

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

PEOPLE seldom stop to reflect on the fact that they are continually living two separate lives, the life of sleep and the life of waking, and that though these lives run on parallel lines, the existence of one is systematically ignored while the other is in activity. We live, in fact, our ordinary life, as if this was the only conscious life that we possessed, and the worthy Bishop Ken, in his materialistic way, expressed very much the sentiment of the man in the street when he lamented

Vile sleep of sense me to deprive;
I am but half my time alive.

The assumption of the hymnologist was, of course, that during sleep life was in abeyance. The evidence, however, which we possess, defective though it be, certainly points in an entirely different direction. The character of our dream life from the point of view of our waking life appears, indeed, irrational enough; but it must be remembered that we have no proper canons by which to guide our judgment in regard to it, and our memories of sleep, such as they are, are almost all related to that period when we are on the point of passing out of the sleeping into the waking state.

and when, accordingly, the consciousness of the two states is more or less blended and confused. Various books and treatises have been written on the subject of sleep and dreams, and the extremely unsatisfactory character of almost all of them, and the total diversity of their standpoints, is sufficient evidence of the utter ignorance in which we at present lie with regard to the conditions governing a full one-third of our normal lives. Those who have written works on the subject have generally written from a very biased and personal standpoint. The German Freud interprets sleep phenomena in the terms of his own gross animal materialism. Havelock Ellis writes discursively on dreams, mainly of the most commonplace character, and does not fail, in doing so, to throw some considerable light on the causes of a number of the most ordinary phenomena. Baron Carl du Prel has written learnedly and exhaustively on the subject of dreams in his *Philosophy of Mysticism*, from the transcendental standpoint, and has in especial thrown considerable light on the time measure in dream life and on the working of the dramatic faculty under sleep conditions. He has also, under the head of

BOOKS ON *Dream the Physician*, given us some valuable
DREAMS. observations with regard to the powers inherent in
the sub-conscious ego of prescribing for its own

physical ailments under dream conditions. But none of these well-known writers has ever dealt otherwise than incidentally and in the most inconclusive fashion with the relationship of the dreamer to the world of psychic realities, and his power, under favourable conditions, of getting *en rapport* with the higher planes of consciousness. Something illuminating of a general character has indeed been said on this important topic by Prentice Mulford in his essays on the mystery of sleep and sleep-travelling, though the matter is not dealt with here either scientifically or in detail, nor is any attempt made to marshal the available evidence to support his hypothesis. There is, in fact, a tendency among writers on such subjects, on the one hand to ignore the normal and on the other to treat dream life as if it was purely and simply a passing into the spiritual state. Thus Mr. R. J. Lees, or rather the spirit writer for whom he acted as recorder, gives in his fascinating narrative *Through the Mists* a vivid description of "the City of Compensation," the dream world to which the spirits of weary mortals depart at night when their normal physical lives relapse into unconsciousness, and where they meet and converse with their friends in the spirit realms. The narrator, finding himself transported to this

region in the spirit spheres, is puzzled at his own familiarity with many of the landmarks and faces, and finally realizes that the locality in question has been a frequent resort of his own during earth life when his body lay unconscious in sleep. The street urchins, to whose physical needs he had helped to minister when on earth, were there to welcome him with a friendly greeting, their only sense of sadness being occasioned by the consciousness that they would have so soon to return to the slums of the great city in which their waking lives were being spent.

There are some of us who meet, or think we meet, in sleep conditions, our friends who have passed over, and bring back certain fragmentary memories associated with them to our conscious waking memories. We are, however, left in doubt for the most part, whether such dreams are illusions of the senses or whether we have actually met in spirit those who have passed over to another plane. Probably the conditions of the average man's physical life are too unfavourable to enable his psychic consciousness to escape entirely from its physical surroundings except on rare occasions. The worries and annoyances of daily life, the activity of the digestive organs, the disorganized state of the nervous system, all combine to intrude into the dream existence and to people it with illusory scenes and incoherent experiences which not only interfere with the repose of the physical body, but hamper the freedom of the higher consciousness.*

In spite of this we have ample evidence that from time to time the conscious ego escapes from its physical counterpart, and as Prentice Mulford declares, travels when it sleeps. I subjoin an instance to which I made a brief allusion in some previous notes, and which has been supplied to me in full detail by the Rev. H. Hamilton Maughan. One cannot help regretting that the lady who had the remarkable experience narrated did not take advantage of her subsequent opportunity to introduce herself to the people she had been brought in contact with in her dream life. The record runs as follows:—

Amongst the many strange dream-experiences which have come to

* Thus Apollonius narrates the story of Amphiaraus, an Attic seer, who induced prophetic dreams in those who came to consult him. "The priests," he states, "take a man who desires to consult him, and they prevent his eating for one day and from drinking wine for three, in order that he may imbibe the oracles, with his soul in a condition of utter transparency."

the knowledge of those who are especially interested in such phenomena, there can be few more remarkable than the following. A lady, living in Surrey, and a personal friend of the narrator, had a peculiar dream, in which she found herself walking along a street which was entirely unfamiliar to her, though she believed it to be somewhere in London. This street led into a large square of residential houses. She walked along one side of the square until she came to a certain house. Neither the street, nor the square, nor the house were familiar to her,

A DREAM but every minute detail of the scene was extraordinarily
HOUSE clear ; she even noticed the name of the street, and, subse-
LOCALIZED. quently, the name of the square, and also the number of
 the house. She opened the door and entered the house.

Here, as in the street outside, there was nothing that seemed at all familiar or reminiscent of anything she had ever seen before ; but, as she passed from room to room, making a systematic inspection of the whole house and its contents, every detail was still minutely clear and remained stamped upon her memory. Having completed this curious examination of the house, she went out again into the square, and passed on into the street in which she found herself at first ; and then the dream ended as abruptly as it had begun.

At first she attached no importance whatever to this dream, though it seemed extraordinary in many ways and left an unusually clear impression upon her mind, altogether unlike the confused kaleidoscopic muddle which is all that is usually retained in the recollection of the dreamer. However, she would probably have thought no more about it but for the fact that, shortly afterwards, she had precisely the same dream-experience over again. After that, it continued to return to her, at irregular intervals but frequently ; and on each occasion it was exactly the same and was marked by the same extraordinary minuteness and clearness of detail. The thing began to trouble her, but she could think of nothing which could explain the peculiar vividness of the dream and its frequent recurrence without any modification of any of its details. A map of London and a directory enabled her to discover that a street with an adjoining square bearing the same names as those in the dream, and fitting in with the circumstantial details, actually existed ; beyond this, she could discover nothing which could constitute a connecting link between the dream and anything in her waking experience, until, quite by chance, a very remarkable development occurred which, though it did not solve the mystery, at any rate proved that this strange experience was something more than a mere dream.

She happened to be in London when this occurred, and was sitting on the front seat on the top of an omnibus. Presently two ladies came and took the seats immediately behind her, so that she could not avoid overhearing their conversation. One of these ladies was asking her
HAUNTER companion for the address of her new house ; and the
AND listener in front heard, with something like a shock, the
HAUNTED address which was given : it was no other than that of
ON THE the house which she was continually visiting in the dream.
SAME BUS. There could be no mistake about it, as the number
 of the house and the name of the square in the
 dream had never varied, and were always clearly remembered afterwards. Naturally, she listened eagerly to the conversation which followed, hoping

to overhear something which might throw some new light upon the mystery. The lady behind her went on to ask her friend how the latter's new house suited her, and received the reply that the house itself was all that could be desired, but that it would be impossible to remain there, because it had been found to be haunted by a certain woman, who appeared at irregular intervals and was frequently encountered in various parts of the house by members of the household. Being asked to describe the appearance of the apparition, the lady proceeded to give her friend a detailed description; and the listener then heard a most exact and accurate verbal portrait of herself. She immediately felt an intense desire to turn round and say—"Am I like her? Am I the woman who haunts your house?" But being clearly convinced, from all that she had overheard, that the answer must be in the affirmative, she resisted the temptation to put the matter to the test in that manner, fearing lest the result might be a severe nervous shock, possibly fraught with grave consequences, to the lady behind her; so she took care to avoid turning her head in any direction which might expose her features to recognition by the latter, and did not leave the omnibus until the two ladies sitting behind her had already done so.

It should be added that, after this, no further developments took place, and the mystery of this peculiar dream-experience remained unsolved; but it seemed to indicate that there must have been some strange and inexplicable psychical connection between herself and the occupants of that house, who were, in ordinary life, quite unknown to her. Perhaps psychical research may throw some further light upon this strange and involuntary power by which the dreamer's subconscious self may project itself, visibly, elsewhere while the ordinary consciousness is suspended in sleep.

It seems to me that there can be but one solution of such a record as this, and it would require much ingenuity on the part of a materialistically minded scientist to offer any other interpretation than spirit-travelling in sleep to explain to the rational mind the recorded facts. A further narrative, as it appears to me, also susceptible of this interpretation only, reaches me from the same quarter:—

Another very strange experience, bearing some resemblance to that just described, is that of a certain Miss Clifford.* It occurred while she was on a visit to a friend—Mrs. Anderson. One day, her hostess took her, with several of her other guests, to visit a neighbour, Mrs. Beauchamp, at the latter's invitation. Miss Clifford was altogether a stranger to that neighbourhood, having never been in that part of the country before: she was therefore very much surprised, on approaching the house, to find that the place seemed oddly familiar to her. She mentioned this curious fact to the others, at the same time declaring, quite positively, that she had never, so far as she knew, been anywhere near the place before. They told her that she was probably misled by some superficial resemblance which it might bear to some other place which she had visited at some time or other; but this did not satisfy her. She predicted that,

* The names given are fictitious.

as they continued their drive towards the house, they would notice certain definite objects at various points on the way : this turned out to be the case, Miss Clifford subsequently calling their attention to these objects as they passed them. She went on, moreover, to describe various outstanding features in the interior of the house which they were about to

visit : on all these points she was afterwards discovered
 A TANGLED to have been entirely accurate, and Miss Clifford, herself,
 SKEIN. was considerably perplexed and distressed in her own
 mind at the discovery of her extraordinary and detailed familiarity with the interior features and furniture of a house which, to her certain knowledge, she had never entered before. But still more remarkable developments were in store. Mrs. Anderson and the rest of the party noticed that when Miss Clifford was introduced to their hostess, the latter started violently and turned deadly pale, as if she had received some severe shock. This, after Miss Clifford's previous and very positive statement that the hostess and her family were complete strangers to her (which was corroborated by the absence of any corresponding signs of recognition or agitation on her own part) struck Mrs. Anderson as being exceedingly strange when considered in conjunction with Miss Clifford's peculiar and inexplicable foreknowledge of various features in the house : she felt convinced that there must be some connection between all this and the very curious effect which the sight of Miss Clifford had instantly produced upon Mrs. Beauchamp. However, she had not long to wait for an explanation of this part of the mystery. Just before she took leave of her friend, Mrs. Beauchamp, the latter took her aside and, in an agitated tone, asked her to tell her once again the name of the girl she had brought with her. Mrs. Anderson replied that it was Miss Clifford, an intimate friend of hers ; and she then asked Mrs. Beauchamp why the sight of the girl had upset her in such a curious manner. Mrs. Beauchamp then told her a most remarkable thing. The house, it appeared, was said to be haunted, and not only Mrs. Beauchamp herself, but the rest of her family also, had frequently seen the apparition which was said to appear there from time to time. It was a young girl, she said, and had exactly the face and figure of Miss Clifford. The likeness was so unmistakable and so complete that Mrs. Beauchamp had recognized Miss Clifford at once as the ghost which haunted the house, and had in consequence received a violent shock when she first set eyes on the girl, whom, she said, she had never seen before in ordinary life. Mrs. Anderson then told her friend about Miss Clifford's curious and inexplicable acquaintance with the house and grounds although she had so positively declared that she had never been there before, and thus made it clear how each side of this amazing double experience fitted in with, and corroborated, the other.

