it had been proclaimed by Buddha before, and as it was proclaimed again under very different circumstances at the French Revolution, and as it was once more heralded as the central plank in the Theosophical Society. There were many on each of these occasions who rejoiced to think that a new era was about to dawn upon mankind, and that this central truth of

THE
BROTHER-
HOOD OF
MANKIND.

Christianity was to become at length the guiding star of the human race. But the latest developments of German Kultur have served to show that we are still as far off as ever from the realization of these high ideals, and that the human race does not feel itself called upon to do more than lip-service to this gospel; while the whole basis of its action is founded, in

reality, upon the intensification of the self-idea. If every Christian realized in his heart that the renunciation of personal ambition was the corner-stone of his creed, he would doubtless regard its profession as a matter requiring far more mature consideration than is bestowed upon it at present. To have some one die for your sins, and by an act of faith to take over all the benefits accruing, is one thing ; to follow the Divine Example and crucify the self in actual practice is quite another. And yet it is precisely this in which the true occult significance of Christianity consists.

As the mystic poet* exclaims :—

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born
 But not within thyself, thy soul will be forlorn.
 The Cross on Golgotha thou lookest to in vain
 Unless within thyself it be set up again.

There was a sect of Christian Gnostics in those early days when there were no such things as heretics for the simple reason that there was no recognized orthodoxy, who bore the name of Docetists, and subsequently fell into some evil odour with other bodies of early Christians. To these Docetists the doctrine of the Crucifixion implied something very much more than the

THE
 DOCETISTS. sacrifice of Jesus of Nazareth upon the cross. To them the symbol of the Cross and all its mystic connotations was the essential, the death and suffering of the body of Christ being the setting forth on the physical plane, for the benefit of the uninitiated, of the sacrifice which was being ever mystically enacted of the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." It was in the view of the Docetists the lower physical self that was being crucified, that the higher self might be set at liberty. Thus it came about when the Docetists became heretics in the eyes of other Christians, that their doctrinal error was said to consist in the fact that they held that it was not Christ himself that was slain upon the Cross, but rather his simulacrum or mere physical counterpart.

In the Gnostic "Acts of John" Jesus himself calls his disciple John to him, while he stands in his spiritual body in the midst of the Cave (of Initiation), and explains to him the mysteries implied in the symbolic act and in the symbol of the Cross itself.

First and foremost, then, this crucifixion is not merely a single historical event, but an experience in the life of every true Christian, and implies the mystic death of the lower self which

* Angelus Silesius.

is the necessary preliminary to initiation. As Dr. Franz Hartmann says in his *Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians* :—

In the final renunciation of one's own personal self consists the victory over death and the resurrection of the spirit ; it is the mystic death, represented by the Christian Cross, a symbol known thousands of years before the advent of modern Christianity upon this earth. The symbol of the Cross is seen everywhere in Christian countries, upon the spires of the churches, in chapels and dwellings, and by the roadside ; but to the great majority of priests and laymen it is nothing else but a memento,

THE to call up the memory of an event said to have taken
CROSS AS place nearly 2,000 years ago in Palestine, on which occa-
SYMBOL. sion a perfect and divine man was executed like a criminal, falling a victim to the ignorance of the clergy and the vanity of the Pharisees of his time. A belief in the actuality of this occurrence, by which God is said to have become reconciled to man, is held among the Christians to be of supreme importance for one's future salvation ; although no intelligible reason is given to show that God was ever angry with man and that any such reconciliation was necessary ; nor is it explained why a certain opinion in regard to an event of the truth of which we cannot possibly know by experience, should be deemed necessary to attain the eternal life of the spirit. Those, however, whose eyes are not blinded by dogmas and who have compared the allegories of the Christian religion with the allegories of the Eastern religions know that—whether the historical account of the crucifixion of Christ actually took place as recorded, or whether it is purely symbolical—the symbol of the Cross has a far deeper and far more sublime secret signification. It represents an episode in the history of every one who has become a Christ ; it is the symbol of spiritual regeneration, through which all have to pass who desire to enter into the divine state of existence. In the mind of the superficial thinker the Cross is a token of torture and of death ; in the conception of the enlightened it is a symbol of the victory over self, of triumph, and the beginning of immortal life.

What a far higher and nobler conception is this than that of the orthodox Christian, and how completely would the morbid and unhealthy Good Friday services of our ordinary churches be transformed were this conception to take root in the minds of

MORBID our clergy ! As it is, I cannot but think that the
CHRISTI- true occultist will do well to give a very wide berth to
ANITY. all such expressions of unwholesome sentimentality. The dwelling on the death of the physical body, even apart from the specially gruesome accompaniments of revolting torture and horror, is in every way undesirable from the spiritual point of view, and in the special instance alluded to it appears to me to tend to materialize and debase the whole atmosphere of the Christian faith. It was doubtless such religious observances as this which led the poet Swinburne to exclaim in disgust at those—

Ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted gods!

Saints and ecstasies have looked upon the appearance of the stigmata upon their bodies as a special sign of Divine favour, but I confess that I am rather inclined to regard it purely and simply as a morbid physical effect of a morbid spiritual condition. Those who cultivate such states should remember that the true way to become a Christ is to lead the Christ life, and that to all alike, even the spiritually highest and greatest, the living of the life is the thing that counts, and that the death, however met with and of whatever nature, is and can be but an incident. Death, indeed, is a thing of a moment, and important in regard to what it leads to, and not in regard to what it is in itself. It is, in short, the opening of a door leading from one state of consciousness to another. To dwell on Death is to dwell on the material: to dwell on Life is to dwell on the spiritual. "They that are Christ's," says the Apostle, "have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts"; and in speaking thus St. Paul is evidently not thinking of an isolated dramatic event, but of the Christ life as lived by the followers of the Master. As the authors of *The Perfect Way* well say, "The crucifixion of the Man of God implies that persistent attitude of scorn, distrust, and menace, with which the ideal and substantial is always met by the worldly and superficial, and to the malignant expression of which ill-will the idealist is ever exposed." It does not consist, in short, of a martyrdom deliberately incurred, but in the courage to face the hostility of the world, whenever necessary, in fighting the battle for Truth and for Humanity. It is this which brings to the fighter in Life's Battle the experience necessary for the ultimate transmutation of Matter into Spirit and of Man into God.

Such is the first and most obvious signification of the Cross. But if the Cross typifies the crucifixion of the Man of God by the world, it equally typifies the crucifixion in man himself of his lower nature. Furthermore, it symbolizes the Tree of Life, implicit in which is the mystery of the dual nature, male and female. Thus it is stated in "The Great Announcement"* that "of the universal Æons there are two Branchings, without beginning or end, from one Root, which is the Power unseeable, incomprehensible Silence. Of these Branchings one is manifested from Above, the Great Power, Mind of the universals, ordering all

GNOSTIC
VIEWS ON
THE CROSS.

* Quoted by Hippolytus in his *Refutation of all Heresies*.

things, male ; and the other from Below, Great Thought, female, generating all things."* And thus also in the Gnostic " Acts of John," Christ tells his beloved disciple : " This is the cross which by the Word (Logos) hath been the means of ' cross-beaming ' all things, at the same time separating off the things that proceed from genesis and those below it, and also compacting them all into one."

The Cross as the symbol of the union of male and female has been familiar in all ages of the world's history, and even in so homely an instance as Palmistry we read of this symbol under the forefinger as indicating, according to tradition, the promise of a happy marriage.

The Cross, as the authors of the *Perfect Way* remind us, " is a symbol which has come down to us from prehistoric ages and is to be found depicted on the ruined monuments, temples, and sarcophagi of all nations—Coptic, Theban, Hindu, Mexican, Tartar." " In the rites of all these peoples, and especially in the ceremonials of initiation held in the Lodges of their Mysteries, the Cross had a prominent place. It was traced on the forehead of the neophyte with water or oil, as now in Catholic baptism and confirmation. It was broidered on the sacred vestments, and carried in the hand of the officiating hierophant, as may be seen in all the Egyptian religious tablets." To the Christian it has thus a two-fold connotation, for it not merely symbolizes the sacrifice of Christ upon the Cross, and the implied offering up of every true Christian on the altar of Humanity, but it also links up the faith of Christendom with the symbolism of the sacred Mysteries of all the great Wisdom Religions that preceded it, denoting the identity of their essential feature—the crucifixion of the lower self as the one and only means of entering into the higher spiritual life, or, as Jesus himself called it, the Kingdom of Heaven. To these earlier faiths the Cross, as already intimated, had a wide mythological significance.

The Cross (say the authors of *The Perfect Way*) is made by the sun's equinoctial passage across the line of the ecliptic, a passage which points on the one hand to the descent into Hades and on the other to the ascent into the Kingdom of Zeus the Father. It is the Tree of Life ; the Mystery of the Dual Nature, male and female ; the Symbol of Humanity perfected and of the Apotheosis of Suffering. It is traced by " our Lord the Sun " on the plane of the heavens ; it is represented by the magnetic and diamagnetic forces of the earth ; it is seen in the ice crystal and in the snow flake ; the human form itself is modelled upon its pattern ; and all nature

* See *The Gnostic Crucifixion*, by G. R. S. Mead. London : T.P.S.

bears throughout her manifold spheres the impress of this sign, at once the prophecy and the instrument of her redemption.

Fourfold in meaning, having four points, and making four angles dividing the circle into four equal parts, the Cross portrays the perfect union, balance, equality, and at-one-ment on all four planes and in all four worlds—phenomenal, intellectual, psychic, and celestial—of the Man and the Woman, the Spirit and the Bride. It is supremely, transcendantly and excellently, the symbol of the Divine Marriage; that is, the Sign of the Son of Man in Heaven. For the Divine Marriage is consummated only when the Regenerative Man enters the Kingdom of the Celestial, which is within. Then the Without is as the Within, and the Twain are one in Christ Jesus.

It would be interesting to have some sort of census, if such a thing could be carried out, of psychical warnings of coming danger, by which it would be possible to estimate the percentage of cases in which such warnings have been taken advantage of to avert the threatened catastrophe. From the records that have reached me I should be inclined to say—though I do not speak with great confidence—that in the large majority of cases the warnings have remained unheeded, and, indeed, in many quarters there appears to be prevalent a fatalistic impression that such pre-intimations of coming evil are useless in the sense of the proverb “forewarned

UTILITY OF
PSYCHIC
WARNINGS.

is forearmed.” A case in which such a psychic premonition was taken advantage of to avert disaster has been sent me by Mr. John A. A. Williams, of Aberglaslyn Hall, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Though the case has been recorded in a past issue of the *Journal of the S.P.R.*, it is probably not familiar to many of my readers. Mr. Williams was, at the time, principal proprietor of some large quarries, and used to go up there from time to time to have a look round and talk with the manager. On one such occasion he was accompanied by his brother, and they were returning together in the motor after their visit to the quarries. While listening to some conversation of his brother’s on an entirely different subject, Mr. Williams suddenly received a psychic message which left him under the impression that a portion of the quarry and the men were in great danger. In spite of the fact that the action appeared perfectly unreasonable, he decided to stop at a neighbouring post-office, and to send a wire to the manager to stop the working of the quarries. His brother remarked to him, “He will think you have gone perfectly mad,” but the telegram was duly dispatched and the manager gave instructions to stop working at once. About half or three-quarters of an hour later the whole of the ground underneath which the men were working, fell to the bottom of the

quarry—a fall of about 120 yards. All the debris from above fell on to the top, and it is quite obvious that nothing could have saved the men if they had continued their job. Mr. Williams observes, "When I went up to the quarry next day to see the ground, one of the men came to me on behalf of the others, to thank me for saving their lives." The original letters written to Mr. Williams next day by his brother and by the agent and manager of the quarry are reproduced in the Journal of the S.P.R., and confirm this record in all particulars. This incident, I should add, occurred on November 25, 1910.

In an article in the *Scientific American* of March 4, dealing with the question of transmitting messages in past times, there are some curious notes with regard to an alleged power called "Nauscopy." The expression will probably be unfamiliar to most of my readers, but what it amounts to is the capacity stated to be inherent in certain individuals, associated with a seafaring life, of visualizing ships at a far greater distance than that which would normally be possible to the naked eye. We must, it seems to me, regard this merely as a variety of clairvoyant vision.

The interest of the article, however, centres in some "NAUSCOPY." records of a scientific investigation on the subject by a certain Monsieur Bottineau which took place towards the close of the eighteenth century. The experiments were conducted with the sanction and under the close observation of the French Government officials, and are recorded in a work entitled *Memoires sur la Nauscopie*. It appears that Monsieur Bottineau, a native of Bourbon, or Réunion, an island in the Indian Ocean to the east of Madagascar, having ascertained that he possessed this power, proceeded to France, where he reported his experience to Monsieur Castries, a Government official, who instructed him to return to the island and continue his experiments under Government supervision, Monsieur Bottineau undertaking on his part that not a single vessel should approach the island without his having discovered and reported it several days previously. While these experiments were being conducted, an exact register of Monsieur Bottineau's reports was kept in the secretary's office in order to compare them with the ship logs on arrival, and every means was adopted to prevent deception, the reports being duly registered at the time in the Government office.

During the eight months over which the observations extended, Mr. Bottineau announced the approach of 150 vessels, not one of which was visible to watchmen stationed on the hills at the time

of the reports. The record I have before me does not state that he was exact in every particular instance, but merely that it was "shown from the register of his reports that he was wonderfully accurate," and that "the Government officials who were anything but favourable to him, had to bear testimony to the reality of his extraordinary powers in making their report to the French Minister." The report in question is embodied in the memoirs above alluded to. I can only express regret that I have not this in front of me for inspection. There appear to be numerous records in the past of this remarkable power, but no other which has been officially investigated in the same manner as the case of Monsieur Bottineau.

In my last issue I inserted a letter from a correspondent who wrote under the pen name of "Open Mind." This correspondent suggested, in reference to a psychic communication given in the previous issue with regard to Baron Cauchy, that the epitaph quoted might possibly appear in the Baron's Life as well as on the tombstone where it had become indecipherable. I invited any of my readers who was in a position to do so, to supply me with information on the subject, and in response to this invitation I have received the following interesting facts from Mr. W. T. Horton.