It remains to add that Miss Clifford herself knew nothing about this, and was quite unconscious of the strange effect which the sight of her had produced upon Mrs. Beauchamp and the rest of her family. They were still, so far as she knew, total strangers to her until that day.

Such dream experiences are doubtless accountable for many cases of what is commonly termed *Paramnesia*, i.e., the detailed recollection by people of places and scenes which they have never consciously visited before, a phenomenon already treated

of rather fully in the pages of this magazine. It would be easy to multiply instances which should appear to the unprejudiced reader sufficiently good evidence of the genuine character of the phenomenon of sleep-travelling. Here is another record of a similar kind communicated by a writer from Hampstead to the pages of the *Daily Telegraph*. The correspondent, who signs herself "Fidelis," writes as follows:—

My father, a clergyman, was away from home on a locum-tenency, and one day, when my mother was in her bedroom, on looking out of the window, she saw him, bag in hand, walking rapidly down the path through the shrubbery leading to the house. He was not expected home, and, in great surprise, she proceeded to leave the room, with the intention of going down to greet him. Half-way up the stairs she encountered the servant, who immediately said, "Please, m'm, here's master." I may mention that the servant was engaged at the time in laying the cloth for lunch in the dining-room, which room also looked out on the front of the house.

I need not relate the utter astonishment of both to find it was a mistake. The servant ran down to the back of the house, but no one was there. In short, it was a vision; but no disaster followed.

My father did not return until some days afterwards, at the time intended. When told of the incident, he recalled a distinct dream that he had had of returning home. The dream took place on the beach at midday, he having dropped off to sleep for a few minutes. This was verified as to the day by referring to a diary which he always kept. Thus it may be inferred that the vision seen was accounted for, and that the dreamer was actually there in spirit.

The above is absolutely true; but I am bound to confess that I think such occurrences are quite beyond the powers of human beings to explain satisfactorily. I enclose my card.—Yours truly, FIDELIS.

In the preceding record it is noteworthy that not only does the clergyman confirm the fact that he was asleep at the time and that he dreamt that he had returned home; but also two other people independently confirm the fact of his astral body having been seen at the spot where he dreamt that he was present. It is difficult to see how a better piece of evidence of dream-travelling could be obtained.

Miss Cox, the author of *Haunted Royalties*, supplies a further record. In this case the dream-travelling does not extend beyond the precincts of the hotel in which the dreamer was staying; but none the less it is valuable evidence, as she visits a room in the hotel where she had never been in her waking consciousness, and takes particular note of the colouring and texture of the cushions and curtains and the pictures on the walls, and indeed she does not merely

MISS COX'S
STORY.

notice these but also the profusion of beautiful flowers, principally pink hyacinths, which were there at the time and which prove conclusively that her dream could not have merely consisted in some memory of a visit to the room at an earlier date which she had subsequently forgotten. Miss Cox's record runs as follows :

My sister, while staying at an hotel, drifted into a casual acquaintance with a very charming lady who was also one of the hotel guests. It was a perfectly casual acquaintance, never developing into anything else, and my sister's mind, at that time, was fully concerned with other things. One night, when she went to bed, she fell asleep, her thoughts full of a certain business matter which had occupied her greatly during the day—but, strangely enough, she did not dream of that, but of her new acquaintance, whom I will call—though that was not really her name—Mrs. Sinclair. The whole of the night, apparently, my sister's dreams were full of Mrs. Sinclair, who, it seemed—in the fantastical fashion in which things so often happen in dreams—was giving a birthday party, and had invited her to tea. My sister in her dream, went to the party, which took place in Mrs. Sinclair's private sitting-room at the hotel, and her impression of the room itself was an extraordinarily vivid one—she noticed the colouring and texture of the cushions and curtains, the manner in which the furniture was arranged, and the pictures on the walls ; but what struck her chiefly was the profusion of beautiful flowers about the apartment—principally pink hyacinths, which harmonized delightfully with the colour scheme of everything else. In the morning, she awoke, and the half-absurd dream about Mrs. Sinclair's birthday party faded entirely from her mind.

That afternoon, however, as she was reading in the lounge, A BIRTHDAY Mrs. Sinclair suddenly came up to her with a smile, and PARTY. said, "Oh! it is my birthday to-morrow, and I am going to have a few friends to tea! I shall be so pleased if you will come too!" At these words the dream of the night before returned to my sister's mind ; then she told herself that the fact of Mrs. Sinclair giving a birthday party was only a coincidence—but she was somewhat startled, nevertheless, when, on entering Mrs. Sinclair's private sitting-room the following afternoon, she instantly recognized, down to the minutest detail of furnishing, the room that she had seen a couple of nights before in her dream! And what struck her most was the profusion of flowers, especially the pink hyacinths! Now, my sister knew Mrs. Sinclair so slightly that she had never been in her sitting-room before, and had never heard Mrs. Sinclair mention, by so much as one syllable, the manner in which it was furnished. She could not, therefore, have known anything about it before she had dreamt of it, neither had she the slightest idea that Mrs. Sinclair was expecting her birthday! also, the dream in itself was apparently meaningless, for the slight acquaintanceship between my sister and Mrs. Sinclair has never ripened into anything closer, and such a simple and innocent dream could not surely have been sent as a foreboding or warning!

The very fact of the apparent pointlessness of the dream serves to confirm the supposition that it was merely a case of the sleep-wandering of the astral body. It is noteworthy, how-

ever, that this dream differs somewhat from the others in the fact that it contains a certain element of prevision.

A further record which tends strongly to confirm my line of argument, is quite recently to hand from the trenches.* Here again we get the double confirmation—that is to say, not only the vision of his father to Captain Grellet in his sleep, but also the father's own statement that he had seen his son in the trenches, presumably during a state of trance.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

HITCHIN, Thursday.

On the night Dr. C. J. Grellet, of Hitchin, passed away, his son Reginald, who is a captain in the 8th Yorkshires, was in his dug-out in the trenches. While he was asleep he had a vision of his father, and so vivid was it that he awoke and roused his officer colleague, telling him that something had happened and that he would have to go home. The following morning Captain Grellet received a wire informing him that his father had died the previous night.

When he was telling the family of the incident on arriving home, he was informed that just before his father died he told them at the bedside that he had seen his son Reg in the trenches, and "that it was all right now." The times were compared, and it seems certain that the two dreams occurred at the same hour.

[Captain R. C. Grellet is a well-known cricketer, and a regular player for Hertfordshire county.]

It is a debatable point whether in normal sleep the higher consciousness does not invariably to a greater or less extent leave the bodily form, and it may indeed be plausibly argued that it is this very fact that is the cause of so many incoherent, illogical, and meaningless dream experiences. On this theory the cause of this irrational action of the brain with which we are all so frequently familiar would arise from the fact that the guiding entity has partially relinquished control of its mortal tenement. Hence we find the lower animal consciousness drifting aimlessly from sensation to sensation at the mercy of any suggestion that may impress it either from within or from without. In this way indigestion or any form of physical discomfort produces illusory dreams which interpret the various bodily sensations in terms of sundry dramatic experiences. In the same way external disturbances or sensations of heat or cold due to too much or to too little clothing, give rise to corresponding imaginary events, the lower consciousness invariably giving evidence of its dramatic instinct in the meaning that it assigns to them. Thus one man will magnify the prick

SEVERANCE
OF HIGHER
AND LOWER
CONSCIOUS-
NESSES.

* *Daily Express*, May 11.

of a pin into a fatal stab received in a duel. Another fancies he is being hung because his collar is too tight. Thus again another dreams that he is wandering about in a snowstorm, merely because the clothes have fallen off his feet and produced a sensation of cold. In the same sense Bergson narrates a dream of his own in which he imagined himself being rudely ejected from an assemblage with cries of "Out! Out!" and woke up to hear a dog in a garden barking "Bow-wow!"* A similar story is narrated of a man who was sleeping in a four-poster bed, one of the posts of which fell over lightly, striking the back of his neck. He awakened, recalling a dream of being guillotined in the French Revolution. All these cases serve to show how highly suggestible is the lower self and how readily it accepts and interprets suggestions, regardless of their irrationality. On the basis of the assumption that the higher self is temporarily off guard, this is precisely what might be anticipated. The trouble is

REASON OF
INCOHERENT
DREAMS. that it is far easier for the ordinary individual to bring back to his waking consciousness the memory of the wild delusions resulting from the automatic action of his brain in sleep than it is for him to recover the experiences of that higher consciousness which has utilized his astral vehicle to participate in a freer and more untrammelled life. The condition of the body in sleep is in some sense analagous to its state in the mesmeric trance. For, as Mulford well says, "Sleep is a process, unconsciously performed, of self-mesmerism. As the mesmeric operator wills another body into unconsciousness, so do you nightly will yourself, or rather your body, into a state of insensibility." But the body in sleep, though in a receptive condition, has, generally speaking, no hypnotist to guide its wandering fancies, and accordingly accepts suggestions from whatever quarter they may happen to reach it. These, lacking the direction of some controlling will, are interpreted capriciously by the lower consciousness.

There are further arguments that tend to show that this suggested explanation of the phenomena of dreamland is a sound one. Numerous cases occur in which people in sleep find themselves, whether actually or in imagination, outside their own bodies. It may be they are standing erect, but more often they find themselves apparently floating above the body in the bed and watching it from this point of vantage. It has been usual to attribute such experiences to illusion merely, but the records

* See a recent issue of *The Channel*, in which dream phenomena are dealt with.

already cited seem to point to the fact that this is an actual conscious experience, and not merely a part of the phantasmagoria of dreams. A further argument in favour of the hypothesis advanced is the very common experience which many people have of flying in their dreams. So common, in fact, is this that Mr. Havelock Ellis in his *World of Dreams* states that these may be considered among the best known and most frequent of dream experiences. We have, indeed, records of them from the very

DREAMS OF
FLYING. earliest times. St. Jerome states that he was subject to them. Synesius remarks that in dreams "we fly with wings and view the world from afar,"

undoubtedly referring to the same phenomenon. Not only have these dreams been a common experience of the human race in all ages, but they are far more vivid in character and more realistic to the sleeper than the ordinary run of sleep experience. "Raffaelli, the eminent French painter," observes Mr. Ellis, "who is subject to the dreaming experience of floating in the air, confesses that it is so convincing that he has jumped out of bed on waking and attempted to repeat it. Herbert Spencer mentions that in a company of a dozen persons three testified that in early life they had had such vivid dreams of flying downstairs, and were so strongly impressed by the reality of the experience, that they actually made the attempt, one of them suffering in consequence from an injured ankle." An interested reader of the OCCULT REVIEW informs me that the experience has appeared to him in his dreams so genuine that he has used it in an imaginary dream argument to prove to his friends that levitation is a reality. He has, in fact, satisfactorily demonstrated to his dream audience, by experiment, the undoubted feasibility of rising in the air and remaining there. A further argument in favour of this experience being an essentially psychic one lies in the fact that it is stated frequently to have been the "last conscious sensation recalled by those who seemed to be dying, but have afterwards been brought back to life."* It is further stated that the sensation is one of the earliest to appear in the dreams of childhood. Are we justified in treating this as reminiscent of life conditions in another sphere?

"In my case," says Mr. Havelock Ellis, "the experience is nearly always agreeable, involving a certain sense of power, and it usually evokes no marked surprise, occurring as a familiar and accustomed pleasure." Mr. Havelock Ellis explains this dream as being due to difficulties in the process of respiration. It is

* See Havelock Ellis' *The World of Dreams*. London: Constable & Co.

hard to see, however, if this is the case, why the sensation should be an agreeable one. Our author sees this difficulty and endeavours to meet it, though not, as it appears to me, very successfully. "It is not necessary," he says, "to assume that they (the dreams) are caused by serious interference with physiological functions. Often, indeed, they may be simply due to the presence of a stage of consciousness in which respiration has become unduly prominent." It appears in any case impossible to reconcile this condition with the absence of at least a certain degree of discomfort, and we may, I think, attribute the solution offered purely to the common idea that any explanation to be satisfactory must be based upon materialistic reasons, and that a materialistic explanation, however intrinsically improbable, is preferable to a psychic explanation, however intrinsically reasonable and in accordance with the known facts.