Augustin Louis, Baron Cauchy, was, as my correspondent quite rightly states, a man of great attainments, and of high reputation in his own day. There is a *Life* of him written by C. A. Valson, in two vols., 1868. On page 266 of this *Life* it is stated that he died about 4 a.m., Saturday, May 23, 1857. On page 260, however, the date is given as Saturday, May 22, of the same year. It appears, however, that the former is correct, as May 23, 1857, was a Saturday, and not the 22nd. "On page 267," observes Mr. Horton, "we find the epitaph and confirmation of the control's words mentioned in the OCCULT REVIEW." He draws attention to the similarity of the description of the Scéaux Cemetery "on the road shaded by chestnut trees which leads to the slope of Plessy Piquet" to that given in the book in question, which runs as follows:—

We have just related the life of the man of learning by the side of that of the Christian; after death this last title was alone to remain inscribed on the tomb of the great geometrician and the *grand homme du bien*. At some hundred yards from the ancient country residence of the Bure family, on the road shaded by great chestnut trees which leads

from the church of Scéaux to the pretty slope of Plessis-Piquet, one comes across a modest village cemetery, the alleys of which resemble those of a garden. It is here where Augustin Cauchy rests. On a square stone serving as pedestal to an iron cross, one can read this verse of the psalm : "*Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem.*" This is his only epitaph ; I know of few more simple, more touching, and at the same time more true.

Mr. Horton further remarks : " Although one can see that this description may have been in the memory of one of the sitters at the séance mentioned, who might very likely have read the *Life*, the whole case is remarkable. I only state the facts recorded, and do not enter into the pros and cons of the question."

Baron Cauchy, it appears, was akin to Pascal as scientist, mathematician and ardent Roman Catholic. He was keenly interested in many works of charity. He was also a voluminous writer on scientific subjects. It is worthy of note that the education of the Duc de Bordeaux, grandson of Charles X, was placed in his hands. This duke, who afterwards became known as the Comte de Chambord, was the last of the Bourbons, and the Legitimists alluded to him as Henri V. In a notice of Cauchy's death the French paper *L'Illustration*, of May 30, 1857, observes : " The Academy of Sciences lost at the end of last week in Monsieur Cauchy one of its most eminent members, the most illustrious mathematician of our day."

With regard to the communication in question, it certainly looks as if the information had been obtained rather from Baron Cauchy's *Life* than from the spirit of Baron Cauchy communicating with the sitters. Those familiar with these phenomena will recall that this is by no means an isolated instance of the contents of printed matter being communicated to sitters at a séance. I have just had my attention drawn to a similar one of a perfectly authentic character in which the automatic writer had no knowledge whatever of the facts recorded, which related to a case of suicide. The frequency of such occurrences was, I think, used by Thomas J. Hudson in support of his theory that a form of telepathy was the true explanation of these incidents. There are doubtless some people who will attribute them to a power assumed to be inherent in the subconscious mind of man for tapping astral memories. It may be argued that in all such cases one of the sitters had some subconscious memory of the case in question which he was enabled by the method adopted to communicate automatically, but this is not invariably borne out by the evidence.

The number of plays which appeal to the student of occultism as such, are necessarily rather few and far between ; but of recent years they have shown a tendency to become more numerous, and stage managers are less reluctant than formerly to reject such dramatic representations on the ground that they hinge on occult themes. Such a play is *The Barton Mystery*, by Walter Hackett, now being produced at the Savoy Theatre. The leading rôle of Beverley, which is interpreted with rare talent by Mr. H. B. Irving, has the merit of giving a real type, if a somewhat disagreeable one, and giving it to the life. Beverley is a medium, and, as he terms himself, a seer, but he is not above "THE BARTON MYSTERY" eking out his psychic powers by fraudulent methods. His Neptunian proclivities include a somewhat inordinate affection for the whisky bottle. Why the planet Neptune, the ruler par excellence of psychic phenomena, should tend when afflicted and manifesting its lower side, to drink on the one hand, and fraudulent practices on the other, is one of those mysterious problems which a fuller knowledge of the psychic temperament, and a deeper understanding of astrology, may help us one day to solve. Abnormal receptivity, and the dangers incident to depleted vitality, may doubtless explain a good deal, and we must also remember that the most highly-strung instrument is the one which is liable most quickly to become deranged. Generally speaking, we may say that the more solid the material envelope, the less exposed is its tenant to assaults from the psychic plane, and there are many who find it an easier matter to admit the astral visitor than to show him the door when he is not wanted. If Beverley, the medium, is true to life, so also is Sir Everard Marshall, the pronounced sceptic who, when once convinced, proves to be the most credulous of mankind. We may, perhaps, fairly assert that only long experience of psychic phenomena can enable any one to hold the balance evenly between undue credulity and undue scepticism, and, as in other cases, such, for instance, as that of the Roman Catholic Church, the new convert is only too liable to be carried away by the unbalanced enthusiasm of the zealot. The well known saying of Talleyrand, "Surtout point de zèle," contains for none a more needed warning than for the psychical researcher.

PROJECTION OF THE "ASTRAL" BODY*

A DESCRIPTION OF THE METHOD OF PROJECTING THE HUMAN "DOUBLE" AT WILL

By HERWARD CARRINGTON

ONE of the latest achievements of "psychical science"—which is constantly making new and important discoveries—is the voluntary projection of the "astral body" of man—the expulsion of the human "double" or etheric counterpart of the physical body—by methods under control of the human will. Occult science has long since proved that—besides this physical body, which we know—there is also a more subtle and refined envelope—the "spiritual body" of St. Paul—and that this body is capable of being detached, at times, and of being "projected"—leaving the physical body entranced, while the subtle body journeys and makes itself manifest to others at considerable distances. The specific methods to be employed, in order to ensure this, have only lately been disclosed; and it has remained for Dr. Charles Lancelin—a French scientist and occultist of note—to describe the necessary practices in full.

Dr. Lancelin has been well-known in scientific and occult circles in France for many years; he is the author of a number of works—the most important of which are: "Fraud in the Production of Mediumistic Phenomena," "The Beyond and its Problems," "My Experiences with the Devil and Devil-Worship," "Sorcery and Witchcraft," and a "Study of a Hyperphysical Subject"—all in French. In his latest work, "Methodes de Dédoublément Personnel: Exteriorization de la Neuricité: Sorties en Astral," a volume of more than 550 pages, Dr. Lancelin

* Regarding the use of the word "astral," I have not intended to restrict its use, as in Theosophical literature; but have merely employed it as a convenient term, well understood, to signify the astral or etheric or mental or spiritual or dream body, or "double," of man. Theosophists distinguish between all these terms—perhaps rightly: psychical researchers, on the other hand, have been content, so far, to prove the objective existence of a "body" corresponding to any of these conceptions. Thus, the term "astral body" is used in the present article, only in its most general sense and widest meaning.

H. C.

has gone deeply into this subject of self-projection, and given us a detailed scientific account of the actual methods followed, in order to effect this apparent miracle. This is the first time that this occult knowledge has ever been divulged, and it has caused no little stir and sensation in France. Experiments had been tried before, it may be said, by M. Hector Durville, President of the "Magnetic Society" of France and author of a number of books upon psychic subjects; by Dr. Baraduc, well-known for his work upon the nervous system and human vitality; and by the late Colonel Albert de Rochas, of the French Army, who was regarded by many as the foremost scholar of psychic science in his day. All these experimenters achieved success in this field of research; and Dr. Lancelin has not only summarized their researches, but also extended them in the minutest detail—in the remarkable work which he has lately published.

According to M. Lancelin, there is a real "science and art" in this astral duplication, which consists, essentially, in the ability to externalize the neuric (nervous) force, composing the astral body, and the "sensibility." The right or suitable temperament must be chosen for the experiment; and if this is not found, the experiment is liable to fail, or only to succeed partially. "Temperament" must not be confused with "character," or mental make-up. Temperament is a physiological state produced by the predominance of an element, organ or system in the human body. There are four chief types of temperament—nervous, bilious, lymphatic and sanguine. Of these, the nervous temperament is the best for psychic experiments of all kinds; the bilious is the most receptive; the sanguine is liable to hallucinations, both subjective and objective; while the lymphatic is the least suitable of all, from every point of view. Of course, one's temperament is usually a compound of all of these, which are rarely found in their ideal state; but the predominantly nervous temperament is the one best suited for this test—as for all other psychic experiments.

Now, there is at all times a certain out-flowing of nervous force, or "externalization of neuricity," as it is called, in all individuals, but this becomes very pronounced in certain types of individuals known as "mediums" or "psychics." In them, this force which is thus radiated can be measured by means of specially constructed instruments, known as Biometers, Sthenometers, etc. Several instruments of this kind have been devised by French experimenters. They show that there is a repulsive force generated from one side of the human body, and an attrac-



X
 Photograph of "vital radiations" issuing from the human body and impressing (directly) a photographic plate.



"Astral body" of Mme. Lambert obtained during the early experiments. (Note the imperfect outline of the body, and its swaying motion as though blown about by the wind.)



Later photograph of the "astral body" of Mme. Lambert, obtained after further experimentation. (Note the clearer outline and relative stability of the figure.)

tive force from the other side. In normal human beings these forces should be equal. When they are not, odd things are likely to happen in their immediate environment. Their relative power can be tested by means of these instruments.

These energies depend upon the state of the health, the emotions, the mind and also upon the will. For the experiment to succeed, as we shall see, the subject must be in good health; the emotions calm; the mind placid; and the will exceedingly strong. However, it is not the conscious will which performs the miracle; but the *subconscious will*—the will which is active in sleep. It is this which is difficult to train, and can only be reached by psychic and occult methods. Once reached and strengthened, however, it is capable of performing all sorts of marvels, while the subject is asleep or entranced.

This subconscious will has its own psychology; it is said to consist of four essential elements—possession, deliberation, determination and action. The last three of these are the so-called “solid” states of will. (The medium Eusapia Palladino was wont to say she could succeed in moving objects at a distance if her will were sufficiently “solid”). Within this mystic citadel, a double action takes place—(1) the will acts within itself, and (2) it controls its environment. Upon the degree of power which this subconscious will possesses depends the success of the experiments.

The first thing to do, then, to ensure the success of our “astral projection,” is to *dynamize the will*—to hyperdynamize it, in fact, so that it is over-charged, and capable of bursting out, like champagne, when the cork is removed. There are various methods of doing this. One of the simplest is to repeat to oneself many times just before dropping off to sleep, “I have will—I have energy!” This must be kept up until sleep actually supervenes, and memory is lost. Then one may think of the next day’s work clearly, in detail, and make up one’s mind not to deviate therefrom, even under great pressure and temptation. This will give the subconscious will a force that nothing else can equal.

The subconscious will thus strengthened, the next step is to create a “division of self,” so as to loosen the astral body from the physical body. The subject, to do this, should go over his entire body in thought—while lying in bed—covering every inch of its surface, and *willing* that the astral body shall be detached from the physical body at that point. Try to feel this body loose inside you. Then focus all your mental energy

PROJECTION OF THE "ASTRAL" BODY 251

upon the solar plexus—at the spot where the ribs divide*—and, while breathing quietly and deeply, *will* that you go out from your physical body at that point. Project yourself outwards into space. Imagine yourself going out; try to transfer your consciousness to the body without you. Try to look out of its eyes, hear with its ears, feel with its body. You will suddenly find yourself enabled to do so; then your first great step will have been taken.

When you have progressed thus far, you must try to look around you, in your newly acquired "astral body," and notice



EXPERIMENTAL "SELF-PROJECTION" IN MAGNETIC TRANCE.

the furniture in the room; notice everything in detail. Then try to go out through the door of the room, go down stairs, and out of the front door into the street. (It does not matter whether the doors are closed or not; in your astral body you can go through them easily.) Then walk along the street—into the door of your friend's house, to whom you wish to appear—and go upstairs into his or her room. Notice everything as you go. When there, try to make your presence felt or seen. This

* In this, Dr. Lancelin is at variance with many experienced Occultists, who contend that the safest and easiest point of egress is a point low down on the forehead, between the eyes. Some personal experiences and experiments tend to confirm this view.

is the second hardest step, and the one we know the least about as yet, in its technical details.

The person to whom you are to appear must be more or less "clairvoyant" or "psychic." He must be quiet and receptive, in darkness or semi-darkness, and should, if possible, aid you by *drawing* you by an effort of will—so that his duty is not altogether passive, but active also. One of the best states for the perception of the astral body of another person is the hypnotic trance. The French experiments were nearly all made in this condition—though it is not necessary.

Once by the side of the "seer," the astral phantom should endeavour in every way possible to make its presence felt. It may do this by becoming visible, by speaking (becoming audible), or by touching the "seer." The phantom may also be able to rap. If not, it has been found by experience that the astral form may be enabled to prove its presence by impressing photographic plates (by placing its hands upon them), by touching sulphide of calcium screens, or by operating some delicate instrument, such as a Biometer. Its objectivity is thus established.

As to the "trip" between one point and the other, the necessary things for the phantasmal form to develop are—(1) self-conscious will, and (2) sense of direction.

Various factors have been found to influence the results advantageously, or the reverse. We may thus summarize the most important of these :—

Sex. This should preferably be male for the projector, female for the recipient or seer of the phantom.

Humidity. The air should be dry and clear, barometer high.

Atmospheric electricity. If high, this is prejudicial to the experiment.

Temperature. This is best if slightly above the heat of the body when the experiment is taking place.

Clothing. No restrictions of any kind can be allowed.

Light. Complete darkness is by far the best ; a dim twilight in any case is all that may be allowed.

Sitters. If possible, projector and seer should be alone ; if any one else is present, they must understand what is happening, and be in sympathy with the experiment.

Silence must be preserved throughout, no noise must disturb the sitter at either end of the "line."

Time. The best time is between 11 p.m. and 3 a.m.—that is, when natural sleep is most likely to supervene.

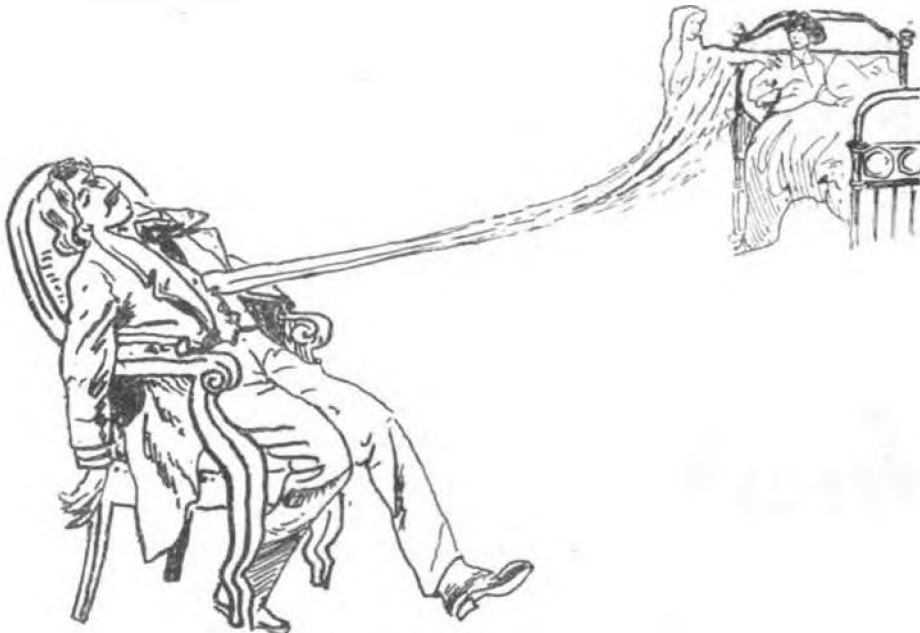
PROJECTION OF THE "ASTRAL" BODY 253

Position. The most comfortable—in an arm chair, on a couch, or in bed. If lying down, it should be on the *right* side. You must *not* lie upon the front of the body.

The *Mind* must be calm, and the *emotions* also placid.

It is well to *eat* very little on the day of the experiment.

There are certain *dangers* attendant upon this experiment—especially if undertaken rashly, and by one unaccustomed to such trials. (1) There are *material* dangers—such as would accompany any dissociation experiments. A good doctor would understand this. (2) *Intellectual and Moral Dangers.* Those



VOLUNTARY "SELF-PROJECTION."

having weak characters, weak wills, or uncontrolled lives are liable to be influenced by outside, evil intelligences, and "open the door" to possible "obsession." Sound advice by a master or adept is advisable here. (3) *Psycho-physical dangers.* These are dangers which happen in the astral world, and react upon the mind and body of the subject. (4) *Hyper-physical dangers,* which leave the door open to dangerous principles.

To avoid these, one should have technical instruction in this matter of self or astral-projection, and, in any case, care, *sang froid*, fearlessness, moral force and a strong will are essential. If these are lacking, the subject had best leave the experiment alone. But if he has them, or can develop them, a road is opened

to him which is one of the most fascinating in the occult world ; he will be enabled to leave his physical body at will, and soar upon the wings of the wind in the astral and ethereal worlds ; and he will see things there beyond words to describe ; he will behold visions and hear that which " it is not lawful to utter " —for they pass the ordinary comprehension of man. Such is the testimony of M. Lancelin.

MEMORY

By LILIAN HOLMES

WHATEVER else I may conceive,
One thing I, ever, must believe—
Some other when, some other where,
Some other time than now and here,
I, on some long-forgotten shore,
Have lived before.

A monk I am, in cloisters wide ;
A hermit, on the mountain side ;
A Greek, a Nubian slave, a King :
Such lives as these does Memory fling
Upon the screen.

Across Egyptian deserts vast
I ride to cities of the past,
Or, in that same long buried land,
Within the Pyramids I stand :
And as my memory unrolls
More lives seem written on her scrolls.

I miss the reason, nor can guess
The object of these lives,
Unless,
I, from each one, have plucked a leaf
Of knowledge, for a growing sheaf ;
And in another world to come
May bear my ripened harvest home.

THE MOST MIRACULOUS DREAM ON RECORD

By H. MOORE

WHETHER dreams have any portent or not I do not know. Certainly the Bible encourages the belief that dreams have some meaning, and that they are not the mere fanciful creations of the brain that the majority of folks put them down to be.

That the dream I am about to relate occurred exactly as the dreamer asserts I have little doubt, and subsequent facts—such as the naming of the dreamer's son—add confirmation to the story.

It was in December of 1891 that John Channel, a butler, employed at The Dell, Church Road, Upper Norwood, awoke one night after dreaming a dream so vivid that its intensity awoke him.

He dreamed that he was, in company with a tall gentleman dressed in blue serge, standing upon a large manure heap situated in the bend of the course at Tattenham Corner upon Epsom Downs. The various stands and the course itself seemed quite devoid of life with the exception of himself and his unknown companion and two horses, ridden by two jockeys, which were galloping madly down the straight towards the winning post. The stranger by the dreamer's side was watching the race through a pair of field-glasses, and as the horses dashed past the post he slowly lowered his glasses and remarked to the dreamer "The favourite's beat." So vivid was the dream and so exciting that the dreamer awoke quite agitated.

Upon sleeping again he again dreamed the same dream with the exception that the words used by the stranger were "The favourite's beaten and Sir Hugo's won."

A third time he dreamed the same dream, but this time the stranger's remark was: "La Flèche is beaten and Sir Hugo's won."

The dreamer was well acquainted with the Epsom course, and arose and dressed himself with the full belief that the winner of the forthcoming Derby had been revealed to him, and it must be affirmed that he never once wavered in his belief.

Too excited for further sleep he cooked some breakfast and

afterwards walked to the White Swan Hotel, Upper Norwood. Here he made inquiries concerning Sir Hugo. Search being made it was discovered that Sir Hugo was entered in the Derby of 1892. The dreamer then affirmed that without doubt Sir Hugo would win, and related his dream. He was laughed at for holding this opinion and was assured that the Derby was a certainty for the Duke of Westminster's great colt Orme. His reply was that Orme would be neither first nor second.

Having no ready money upon him, he entered the shop from which his establishment was supplied with milk and borrowed £5. until he could make a withdrawal from the Post Office Savings Bank. Going straight to the Post Office he purchased a registered envelope and posted £5 upon Sir Hugo to win the Derby to a firm of bookmakers upon the Continent. Four days after he received a voucher acknowledging receipt of the money and stating that they had obtained £250 to £5 for him against Sir Hugo.

From that day to the day of the race he never wavered in his opinion that Sir Hugo would win, but was prevented from investing more money by his wife, whose condition demanded that every penny that could be saved must be husbanded.

He, however, urged every one he knew to back Sir Hugo, telling them quite plainly and without exaggeration the circumstances of his dream. His sister-in-law was at that time house-keeper to the late Pascoe St. Leger Grenfell, eldest brother of the recently slain heroes, Captains Francis and "Revvv" Grenfell, twin brothers, and so struck was she with the dream that she immediately backed the horse, and then informed her lady. Mrs. Grenfell was also influenced and begged her husband to back it for her. He merely laughed, however, at the idea of such a "crock" beating Orme.

Now came the mysterious poisoning of Orme, and his subsequent scratching for the Derby.

"I told you he would not be first or second," repeated the dreamer, "La Flèche will be second."

So certain was he that Sir Hugo would win that he came to be looked upon as a person with a "bee in his bonnet" around the neighbourhood of Upper Norwood.

Acquaintances would greet him with the remark: "How's Sir Hugo going, Channel?"

"You will see how he is going upon Derby Day," was his invariable reply.

At last the day of the race came round, and anxious specu-

lators were awaiting the result outside the White Swan Hotel in front of the Crystal Palace, the dreamer being among them.

Inside the Crystal Palace was the Crystal Palace Club, where the result came through quickly.

Two men who were acquainted with the account of the dream awaited the result inside the club, and to their surprise the result came exactly as the dream had foretold. After getting over the shock, one suggested that they "go out and tell old Channel that his horse was beaten."

Outside they went.

"You're a nice dreamer, you are, why your confounded horse isn't in the first three, La Flèche has won."

Here some of the crowd began to ridicule, but the dreamer still asserted his confidence that the result must be as he had dreamed and nothing could shake his opinion. He affirmed that the result sent to the Palace Club must be a mistake, and would be corrected later. He turned to go home, when his informants, no longer able to keep up the subterfuge, informed him that his dream had materialized and that Sir Hugo had beaten La Flèche by a head.

Later it was asserted that G. Barrett had ridden an extremely bad race upon La Flèche, whilst some asserted that she actually won and that the judge should have decided upon her as the winner.

So it is manifest, from the poisoning of Orme and the difference of opinion regarding the actual finish of the race, that many untoward events had to make their influence manifest before the dream actually materialized.

In the September following a son was born to the dreamer and was named Hugo. This young man is alive to-day and is a living evidence of the most miraculous dream I ever heard of.

Some considerable time after his dream, the dreamer was walking along Westow Street, Upper Norwood, when he saw an acquaintance talking to a man who appeared the living personality of the man who had stood at Tattenham Corner with him in his dream.

"Who was that gentleman you were talking to?" asked the dreamer of his acquaintance.

"Oh, him, why that's Mr. Alf Hudson, the well-known race-horse owner," was his reply.

[There should be some people living who could offer confirmation of this dream. Will they kindly oblige?—ED.]

HAUNTINGS BY WITCHES' FAMILIARS

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

WITCHES being evil, inasmuch as the power or powers with which they tried to get in contact were generally antagonistic to the moral progress of man, it may naturally be surmised that their familiar or attendant spirits, which owed their origin to those powers, were evil, too. Whilst we are told that when these witches died their souls went direct to hell, we are left to speculate as to the fate of their familiars. Did they accompany their clients to the nether regions, or did they remain behind? What became of them? At the most, of course, we can only theorize, because everything relative to the super-physical is at present entirely theory. It is only the very foolish who attempt to dogmatize.

My theory with regard to the fate of these familiars—at least some of them—is that they still are earth-bound and that many of the hauntings in houses and elsewhere are due to them. I base this theory both on my own experience and the experiences of other people. I believe it is the popular idea that the familiars only took the form of black cats, but this is erroneous. Though the black cat was undoubtedly their most common guise, they assumed other forms as well. For example, Joseph Glanvil records that in the examination of Elizabeth Style, of Bayford, on a charge of witchcraft, before Robert Hunt, J.P., she confessed that familiars had come to her in the shapes of a dog, a cat, and a fly like a millar; a very vivid and unpleasant description of how this little familiar was found hidden in her hair is given. At the same trial it transpired that the familiars of two other women, Alice Duke and Annie Bishop, also accused of witchcraft, took the shape of a cat and a rat, respectively. So that four forms in all are mentioned here, as being adopted by witches' familiars, viz., a dog, cat, rat and fly. Again, further information on the point is afforded in an article in *The Times*, dated April, 1857. In it, the writer, a county magistrate, gives particulars of an application made to him the preceding year by a rustic who was very anxious to have a witch proved. In the course of a long conversation between the magistrate and the rustic, the latter described an episode in his boyhood, when a woman called Pointer was put to the ordeal of the river. He stated that they knew she was a witch because of "her little things crawling

about near the clock. They were like little mice," he added. They were, of course, her familiars.

The familiar of the notorious Irish witch, Lady Alice Kyteler, who practised her evil arts in Kilkenny at the beginning of the fourteenth century, was known as "Robin Artisson," and was said to have appeared, sometimes, in the form of a black, shaggy dog, and, at others times, as a big, black man. Other witches are credited with familiars in the likenesses of wolves, bears, toads, bats, owls, and occasionally men: Napoleon I, for example, is stated by some authors to have had a man in red as his familiar.

And I repeat again here that it is my conclusion that a large number of hauntings are due to these familiars, which, possibly for the purpose of tempting man to vice and suicide, and tormenting him with the most malignant and painful kinds of diseases, have remained earthbound. In support of this theory, I have collected a number of cases, some of which I will now proceed to narrate. The first was sent me a few weeks ago by Miss Gerda Calmady Hamlyn, and is the first hand experiences of a relative of hers, who died in 1900. It is as follows* :—

"A very curious thing once happened to me. When I was about twenty years of age, I received an invitation to go and stay for a month in Cheshire with an old friend of my mother's family.

"Mrs. Manning was the childless widow of a cathedral dignitary in Chester. She lived a little distance out of the city in a rambling, brick house, the garden of which overlooked the Dee. She received me with the greatest kindness, and I was charmed with the quiet and quaintness of the house and grounds. The first fortnight of my stay with her passed very quickly, and without incident.

"One day Mrs. Manning and I were sitting in the garden, sipping our afternoon tea, when my eyes suddenly fell upon a small, oriel window on the ground floor, half concealed with masses of ivy and Virginia creeper. 'Why, Mrs. Manning,' I remarked, 'that's very odd, I have never noticed that queer window there before. To what room does it belong?'

"My hostess gave a slight start, but replied quite calmly, 'It belongs to a bedroom on the ground floor. We only use it when the house is very full.' 'May I see it?' I pleaded. 'You have shown me all over the house with the exception of that room, and I am sure it must be delightfully quaint and pretty.' A little reluctantly, I thought, Mrs. Manning promised to show

* I have given fictitious names to the persons in this story.—E.O'D.

me the room, and when we had finished tea, she took me into the house, and opened an oak door in the wall, which was always kept locked. It led into a long, winding, narrow passage, dimly lighted from the garden side by small windows, overgrown with ivy. 'What a deliciously mysterious house this is!' I said. 'Fancy my being in it for a fortnight and not knowing that this passage existed.' Mrs. Manning made no comment, but smiled, I thought, a trifle sadly.

"Following the passage for some way, we at length came to another oak door, very thick, and studded with big iron nails. The lock was rusty, and it took Mrs. Manning some little time to turn the key, but when at last she succeeded in doing so, we found ourselves in the quaintest little room imaginable. Walls, floor and furniture were all of the blackest oak, whilst the velvet curtains drawn around the bed and across the oriel window, as well as all the chair and window seat cushions, were of crimson. There was only one picture in the room, and that hung opposite the fireplace in an oval oak frame. It represented a very beautiful woman of about thirty years of age with a remarkably pale face and sweet expression. She was dressed in the costume of the seventeenth century, and in her arms, pressed close to her bosom, was a tiny, white kitten. The eyes, both of the lady and the kitten, not only followed me, as is so often the case with the eyes of portraits, but there was something in their depths that I had never seen in any picture before. What that something was I cannot exactly explain. I can, at the most, only describe it as a living something—a something full of life, but of a life vastly and essentially different to ours. I felt I was being closely watched, and that the watchers were aware something was impending, but whether the watchers and that something were antagonistic to me or not, I could not say. It was all enigmatical—intensely so. I was so absorbed in my contemplation of the painting, that I had quite forgotten all else, and I was reminded of the presence of my companion by suddenly hearing her speak. 'That picture seems to interest you very much,' she said. 'It was painted by Sir Peter Lely, and is the portrait of Lady Manning, an ancestress of my husband. She was a well-known Court beauty and occupied this room, which, at her desire, has been always left just as it was in her lifetime. But come—I am sure we have looked at it long enough,' and she whisked me into her own, large, cheerful bedroom, which communicated with Lady Manning's by means of a powder closet, and thence back into the garden.