If, then, the hypothesis of the causation of dream phenomena put forward in these columns be a sound one, we find that dreams generally may be divided into two different categories—those which are due to the lower consciousness, left without guidance by the higher ego, and drifting irresistibly at the mercy of any suggestion that may come along; and the other to experiences of the higher consciousness freed from the trammels of the body and enjoying an independent discarnate existence of its own. Beyond these two we have a certain intermediate type of dream in which the consciousness, half escaped from its physical counterpart, is endeavouring to act as if fully freed from the material body, but is constantly being hampered in doing so by the inert condition of the latter. As a result of this we get the familiar dream of endeavouring to catch trains and being for ever held back by imaginary obstacles and the inability to use one's limbs to efficient purpose.

In the passing of the Venerable Basil Wilberforce the community in general and the Anglican Church in particular has lost a great preacher, and an eloquent exponent of the vital truths of religion. The secret of his power and influence as a preacher lay in the fact that he was a deep thinker, possessed of spiritual insight, a man of wide culture and broad sympathies in close touch with human life. One of his reviewers in describing his sermons writes: "Interesting is hardly the word, they are almost excitingly attractive." The reading any one of the score

DIFFERENT
CATEGORIES
OF DREAMS.

THE LATE
ARCH-
DEACON
WILBER-
FORCE.

of volumes* published during the years of his ministry at Westminster will prove that this assertion is not an exaggeration.

In a small pamphlet entitled *The Message of Archdeacon Wilberforce* † the broad lines of his teaching are ably summarized, and the following passage will serve to illustrate the message which he strove to impress on the hearts of his audience. "Universalize the Christ," he exclaims, "the Christ Whom you would monopolize and fence off with your credal anathemas; the Word of the Father is the monopoly of no age, nation, sect definition. He is the vital element through which all that is has its being, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the common spiritual energy which has striven for expression in all the greatest historic religions of the world. He is the love-force immanent in matter and in men, whose purpose it is slowly to transfigure the dust of human generations into a temple of imperishable beauty for the habitation of the eternal when the confusion which now perplexes us shall have passed for ever." No modern writer has shown keener appreciation of the unseen forces of nature, and the undeveloped but evolving faculties of man, than Archdeacon Wilberforce. In one of his sermons, that on Spiritual Sight, occur the following lines: "Inasmuch as we men belong to two worlds, and as the physical man enshrines the spiritual man, and as the spiritual man is the life of God within us, which will keep us restless till it blends with the God of which it is a part, this knowledge encourages us to assume, to seek for, to stimulate, and to train this innate faculty of seeing into supersensuous realities. . . . If, as I believe, the new sense of the spiritual world, which we shall experience after what is called death, will be conscious identification with universal life, without loss of individuality, we ought to anticipate this condition by acknowledging and acting upon the truth of the one-ness of the race, which in this life we affirm without realizing." ‡

In many of these sermons the student of occult philosophy will find a bright and shining light of illumination, for the author of them was undoubtedly a centre for the diffusion of light, and in the ancient Eastern phrase truly "a man of God."

* Vide list of works. Published by Robert Scott, Roxburghe House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

† *The Message of Archdeacon Wilberforce*. By a Member of the Congregation of St. John's, Westminster. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. 6d. net.

‡ *Speaking Good of His Name*. By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. London: Brown Langham & Co., 78 New Bond Street, W.

My attention has been drawn to the following announcement which appeared in *The Times* within a day or two of the date of publication of last month's OCCULT REVIEW (which, it will be remembered, contained an account of the strange verification of a dream about the winner of the Derby in 1892). The announcement refers to the death of La Flèche, so long a hot favourite for that race. It runs:—

DEATH OF LA FLÈCHE.

The death has occurred, at Sledmere, of the famous mare, La Flèche. She was unbeaten as a two-year-old and won the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, the St. Leger, and the Cambridgeshire in 1892. During her career she won nearly £35,000 in stakes, but was not very successful at the stud.

It is somewhat strange that the appearance of this curious record of a dream-prophecy, the fulfilment of which hinged on the poisoning of La Flèche, should have been followed so promptly by the notice in question.

Recent events on the Western Front have served to draw attention to General Petain, whose rapid rise since the war began has been of a somewhat phenomenal character. My astrological readers will be interested to know that General **HOROSCOPES** Henri Philippe Petain was born on April 24, **AND THE** 1856, at Cauchy-a-la-Tour. When the war broke **WAR.** out he was a colonel only, and on the point of retiring. He is now General in command of the armies on a large section of the Western Front. It is worthy of note that he has Mars in exact trine with the Sun at his birth, and that the transits of planets in his horoscope in the immediate future are of a specially favourable character. His Sun, it will be noted, is in the 5th degree of Taurus, and Jupiter will be stationary within a degree of this position during August, crossing and recrossing the exact radical place of his Sun. The indications for the summer in this horoscope are, in fact, far more favourable than are those of General Joffre, whose figure for birth is somewhat seriously afflicted about this period. I do not know the exact time of General Petain's birth, and should be obliged to any reader who could give me information in this matter.

My attention has been drawn to the fact that the price of the book *The Cure of Self-Consciousness*, by James Alexander, published by Messrs. Simpkin Marshall & Co., was wrongly given at 2s. 6d. net in my last issue. It should be 3s. 6d. net.

THE HOLY GRAIL

BY AMY MONTAGUE

THE story of the Grail is familiar to readers of Tennyson's "Idylls of The King," and everybody knows that the poet drew his inspiration from "Le Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory, where we find the legend set like a beautiful jewel in the midst of the tales of King Arthur's knights, and given a special introduction together with a colophon at the end of Book XVII, which tells us that it is "a story chronicled for one of the truest and holiest that is in this world."

It is impossible to do more than mention very briefly the sources of this truly sacred legend within the limits of this article, but those who wish to learn more cannot do better than begin with Miss Jessie Weston's little book in The Quest series, and pass from that to Mr. Arthur E. Waite's beautiful and inspiring *Hidden Church of The Holy Grail*, a book which no one who studies the legend from its mystic side can afford to do without.

The earliest extant version of the story is the one known as the *Conte du Graal*, the work of a French poet, Chrétien de Troyes, who began to write about 1150. Some scholars hold the opinion that Chrétien was the originator of the Grail literature, but he himself states that he took the story from a book given him by a Count Philip of Flanders, who died crusading in 1191.

Some have believed that the story was brought from the East by the Templars, and throughout the last century writers were found to connect the Templars with the tradition of the Holy Grail.

Legend tells us that the Grail was the cup (of the Last Supper) in which Joseph of Arimathea caught the blood of the Saviour as He hung upon the Cross.

It is said that after the Last Supper this vessel was taken from the house of Simon by a Jew and was delivered into the hands of Pontius Pilate. Joseph of Arimathea, with the help of Nicodemus and by permission of Pilate, took down the body of Jesus from the Cross. The permission was asked by Joseph as a reward for years of military service, and Pilate gave him in addition the Vessel which the Jew had brought him, saying, "Much hast thou loved this man."

"Thou hast said truly," Joseph answered. It was in this Vessel that he received the Blood which was still flowing from the wounds of Christ when they came to take down His Body from the Cross. Joseph laid the Body in a sepulchre prepared for himself, and he concealed the Vessel in his house.

After the Resurrection the Jews sought Nicodemus and Joseph. Nicodemus fled, but Joseph was seized and imprisoned in a dark tower which had neither doors nor window, and the top of which was sealed by a heavy stone. Christ came to Joseph in the Tower, brought him the Sacred Vessel, and communicated to him certain secret words which were the grace and power thereof.

For forty years Joseph remained in the Tower, deprived of food or drink, but sustained by the Holy Grail alone—and through this period he was in that condition of ecstasy which is said by Christian mystics to last for half an hour—being that time when there is silence in heaven. He had no consciousness of the flight of time, and held divine discourse with Him Whom he had so greatly loved.

Towards the end of the forty years, Vespasian, the father of Titus, being afflicted with leprosy, and hearing through a pilgrim of the wonderful life and miracles of Jesus, sent a commission to Jerusalem to bring back some relic of the Master if the report of His death was true. The commission returned in due time, bringing with them St. Veronica, who carried the Sacred Face Cloth, and this immediately cured Vespasian of his leprosy.

Titus and Vespasian proceeded to Palestine with an army which was to avenge the death of Jesus, and Vespasian found Joseph still alive in the tower. The stone was removed, and he who had been entombed like Christ, like Him also arose.

In all the versions of the legend the Holy Grail is associated with certain symbols of which the most important are those known as the Hallows, and they are the Lance, the Sword, and the Dish, the fourth and greatest Hallow being the Grail itself.

It is a curious fact that these four Hallows are found on the Tarot Cards, of which they form the Four Suits, and many occultists believe that the Tarot has been a kind of book for Initiates for some hundreds of years—quite apart from its use in divination and fortune-telling. Next to the chief Hallow—the Grail—came the Lance. In the description of the pageants of the mystery it ranks next to the Cup in importance, and at the close of the Galahad Quest, when the Cup is removed to Heaven, the Lance is taken with it. It is the weapon with

which the soldier Longinus pierced the side of Christ, and it is said it will bleed till Doomsday. It is also an instrument of mystic vengeance, wounding those who set their hands to high tasks rashly, or unpurified.

Of the Sword there are many stories. Sometimes it is the Sword and not the Lance which inflicts the Dolorous Stroke. The "High History" tells us that it is the Sword of David committed by Solomon to a wonderful ship; again, it is the Sword with which John the Baptist was beheaded, or the Sword of Judas Maccabæus brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea. Sometimes the Sword is broken, and has to be welded together again, and in connection with this a very curious explanation has been suggested. In one of the versions of the story Sir Gawain comes in the darkness of the night to a Castle where he is at first received as one long-expected, but having unhelmed is seen to be a stranger and is left alone. In the centre of the hall stands a bier on which lies a body with a broken sword on its breast. A procession of priests enter, followed by many folk, Vespers for the Dead are sung amid general lamentation, and Gawain is again left alone. He now sees on the dais a Lance from which a stream of blood flows continuously into a Cup. Servants prepare the table for a meal and the King of the Castle enters, greets Gawain kindly, and seats him beside him on the dais. Wine is poured into the cups, and from a doorway there issues the "rich-Grail," which serves them. After supper the King leads Gawain to the bier, and handing him the broken Sword bids him resolder it; but this he fails to do, and the King tells him he may not accomplish the Quest on which he has come.

Now the explanation which has been suggested is this—Gawain's badge is the Pentagram; the welding of the Sword to its hilt is the welding of his will-power and consciousness to that which gives power over the Unseen, so that *holding his consciousness* he may pass on to the highest plane, behold the mystic "Holy" Grail and ask what this wondrous Vessel which is "not of wood, nor of any manner of metal, nor in any wise of stone, nor of horn, nor of bone," may be, and what purpose it serves. But this Gawain cannot do, he falls asleep and misses the Vision.

In some of the texts the Sword is called "The Sense Memory"—but there appears to be some confusion between the words Sens, and Sang—blood.

We come now to the Dish. It is described with many varia-

tions in the different books. In the *Conte du Graal* of Chrétien, it is a silver plate carried by a damsel, and is used by the King and his guest to wash their hands. In Heinrich Von dem Târlin's poem "Dui Crône," it is a Golden Salver jewelled with precious stones. In another version the Dish is a little trencher of silver; in another a charger on which was borne a great and glorious head. Here it seems to connect with Celtic folk-lore, for in the "Peredur" of the Welsh Mabinogion we read how two maidens come into the hall of the Castle where Peredur sits discoursing with his uncle. These maidens—who had been preceded by two youths who bore a spear from which issued three streams of blood—carried a salver on which was a man's head surrounded by blood: but there is no mention of the Grail, and the story of Peredur is only a story of vengeance, for the head on the Dish was that of his own cousin slain by the Sorceresses of Gloucester whom Peredur finally overcame and destroyed.

The Longer Prose Percival translated by the late Dr. Sebastian Evans under the title of "The High History of the Holy Grail" is full of a profound symbolism.

Here we find the King of Castle Mortal, brother of King Pelles and the mysterious King Fisherman; but who "has as much of evil in him as these twain have of good," and who makes war continually upon the Wounded Keeper of the Grail.

Here also we read of the five mysterious changes in the Grail which were seen by King Arthur when he sojourned in the Castle of Souls.

Elsewhere we are told how the Maimed King looked into the Cup, and beheld the Secret of all things, the Beginning and the End.

Now what did the five mysterious changes signify, and what did the Maimed King see?

I know of no more difficult task than to attempt the interpretation of symbols; and therefore I shall merely pass on to you a suggestion obtained from the account of a vision seen by one whom I knew, who between sleeping and waking saw or dreamed the following:—

She thought she was standing a little apart from a crowd of people who came to her one after another bearing gold and precious stones, and valuables of all kinds; but from all of these she turned away indifferently, because she did not feel the smallest desire to possess any of them. At last one approached her holding in his hands a little chalice-shaped vessel of unglazed earthenware, and immediately she saw it, she was seized with an

overwhelming longing to possess it, and eagerly stretched out both hands to take it. It was given to her, and she held it and looked within it, and as she looked, there was a sudden indescribable change in the substance of the Cup itself. It was as though the clay of which it was made lost its rigidity and broke into undulations like waves—a mist filled the interior, and out of the mist a Pentagram rose to the surface.

Now the Pentagram is known as the symbol of the Microcosm ; it signifies the Four Elements and the Spirit ; it signifies the Five Wounds of Christ. Eliphaz Levi speaks of it as the Word made Flesh. It is known to occultists as The Star of Great Light, and it has other significations. Can this be the Secret of the Grail?—God within the Cup? The Divine and Human contained in one vessel of ever-shifting shape and form?

Miss Jessie Weston, who is one of the most eminent students and critics of the Arthurian romances, has expressed the conviction that the Grail legends are the record of an effort "to attain on the lower plane to a definite and personal knowledge of the Secret of Life, on the higher, to that intimate and personal contact with the Divine Source of Life, in which, in the view of the mystics of all ages, is to be found the sole Reality."

She gives a very interesting account in another volume of her experiences with certain practical mystics, who without knowing anything of the texts, have offered illuminating explanations of certain difficult points in the legend.

Miss Weston tells us that she lent a volume of Arthurian romances to one whom she did not know to be connected with occult views and practices. It was returned to her with the remark, "This is the story of an Initiation, told from the outside."

She lent the book to another person whom she suspected of being a practical mystic. It was returned to her with the same assurance. The readers, in neither case students of the Grail, were perfectly familiar with the imagery.

Again she points out that Percival was known as "the son of the widow lady," and "the sons of the widow" is a well-known synonym for Initiates, being still in use in Masonry where Masons of a certain degree call themselves "children of the widow." Take the mysterious personage, the Fisher-King, one of the three Guardians of the Grail—why is he called "The Fisher?" It has been suggested that the name is derived from the fable that the Vital Principle—the Life—had its original abode in the Star Alcyone, one of the Pleiades, whence, when

the fullness of time had come, "It cast a Golden Net through space and drew to Itself a Body."

Miss Weston has been unable to find documentary evidence in support of this interpretation, but the Golden Net story is well-known to occultists. She is, however, informed by Dr. W. A. Nitze that careful researches into the Ancient Mysteries have led him to assign the same significance to this mysterious character.

Thus we are led to the conclusion that the Quest of the Holy Grail was indeed the Quest for Life—the true life—the source from which our inward and real life is drawn, and unto which it will one day return.

We look for Life Eternal when our days on earth are ended, but there are a few who believe that it is possible here, and now, to be consciously united with the Divine, and to enter into Eternal Life—that "mystery of God into which the ages pass—even while yet burdened with the body of desire which clothes us here."

This is the Quest of the Holy Grail, the highest spiritual achievement possible to humanity, for it is the birth of Christ within the soul, the transformation of the Bread and Wine into the Divine Body.

No more beautiful illustration of this idea could be given than that which you may read in the seventeenth book of the *Morte d'Arthur*, when Joseph of Arimathea is brought by angels to celebrate the Mass for Galahad and his two companions Sir Bors and Sir Percival.

"Then took he a wafer which was made in likeness of bread. And at the lifting up there came a figure in likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into the bread, so that they all saw it that the bread was formed of a fleshly man; and then he put it into the Holy Vessel again, and then he did that longed to a priest to do to a mass. After that, he vanished away, and the knights in great dread set them at the table and made their prayers. Then looked they and saw a man come out of the Holy Vessel that had all the signs of the passion of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said: 'My knights, and my servants, and my true children, which become out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hidden things; now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired.'"

The symbols differ, but those who have sought the Divine

Life behind the veils of flesh and blood write the same language and one that all true seekers understand.

Humanity in every age has known itself to be an exile, far from home. The Gates of Eden are closed to those who were driven forth "*clothed in the skins of beasts*," nor can they return, until they can stand once more in the presence of God "naked and unashamed." The Keeper of the Grail is the maimed King, the Inward Man, infirm by reason of his long exile, and he cannot be healed but by one who comes from without. The Immortal Spirit in exile and bondage separated from his true Source the One Life can only be delivered by his mortal half, his external nature; "he that overcometh," who like Percival returns to "The Castle of Souls," after long wanderings, and many adventures and sorrows, and failures, and asks the question which immediately heals the Wounded Keeper, and the two are united, and become joint Wardens of the Grail; or, as in other versions of the Legend, the maimed King shortly after his healing passes away—the Union with the Divine is accomplished.

This is the Eternal Quest—Union with the Divine, and in every age and every land the story has been told. Every story of a Divine Incarnation is the history of that Union realized—the Human consciousness *consciously* united with the Divine, and dwelling upon this earth in a physical body endowed with wondrous gifts and powers; "manhood taken unto God," the Holy Grail seen openly, the Quest achieved.

A STORY OF THE UNSEEN

BY FREDERICK BARRETT

ONE of the most remarkable ghost stories I ever heard was related to me by an aged Welshman with whom I am acquainted and whose truthfulness I have no reason to doubt. He is a member of a famous Welsh chapel in London, and an earnest Christian who, apart from this incident and the fact that his mother said she occasionally saw spirits, knows and cares nothing about the occult. My friend's childhood was spent among the beautiful mountainous country of North Wales where the strange experience happened. Some of the facts were told him by his mother ; he took, however, an active part in the affair, and to this day retains a curious relic of it.

Although my informant is a gentleman of means, his father was only an agricultural labourer who, losing his situation in one district, was compelled to move his family to another where he had found fresh employment. After very great difficulty a cottage was procured situated a long way from his place of employment and inconveniently high up the side of a mountain, and a good way from the nearest dwelling-place. In due course they moved in, and had not been there more than a few hours when a neighbour called and inquired whether Mrs. J——s, my friend's mother, was aware the house was haunted, and advised her to remove at once. Very soon all manner of weird and terrifying stories reached the ears of the occupants concerning strange happenings that were said to have occurred in their new abode ; but, no way daunted, Mrs. J——s smilingly dismissed them with the remark that she thought she could manage the ghost.

Several days elapsed without anything unusual occurring, and the warnings of the neighbours were almost forgotten. It was the custom of Mrs. J——s to put her children to bed and retire early herself, as her husband did not return home till late, owing to the distance he had to walk from his place of business. When little more than a week had passed a strange thing happened. Mrs. J——s had just retired to bed, when a large, handsome, hairy dog suddenly appeared in the room and, walking to the bed, rested its head upon the bed-clothes, and looked pathetically into the lady's eyes, and then disappeared as mysteriously as it came.

The next two nights the same thing occurred. My friend's mother, who was undoubtedly very psychic, intuitively divined the occult nature of the event, and on the third night said to the animal: "If you are a spirit in distress and I can help you, come to me in a proper way and tell me so."

The next morning when about her household duties she was startled to hear a slight cough behind her, and, turning quickly round, saw a tall elderly gentleman dressed in an old-fashioned style leaning against the mantelpiece. He nodded, and smiling pleasantly at her, said he had come in response to her kind invitation of the previous evening. "You can help me a great deal," he said, "and by doing what I ask you will release me from a heavy burden and give me rest." Having overcome her astonishment and realizing there must be some relationship between this strange visitor and the dog, Mrs. J——s expressed her anxiety to serve him in any way in her power.

What followed might well be culled from the pages of that class of literature that strives after sensationalism at any cost, for the mysterious visitor requested the lady to go to a certain part of the garden attached to the cottage, indicated by him, and there dig. At a certain depth, he said, would be discovered a black bag and a hatchet. She was to promise to carefully tie the top of the bag without looking at its contents, and throw it into the deepest part of a mountain stream near by. The hatchet she could keep as a memento of the occasion and of his gratefulness for her kindness. After making this request and obtaining the desired promise, the stranger immediately vanished.

My friend was at this time a young lad, but his mother took him into her confidence, and together they went on the strange quest. The objects were found at the spot referred to, bearing marks showing they had been buried many years. True to her promise Mrs. J——s tied the bag and flung it into the stream at a place noted for its great depth, keeping the chopper, which in course of time passed into the possession of her son, who still has it.

The next morning the mysterious visitor reappeared as he had done before, seeming much happier and obviously relieved of some great anxiety. He earnestly thanked his benefactress for her service to him, which he said had greatly improved his circumstances, and that he could now pass out of certain earthly conditions that had long held him a prisoner. And so he went and returned no more. From that time forth the cottage was free from the hauntings that had placed a stigma upon it in the minds of the surrounding neighbourhood.

I have no doubt about the truth of this remarkable story, as Mr. J——s is a keen, careful, business man, very truthful and unimaginative. He voluntarily told me it on discovering my interest in the occult. But for that the story might never have been told again, as he had learnt that people ignorant of the existence of psychic phenomena could not credit anything so unusual. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, Mr. J——s certainly believes it, and for seventy years has kept the rust-eaten hatchet as something almost sacred.

The most singular part of this story is the dog. In what way was it related to the strange visitor? He was doubtless a materialized spirit. Did he manifest as a dog on those three occasions, and if so, why? Mr. J——s is sure his mother believed he did so because he thought that would be less startling to her than to appear in a more natural state, and who shall deny the testimony of one of the principal actors in this extraordinary drama? Psychics are often naturally intuitive, and Mrs. J——s appears to have been so to an exceptional degree.

REQUIESCAT

BY TERESA HOOLEY

BRING me into the little wood,
 Hushed and holy and dark and deep,
 Lay me down in a dreamless sleep,
 Leave me there in my solitude.
 Wood-doves murmur and tree-tops sigh,
 Ferns and bluebells and wind-flowers grow,
 Shy wild creatures go rustling by,
 O'er the place where my feet will lie—
 Lay me there, since I love it so.

Sunbeams slant through the peaceful trees,
 Shadows fall on the dewy grass,
 Wrens and thrushes and blackbirds pass,
 Branches sway in a summer breeze.
 All the wood is a haunt of rest,
 Buried there I shall surely know
 Each hid wonder of Nature's breast,
 Secret things that are unpossessed—
 Lay me there, since I love her so.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN : THE MAN AND MYSTIC

BY HARENDRA N. MAITRA

" THE history of the world is the history of great men." But great or small men are not recognized as they should be by their contemporaries, but as the years pass by they gradually come to take their due places in the evolution of life and culture, in their own countries as well as in the world at large—so far as their missions and messages are compatible with the larger ideals of humanity. For in the messages of such men there is something common to the genius or the true soul of every man.