"When we were once more in our seats, I gradually summoned up courage, and entreated her to let me sleep in the room with the picture. 'I should so like the experience of sleeping in such a uniquely pretty and interesting spot,' I said. 'May I? It will be ever so kind of you to let me. Why it would be almost as good as sleeping in a haunted chamber. Perhaps it is haunted,' I added slyly. 'Do tell me, Granny!' (I often called her 'Granny' by way of endearment, though she was not really a relation to me)—'if Lady Manning is ever seen there.'

"Mrs. Manning's face instantly changed and assumed a set, stern expression, such as I had never seen on it before. 'How can you be so foolish?' she said. 'Of course Lady Manning is not seen.' Then seeing I was abashed, she added in her usual kind tones, 'You see, dear, the two rooms practically join, and as I always keep the passage door locked, any one occupying Lady Manning's room would have to pass through mine. This is not very nice either for them or for me. Still, in your case, as we know each other so well, I will make an exception.' That afternoon a roaring fire was lit in the room, and two days later I was snugly esconced there. The evening of my move, Mrs. Manning gave a dinner-party, the weather was oppressive, and despite the fact that the window in my room was wide open, I felt so overcome with the heat that I had to leave off dressing every now and then, and sit down. I was watching the effect of the sunset, as the rays, streaming into the room, fell on the upholstery, and illuminated the atmosphere with the most brilliant, crimson glow. A more curious and striking result I had never witnessed. Suddenly, and without any apparent reason, a shudder ran through my frame, and my teeth chattered violently. This happened three times in rapid succession. I was greatly perplexed, because I was not sitting in a draught, and the intense heat had in no ways diminished. It seemed as though some new and icy element had suddenly entered the chamber and amalgamated itself with the ether.

"Somehow, I felt compelled to turn round and look at Lady Manning's portrait. The sunlight was full on her eyes, all the rest of the face being hidden, and the expression in them was startling. Though not actually menacing, they were reproachful in the extreme, and I could see at once that their owner bitterly resented my presence in the room. While I was thus occupied gazing at them, I suddenly heard, far-off down the locked-up stone passage, the scampering of tiny feet. The noise grew nearer and nearer, and presently the door, that I knew I had securely

shut and locked, opened, the velvet curtain covering it was adroitly pushed aside, and there appeared the little white paw of a kitten. Scarcely able to believe my eyes, I made a rush at the paw, intending to seize the kitten, and drag it into the room, when lo!—the paw was adroitly withdrawn, the door gently shut, and the scampering noise was heard again down the passage, growing fainter and fainter, until it finally died away altogether. Quite bewildered at the occurrence, I mechanically finished my toilette, and walking to Mrs. Manning's door, knocked, with the intention of asking her for a solution to the mystery. To my disappointment, I only found her maid, Mrs. Dixon, in the room. 'Her mistress,' she said, 'had gone into the drawing-room to receive the guests.' I did not care very much for Mrs. Dixon. She had been long enough in Mrs. Manning's service to assume all the privileges of the old servant, and it struck me she was very jealous of the liking Mrs. Manning had taken for me. I also thought she very much resented my occupying Lady Manning's room. Still, in spite of my aversion to her, I was so curious that I at length forced myself to say, as unconcernedly as I could, 'Oh, Mrs. Dixon, such a sweet little white kitten ran up to my door, and put its paw round the curtain just now, and then ran off again before I could catch it. It seems to be playing in the locked-up passage. How did it get in, I wonder. I thought the passage was locked at both ends, and all the windows shut.' 'It must have been your fancy, miss,' the woman responded very brusquely. 'We have no cats nor kittens in this house, and never have had since I came to live here, which is close on thirty years ago. My mistress, and the old master too, could not bear a cat or kitten near the place.' Then after a pause, during which she furtively scanned my face, she added, 'If I might venture to advise, miss, I would not mention what you fancy you saw to Mrs. Manning. I have seen her turn pale at the sight, or even the bare reference to a cat. There are people, you know, miss, who hate cats, and can tell at once if one is in the room.'

"Such people as Mrs. Dixon described I had certainly heard of, but somehow I did not think my old friend was one of them. I recollected, now I came to think of it, that I had never seen a cat about the house before, but I also remembered that I had amused Mrs. Manning one day by describing the clever tricks we had taught our kitten at home, and that she had laughed, and said she would much like to see the kitten go through its performance.

"It struck me that Mrs. Dixon had some ulterior meaning in

what she said, but I merely answered rather coldly, that if Mrs. Manning really disliked cats so much, Mrs. Dixon had better go and look for the kitten I had seen, as it certainly was playing in the passage, and have it removed. I then left the room. The following morning I awoke from a sound sleep to find Anne, the housemaid, in the room with the customary can of hot water.

" 'Oh, Anne,' I said, all at once remembering the incident of the preceding evening, 'did Mrs. Dixon find that little white kitten I asked her to look for. It was scampering up and down the passage, and, in some remarkable manner, contrived to open the door I had locked and put its paw round the curtain. I couldn't catch it.'

" Anne nearly dropped the can she was about to empty into my bath, and her eyes grew round with terror, her rosy face white. 'Law, miss,' she cried in awestruck tones, 'you must be dreamin'. There's ne'er a cat nor a kitten in the house, nor never has been, and the door t'other end of the passage has never been unlocked. The missus always keeps the key of it herself.' 'Anne,' I said, greatly annoyed, 'you must be mistaken.' 'I tell you there is a kitten in the house. I distinctly saw the paw of one round that curtain, and I heard the animal scampering about for quite a long while up and down the passage. It was not fancy. I shall speak to Mrs. Manning about it.' Jumping out of bed in a rage, for I was very angry in having what I said discredited by the servants, I ran to the door leading to Mrs. Manning's room. But before I could get any further, Anne laid a detaining hand on my arm. 'For mercy's sake, don't, miss!' she implored, 'Please get back into bed and listen to what I have to tell you. What you heard in the passage last night, miss, was no earthly noise, and the kitten you saw was no earthly kitten. They say that Lady Manning, whose portrait hangs up there—and she pointed to the picture, that now seemed to be smiling almost derisively at me—' was a witch, and that the kitten she is holding in her arms was her familiar spirit. At all events it is that kitten that has haunted this room and passage for hundreds of years: ever since the lady died in fact. Every one in the house has seen and heard it, and no one will venture near this room after dark for fear of coming under its evil influence. That is why the missus keeps this room locked up. She has heard the kitten scampering about and seen the paw round the door just as you did; but she pretends to take no notice, and we never dare speak to her about it. Mrs. Dixon made up a story to you about the missus not liking cats, just to put you off the truth, miss, for

Mrs. Manning often tried to get cats to live here, but they never will. The moment they set their feet within the door of the house, they fly away in terror. Nothing will induce them to remain here.' That was the gist of what Anne told me, and I discovered it was thoroughly corroborated by other past and present members of the household. Lady Manning had been a witch, and the kitten that haunted the place was her familiar. I saw it several times again before the conclusion of my visit. Once it came right into the room, affording me ample opportunity to see it was the exact counterpart of the picture, and, running past me, vanished immediately beneath its portrait.

"Faithful to my promise to Anne, I never mentioned the subject to Mrs. Manning. The old lady has been dead for years now, and the property has long since passed into other hands. Most probably the house is no longer haunted, for the kitten familiar was unquestionably attached to the picture and would therefore follow the latter about, wherever it was moved."

Another case of similar hauntings I can cite, occurred to a friend of mine, a Major O'Raglan, who died of wounds received in action some few months ago.

I was at a well-known crammer's in Ely Place, Dublin, with O'Raglan, and have vivid recollections of the occasion on which he related his experience to me. We were walking along Howth Head one boiling hot day in August, when we came upon a group of children, apparently engaged in a violent dispute. O'Raglan, who was very fond of children, laughingly suggested we should act as arbitrators, and we accordingly went right up to the quarrellers. In the centre of them stood a little girl and boy. I hardly noticed the latter, for the girl at once attracted my attention. She had the most remarkable colouring. Her cheeks were startlingly white, her hair jet black, and her eyes a very pale blue. She had in her arms a big woollen doll with a face like a gargoyle and two long spidery legs. It was the most grotesque looking thing, and was evidently the cause of the disturbance. The boy had apparently been trying to maltreat it, and the girl had appealed to the other children to help her. Some of them had done so, and some had taken the boy's part. As we approached, the boy made a grab at the doll, and the girl instantly cursed him. She used no mere empty swear words, but laid a real, proper curse on him. "Well, I never," O'Raglan remarked, turning to me, and looking really shocked. "Fancy a child like that using such language! How on earth did she get hold of such expressions! Her mother must be a witch."

"She's a witch herself," one of the children observed, "and that doll is her imp!" Just at that moment the boy aimed a vicious blow at the girl, and O'Raglan's stick at once descended on the calves of his legs.

This was the signal for the crowd breaking up. Some fled one way, and some another, and we found ourselves left alone with the little witch girl. We tried to get her into conversation, but she resolutely adhered to monosyllables, and in the end we had to give her up as a bad job. After we had left her, and had walked on a few yards, she so fascinated us that we turned to take a final peep at her. She was on the ground, sticking something into the doll. "Pins, I'll bet," O'Raglan said. "What the other child said is true enough, she is a witch." He then went on to tell me the following experience which once befell him in Limerick:—

His parents took a house in Thomas Street, which they obtained at a ridiculously low rent, the reason given for such a sacrifice on the part of the landlord being that the house was badly lacking in modern conveniences, and had too many stairs. They had not been in it long, however, before they discovered it had another distinct drawback. O'Raglan, happening to return home very late one night from a ball, heard a great noise in one of the spare bedrooms, as if spring cleaning was going on, and on opening the door to see what it was, he was surprised to find the floor covered with a whole army of mice, that had hold of some big, black object, which they were pulling around with them. They let him get quite close to them, and then suddenly whisked away in a body, and disappeared, simultaneously, in the centre of the wainscoting. "I looked for the object they had had with them," O'Raglan said, "but I could see no traces of it. It had vanished with them." Thinking this rather odd, but supposing there must be a big hole in the wainscoting, which the daylight would reveal to me, I went to bed, and thought no more of the matter. In the morning the incident came back to me, and I remarked to my mother, "Do you know the house is swarming with mice. You ought to keep half a dozen cats at least."

"Nonsense," my mother answered, "you must be dreaming. I haven't seen one, and the cook tells me she has never been in a house so singularly free from them." Two days later, however, my mother changed her tune. As I was going upstairs to shave, I heard her suddenly cry out from her bedroom, and running to see what was the matter, I found her in a great state of agitation. "Bob," she exclaimed, "what you told me about the mice is

quite true. Just look at them," and she pointed a shaking finger at the floor near the dressing-table. I looked, and there, scrambling about, with some big object in their mouths, was a whole crowd of mice, just as I had seen them in the spare room.

I made a noise, and they instantly ran up the quilt of the dressing-table, and disappeared under the looking-glass. I at once lifted the glass up, but there were no signs of them anywhere, and, as far as we could see, no hole into which they could have gone. My father was the next to see them. He saw them in the study, and they disappeared that time under the fender. He thought there must have been quite fifty. After that we constantly saw them. We tried to get a cat, but neither a cat nor a dog would stay in the house, and in the end we left, too. Neither of my parents were ever well there, and we always thought my father incurred the internal disease there from which he eventually died. An old cook attributed it solely to the phantom mice, which she declared were imps. After leaving, we made inquiries about the house, and learned that a former tenant, who had occupied it some forty years before and had died there, had borne the almost universal reputation of being a witch, and that was why the house had never let for any length of time, and we had got it so cheap. People said it was haunted, and that the curious phantoms which appeared there were the witch's familiars.

The third case happened a good many years ago, when I was staying in the North of England. I was driving home one evening along a very lonely country lane, and on reaching a spot where four cross-roads met, the horse shied so violently that I was all but thrown out. "What on earth made it do that?" I inquired of the driver, a big, burly farmer. "Look behind you," was the laconic reply. I turned, and in the centre of the road stood a large, black bird. To what species it belonged I could not say. It was bigger than a crow and somewhat resembled a hawk in shape. "Well," my companion remarked, "do you see anything?" "Yes," I said, "a big bird—but what kind it is I cannot say." "No more can any one else," the farmer grunted. "The horse shied at it; every horse does." "Why, how very odd!" I exclaimed. "Is it always to be seen here, then?" "Only at certain times of the year," the farmer answered, "chiefly in March and September. Are you superstitious?" "I am, rather," I replied, "why?" "Well, they do say," he responded, "that a hundred or so years ago there was a cottage near here in which an old woman lived, and that she was accompanied everywhere she went by a very ugly-looking, big, black bird. She was

believed to practise witchcraft, and at last the people round here grew so apprehensive of her, that they came to the cottage one night in a body, and, dragging her out, threw her in a pond, and held her under the water with pitchforks, till she was drowned; after which they took her body out and hanged it in chains, just by the side of the cross roads. They said that her bird never left her, that while she was drowning it flew overhead and croaked, and that afterwards it came and perched itself on the gibbet. It was declared that nothing scared the creature away, and that when stones were thrown at it, they simply went right through it. People believed it was an evil spirit, and that it was through it the old woman had obtained her diabolical powers. They say it has haunted the spot ever since, and that if it flies over the head of any person or animal, that same person or animal is sure to be taken ill and die before the year is out. That is why no one cares to pass this spot in March or September after dark, and why every horse shies." "But why only in March and September?" I queried. "I can't say," was the reply. "There are some things no one can explain."