Thus great men have been received ever since the birth of human civilization. It has taken centuries to understand them—and still they are not understood. They come in advance of their times—they create the future and pass away from the world's theatre, leaving the mass of humanity to struggle slowly and painfully on towards the ideal which was theirs. Their contemporaries waste their time in criticizing them in every possible and impossible way: they pass through ridicule or crucifixion until at last they are worshipped and their memories raised to a height at which they encounter another form of misrepresentation, being made, perhaps, equal with God.

But we have no such fear in reviewing the life of Keshub Chunder Sen, for he himself, in one of his public orations entitled, " Am I an Inspired Prophet ? " said : " Can I be a guide unto others when I feel that I am myself blind ? If I am myself wicked and heavy laden with iniquity, can I go forth to deliver others from the bondage of iniquity ? " That is enough. By those words we can judge the man, and so can posterity.

It is Emerson who says : " He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others. But he must be related to us and our life receive from him some provision of explanation."

Let us then see who this Keshub Chunder Sen is, and whether he is one of those men who come to contribute something new to the races of mankind for their permanent benefit. True, there is nothing really new under the sun, but there are new interpretations. The eternal truth exists, either potentially and hidden or

fully explained, but we see only the interpretations. Only the eye of the seer sees more : only the vision of the faithful can appreciate it. It is the function of great men to hold before the world an ideal by the realization of which humanity may climb higher and higher until it reaches perfection.

It was in the winter of the year 1870 that Keshub Chunder Sen came to England. He was here for about six months, but during that time he came in contact with all the important movements of this country. He was an honoured guest in many a house—from that of the Queen to that of the poorest peasant. He addressed many meetings, and everywhere he went he was cheered and acclaimed. In a short letter written to the late Mr. W. S. Channing, on the eve of his departure from England, the following interesting passage occurs :—

The East and West will unite—such is God's will. The signs of the times greatly encourage me, and my visit to this country has clearly convinced me that it is possible to make the world our home, and to love all as brothers and sisters. God's spirit is working everywhere. Blessed is he who sees the work, and realizes the divine spirit.

Keshub Chunder Sen had many personal characteristics which fitted him for his great religious work : a fine countenance ; a majestic presence, and that rapt look which of itself exerts an almost irresistible fascination, lent wonderful force to a swift, kindling and poetical oratory which married itself to his highly spiritual teaching as perfect music to noble words. He was born on November 19, in the year 1838, and died in 1882 at the very prime of life and zenith of his career. He was born at a time when India was passing through a period of transition. Although British rule was a settled thing in India, Western civilization had seriously upset the native mind, more especially in Bengal.

“ The very touch of European knowledge,” says the late Mr. Protap Chandra Mozumdar, “ affected their ancestral orthodoxy, and succeeding batches of graduates came out of the Hindu College with their idolatrous faith completely bleached out of them. When the educationalists of the time, men like Macaulay, Bentinck and Trevelyan, congratulated themselves on the result, they did not perceive that the loss of Hindu orthodoxy meant the obliteration of every sense of religion. And thus with their healthy Hindu intelligence sicklied over with a pale cast of Western light, too faint to guide them in their path, those young men were unfastened from the anchorage of social customs with the authority of centuries of time-honoured tradition at their bottom.

They drifted away yearly in great numbers to every species of radical doubt and moral irregularity; they were emasculated and more or less denationalized. The fine old character of the Hindu population seemed to be lost for the time being."

Such was the state of affairs in which the youthful Keshub Chunder Sen found himself. As he grew up he joined the Brahmo Samaj, which was then presided over by the Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, the father of the poet, Rabindranath Tagore. Keshub drank deep of both the culture of the East and that of the West. He severed his connection with the Maharshi, however, and with his band of young workers established the Brahmo Samaj of India (Bharatvarshia Brahmo Samaj), and in that new organization threw himself with the greatest energy and devotion into the work of the social and religious reconstruction of his country. He rapidly became aware of the fact that the union between East and West was not for nothing. On the contrary, it tended towards a great spiritual awakening. All scriptures seemed to him to be equally the breath of God; he saw in them the gradual evolution of the human mind. The great current might have been polluted here and there, but it contained in it the One Life—the great Purusha.

In one of Keshub Chunder Sen's lectures, he describes the revelation of God to man as threefold:—

Behold the supreme Creator and Ruler of the Universe immanent in matter.

The second revelation is:—

He who created and upholds this vast universe, also governs the destinies and affairs of nations.

The third revelation is God in soul. The highest revelation is inspiration, wherein spirit communes with spirit, face to face, without any mediation whatever.

But we shall speak of Keshub as Mystic later on. Let us see him as a man. It was Keshub Chunder Sen who accentuated in the land of the Hindus that great devotion to work whose spirit is still to be seen among both the old and the new generation of men and women in India. He it was who preached the great doctrine of Harmony. *Yoga* and *Bhakti*, *Gayna* and *Seva* (union and love, knowledge and service)—these became to him the veritable symbol for the perfection of humanity.

Keshub saw that his country would greatly improve through the gradual progress of her various social and educational movements. He therefore started several newspapers, both in English and in Bengali—and he it was who first began to publish papers

for the education of women. He founded the Albert College for the education of boys, and the Victoria College for the education of girls. He brought back the stage as a public influence in Bengal. He instituted Temperance Reforms, and founded the Native Ladies' Normal School, as well as Industrial Schools for clerks and others. He organized the agitation in favour of the Brahma Marriage Act which established a minimum marriageable age for both boys and girls. But the mainspring of all his activities was his deep sense of a spiritual consciousness. He held that spirituality was not to be attained by the growth of only one side of one's character, but that the harmonious development of all the faculties was necessary.

Man's destiny [he said] is to attain to God, or to make progress unto Him. This is the true vocation or mission of man in life. Every man is thus a missionary. They alone are not deserving the name of missionary who are paid for their mission : who go from country to country to fulfil religious or political missions for money. Strictly speaking, all men are missionaries, of whatever age, country or position. . . . This salvation—the soul's progress unto God in faith, purity and love—is to us the grand object of life : we must seek the development of the whole man. All the compartments must advance in the way of truth.

These compartments he spoke of as the mind, the heart, the soul and the will ; in other words, they were the intellectual, the emotional, the devotional and the practical. The progress of *all* of these was to him the only real progress ; to neglect one was to wander from the Path.

Keshub instituted the pilgrimages to saints in his Order in the year 1880.

The true prophet [he says] is a god-man. He is an incarnation of God. . . . True incarnation is not, as popular theology defines it, the absolute perfection of the divine nature embodied in mortal form ; it is not the God of the Universe putting on a mortal body—the Infinite becoming finite in space and time, in intelligence and power. It simply means God manifest in humanity—not God made man, but God *in* man.

In pursuance of this ideal, he made his first pilgrimage to Moses ; the second was to Socrates ; the third to the *yogis* and *munis* of India ; the fourth to Sakya Muni ; the fifth to Jesus ; the sixth to Mahomet ; the seventh to Chaitanya ; the eighth to the great scientific geniuses of the world. With regard to this doctrine of pilgrimage he said :—

Not by moving from land to land in quest of a sacred stream or mount does a man perform the real act of pilgrimage. Not by walking many miles, or by bathing, or by the offering of flowers or gold does a man fulfil the object of real pilgrimage. He is a true pilgrim who travels in spirit,

and in search of the spirit-land ; who seeks for the promised country within the heart, where the true *Brindaban* is, and to which Christ pointed as the Kingdom of Heaven. There is Egypt inside the breast where the children of the chosen people are bondmen still, bound in slavery to a despot worse and more ungodly than Pharaoh himself. The name of this despot is Self. . . . From the land of Self, from usages, habits, associations, and friends and relations that enslave us more and more to the human Pharaoh, who knoweth not the Lord and doth not want to obey Him . . . men and women . . . are to make a pilgrimage.

To us the Lord must cry, as He cried to Moses : My presence shall go forth with thee, and I will give thee rest. We must have in our onward pilgrimage those commandments, those laws, those directions, that detailed and every day guidance in everything without which we cannot be the people of God, nor live in the holy land of promise. We must be prepared to change our everything, even our modes of eating, drinking, and dress ; our abodes and our neighbourhoods, for the sake of our glorious Lord's pleasure. We must consent to have new relations, new institutions, new usages, new forms, new ideas, new images, new sacrifices.

With regard to the ideals of the Order he founded, Keshub Chunder Sen wrote :—

The New Dispensation is subjective. It aims at synthesis, and it aims at subjectivity. It believes that God is an objective reality, an Infinite Person, the Supreme Father. In the same manner it believes in the objectivity of all prophets and departed spirits, each a person, each a child of God. But the recognition of the objective side of truth is not the whole philosophy for theology. There is a subjective side as well. This latter demands an equally faithful recognition. . . . For subjectivity is of the first importance to the needs of the soul. For who among us does not believe in the outward and objective God ? And yet how few among professing Theists realize divinity in their own hearts ! God is not only a Person, but also a character. As a Person we worship Him ; His divine character we must assimilate into our own character. True worship is not completed till the worshipper's nature is converted so as to partake of the nature of divinity . . . the transfer of the outward Deity to subjective consciousness is the maturity of faith, the last act of salvation.

Keshub's was a restless soul. To mention the many different ways in which he tried to elevate mankind is not possible here, but his life was a continual growth, and his ardent desire was that the members of his Order and the whole of humanity should grow also. Some of his discourses given only to his special disciples are of particular interest. We give here one or two translated extracts. The whole book, *The Brahma Gitopanishad*, throws a very great deal of light upon the subject of *Yoga* and *Bhakti* :—

A long while ago you two left the life of worldliness to enter into the life of religion. This day you leave the life of religion mixed with sin, worldliness and unreality, for the pure and profound life of unmingled and genuine spirituality. Be initiated in deep *sadhan* for this purpose. You have not yet beheld your God in due measure. To-day you set out on your way to the

region where you will see the great, mighty God giving His solemn Dispensation with His own hand. From the first letter to the last of this Dispensation everything is written by God. Nothing of it is by man. Where is the Dispensation? Where is your God? There, before you in the far distance. When you go there your hearts will be filled with gladness. . . .

You who are initiated in *Bhakti*, bear in mind that inebriation in God is to be the great condition to which you aspire. And you who are initiated in *Yoga*, you should bear in mind that your aspiration ought to be to commune with your God always, in all places, and under all circumstances, with your eyes shut as well as with your eyes open. Accept this discipline. There will be some difference between you and those who sit around you; the message of light that comes through you, they will receive. . . . I too shall learn from you. And may we finally enter into the same ble sedness!

O thou learner of *Yoga*, know that true communion is not possible unless thou dost draw within thyself wholly. Draw thy feet close within; and thine ears, and thine eyes, and thy hands also draw within thy soul. Thy feet, folded away from the world without, must tread and travel far into the inner realm of thy being to behold the formless temple of the spirit God. Thine eyes, sealed to all objects of sight and sense, must reopen within thy soul, and there penetrate deeply into the secrets of communion. And thine ears, O disciple, must be deaf to all sounds around thee, intent only upon hearing the harmony of the spirit world. Thy hands, inactive in all other things, must busily work in serving within the God of thy heart. Thus all thy senses, nay, thy whole being, must be absorbed in the profound contemplation of the object of thy *Yoga*. Yet thou shalt not always tarry within thyself: there must be the reverse process of coming from within to the world outside. The *yogi* who, bound hand and foot in his soul, ventures not to stray into the fair earth around him, whose eyes dare not look things in the face, is weak and immature; he has but half accomplished his task. Therefore thou shalt have to come out of thyself into the world again. But is it necessary for this that thou shouldst turn thy back to the God of communion in the soul? In reversing the process of *Yoga*, must thou also reverse thine attitude towards Him whom, self-contained, thou hast seen? No. Behold Him without and behold Him within. . . .

O *Bhakti* learner! know that *Bhakti* is only the true and tender love of the soul. The True, the Good, the Beautiful, these are the three seed-truths of *Bhakti*. These are the three sides of the nature of the Deity; they produce three corresponding sentiments in man's soul, one after another; and the three sentiments in their turn comprehend Divine nature; reverence for the True; love for the Good; enthusiastic devotion or inebriation in the Beautiful. The real exercise of *Bhakti*, however, ranges between the Good and the Beautiful. These two attributes of God form the basis of *Bhakti*, which grows upon them. Affection or love is the commencement of *Bhakti*, enthusiasm or inebriation is its maturity. Love is the seed, inebriation is the fruit. Love is the infancy, enthusiasm is the youth. But what about moral purity? Is there no morality in the ground of *Bhakti*? Nay; true *Bhakti* is beyond the region of morality and immorality. The *Bhakta* cannot be sinful. It is unnecessary to say that he must be holy. The deep truth of the matter is this: the ground of moral purity must be fully secured before *Bhakti* can begin. Let all sin first go

away ; let all *moral* duties be first discharged, and then only can the discipline of *Bhakti* commence. Unless a man's character be thoroughly good, he is unworthy to take up the question of *Bhakti*. But the man's character may be pure in two different ways. Purity in some cases may be only strict and rigorous self-discipline ; in other cases it may be the result of sweetness and tenderness of the soul. The latter is *Bhakti*. Its very beginning is joy. *Bhakti* grows in the soil of holiness. *Bhakti* comes with colour and beauty in its wings.

These discourses were perhaps the corner-stone of Keshub Chunder Sen's movement. His teachings produced a very evident effect upon the devotions, lives and character of the worshippers. Physical austerities, severe personal disciplines, great simplicity in food and clothing, long courses of meditations, midnight vigils and occasional retirements from the world, formed the greater part of their life.

It is not my purpose here to deal with every point in the life of Keshub Chunder Sen so much as to arouse interest. Nor is it my purpose to express an opinion as to what precisely Keshub was—whether he was a social reformer or a prophet, a priest or a seer. Of himself he said : " Honour me not as your master : I am your servant—I am your friend."

It was Keshub Chunder Sen who said :—

The arithmetic which guides the world I have never accepted : it is opposed to the very rudiments of what I believe. I have my own arithmetic of which I well understand the principles, and can explain them to devotees. . . . Wonderful is our arithmetic, though men imagine they see a great deal of untruth in it, and regard those who practise it as fools and madmen. But still my mouth shall not stop, but declare the wonder of our calculations. According to our opinion, if you take three out of five, the remainder is seventeen. And if a man will practise religion in accordance with the spirit and rules of this arithmetic, he is never a loser but always a gainer. . . . Whenever I have said, five and three make eight, I have lost ; but whenever I have said that if you deduct much out of little, a very large quantity remains, there I have triumphed. I felt a building had to be raised ; immediately it arose, the walls were built up high, the pictures were hung, and the foundations were laid last of all. Such is the law and usage of our land. Those who lay the foundations first, and then begin to build, we call them foolish, and know that they will never succeed. If I find any one saying : " How can we build a temple until funds are provided ? " I at once decide that this man will never build anything.

We are told that faith will move mountains. Keshub was a man of faith, and the miracle he worked in India still lives. Every day now, the East is drawing nearer to the West, and as this continues the name of Keshub Chunder Sen will become more and more widely known.

THE HOUSE OF BITTER SWEET

By PETRONELLA O'DONNELL -

SLUMBROUS the house—All white.
Inside the shaded windows woo the air,
And only softest sounds may creep
Up the still stair ;

And in the gardens, green
The fountains drip ! and drip !
No bird takes wing, but sometimes falls
The shadow of a ship—

A ship that passes by
Upon the silent Sea,
Where never rudely blows a storm
Nor waves break boisterously.

All day a red sunshines,
But never a cloud is seen,
And in the Night a whispering Moon
Sees things that might have been.

No sundial frets the lawn,
No ticking clock sounds chime.
Sweet scents, deep shades, fond memories
Have done away with time ;

And in the rooms are dreams,
While roses scent the air,
Unbroken dreams, and naught that mars
May ever enter there.

And time, and sound, and strife,
May wreck the world outside,
But the little house of bitter sweet
Still changeless shall abide.

CAN THE DEAD RETURN ?

EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE REV. DR. NEALE,
OF SACKVILLE COLLEGE, EAST GRINSTEAD

BY JOHN DE BURGH

A CONTEMPORARY writes of Dr. Neale as follows :—“ It was in the early 'forties that Neale came to East Grinstead to be Warden of Sackville College. The College is a seventeenth century foundation of the De la Warr family, an almshouse for brethren and sisters who are lodged in the quadrangle of a little collegiate building, having its chapel and hall, and warden's rooms—a beautiful group which is said to have inspired Frederick Walker's well-known painting of 'The Harbour of Refuge.' The wardenship had its attractions, for a lesser man it might have had its dangers. To Neale it afforded the opportunity of study and writing which he desired. Theologian, poet, historian, diligent student of liturgies, and of Christian antiquity, he worked incessantly, and his days at Sackville College were crowded with literary work of all kinds. It is said that at one time he had no fewer than sixteen works in hand. Year after year he won the Seatonian Prize, once sending in a second poem in order to make sure, and winning it with the unique distinction of a second prize.”

The above is quoted from a contemporary in order to show what manner of man it was who related the following experience to the writer :—

Dr. Neale was one night returning from an evening service at the chapel of the East Grinstead Sisterhood (which he had founded), which was a few minutes' walk from Sackville College. In going from St. Margaret's, as it then was, to the college, you passed the gate of the old parish churchyard, through which there was a right of way, as it was a short cut from some part of the town.

As Dr. Neale drew near the gate, he saw in the moonlight a woman coming towards it from the churchyard, but as the path through it was frequently used for the reason above mentioned, it did not strike him as being anything out of the way. The woman reached the gate just as Dr. Neale drew near to it by the

road, and to his horror, he recognized her as a person at whose death-bed he had assisted about three weeks before! She walked on before him towards Sackville College, turning round now and then to look at him as if there was something she wished to say.

"I really felt then," said Dr. Neale in relating this to the writer, "as if my hair stood on end, and my blood seemed to run cold, but knowing that God would not have permitted her to appear to me unless there was some reason for it, I screwed up my courage, made the sign of the Cross, and asked her in the Name of the Holy Trinity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, what she wanted. Then she spoke and said: 'Go to my husband, and ask him why he has not been to —— (mentioning a place about two miles off) and done what he promised me he would do when I was dying.' I said, 'I will go to your husband at once, and tell him what you have said to me.' She then seemed to melt into air. I then," continued Dr. Neale, "went straight to the man's house, and on his opening the door in answer to my knock, said, 'Why have you not been to —— to fulfil the promise you made to your wife when she was dying?' 'Good God, sir,' said the man, with a scared look, 'how do you know anything about it? It was only known to my wife and myself.'

" 'I know nothing about it,' I replied, 'I only give you the message which your late wife's spirit has just asked me to convey to you,' and I then related to him what I had seen and heard.

" 'I will go to —— to-morrow morning and do what I promised,' he said, 'for I can't doubt what you say, nor think it imagination, as the circumstances were only known to my wife and myself, and I ought to have gone before, only I put it off—but I will do so no longer.'

"From that day to this," said Dr. Neale in conclusion, "I know nothing whatever about it except the message which the spirit of the dead woman gave me, and considering the circumstance it is impossible to doubt that she was really permitted by God to appear to me for some special reason."

SOME FAIRY FOLK-LORE

By REGINALD B. SPAN

BETWEEN forty and fifty years ago, before the influence of our practical education had disturbed the poetical imaginations of the people, every hill and valley, forest, moor, and stream, was peopled with spiritual entities deriving their characteristics from the physical formations and peculiarities which constituted their environment, and amidst which they were created. Of these super-physical beings, "fairies" have always played a prominent part. There were many persons in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland who declared they had actually seen and come in contact with the "little people,"—as fairies were generally termed. They were considered to be wee, slightly formed beings, beautifully proportioned in limb and stature, having fine flaxen or yellow hair waving over their shoulders; and they generally wore green mantles, though the robes of those which haunted moors and mountains assumed a brownish hue, so as to be in accord with the predominant colours of those upland places. They were of different sexes, and the dress of the females, like that of mortals, varied in shape, yet it retained the same hue. Some, it is stated, have been seen riding little dapper cream coloured horses with small bells attached to their manes, which made a musical tinkling sound as their procession hastened onward. Neither bank, wall, stream or furze hindered their light-some progress, nor could the faintest trace of their horses' hoofs be discerned. Even their own tiny feet in the course of their gambollings left no mark whatever save in the meadow rings in which they danced roundels to their wild sweet music in the "pale glimpses of the moon." The times when they were most likely to be seen were either in the grey gloaming or in the pearly light at break of day. In the Orkney and Shetland Islands "fairies" were known as "Trows" amongst the country folk, and they appear to have been of a different order to the fairies of the South, being addicted to all sorts of mischief and troublesome pranks amongst human habitations. In Shetland it was a common belief that the Trows were in the habit of surreptitiously carrying off men, women and children, and leaving in their stead some imbecile or deformed creature. Sometimes they left behind

an effigy of the abducted person. At one time there were several folk in Shetland who did a very lucrative business in supplying charms for the purpose of keeping these mischievous sprites at bay, or remedying the harm that they wrought.

On one occasion an old crofter in the parish of Walls was returning home from a journey across the hills and had just reached his "hill-grinnd,"—or the gate in the outer dyke of his croft, where the enclosed land borders on the hill-side,—when he saw by the light of the moon a gang of "Trows" come hurriedly past carrying a large bundle between them. Full of apprehension he rushed down to his cottage to see what mischief had been wrought, and found that his wife had disappeared, but in her armchair by the hearth reposed an effigy in her stead. Quick as thought he seized the effigy and threw it into the fire, which in a Shetland cottage is usually in the middle of the floor, most of the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof called "da lun." The effigy at once took fire, and rising in the air flaming amidst a cloud of smoke vanished through the "lun."

A few minutes later the wife walked into the cottage safe and sound, and quite unable to account for her mysterious disappearance, as the fairies had cast a spell over her which was only broken when the effigy was burnt, and she had no idea where she had been or what had happened. The "Trows" never molested that household again. There is, or was, not long ago, in Yell (Shetland) a little brown jar known as "Farquhar's pig," which contained a substance resembling lard mixed with tar. This ointment was used for injuries of any kind, and was never known to fail when applied by those who had "faith." The curious thing about this "pig" was that though universally used the ointment never grew less. It was taken from the Trows, and therefore "acted like a charm."

Property belonging to the "Trows" has frequently come into the possession of the Shetland country folk, and always brings luck with it. A woman found a "Trow's" spoon when walking through the daal of Mid Wick. It was silver, beautifully carved and strangely shaped. Delighted with her good fortune she carefully hid the spoon in her pocket, but immediately a strange drowsiness came over her which she was powerless to resist, and she fell fast asleep by the wayside. When she awoke the spoon was gone. A good man in the Island of Unst had an earthen pot containing an unguent of infallible power, which he alleged was obtained by him from a "fairies' knowe" amongst the hills, and like the widow's cruse, it was never exhausted. A tailor (now

living) reports that he was employed once to work in a farm-house where there was an idiot who was supposed to be a being left by the "Trows" in the place of one of the household who had disappeared. One night when the visitor had retired to bed, leaving the changeling asleep by the fireside, he was startled by the sound of music, and at the same time a large company of fairies entered the room and began to dance in a festive round. The idiot suddenly jumped up, and, joining their gambols, showed a familiarity with the movements of the dance that none but a supernatural inhabitant of the hills could be supposed to possess. The observer growing alarmed "sained" himself, upon hearing which, all the sprites immediately fled in wild disorder. A man in the parish of Walls was one night surrounded by "Trows" while going along a lonely hill-side. He tried at first and in vain to frighten them away with loud shouting and gesticulations, then he recollected what he should have done, and said earnestly: "Güd be aboot me an aa at I see," which he had no sooner uttered than the elves went off in great haste. Next day when passing the spot he picked up a beautifully-wrought fairy dart, or arrow, which was lying half hidden amongst the heather, and took it home to act as a luck bringer, and for many years it remained in the possession of his family and proved useful as a talisman against evil spirits.