Near Northampton there used to be a house which was haunted by a large, black cat. A relative of mine saw the apparition several times and gave me a very vivid account of it. It appears to have been particularly sinister and to have had the very alarming habit of occasionally jumping on the bed. Tradition had it that the house was formerly occupied by an old woman, and that the cat was her familiar. Another case of cat haunting of a similar type occurred in the village of Arkingarthdale, and is briefly alluded to by Mr. Henderson in his *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*. Dyer in his *Ghost World* mentions a case of haunting in a cottage at the foot of the South Downs, where a man of notoriously bad habits was constantly visited by evil spirits in the guise of rats, with which he was heard conversing nightly.

In 1751 an old woman was drowned in a pond near Tring for witchcraft, and one of her murderers, a chimney-sweeper, was hanged near the scene of her death some few years later. Directly after the latter event the spot became haunted by a huge, black dog, believed by some to be the witch's familiar, and a minute description of the apparition is given in the *Book of Days* (II. 433). I could go on quoting innumerable other instances, for there is no end to them, but I think I have given enough to answer my purpose, viz., to prove there is really something in my theory—that many ghostly happenings are due to the earth-binding of old-time witches' familiars.

THE OCCULT RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SOUND AND COLOUR

By CYRIL SCOTT

MY article entitled "Some Occult Aspects of Music," which appeared recently in the *Monthly Musical Record*, evoked a certain number of questions, especially in America, and also one or two requests that I should enlarge upon the subject, giving the exact colour which corresponded to each note of the scale. I therefore wrote to the Editor of *Musical America* a short letter setting forth what was requested of me, he on his part printing it and receiving as the result one or two letters disagreeing with the table of colours I had set forth. This struck me as especially interesting in view of what Francis Galton writes in his celebrated *Inquiries into Human Faculty*, where he remarks: "Persons who have colour associations are unsparingly critical. To ordinary individuals one of these accounts seems just as wild and lunatic as another, but when the account of one seer is submitted to another seer, who is sure to see the colours in a different way, the latter is scandalized and almost angry at the heresy of the other." And yet if it be a fact that each note of music does actually produce a colour in what occultists sometimes call the mental space, how is it that accounts differ at all? and does the fact of their differing explode the theory (?) of music and colour possessing really any association, or merely mean that clairvoyance is as liable to fall into error as any other faculty of the human make-up? For my own part, although I hold the latter view, I must point out that a great many people who associate colours either with letters of the alphabet or tones of music can hardly be termed clairvoyants at all—at any rate if their psychic faculties do not extend any further than this; and therefore we must only expect anything like accuracy from persons who have gone through the necessary occult training, and not from people whose imaginations are far more active than their pineal glands.

And to begin with, what after all is clairvoyance, and how is it developed? for it is essential to be clear on this point if we wish to arrive anywhere near the truth. I have just referred to the pineal gland, which is a gland situated in the brain and around which there is a good deal of controversy on the part of doctors; for they have failed to see the rationality of its existence—since it does not appear to function with most people. Some doctors, however, think to discover its *raison d'être* by injecting it into people, after which certain results accrue, whereupon, by a process of logic alone known to doctors, a certain connection is established between those results

and the why and wherefore of the organ itself. Such a procedure in fact suggests the analogy that by eating liver for breakfast, or by having a solution of liver injected into the blood, one could, by the results that accrued, be able to discover (if one did not already know it), what part the liver played in the functions of the human body. Whether *any* of the functions of the pineal gland may be discovered by this method I am not prepared to say, but I do say that so far *all* of its functions have not been laid down by doctors working on these lines, for they have not hit upon the fact known to occultists (who have other scientific modes of discovering things) for centuries, viz., that the pineal gland is the organ of psychic perception, though, in case the knowledge should be abused, they have kept the secret guarded from all those who have not shown themselves first worthy to possess it. And what actually happens when trained clairvoyants use their psychic sight? Why, they are conscious of a certain activity which appears to come from between the eyes just above the bridge of the nose; and it is in this way that not only are the colours of sound sensed, but also the human aura and other vibrations far too subtle to be perceived by the ordinary human eye.

And yet the "nature of things" does not leave us by any means entirely dependent on clairvoyance and clairvoyants for the evidence of a connection between sound and colour, for certain remarkable cases of sense abnormality have afforded undeniable corroboration of this connection. I quote a few passages from *The Law of the Rhythmic Breath*, by E. A. Fletcher.*

"In Berlin an operation was performed upon a man's brain which required the severing of both the auditory and the visual nerves. When the nerves were reunited they were mismated, the upper portions of the optic nerves being joined to the under sections of the auditory nerves, and *vice versa*. The result of this distressing blunder is that the man *sees* sounds and *hears* colours. Looking at a red object he heard a deep bass tone, and when blue was shown, the *sound* was like the tinkle of electric bells. But the ringing of an electric call-bell produced the sensation of blue light, and listening to Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* caused a vision of green meadows and waving corn."

Another strange case is related by Prof. Lombroso, the Italian scientist, concerning a so-called "hysterical" patient who had completely lost her eyesight, but was able to read with the *tip of her ear*. "As a test, the rays of the sun were focussed upon her ear through a lens, and they dazzled her as if turned upon normal eyes, causing a sensation of being blinded by unbearable light. Still more puzzling to Prof. Lombroso was the fact that her sense of taste was transferred to her knees, and that of smell to her toes." I will not enter into the question why an occultist who is acquainted with what are called the Tattwas is not surprised at this seemingly grotesque manifestation of peculiar adjustment; suffice it to say that the knees and the feet are

*London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster-Row. 3s. 6d. net.

centres of great activity; the former for the "gustiferous ether," the latter for the "odoriferous ether."

But leaving aside the evidence that may be furnished from diseased and abnormal conditions, we find that science recognizes more and more the law of vibration; and we may talk in one sense of coarse and fine vibrations, the greater the velocity the finer being the vibration, so to speak. Still, "when we speak of coarseness in this connection, and especially in reference to colour, it must be understood in 'a comparative' sense. Thus red vibrations, the largest waves of visible light, are so small that 39,000 of them grouped side by side cover only one inch of space. The agreement of red with the fundamental tone in music was early recognized, each being the coarsest vibration of its kind." It will be seen then, that science has a good deal to say on the matter both in the past, and also in the present; judging from the number of eminent scientists who busy themselves with the problem. Indeed Miss Beatrice Irwin, in her excellent book entitled *The New Science of Colour*, quotes the names of many doctors, philosophers, professors, etc., who are experimenting in a direction which seems bound to *prove* sooner or later that the statements occultists and clairvoyants have made for centuries are scientifically correct.

All the same, until science and occultism do actually meet on the same ground it must be noted that I am taking my table of scale-colours from the minds of trained clairvoyants, who are unanimous on the subject, and not from people whose very elementary psychic-faculties get involved with their own imaginations and therefore distort the results. Furthermore the table I submit is a matter of occult lore, and to be found in standard works on occultism. Therefore I have no hesitation in quoting a passage of Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* which I find entirely corresponds to my friend Mr. Robert King's view of the subject; Mr. King being a psychic of note in England, and regarded as an authority among occultists. The table then is as follows:—

C—Red	this note and colour corresponding to	Power.
D—Orange	Energy.
E—Yellow	Intellect.
F—Green	Sympathy.
G—Blue	Devotion.
A—Indigo	Selfless Love.
B—Violet	Psychism.

The semitones, as may readily be imagined, are a midway shade between each of these colours. The explanatory passage from the *Secret Doctrine* runs: "The best psychics . . . can perceive colours produced by the vibrations of musical instruments, every note suggesting a different colour. As a string vibrates and gives forth an audible note, so the nerves of the human body vibrate and think in correspondence with the various emotions under the general impulse of the circulating vitality of Prana (cosmic energy), thus producing undu-

lations in the psychic aura of the person, which results in chromatic effects." But to further strengthen my contention and to point out that clairvoyance is connected not only with musical tones and their colours, I would have it noted that the vowels have also their corresponding colours perceptible to the psychic. These are as follows:—

Colours : violet, yellow, indigo, orange, red, blue, green.

Vowels : a e ee i o u oo

And yet, here again we find the trained psychic differs from those who associate, by an elementary form of clairvoyance much tainted by imagination, colours and the vowels of the English alphabet. One lady quoted by Galton sees A as pure white, E as red, I as gamboge, O as black, U as purple, and Y as a dingier colour than I. Whereas her daughter (this lady writes) sees A as blue, E as white, I as black, O as whity-brownish and U as opaque brown. But it is self-evident to any occultist that these people do not perceive these colours with the pineal gland, but merely by a process of imaginative association, as also those who "see" certain colours in connection with the days of the week. I read for instance that one woman sees a kind of oval flat wash of yellow emerald green in connection with Wednesday, and for Tuesday a grey sky colour, for Thursday a brown red irregular polygon, and for Friday a dull yellow smudge. All this, although hardly scientific, is at least interesting in so far as it shows how wary one must be in setting down authorities for our contention. For it may be mentioned that the late composer, M. Scriabini, sets a different table of colour-tones to the one I have quoted, which naturally leads one to inquire before advancing him as an authority, whether he was a reliable psychic or merely an imaginative artist, a question which I am personally unable to answer.

But now comes another matter connected with the perception of colour-tones ; and I refer to the question of key in a musical composition. Presuming a work written in the Key of F, yet constantly wandering into other keys, as is the case with most modern compositions, what is perceptible to the clairvoyant ? And here a difficulty of description arises, owing to the fact that clairvoyance deals with four-dimensional space, while ordinary parlance can only deal with three. If we place in physical plane parlance a dark oil-colour over a light one, the latter disappears, in that it is covered up, but this is not the case with Astral Plane colours, for these colours interpenetrate each other, i.e., one tint does not obliterate the other. Nevertheless the colour of the particular key will always preponderate over the others, so to speak, and act as a kind of background, with the difference, however, that what is in the foreground never blots out a portion of it, as it does with the physical-plane landscape, but leaves it perceptible all the time. This is the only lame and inadequate attempt at description I can offer, but at any rate it may serve as a hint to those who are interested in the subject. I should add (although

somewhat extraneous to the matter in question), that not only does a musical composition exhibit a kaleidoscope of varying colours, but also a form of varying grandeur according to the loftiness and complexity of its conception. And it must be stated, however shocking this may seem to the worshippers of the old masters, that modern music of a certain sort manifests far grander and larger colour and thought-forms than do the earlier composers. The form (which I have seen depicted), produced by a composition of Mendelssohn, cannot compare with the monumental grandeur and vastness which emanates from an overture of Richard Wagner, nor is the purity and lovely vividness of the colour-scheme to be compared either—a fact which disposes of the supposition, at least for occultists, that Wagner's music is of a sensual and low-plane nature. And here I may touch on another scrap of occult lore, viz., that all pure and clean colours pertain to the lofty, and all muddy ones pertain to the vicious and sensual. And yet, it will at once be asked, if each note represents a clear clean colour, how can an element of muddiness appear in connection with a musical composition? And the question would seem a knotty one, did we not have to take into account the mind and intentions of the composer himself, which again interpenetrates the colour scheme of his musical creation. But it must also be remembered that out of the seven attributes set forth as corresponding to the seven notes of the scale, certain ones are loftier than others—and that a work, for instance, in which indigo (selfless love) preponderates, would be of a higher order than one in which sheer power or intellect is predominant. Also pitch has a good deal to do with the etherealness of the colours; and thus, for example, when violet becomes very pale lilac, a considerable transformation takes place in the spiritual value of the colour—lilac being the hue of the highest spirituality.

In conclusion, it is hardly necessary to point out what an added pleasure the music-lover must derive from this most spiritual of all the arts, if he be at the same time a true clairvoyant. But if there be any who regret their psychic blindness, occultism avers that in each person clairvoyance is latent and can be cultivated like many another faculty, while to this it adds the consoling doctrine that psychism is a matter of evolution, and the day will come when psychic sight will be as patent to all beings as physical sight is at the present time.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING

By J. LOUIS ORTON, Author of "Rational Hypnotism,"
"Three Aspects of Voice Production: Physical,
Practical, Hygienic," etc.

(The substance of a Lecture delivered before the Psycho-Therapeutic Society.)

SOME 2,200 years ago Euclid was engaged in giving lessons to King Ptolemy I. I do not know whether the difficulty lay in the *Pons asinorum*, but, anyway, a difficulty did crop up, and the King asked Euclid whether there was not some easier way of mastering geometry, to which Euclid gave the historic reply, "Sir, there is no royal road to learning," or, as some have it, "to geometry." In the sense that royalty has no monopoly of educational methods, the statement is as true to-day as when first uttered, but in another sense it no longer holds good.

There is a proverb of the Jesuits which runs: "What you wish to do quickly, set about slowly." It is a very good rule, alike in art as in policy. Take, for example, pianoforte-playing. If the most skilful technique is to be secured, one should not rely upon practice alone to dispense with hindering or opposing movements. Although a fair facility is thus attainable, it cannot compare with what results from first acquiring isolation of finger action. Therefore, a competent teacher places great importance upon beginning properly. He or she obtains the desired isolation by procuring relaxation of hand muscles first and then proceeding to the movement of individual fingers. Similarly, competent teachers of voice production and general physical culture attain their ends by utilizing relaxation. The trained athlete appears almost immeasurably stronger than the ordinary person; but the fact is that the extent of the ordinary individual's strength is not apparent, much of it is *wasted*, i.e. turned into wrong channels. But there are "naturally" strong persons, just as there are persons who without training produce their voices aright—it is with mental faculties as with physical—they do not make profound thought impracticable through effort—they isolate their attention.

A genius is a "naturally" strong man intellectually, but all may improve their mental powers by right method. Further—the genius is apt to be unaware of his own method, and to miss testing the effects of his attention in certain useful directions. Thus it transpires that the contemplative mood of genius is unrecognized as identical with the condition known as "hypnosis."

As I have attempted to show (I have every reason to believe successfully) in my work on *Rational Hypnotism*, hypnotism resolves itself into the art and science concerned with the systematic (as contrasted with the haphazard) training, development, and utilization of attention.

Leonardo da Vinci and other artists, when brought to a stand by a lack of sufficient serviceable ideas, by gazing into a heap of ashes obtained just what they wanted. That was really *self*-hypnotism, the ordinary possession of genius.