When the limb of a Shetlander has been affected with paralysis, it is thought that it has been touched by an evil spirit. The Shetlander still "sains" or blesses himself on passing the haunts of the Trows in order to get rid of the imps of mischief. A woman of the island of Yell, who some years ago died at the advanced age of one hundred and five years, once met some fairy children playing like human boys and girls on the top of a hill. On another occasion when in bed she heard a noise in the room and saw a little boy playing about near the fire. She asked who he was, and he replied: "I am Trippa's Son,"—upon hearing which the good woman "sained" herself, and the sprite at once vanished.

The "Trows" are very fond of music as well as dancing, and fairy tunes were often heard in the more remote parts. A Shetland farmer while lying in bed heard one morning before day-break a sound of wild sweet music passing his door. Having a musical ear he readily learnt the air that was being played, which he would afterwards repeat, calling it by the name of the "Fairy Tune." Several well-known tunes in the Shetlands are supposed to have been taught to Shetlanders by fairies, and are known as

the "Ferry tüns." One sweet, simple fanciful reel was learned by a man in a single night when he was passing over a hill in Unst. He heard the Trows playing inside the hill and he listened until he had learnt their melody.

So firmly is the belief of fairies implanted among the country people that it will be a very difficult matter to persuade them from it. A shrewd hard-headed farmer, without any imagination or tendency to delusions, declared that he had seen on a "knowe" called Burying (or the Brach of Burrian) near his house on Christmas Day, a large company of fairies (or elves) dancing and frolicking, which vanished when he approached them. (The Brach of Burrian has recently yielded a rich collection of antiquities, which are now in the National Museum in Edinburgh.) A gentleman, well known in the literary world in London, stated that when on a walking tour in the South of England he once saw in Devonshire a troop of fairies. It was a breezy summer afternoon, and these beautiful little creatures were floating on the circling zephyrs up the side of a sun-lit hill, and fantastically playing: "Where oxlips and the nodding violet grow." They were truly the fairies of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and of a different class to the Shetland sprites.

Fairies haunt the most rural and romantic spots and gather together—

On hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,
Or on the beachèd margin of the sea,
To dance their ringlets in the whistling wind.

In Cornwall there are five varieties of the fairy family clearly distinguishable—and known as (1) the Small People, (2) the Spriggans, (3) the Piskies, (4) the Knockers, (5) the Brownies.

The Small People are supposed to be the spirits of the race which inhabited Cornwall many thousands of years ago—long, long before the birth of Christ. These small people are exceedingly playful among themselves, but they are usually demure when they know that any eye can see them. They commonly aid those people to whom they take a fancy, and frequently they have been known to perform the most friendly acts towards men and women. In Ireland it is generally believed that the fairies are a portion of the fallen angels, who, being less guilty than the rest, were not driven to hell, but were suffered to remain on earth.

In Cornwall, as in Wales, another popular creed is that the fairies are Druids becoming smaller and smaller because they will

not give up their idolatries. These Small People closely resemble the elves of Scandinavia.

The *Piskies* are the most mischievous of the fairy class. Their favourite pastime is to entice people into bogs by appearing like a light from a cottage window, or as a man carrying a lantern. So widespread were their depredations, and so annoying their tricks, that at one time it was necessary to select persons whose acuteness and ready tact were a match for these quick-witted wanderers, and many a clever man has become famous in the West Country for his power to give charms against the Piskies. It does not appear, however, that anything remarkable was required of the clever man. No "Piskie" could harm a man if his coat was inside out, and it was a common practice for otherwise sensible persons to go about at night when passing from village to village with their coats or cloaks turned, ostensibly to prevent the dew taking the shine off the cloth, but in reality to render them safe from the Piskies. Like the rest of the "little people" these Piskies are fond of music, and the sound of their "harp and pipe and symphony" is occasionally heard at nightfall.

The appearance of the "pixies" of Dartmoor is quite unlike that of the other species which haunt the sylvan solitudes of Devon and Cornwall. They are said to resemble bundles of rags, and have unpleasant natures. In this shape they decoy children from their parents and homes. On one occasion a woman on the northern borders of the moor was returning home late one dark evening accompanied by two children, and carrying a third in her arms. On nearing her home she found that one was missing. Her neighbours with lanterns set out in search of the lost child; whom they eventually found sitting under a large oak tree well known to be a favourite haunt of the "pixies." He declared he had been led away by "two large bundles of rags," which had remained with him until the lights appeared, when they at once vanished. The "pixies" of Dartmoor, notwithstanding their darker character, often show good nature and kindness in helping peasants and farmers in their work. A washerwoman was much surprised one morning on coming downstairs to find all her clothes washed and neatly folded. She watched the next evening and observed a pixie in the act of performing this kind office for her—a queer looking little creature in a ragged brown dress, which vanished on finding that it was observed.

Many an industrious farmer in Cornwall can tell of the assistance which he has received from the "Piskies." Mr. T. Quiller Couch (the well known writer) relates a good instance.

A farmer who resided at C—, on going to his barn one morning, was surprised at the extraordinary quantity of corn that had been threshed the previous night, and wondering how the work had been effected, he decided to investigate the matter.

That night when the moon was up he crept stealthily to the barn door and looking through a chink saw a little fellow clad in a tattered green suit very busy at work threshing the corn. The farmer slunk away quietly and went to bed, where he lay awake wondering how he could best show his gratitude to his benefactor; at length he came to the conclusion that as the piskie's clothes were so ragged, a new suit might prove useful, so he had a little suit of green made, which he left one evening in the barn, and locked the door. The next day the suit was gone, and as no one could have got into the barn, he presumed that the sprite had taken his gift.

Amongst the mischievous pranks which the worst class of pixies play, are those of riding horses left out to graze at nights until they are exhausted, and milking the cows for their own consumption. An old gentleman states that once when he was a boy he was staying at a farm-house near Fowey river, and well remembers the farmer telling them one morning that "the piskie people had been riding Tom again," and this he regarded as leading to the destruction of a fine young horse. They were taken to the stable to see the horse, and there could be no doubt the animal was much distressed, and refused to eat his food. The mane was said to be knotted into fairy stirrups; and Mr. F— stated that he had no doubt that at least twenty small people had sat upon the horse's neck,—and even assured them that one of his men had seen them urging the horse to his utmost speed round one of the fields.

If the adventurous traveller who visits the Land's End district will go down as far as he can on the south-west side of the Logan Rock Cairn, and look over, he will see in little sheltered places between the cairns, near the water's edge, beautiful green spots, with here and there some ferns and sea pinks. These are the gardens of the Small People. They are lovely little creatures who appear to pass a life of constant enjoyment amongst their own favourite flowers. They are harmless and innocent, and if man does not meddle with them when they are holding their festivals, the Small Folk never interfere with man or anything belonging to him. They are known to do much good, especially when they discover a case of oppressed poverty; but they have their own peculiar way of doing it, and they love to do good for its

own sake. The natives of St. Levan know well that these beautiful little creatures are no dream, and some relate how on fine summer nights when they were at sea close under the cliffs, they had often heard the sweetest music, and seen hundreds of little lights moving about amongst what looked like flowers, "Aye! and they were flowers too, for you could smell the sweet scent far out at sea." Some of the old men will tell you that they have smelt the sweet perfume and heard the music from the fairy gardens when quite a mile from the shore. Strangely enough there are no flowers but sea pinks to be found in these lovely green places by day, yet they have been described by those who have been near enough to see, in the bright midsummer moonlight, as being covered with flowers of every colour, all of them far more brilliant than any blossoms seen in mortal gardens.

Come away, O human child,
To the woods and waters wild,
With a faery hand in hand—
For this world's more full of weeping,
Than you can understand.

IN THE DREAM WORLD

By MARGUERITE PERCY

WITH thee, beloved, in the land of Dreams!
With thee, whom in the flesh I have not seen
These hundred years or so! Yet I have been
Companioned by thee in a world which seems
Nearer reality than this cold sphere
Of bricks and stones and perishable things—
A realm wherein our soul more freely sings,
And every thought's bright image is made clear.

THE VERSES OF SAM WALTER FOSS

By THE EDITOR

IN a recent number of this magazine I reproduced a set of verses entitled "The Calf Path," accidentally giving an erroneous ascription of authorship. These verses attracted some considerable attention and interest, and I have now before me the volume in which they originally appeared, *Whiffs from Wild Meadows*, by Sam Walter Foss, kindly forwarded for notice by the American publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., of Boston, Mass. Mr. Foss does not attempt high poetic flights, and has no great mastery of technique, but his humorous and good-natured satires in verse never fail to go right home. "The Calf Path" points a very obvious moral, which is none the less in danger of being lost sight of from the fact that it is so patent. There are many other delightful verses of a similar kind in this volume, not the least charming being "The Story of Tom and Bill," two schoolboys, one of whom had the gift of the gab, and the other who merely sat and twirled his thumb. When the Civil War broke out Tom waxed very eloquent and explained to every one exactly how the campaign ought to be won.

Each night he drilled his soldiers raw,
An' fought, an' finished up the war !
He did it—up North—with his mouth ;
The climate was too hot down South.

Bill, on the other hand, raised a troop of men for the campaign.
Later on—

They made him colonel. He stood dumb.
An' simply blushed, an' twirled his thumb,
But 'neath red battle's fiery suns
He did loud talkin'—through his guns.
W'en general, he put on no starch ;
And all he said was " Forrerd ! March ! "
He made no speech as on he led ;
" Forrerd ! " and " Fire ! " was all he said.
An' through a hundred battles grim
He let his loud guns speak for him.

Eventually General Bill came home in triumph, but Tom was equal to the occasion, and was quite ready to explain the number of mistakes Bill had made, and how if he had had the control of

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the conduct of the war the whole thing would have been over in thirty days. He took an early opportunity of explaining matters to Bill, who by this time had become State Governor.

An' Bill, he jest set still there, dumb ;
He jest set still, an' twirled his thumb.

Another very amusing piece deals with the advent of Doctor Sarah Brown to the town of Rundown. At the date of this enterprising lady doctor's arrival—



SAM WALTER FOSS.

The steeple had dropped off the church ; the schoolhouse had caved in ;
And nothing flourished in the town but ignorance and sin.

The graveyard at the village end in silent peace outspread ;
But the live men of that village in that graveyard all were dead.

For there are those communities that by some means contrive
To get their live men in the grave and keep their dead alive.

Such was Rundown till the coming of Sarah. But not for long after.

When Sarah came to Rundown, the village had no "go";
 But Sarah hitched its trolley to another dynamo.
 For Sarah every morning hitched up her spanking steed,
 And seized her medicine valise, and rushed off at full speed.

The beginning of the metamorphosis of this decadent township came about through the impression made upon the susceptible young Erastus Peterson by the enterprising lady medico.

And young Erastus Peterson forthwith began to stir;
 For young Erastus Peterson fell dead in love with her.
 And young Erastus Peterson put on a bosom shirt,
 And from his finger-nails removed the immemorial dirt;
 And from his immemorial sleep he wakened with a bound,
 And, moved by Dr. Sarah Brown, began to hustle round.

Even in sleepy Rundown there were no lack of maidens with (somnolescent) swains in attendance upon them. The rejuvenation of Erastus Peterson soon set the former thinking, and they all with one accord proceeded to take note of his remarkable smartness and alertness, and to contrast him with their own admirers. The result was that—

All these girls to all these beaux made such a hullabaloo,
 That, as young Erastus hustled, all these fellows hustled too.

And thus before very long—

. . . the whole slow town
 Was hitched onto the dynamo of Dr. Sarah Brown.