The effects derivable from the processes called hypnotic were first discovered by accident, and what experience had shown to be effective was practised without a clear understanding of the causes of its utility. Of course, an art practised in comparative ignorance is likely to have many useless accretions. That is so with hypnotism—hence the many “methods” of inducing hypnosis—the underlying condition.

What the investigator should search for is a something common to all sets of hypnotic processes ; that something is a tendency to induce placidity (sometimes, but not necessarily, accompanied by drowsiness), which corresponds to the relaxation insisted upon by teachers of the pianoforte, etc. On that placidity an easy attention is superimposed. Ordinary attempts at close attention *contract* and *cramp* the mental powers ; but imagination during hypnosis is particularly vivid and attention exceptionally mobile.

“ But,” it will naturally be inquired, “ why then do subjects often act ridiculously ? ” Some because they “ fake ” and others because they are naturally “ suggestible,” and thus are easily tricked into acting a part—just as a skilful barrister can make such persons say, or assent to, almost anything. I have known *some* subjects to act ridiculously because they imagined themselves dominated. As to the supposed “ dreams ” of hypnotized persons, they are fictitious. Suppose that a stick be put into a subject’s hands and that he be told that it is a serpent. We are often asked to believe that the hypnotized person sees no stick but an imaginary serpent. If that were the case, the stick would be a nonentity to the subject ; but, in reality, he realizes both its position and dimensions. An examination of suggestible subjects, if free from promptings, will usually elicit the truth ; but to praise such persons as “ excellent subjects ” is often liable to blind oneself—they like to be thought unique.

It is very remarkable that many “ authorities ” who hold that hypnosis is a condition in which suggestion has an exaggerated effect, should ignore, or lose sight of, the fact that one of the effects of extreme suggestibility is that the persons affected can be trapped into acting a part ; but the truth would seem to be that certain hypnotic phenomena are so easily verifiable that sufficient precautions have not been taken against liability to error elsewhere. The tendency when one discovers how large a share suggestibility plays in “ platform-hypnotism ” is to dismiss the whole matter as due almost entirely to credulity and humbug. Were an unbiased examination conducted with the unpaid assistance of intelligent subjects, supplemented by subjective experience of the condition, a more correct insight would accrue. An impartial examination of subjects before, as well as during, hypnosis is sufficient to show that increased suggestibility is not an essential of hypnosis.

Over twelve years ago, as a professor of vocal culture, I undertook the practice and investigation of hypnotism in order to ascertain whether it would make good certain deficiencies which I recognized in the educational (i.e., drawing-out) agencies then at my disposal. My search was fruitful. I found in hypnotism a powerful adjunct, but I also saw reason for dissenting from the most commonly accepted theory of hypnotism—that which looks upon increased suggestibility as the essential point of hypnosis. However, in coming to that conclusion I by no means stood alone. As early as 1843 Dr. Fahnestock declared that the subject was in no way a puppet. Braid in his later years approximated to that opinion. Still later converts to the view were the late F. W. Myers and Drs. Courmelles and Milne Bramwell.

Eight years elapsed from the time when I took up the study before I discovered the explication of hypnotism, which I am now bringing very briefly before your notice, and which has appealed to every scientist before whom I have personally laid it. Space will not allow of my now entering into full particulars as to why I believe no other theory of hypnotism is tenable. I beg respectfully to refer persons interested in the matter to my book on *Rational Hypnotism*.

I remarked that Dr. Milne Bramwell, whose experience of hypnotism is certainly very wide, has held for some time the conclusion at which I eventually arrived regarding the independence of the so-called subject. I cannot, however, concur with Dr. Bramwell's conclusion that hypnosis carries with it *no* penalty though many advantages. Were that the case the great aim of operators should be to prevent the dissipation of hypnosis—yet Dr. Bramwell himself "awakens" his subjects. No *one* mood is always desirable, and hypnosis is no exception—it is best for certain purposes only. But, indeed, hypnosis cannot be rendered permanent, for moods change of necessity.

The late F. W. Myers remarked that hypnotism is to the ordinary man what sleep is to the genius. I maintain that he would have been more correct had he said that hypnotism does for the ordinary man what the genius does for himself—it often does much more.

By training attention, all that is genuine in hypnotism is inducible. Hypnotism is revealed, in its ultimate analysis, to be merely an educational expedient, an expedient by which the *necessary* groundwork for the complete development of all our powers, physical and mental, is readily laid. It raises the mental level and saves much time and labour by going right to the base of improvement.

Hypnosis is an artificially-induced contemplative mood, and, as such, is an ideal condition for drill—physical and mental.

Self-hypnotism should be the goal of all, though an operator is advisable in early experiments, for results are thus more easily induced and more pronounced. Ordinary auto-suggestion is rarely very effective, for mental pictures are not vivid enough.

In hypnotism only we have THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

SOCIAL DESTINY OF MAN*

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THERE are certain names which stand out in occult literature, being of universal knowledge among students and repute among informed readers, but—at least, in this country—few are acquainted at first hand with their personalities, much less with their writings. Some of these names are on the fringe of esoteric subjects, symbols of erudition thereon but not belonging to the golden chain of tradition, which—according to Eliphas Lévi—began with Hermes and will end only with the world. There is, for example, Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit of the seventeenth century, whose contributions to Kabalism, early Egyptology, Divination, Alchemy, Astral Travellings, exceed thirty folio volumes. He is quoted from mouth to mouth by many writers; but—albeit his scholastic Latin is of unusual simplicity—how many, outside experts, have consulted his vast treatises, or have even examined their curious folding plates? It is the same with certain writers whose names are hung up like lamps in the occult sanctuary itself. Notwithstanding one illuminating monograph of Archdeacon Craven on the Kentish mystic, Robert Fludd, who knows his theosophical cosmogony, his infoldings and unfoldings of the microcosm, his works on *medecina catholica* and occult anatomy? Through whose hands have passed the treatises on esoteric theology, attributed to Raymund Lully? These names and some others are like noticeable beacons pointing to tropical regions of research which few have visited. Much nearer to our period, and yet in the same category, is the French scholar and utopian philosopher Fabre d'Olivet. But I conceive that we are destined to know more in the time to come about these and other immortals, and the occasion of the present notice is a sign pointing in this direction.

It is perilous to pronounce on any adventure in literature as antecedently improbable, but one might have thought that the translation of a work by Fabre d'Olivet was, to say the least, unlikely, while most unexpected of all was a rendering of his

* *Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man and . . . Destiny of the Adamic Race.* By Fabre d'Olivet. Translated by N. Louise Redfield. Medium 8vo, pp. liv.+548. New York and London: Putnam. Price 15s. net.

Philosophical History of the Human Race, as it is called in the original French. Thereafter one need not despair of Raymund Lully on several untraversed fields of metaphysics and theology or Paracelsus *De Cæna Domini*. Antecedent probabilities melt under the dissolvent of our period, and we have not only this work made available in a handsome form, and passably rendered, but—to my certain knowledge—a disciple of Dr. Rudolf Steiner was seeking some three years ago to secure publication in English of *The Hebrew Language Restored*, by the same author, in the belief that it would be of service in the work of presenting German Christo-Theosophy to the notice of English students. This attempt proved a failure, but it may be made again, and then it may not fail.

The works of Fabre d'Olivet are appreciated at the present day in France by the school of Martinists. Dr. Gérard Encausse, who—under the pen-name of Papus—is president of the Martinist Order and the most prolific of Parisian occultists, regards d'Olivet in the light of a master and says: "It is to him that we owe an almost complete reconstruction of sciences taught in the sanctuaries of India and Egypt." This is decisive as to the point of view, and is quoted in this sense. For Stanislas de Guaita, Saint-Martin was a precursor of Fabre d'Olivet, or at least a source of inspiration—about which I am more than doubtful, but again it is a point of view. It is at least certain that in the line of succession stands one of our contemporaries, Saint Yves d'Alvedre, with a political doctrine of synarchy, as his work on *The Mission of the Jews* proves from cover to cover. Finally, Miss Redfield, the American translator of Fabre d'Olivet, has approached him as an occultist and, reflecting the panegyric of Papus, describes her author as one "who penetrated to the tabernacle of the most mysterious arcana." She believes that France will be honoured in his honouring when esoteric science has come once more into its own and has been restored upon its own foundation.

I think personally that for that branch of occultism which Miss Redfield would term Hermeneutics, the attempted restoration of the Hebrew language is of more considerable appeal than a history of the human race conceived philosophically, for the latter is a political work, though with a distinct basis of religion. My suggestion on the surface may sound much as if I recommended a reconsideration of Bridgewater Treatises or Mr. Pye-Smith as an authoritative writer on geology. But I am speaking of that which may appeal at its value to one section of the read-

ing and thinking public. The work in question is a speculation on the origin of human speech, and the real meaning imbedded in Hebrew words. It claims to re-establish a lost language according to its original principles, throwing over the yoke of the Hellenists and exhibiting behind the cortex of Genesis a hidden doctrine containing "treasures amassed by the wisdom of Egypt." Whether this interpretation is in the last resource a fantasy—like other occult hermeneutics—and whether the reconstruction of Hebrew is beneath attention by scholarship are of course extrinsic questions. But among the works of Fabre d'Olivet it is here that the interest lies from the occult standpoint, and I have very little doubt that a translation of his "cosmogony of Moses," with annotations simplified and some of the excursions removed, would be of value to those circles.

As regards the "philosophical history of the human race," I have said that our author was a scholar and an utopian. There is no doubt of the scholarship: it was encyclopædic in the matter of languages, like that of Athanasius Kircher. In addition to Hebrew and the classical tongues, it included Chinese, Sanskrit and Arabic. Born at the end of 1768, d'Olivet led the life of a student, and the chief event in his history, being an exile to Africa by Napoleon on account of his opinions, only provided him with a refuge where he was immersed more deeply in research—as he himself tells us. But he was also an utopian philosopher, and this work on the social state of man offers full proof. It is extensive enough as a treatise, but the ground which it covers is vast, and it is really an example of compression. In addition to comprehensiveness, it has breadth of outlook and a certain ability of expression, notwithstanding eccentricities of construction to which the translator alludes. For those who can tolerate its outcome there is food for thought in its pages which might last some earnest people a lifetime. Man is presented as one of three great powers in the universe, because he is endowed with will, which implies liberty. The other powers—between which he finds himself placed—are destiny, which is the old *natura naturata*, and Providence, the *natura naturans*, exhibiting in manifested things the free will of God, Who is above this triad, envelopes them in His unfathomable unity and forms with them "the Sacred Tetrad of the ancients, which constitutes the All in All." If the root of this thesis, apart from certain developments, is not of universal agreement, it will command concurrence on the part of occultists at large and my own, writing as a mystic. Let us see how it unfolds. The work being confined to the social

state of the White or Borean Race, to which we belong, Book I offers a purely hypothetical history of its development and brings us to the threshold of what is called the social edifice, with a college of women regulating cult, law and government. It illustrates the struggle of human will with destiny. The second book sketches the rise of monarchy and empire, mainly on hypothetical lines. It affirms that destiny, apart from the other principles, leads to conquests more or less rapid and disastrous; will institutes republics less or more stormy and transitory, "while it is only with the intervention of Providence that regular states are founded." Book III brings human intelligence to its highest development in Greece and affirms that universal empire must be theocratic in government. Later divisions sketch the continual struggle between liberty and necessity, with the work of Providence between these opposing forces, succouring the weakest side and bringing the greatest efforts to nothing when the aim is absolutism. The effect is really striking, like the continuous unrolling of a canvas on which everything is depicted in bold outline. But we come in fine to the matter of the seventh book, which surveys the world after that Revolution in France when absolute victory appeared to remain with the will, but when the will was seized in a snare "as adroitly, as vigorously set" and another struggle was to begin, which "Providence alone can terminate." It lays down that theocratic government is providential and intellectual, republican is animistic and volitive, while monarchical is prophetic and intuitive. The last belongs to *natura naturata*, the first to *natura naturans*, and hereunto the whole social state aspires. The salvation of Europe can come only from providence and theocracy. The last chapter is therefore a vision of empire under a Supreme Pontiff recognized by all Europe, organ of Providence and channel of that life which is now lacked by Government. It is to this that the work leads up, and hence I call it utopian. Apparently this "highest person of the world" would be the nominee of political powers; and as the essence alone of religion is providential, while its forms belong to destiny and will, it is idle to speculate what old or new cult would be represented by such a pontiff, what Christ or anti-Christ might reign on earth. Finally, as neither in nor out of occult or mystic schools is any one expecting or desiring a purely mechanical theocracy, it is difficult to see where this translation will find its public. But as we have it, one is glad to recognize that, apart from the main thesis, it has several marks of excellence and some indeed that are high.

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.*]

MOTHER SHIPTON.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Chambers' Encyclopædia gives under Shipton the following :—" A prophecy in doggerel verse under her name was put into circulation about 1862 by Charles Hindley, on his own confession (*Notes and Queries*, April 26, 1873). These wretched lines concluded with a prophecy that the world should come to an end in 1881, which caused great anxiety amongst a few very ignorant persons in corners of England. See William H. Harrison's *Mother Shipton Investigated* (1881), in which all the facts available are excellently set forth. Mr. Harrison points out, moreover, the striking likeness between the traditional Mother Shipton represented on the chap-books and the conventional *Punch*." Charles Hindley, of Booksellers' Row, Strand, was the author and editor of several books.

In 1645, William Lilly, the astrologer, published *A Collection of Ancient and Modern Prophecies*, which contains " Shipton's Prophecy, After the Most Exact Copy." This pamphlet shows that nearly all Mother Shipton's prophecies were fulfilled before its publication, namely, 1645.

Mother Shipton (Ursula Shipton), in a book by Richard Head (1684), is said to have been born of Agatha Shipton and the Devil, in July, 1488, in the reign of Henry VII, near Knaresborough, Yorkshire, and baptized by the Abbot of Beverley, by the name of Ursula Southiel. She became known as Mother Shipton, and became famed for her remarkable predictions about Henry VIII, Cardinal Wolsey, the death of Somerset and Lady Jane Grey, and events in the reigns of monarchs up to and including Charles II.

No genuine Mother Shipton MS. is known to exist. So far as can be ascertained there is no such manuscript, either genuine or forged, in the MS. Dept. of the British Museum. The earliest known record is a pamphlet published in 1641.

FRANCIS MOORE.

The Dictionary of National Biography states that Francis Moore, astrologer and almanac maker, was born at Bridgnorth, Shropshire,

on January 29, 1656-7. In 1698, he established himself at the sign of "Dr. Lilly's Head" in Crown Court, near Cupid's Bridge, Lambeth, as physician, astrologer and schoolmaster. To promote the sale of some pills of his own compounding, he published, in 1699, an almanac, entitled *Kalendarium Ecclesiasticum . . . a new two-fold kalendar, 12mo, London.* The prophecies are confined to the weather. "By July 6, 1700, Moore had completed the first of his famous *Vox Stellarum*; being an almanac for . . . 1700, 12mo, London, 1700, of which the "Astrological Observations" form a prominent feature. The almanac has been published ever since as *Old Moore's Almanac*, and even now has a large sale. Its success gave rise to many imitations. In 1702 Moore was living in Southwark, where he probably died between July, 1714, and July, 1715. At any rate he was not responsible for the *Vox Stellarum* issued in 1710. His almanac was continued respectively by Tycho Wing and Henry Andrews. Moore's portrait was engraved by John Drapentier. It represents Moore as a fat-faced man, in a wig and large neckcloth, and is now very rare."

It is not for me to reveal who is the present "Old Moore." I leave it to the gentleman himself; by now he must be Old!

Yours sincerely,

W. T. HORTON.

[I gather that the original edition of *Moore's Almanac*, which is said to be in its 219th year, is not called "Old Moore," but "*Vox Stellarum*," by Francis Moore, Physician, and that it is published by Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price 6d. There are penny almanacs called "*Old Moore's Almanac*," published by Roberts and Foulsham & Co. respectively.—ED.]

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—A REJOINDER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—It is always a sign of weakness to reply to any and every critic of Christian Science that he or she does not understand Mrs. Eddy, because he or she refuses to accept the latter's views. Thus Mr. Tennant merely repeats the stereotyped arguments that no one but a believer is capable of pronouncing judgment. That is the very point on which I join issue, not only with Mrs. Eddy and her disciples, but with all self-styled religionists who place faith before understanding. It can never be too strongly emphasized that Jesus Christ appealed constantly to the understanding, and rebuked his followers for intellectual dullness in failing to grasp the meaning of his parables and similes. Appeal to the understanding implies explanation and elucidation of principles which are capable of being analysed by human reason. It is only thus that the mind can discriminate between truth and falsehood. The fatal mistake in religions of the past has been to formulate erroneous conceptions into principles which must be implicitly accepted by the devotee. This is nothing more or less than hypnotic subjection. The very attitude taken up by Mr. Tennant proves that he is not a dispassionate searcher

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after truth, but in the language of Emerson, "the attorney who defends his case, irrespective of right or wrong." He attempts to demolish the truth of my statement that "Nature could not give health unless she gave disease as well," by asking, "How can disease be a manifestation of the eternal law of God?" Mr. Tennant's knowledge of the New Testament is evidently very superficial, else he would have seen that his objection has been answered by the Apostle Paul.

94 PARK STREET,

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In one of your recent issues Mr. W. T. Horton wrote as follows :—

I have not the pleasure of knowing him (Mr. F. L. Rawson) so I speak impersonally when I say that I have found in his *Life Understood*, and *Man's Powers and Work*, etc., the clearest and most practical method of applying Christian Science teaching that I have come across on the subject.

Mr. C. W. J. Tennant, in your next issue writes :—

To read this book *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, as suggested by Mr. Horton in his letter, in conjunction with others, which gives a false statement with regard to teaching, would certainly not be conducive to a clear understanding of Christian Science.

This statement can only refer to Mr. Rawson's book *Life Understood*. I doubt whether Mr. Tennant can have read it, and if so, he could certainly not have read it carefully.

Christian Scientists have tried hard to find something to show that Mr. Rawson does not understand Christian Science, and that there was something wrong with him. This morning a friend of mine wrote saying that an old "Christian Scientist" had called upon a patient of his and "with great energy accused him of everything but murder." Why this constant attack upon him?

In *Life Understood* Mr. Rawson writes :—

It (*Life Understood*) is not an elucidation of Christian Science, but is primarily an exposure of the innumerable fallacies of human theories past and present, made evident through the study of Christian Science, and exposed with the object of their elimination and replacement by divine conceptions of reality. . . .

At the same time let it be clearly understood that there is not a single statement in this book that is not in complete accord with the teachings of Mrs. Eddy. If any, through lack of a real understanding of her teachings, should endeavour to refute this statement, these, by unprejudiced study of this work, will find their objections disappear as they endeavour, through conscientious comparison with Mrs. Eddy's writings, to find passages in contradiction of any statements made by her. Others, prompted by less worthy motives, without this warning, might have been led into open condemnation without any logical or other proof of their statement. The true Christian Scientist does not contradict what he does

not amply prove to be wrong, and is always the first to rejoice in any additional light. Mrs. Eddy lamented the inability of students to reply to the fundamental inquiries of the age.

Notwithstanding this challenge, I have never found any Christian Scientist, or heard of any Christian Scientist—and many have been asked—who have been able to find anything in *Life Understood* that is not in accord with the teachings of Mrs. Eddy.

Recently one well known Christian Scientist said: "Mr. Rawson is all wrong in every way, but he is so clever that you cannot find it out." Another said: "The error in *Life Understood* is so subtle that you cannot see it."

Mrs. Eddy shows that the proof of a man's knowledge of her teachings is the instantaneous healing of sin. Mr. Rawson has publicly stated in some of his books, that since he started he never has had a case of any one coming to him for help out of sin where they have not been healed instantly, and gone out of the room free, and, as far as he was aware, there never has been any trouble further, except in one case, where he had to give two further treatments later on before the man was completely healed. This healing, he says, has been done by the realization of God, and in no other way can you permanently heal a man of sin.

He has been so often attacked by people of all kinds that if this statement had not been correct, the cases certainly would have been published far and wide.

I would be much obliged if Mr. Tennant would write saying in what way there is any false statement in *Life Understood*, with regard to the teachings of Mrs. Eddy. I, for my own sake, would like to know it. I cannot find it, and I have been a Christian Scientist eleven years, and have proved my understanding many times by instantaneous demonstrations.

Mrs. Eddy writes:—

I recommend that Scientists draw no lines whatever between one person and another, but to think, speak, teach, and write the truth of Christian Science without reference to right or wrong personality in this field of labour. We should endeavour to be long suffering, faithful and charitable with all. To this small effort let us add one more privilege—namely, silence, whenever it can substitute censure.

This one thing can be done, and should be; let your opponents alone, and use no influence to prevent their legitimate action from their own standpoint of experience, knowing as you should, that God will well regenerate and separate wisely and finally; whereas you may err in effort and lose your fruition (*No and Yes*, pp. 7-9).

Yours faithfully,
W. O. HUGHES.

THE SEXES HEREAFTER

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—“Unity” in commenting on my March letter has mixed the consciousness and the form sides of manifestation. From the

consciousness standpoint what is a male in form is exactly the same as that which in form is a female, therefore if you regard the consciousness as soul (or the soul) there cannot be "twin souls" or any other relationship. "I and my father are one" applies equally well to "I and Mary So-and-so are one," and unfortunately for conventionalism it quite truthfully applies to us males and all the Mary So-and-sos. Of course there are very lasting relationships between the sexes in the form worlds—sometimes from one incarnation to another, but even these are of a transitory nature and of little interest to the occultist or even mildly illumined student.

Touching on the supposed occult saying that "I died out of stone and became a plant, etc.," I would add that exoterically it is nonsense. Esoterically it simply means that when the form of the mineral, plant, etc., could yield me no fresh experience I ceased to function through its form and used the next type. The final words should be, "And when I die out of man, I function as a God." Of course the consciousness which uses the Angel or Deva is in no way different from that which functions through the human and other forms, the FORM ALONE giving the relative difference. The Angel or Deva consciousness has not and will not touch human evolution.

I quite see "Unity's" feelings in the matter, as sex instincts, with all their relative delusions, frequently continue with us until very late in evolution—sometimes going only at or about the fourth initiation.

6 TREWINCE ROAD,
WIMBLEDON, S.W.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

THE WHITE COMRADE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I was very interested to read the beautiful poem entitled "The White Comrade" in the current issue. I believe in the vision, as in a time of great illness and loneliness I too have seen it, and have been wondrously comforted; and the poem very finely expresses the sense of absolute safety and peace that comes to one in great sorrow.

38 SINCLAIR ROAD,
KENSINGTON.

FRANCESCA BROWNE.

DARWIN AND NIETZSCHE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In "Notes of the Month" for April you write: "For Darwin and Nietzsche were both wrong in their apotheosis of Might as the victor in the world struggle."

In thus coupling Darwin with Nietzsche you certainly have the support of Huxley, who said that man, for moral advance, must fight against the laws of nature. But, I think, Huxley wrongly interpreted Darwin's theory and I feel so strongly on this question that I now try to point out where the error lies.

Darwin, it is true, held that the fittest who survive are not necessarily the best, but those who take best advantage of and are in closest agreement with environment. I think, however, under the laws of nature, might has no monopoly of victory. For the feeble flea has shown at least as great power of survival as the strong tiger or powerful elephant. Man, too, has established his empire over other organisms, by cunning not by might.

But the point is this : When man appears as a self-conscious subject he is not fully subject to environment ; he very largely makes his own environment. It is man who, under Darwin's law, has power to so evolve environment that the fittest who survive shall be *the best*. It is under Darwin's law that the responsibility falls on man to make the fittest the best and most moral. But the old tag *deteriora sequor meliora proboque* still holds good. We can *think* a world for us all where those who survive are the best, but we do not, by conduct, make a world fitted for the best, though we have the power.

The following extract shows that Darwin fully understood that man can make his own environment and that, *under the law of the survival of the fittest*, man can so determine his own environment that *the fittest shall be the best* :—

The more efficient causes of progress seem to consist of a good education during youth, whilst the brain is impressible, and of a high standard of excellence, inculcated by the ablest and best of men, embodied in the laws, customs, and traditions of the nation, and enforced by public opinion. (*The Descent of Man*, 2nd edition, p. 143.)

The Prussians, who have blackened the faces of Goethe and Kant that the Huns may be able to worship angels of peace as devils of war, have vilified Darwin also in branding him as a believer in the victory of Might over Right. It was Darwin himself who wrote : " The birth, both of the species and of the individual, are equally parts of that grand sequence of events, which our minds refuse to accept as the result of blind chance." It is a law of nature that the fittest survive, and it is because of this law, by use of this law, that man, under the scheme of nature, has power to make the fittest *the best*.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

[I am sorry if I have maligned Darwin, but it will be obvious that the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence often involves the destruction of the spiritually higher types. It would be easy to cite innumerable instances of this, and this is all that I intended to convey.

With regard to the " feeble flea," might I suggest that the flea is for its size one of the most active and powerful of living creatures ? Might I also suggest that my critic should take the opportunity to watch the next one he sees jump ? I have heard it said that if a man could jump as high in proportion to his stature as a flea, he could jump over St. Paul's Cathedral.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

FROM the standpoint of human interest and the self-revelation of character, the most salient article in *The Quest* is that which is entitled "A Modernist's Diary," under the assumed name of Robert Waldron. The record is not completed in the present issue but a considerable instalment is given, covering the period from April 30 to December 14, 1909. It contains the Life-Notes of a Roman Catholic priest, belonging to one of the monastic orders, from the moment when he felt himself to have entered "a new mental realm," and one of comparative freedom, to that when the "policy of obscurantism" and thralldom "which intimates that faith can only maintain itself by ignorance" had brought him very near the breaking point. The utter sincerity of the record and the important fact that it has been subjected to no after expansions and no finishing touches lie clear on the surface of the document. The deeper aspects of the writer's religious difficulties pass nowhere into expression, though we are compelled to assume them everywhere, and the style is that which would characterize somewhat hurried jottings made for a personal purpose, with no thought of publication subsequently. The record is therefore unsatisfactory because we do not get the whole mind of the writer, as might be the case in an ordered *apologia*, but its very defects make it invaluable as an unvarnished statement of events within and without which led up—as we shall see in due course—to Robert Waldron's complete severance from the Church of his original vocation. His difficulties came into prominence with the advent of a new Father Superior, acting as mouthpiece of the Provincial in general charge, and not only deputed but over-willing to carry out the instructions of the Holy Inquisition against modernism and its literature. Those instructions forbade seminary students and all ecclesiastics indifferently from "subscribing to reviews in which modern errors are either openly propounded or subtly insinuated"; and working on this basis the Father Superior enjoined strictly upon his community "that no book or periodical should come into the house, either bought or borrowed, unless previously submitted to his censorship." Works on oriental religions and philosophy were as much under ban as those of Père Loisy or the so-called higher criticism. The question which arose in the mind of Robert Waldron was: "Are we to keep the simplicity of faith only by a declared system of obscurantism and stultification? If so, faith must be trembling in the balance." We shall see in the next issue after what manner the balance dipped ultimately on the side of emancipation. . . . Among other excellent articles in *The Quest* we have space only to mention Mr. Mead's "Secular and Spiritual Knowledge" and Dr. Wildon Carr's criticism of Bergson's view on the meaning and issue of the War. Mr. Mead points out that the nature of Knowledge has been the central problem of philosophy from the time of Plato and Aristotle. His thesis is that

the unceasing effort to come at true knowledge proves the conviction of man that "the universe is fundamentally intelligible," in which case the faith of reason convinces us that we are destined to become "a more immediate Knower of Knowledge itself." For the way of attainment herein Mr. Mead turns to records of spiritual experience, to the inward states "characterized by self-transcendence into an order of super-consciousness," where the human will is in union with Divine Will and shares, therefore, with the great creative energy. Dr. Carr reminds us that prior to Bergson no philosopher presented evolution, in its plain biological meaning, as a spiritual principle, as a doctrine of life seeking free expression, using material organization to attain that end, "and ever finding itself in conflict with matter." It is this view which Germany has missed, accepting a purely materialistic conception of evolution. That matter may become our master instead of our servant is the ever-present danger which goes with us in our evolution, and it overhangs us signally in the present War. From the general peril the way of escape, according to Bergson, lies in the fact that "life can create force to defeat or avert our threatened destruction by the machine." If this be so, the fact that in the present particular conflict "we are assailed by a material organization carefully prepared . . . to overcome us" spells no foregone conclusion as to the result. Forgetting that there is creative power in life, our enemies have put their faith in a military system which is a menace to the life of nations: they are on the side of matter, but we are on the side of life; and the inference is that because of life we may prevail.

Dr. Carr's paper leads us, by a natural transition, to that of Mr. Bertrand Russell in *The Open Court*. His thesis is that the present War affords serious ground for apprehension that our civilization is in danger of self-destruction. He recalls how frequently the greatest civilizations have been destroyed or degraded by war. However the present conflict may end, the question is whether English, French or German will be left with energy and intent to carry on the progress of the past. Mr. Russell rejects utterly the "hoary falsehood" that war is admirable in its moral effects. He rejects also the thesis that periods of war ensure epochs of peace, save incidentally as the result of exhaustion. "It is peace, not war, that in the long run turns men's thoughts away from fighting." His conclusion is that if the war lasts much longer, "the collective life of Europe . . . will have received a wound which may well prove mortal." We do not accept the conclusion, but there is food for thought in the paper.

Theosophy in India prints in a recent issue a letter from a native lady, described as a professor in one of the European universities and the author of several works on oriental philosophy. She has lived for some twelve months in Tibet and is now in a Sikkim monastery. She is apparently a Buddhist and gives brief particulars concerning Tibetan Yogis. She explains that ordinary Lamas follow two different paths, the one of intellectual training, the other of Yoga, which is

comparable to a hidden world. The true Tibetan Yogis are not found in monasteries but in caves on the top of hills, of which some are almost inaccessible. Their method of training disciples is kept secret and the schooling appears to be long. There is a third and higher path—but at this point the writer's communication breaks off abruptly. . . . *The Vedic Magazine* shows by quotations from various sacred books that, according to their teaching, man's body is the temple of God. Spirit and matter meet in this living tabernacle; finite and infinite are supposed to touch each other; here are the holy places; and here is the real Ganges—"the holy river, the redeeming flood," as Southey calls it. So is the ladder of experience by which souls re-ascend to Brahman within the hidden personality of each. Here is another example of the identity between mystical experiences in East and West. The practices vary, modes of presentation differ, but it is always the same end. . . . *The Theosophist* is publishing some articles by an Indian writer on the nature of Mysticism, and they may bring us to the same point, for the text which opens the course is that old Greek saying: "Wonders are many and nothing is more wonderful than man." Six main types of Mysticism are recognized, being those of Grace, Love, Pantheism, Nature, Sacramentalism and Modern Theosophy. They are all in the course of consideration, and as each is treated sympathetically, apart from bias, the series is likely to prove interesting. . . . Miss Charlotte E. Woods has an excellent article on resurrection-doctrine in *The Vahan*. It is mainly a study of St. Paul in the ever-quoted statement: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The conclusion is that they err who regard the death and resurrection of the seed as the casting off of a physical body and its rising again at a literal last day. It is doubtful, notwithstanding, whether any mystical or "esoteric" interpretation has dealt consistently with that vigorous image: "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

Among current Masonic periodicals, *The New Age* has a little defence of symbolism written with great skill and full of suggestion. It gives some personal experience as an answer to the common statement that "the age of symbols has passed" and concludes "that man will continue to learn from symbols for many ages to come," even as he has learned in the past. . . . *The Builder* has given its promised article on the Trial of the Knights Templar, and adds a comprehensive bibliography to an excellent outline of facts. It is not, however, from *The Builder* that we have received a most interesting item of news concerning its editor, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton. We are informed by *The Christian Commonwealth* that he is planning a visit to England and will preach in the City Temple on the five Sundays in July. Unfortunately that is a month when Masonic activities are almost in a state of suspension, so that he can scarcely receive the full welcome from English brethren to which he is so justly entitled.

REVIEWS

OUT OF THE VORTEX. The True Record of a Fight for a Soul. By Laura Linley. Illustrated. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C. 3s. 6d. net.

IN her Foreword Mrs. Linley expresses the hope that "the facts related in the narrative may lead many to accept the absolute reality of the presence with us, or near us, of living beings in the world invisible, who can and do affect us in every department of our being, physical, mental and spiritual, for good or evil." This narrative is astonishing and startling, and emphasizes very forcibly the dangers of careless intercourse with unseen powers. At the same time the author sets forth the benefits which may be derived from a well-ordered and serious investigation of the hidden land. All seriously thinking occultists and spiritualists must agree with Mrs. Linley in this, but one wonders why her guides and controls selected so headstrong an intermediary as Miss Felton for the lofty spiritual work they had in view, and one is often extremely sorry for the unhappy sensitive. It would seem in such cases that the risks run by the sensitive are scarcely justified by results. As a warning to frivolous persons this book should do good work, and the author does not shrink from her task of revealing the terrible possibilities of reckless intercourse with the Spirit World, and *indifference to its laws*. It goes without saying that these possibilities are liable to be shared by those who make the séance room a place for flippant amusement, and sometimes for intercommunication of anything but the highest order. This cannot be too often and too sternly insisted upon. For the powers of evil are undoubtedly greater when freed from physical limitations, just as the powers which make for righteousness are greater in a like degree. Let any who doubts these things read with care Mrs. Linley's experiences as recorded in her interesting book.

EDITH K. HARPER.

HAUNTED ROYALTIES. By Katherine Cox. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. 136 pp. Price 1s. net.

THIS is a book that will appeal to the majority of readers, even those not specially interested in the occult, for it is a collection of ghost stories connected with royalties and rulers, a list, and a very complete one, of haunted monarchs.

It is fitting, of course, that the first chapter should open with a description of the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns, who has been frequently seen again of late despite the Kaiser's stern determination to ignore her existence, and whose appearance forebodes disaster to that family. Later we learn that the other Central Powers, the house of Bavaria, the unhappy Hapsburgs and Ferdinand of Bulgaria are all visited by unpleasant spirits.

Not the least remarkable feature in the book is that prophecy of Philippe Dieudonné Noel Olivarius, stolen from the Benedictine monks during the

French Revolution, which deals with the rise and fall of Napoleon, and read by that monarch before his divorce, and final defeat and overthrow.

In our own country, Hampton Court, St. James' Palace, the Tower, Windsor Castle and Richmond Palace are all haunted, and Katherine Cox describes the various manifestations in a most interesting manner.

The psychic experiences of Catherine de' Medici, Bonaparte, Henry of Navarre, the unlucky Stuarts and many others are all related.

The authoress has spared no pains in collecting material and may be congratulated on having compiled a really remarkable shilling's worth.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

PALMISTRY FOR ALL. By "Cheiro." Price 1s. net. London: Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., Arundel Place, London, S.W.

THE name of Cheiro is so well known to all students of Cheiromancy that a work of this nature, obviously designed for popular instruction, needs no recommendation. There are, however, some features in the present publication which call for special notice. Foremost among these is the announcement that the work contains "new information on the study of the hand" which has never been published before. This of itself should create a great demand for Cheiro's latest work, and the subjects chosen for the illustration of the principles involved are of exceptional interest. Prominent among these is the facsimile imprint of the hand of Lord Kitchener, taken at the War Office, at the time that he was Sirdar of the Egyptian Army. In this connection there is a note of some considerable interest to the student. It is stated that the author, pursuing his study of Periodic Law—though this has no scientific connection with Cheiromancy—has observed that "the same radix members that governed Lord Kitchener's career when he was planning out the Egyptian campaign, which resulted in his great victories at Atbara and Omdurman in 1896 and 1897, are exactly the same for him in 1914-15, and 1916 gives again the same radix number that in 1898 saw him receive a vote of thanks from the Houses of Parliament, and a gift of £30,000 from the State." This looks hopeful for the near future, and if, according to the principles laid down in the present work, it should be found that Palmistry confirms the judgment drawn from Numerology, then due credit will accrue to the author. But this is a point which we must leave to the student. The book is profusely illustrated with diagrams of the various features of the hand treated in the text, and altogether the work is one which should prove highly satisfactory both to the publisher and the public.

SCRUTATOR.

MAN, WOMAN, KNOW THYSELF! An answer to the Question "What Am I?" By Gambier Bolton, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, etc., Author of "Ghosts in Solid Form." Price 1d., post free 1½d.

SOME PROBLEMS CONCERNING THE NEXT STATE OF LIFE. By Ernest W. Oaten. Price 2d., post free 2½d.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? By Lewis Forth. Price 2d., post free 2½d.
All three pamphlets published by Spiritualists National Union, Ltd., 30 Glen Terrace, Clover Hill, Halifax.

In its energetic propagandist work the Spiritualists' National Union, Ltd., has issued recently these three useful little pamphlets. Mr. Gambier

Bolton's *Man, Woman, Know Thyself* is a reprint. The author answers the old, old question, "What Am I?" in a succinct and clear manner, conveying in a few pages the essence of whole volumes of scientific research. He gives an interesting diagram of the human body, enclosing its spiritual counterpart; and shows the different conditions of the aura in health, ill-health and serious illness. The positions of the solar plexus, and the pineal gland—these most important of psychic organisms—are well defined, and Mr. Gambier Bolton has a significant word or two to say concerning "human vampires." This pamphlet should be in the hands of all inquirers. . . . Mr. Ernest Oaten in his *Essay* discourses very ably on *Some Problems concerning the Next State of Life*, and remarks most truly, that "the individual who to-day is not acquainted with the tabulated evidence for spirit return is not entitled to be called a modern mind; he is at best a fossilized survival of a bygone age, an age when mental and spiritual darkness brooded o'er the land. Such a man is merely ignorant; he has slept while the world moved on. . . . In *What is Spiritualism?* Mr. Lewis Firth goes through the whole gamut of the different forms of psychic manifestation, and is not ashamed to avow that he, "a one-time Atheist," finds now in modern spiritualism "the first-fruits of a young movement whose foundations we may liken to the eternal hills."

EDITH K. HARPER.

CHRIST IN YOU. New edition. Fcap. 8vo, pp. viii. + 198. London : J. M. Watkins. Price 1s. net.

WITH so many beautiful counsels concerning "the truth of being" and the consciousness of God, it was to be expected, as it is good to know, that a further issue has been required of this suggestive and stimulating book. There is no name on the title, and we are left to our own conclusions as to the source of inspiration. The first "lesson" is called a voice from the heights, and the whole sheaf of communications comes evidently from what it is customary to call a higher plane. The messages may belong therefore to the long record of things spoken in trance or to those which have passed into record by means of automatic writing. In either case, if they are not the best of their kind, there are only two or three others which would deserve to be mentioned with them. Again, they may belong to that strange field, of which we know so little, though a few of us at least are not without all knowledge—that field which opens its vistas to our conscious selves in rare states of exaltation. It is beyond anything understood as automatic trance, and it may be at times as if another were speaking within us. That which comes through in such moments is neither of faith nor of reason, but of open sight in the mysteries. The voice is a voice of authority. So spoke the prophets of old and so speaks now, within its proper measures, the personality—whatsoever it may be—which is behind these golden counsels. It tells of that tongue of the spirit which speaks in the heart of those who know how to wait in silence; it affirms that the living answer to living prayer is never far away from the true desire which prompts it, because always God is within; and seeing that He is all in all, a love incarnate within us, that peace of the heart and life wherein all is made anew can be with us here and now—not only a heritage to come. While the permeating sense of unity which characterizes the deep grades of spiritual experience has passed here and there into that

language which is a familiar vesture of pantheism, in another place it is distinguished quite clearly that what we call in our sacramentalism "transition from the personal to the universal" does not mean "loss of identity, but rather a greater individuality." It is that "larger consciousness of God" which is said elsewhere to be heaven, and this is how heaven is within—a state and not a place. The union also is integration in central life, and that life is love. The counsel is to dwell deeply therein and to unfold therefrom, in which condition all that is perishable of the self dissolves, and then Christ comes into His own.

A. E. WAITE.

THE CURE OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS. By James Alexander. 8vo, pp. xiii + 151. Simpkin Marshall & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

MR. ALEXANDER has written a serious and serviceable book on a subject which is liable to be treated with levity by persons to whom the nervous disorder in question is scarcely known; and it is worth while to note the fact of its appearance, not alone because the work is done unpretentiously and honestly, but because it has value as a psychological study apart from personal interest in the complaint—its diagnosis or its cure. On the last point I have no more right of adjudication than has any other of Mr. Alexander's detached readers who may bring an intellectual interest to bear on a thorough piece of analytical experiment. The trainings towards cure are set out simply and logically. I feel that they will strike others besides myself as sound and practical. The merit of the book for my purpose is, however, of another kind. It is (1) a patient and exact investigation of the primary and secondary causes of that state with which it deals, and (2) in this and in the second part, devoted to treatment, it displays a real insight into character. Hence it is good and suggestive reading, apart from its direct purpose. Finally, there are things which may well have a practical message to many who, in their own natures, do not know what self-consciousness means. I refer especially to some advice on suggestion, on the willing use of auto-suggestion and on the control of thought. If this is Mr. Alexander's first study in psychology, we may expect him to go further and to do well in a wider field.

A. E. WAITE.

BY THE WATERS OF EGYPT. By Norma Lorimer. Methuen. Price 6s. MISS NORMA LORIMER, in her beautiful book, vividly recalls the old Arabic saying that "Those who have once drunk of the waters of the Nile must return to it." Her work pulsates with the immortal mystery and spell of the double lotus-land.

She has felt the charm of Denderah, Luxor and Thebes, and all she has experienced is expressed by the atmospheric coloured illustrations of Mr. Benton Fletcher. Of Heliopolis she says:—

"The ghosts of Heliopolis! Who would dare to disturb them? Who would intrude upon their privacy in the silence of an Oriental night? It is at night that Plato and Strabo and Herodotus, with Moses in their midst, and all the other fellowship of wise men, separated while on earth by many centuries, wander lovingly over the land—comparing old student-days, perhaps, or extolling the glories of the university in their own great day. 'But hush and hide the talking!' for when Plato walks abroad not even the *sakiyyeh* sings its eternal song, not even the kites flop low in the air, or the palm-doves circle in shimmering companies in the night-blue sky. Every living thing is at rest. Heliopolis is alone in its awful stillness."

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.