The transformation brought about in this manner made the name of the township appear singularly inappropriate, and mindful of the proverb "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," the inhabitants decided to rechristen the place. The first suggestion mooted was to rename it Brownville, in honour of Dr. Sarah Brown, but this proved to be impracticable, as Sarah Brown had already become Sarah Peterson. They accordingly applied to this enterprising lady for advice, and the appropriate designation of "Boomville" was eventually decided upon.

These two vivacious little sketches are typical of many another to be found within the 270 pages of this refreshing volume. It is somewhat invidious to select from these, but perhaps two of the best are "The Coming American" and "Heresy in Pokumville," the latter illustrative of the poet's lightest and the former of his most serious manner. Those who wish to know more of Sam Walter Foss should apply to the publishers for information as regards the five volumes of verse of this delightfully humorous author.

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.*]

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your notes in the February REVIEW relating to spiritual phenomena, often called "Psychic Research," turn my thoughts to landing in Liverpool, August 18, 1869, for the purpose of identifying if possible, a spirit frequently entrancing Dr. E. C. Dunn and insisting that he lived in the city of York, England, about 200 years ago.

It is not extravagant to state that I conversed with this spirit intelligence over a thousand times during the period of fourteen years.

Stopping on the way to York a day in Manchester with my associate, Robert Green, of Brotherton, we reached York on August 20, and commenced the search for the names of the McKnights and the Knights; and especially of the Rev. James Knight, the purported brother of the spirit control, Aaron Knight. Aided by a literary gentleman of the city, we ransacked the libraries, public and private, for a whole day, with no success. Repairing on the next to the old "will office" where the records were recorded in Latin, we found the most satisfactory identity of this control Aaron, even to the ordination of the Rev. James Knight.

Later in England, and while the guest of the Editor of *The Medium and Daybreak* and also of William and Mary Howitt in London, it was our good fortune to meet that (then) young medium, J. J. Morse, so favourably mentioned in your Notes, and who practically persists in proving the physical and mental helpfulness of trance mediumship as well as his long and industrious years in the dissemination of a rational, religious Spiritualism.

And now, more directly to your Notes, quoting two or three disconnected paragraphs:—

These spirits (communicating spirits), in fact, are almost invariably earth-bound . . . presumably the hangman was earth-bound for a protracted period . . . the communicants over and over again express surprise at finding everything so natural, upon finding the world into which they have passed so like the world which they have left, that they find it impossible to appreciate the fact that they are really dead.

From our careful investigations and personal experiences relating to spirit phenomena, beginning with the Fox-Sister's pedlar spirit at Hydesville, New York, and widening out to China, India, Australia

and the Pacific Islands, it is to us, and I may add, to the world's most scientific and cultured people, a positive fact that the dead live ; and under certain conditions, rude as they often are, communicate from the varying spheres which they occupy.

What then is the necessary nature of the messages ? They are almost numberless in nature, from solid facts, excellencies from the celestial heavens, down to questionable theories, gross absurdities, denials of God, denials of the existence of Jesus the Christ, and other semi-blasphemies from the low, tartarian zones.

From our view-point, Modern Spiritualism—not sensational and mercenary spiritism—was founded by the distinguished Seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, who, in his *Divine Revelations*, published in 1847, said : “ The spirit intelligences of the second sphere will soon hold tangible communion with the people of earth.” This conscious communion is God's perpetual witness to immortality.

To us, Spiritualism, as we understand it, embodies mental science, moral philosophy and the wisdom religions of those seers and sages that made measurably radiant all the world's bibles of antiquity ; and in our opinion, it is in perfect harmony with the phenomena and the principles of the Christianity of the Christ.

5,719 FAYETTE STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

LUMINOUS SHAPES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In connection with the letter on “ Luminous Shapes,” appearing in your February issue, it is interesting to recall that Sir John Herschell mentions having very similar experiences to the one described. Various circular and geometrical forms often presented themselves to him. Sometimes patterns in straight angular forms, very much in general aspect like the drawing of a fortification, with faint lines of colour between the dark ones, would move over his field of vision from left to right and disappear ; or round, deep purple, feebly luminous spots, dying away into darkness at the borders. On one occasion he passed, in the street, a large phantom building, the perspective appearing to change with the change in the point of view, just as it would have done if real. Yours truly,

BOURNEMOUTH.

FLORENCE E. PINCHON.

WHAT IS THE MATERIAL WORLD ?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your reviewer of the second edition of *Man's Powers and Work, etc.*, has fallen into a mistake, probably through not having read some of my other books which deal more fully with what she speaks of as “ the power of thought and the force of will and mind over matter.”

Thought has no power whatsoever. You can speak of the effect of thought, but the thinking and the effect come together, and one has nothing to do with the other, except that they appear to be connected.

Everything in the material world, which is sometimes called phenomena, sometimes mortal mind, sometimes "maya," is predestined, that is to say, was fixed thousands of years ago. This is why prophecy is true and why by the position of planets you can tell what is going to happen in the future. Daniel was able to foretell and put in writing at the latter portion of the 11th chapter, the history of Napoleon and his campaigns. As a young man I used to wonder why, when Napoleon landed after his first imprisonment, the whole of France burst into flame. Later on I thought it was because of Napoleon's hypnotic power, which he recognized and deplored himself, without understanding anything about it. I know now that the effects were not produced by Napoleon's strong thinking, but the strong thinking and the effects came together and were predestined.

No one will ever be able to state what the material world is. We know that matter is electricity, and Lord Kelvin, a little time before he died, stated that although he had constantly been endeavouring to find out, he knew no more of what electricity was than when he first lectured on the subject forty-five years ago.

The most accurate way of describing the material world is as a series of cinematographic pictures that flash by hiding heaven from us. These pictures of the past, of the present, and of the future always existed, as far as anything material ever can be said to exist.

This would look as if fatalism were true. This is not the case. When a man knows how to think rightly, that is to say, how to pray in the scientific method taught and demonstrated by Jesus the Christ, he turns in thought to God, then the human mind opens, or gets out of the way, and God destroys the evil in the cinematographic pictures—in other words thins the mist of matter—by means of the spiritual man, which many people speak of as the Christ.

Mind has power over matter, but this is not the human or carnal mind, this Mind is God. God is not a better class man to be asked and implored in supplicatory prayer. God, amongst other things, is the Principle of Good, Life itself, Love itself, Truth itself, Mind, Soul, Spirit, Substance, Cause and Intelligence; directly a man thinks rightly, the action of God, the Principle of Good, takes place and the evil being worked against disappears. The only action that takes place in the material world of any kind or description is the destruction of matter by the action of God. Then, when the mist of matter is thinned, we see heaven a little bit more like what it really is. All the good around us is part of heaven, made by God, permanent and eternal, hidden by the waves of matter that come surging along tempting us to believe in their reality.

90 REGENT STREET, W.

Yours faithfully,
F. L. RAWSON.

THE SEXES HEREAFTER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In Mr. Horton's letter *re* above he quotes, "The abuse of this function is . . . the unpardonable sin, the punishment of which is annihilation of the individuality"; and again, "It is only the celibates who preserve the utmost purity of mind and body . . . who can hope to enter the Kingdom of Heaven,"—an appalling assertion.

Celibacy is *not* the highest standard of purity. "In the image and likeness of GOD created He them MALE *and* FEMALE."

If "sex does not exist apart from personality," what is the fecundating power of all vegetation? I make most reverently this statement. The absolute Spirit (God) is the PRINCIPLE of Fatherhood and of MOTHERHOOD and is omnipresent from the mineral kingdom to the archangels. LOVE is GOD. Eliminate sex from the Godhead, and you can have no creation whatever, eliminate the MOTHER PRINCIPLE from God, and creation is inconceivable and generation impossible. All Eastern religions previous to the Hebrew worshipped the Spirit in Its *dual* expression, positive and negative, Father *and* MOTHER. It is a most arrogant and unwarranted perversion of the Eternal laws of God in Nature to make celibacy the standard of purity. Motherhood, the supreme example of self-sacrifice; Motherhood, that risks life to bestow life, is so great and perfect an expression of divine love that it is an initiation into the very Holy of Holies, "Motherhood has the key to Heaven" (*Omar the Tentmaker*). When men learn that passion *per se* is both power and purity, when they pray to the Mother God again—when they learn that "The sin of *seeing sin*" is THE GREAT sin and barrier to that childlike consciousness which alone can enter Heaven, when they cease to degrade women, and hold them in reverence and worship—then we shall hear no more of such degenerate conceptions of purity. Chastity is indeed honourable, but chastity is not celibacy, few celibates are chaste. The man and woman who obey God's command to "increase and multiply and replenish the earth" in pure love and reverence, "whose children rise up and call them blessed" are much finer examples of purity than the selfish and self-centred prig who claims that "only the celibate can hope to enter the Kingdom of Heaven," THEY HAVE ENTERED IT ALREADY, HERE ON EARTH.

I am cordially,

ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD.

TRUE THOUGHT CENTRE, EDINBURGH.

TWIN SOULS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have no desire to enter into a lengthy metaphysical argument with your correspondent, Arthur Mallord Turner, as little use is served thereby. Spiritual truth is not elucidated by intellectual speculation, but becomes known through personal experience.

Instead of disproving my statements about dual-souls, A. M. Turner goes off on to side issues. He is under a misapprehension in thinking that I "mix the consciousness and the form sides of manifestation," as I am fully aware of the distinction. I also take exception to his statement that "from the consciousness standpoint what is a male in form is exactly the same as that which in form is a female." The outward form is the expression of the consciousness within, to which it more or less corresponds. The consciousness in a female form is *not* identical with the consciousness in a male form, both being imperfect; it is only by the union or blending of the male and female consciousness—a dual union—that we ultimately obtain full, perfect, and complete consciousness. The two consciousnesses blend, irrespective of the form in which they manifest.

A. M. Turner fails to understand my "feelings in the matter." He admits that he knows nothing whatever of dual or twin-souls, consequently he is hardly in a position to discuss the subject. Later in his evolution he will come to see and know its truth, when he will find it is not a "delusion," but a glorious reality. The inability of even more or less advanced occultists to recognize the truth of twin-souls is hardly to be wondered at, seeing it is one of the most interior of all truths. Even Pythagoras, in spite of his great occult knowledge and initiation into the mysteries, was unaware of its truth until revealed to him by his pupil Theano. She, with a woman's intuition, recognized they were soul mates and told her master.

To call anything that happens to be outside one's experience a delusion does not alter the fact. Some people look upon clairvoyance as a delusion, and initiation as a myth. Yours faithfully,

UNITY.

OLD GERMAN PROPHECIES

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Sixty years ago a book appeared in Germany entitled *Prophetic Voices, with Explanations, a Collection as perfect as possible of all prophecies of Ancient and Modern Date, concerning the Present and Future Times, with an Explanation of the obscure parts, by Th. Beykirch, licentiate in Theology.* The following extracts seem of interest:—

"The month of May shall earnestly prepare for war. But it is not yet time. June shall also invite to war, but still it is not time. July shall prove so cruel that many must part from wife and child. In August men shall everywhere hear of war. September and October shall bring great bloodshed. Wonders shall be seen in November." (Prophecy of date 1622.)

"After a dreadful war (1870?) shall there be peace, yet there shall be no peace, because the contest of the poor against the rich, and of the rich against the poor shall break out. After this peace shall come a heavy time. The people shall no longer have truth or faith."

(From the Prophecy of a Capuchin monk in Dusseldorf, of date 1672, as also the following.)

"When women know not, from pride and luxuriousness, what clothes they shall wear—sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide . . . then shall God chasten the world. A dreadful war shall break out in the south (Serbia?) and spread eastward and northward. Mothers in despair, seeing death everywhere before their eyes, shall cast themselves and their sucklings into the water. . . . In those days many parts will be so depopulated that it will be necessary to climb a tree to look for people afar off."

"Our country will be so much depopulated, that women will have to cultivate the soil, and seven girls shall fight for a pair of inexpressibles." (Prophecy of one Portgiesser, of Dortmund.)

"Human intellect," says one Spielbähn, a Rhenish peasant, "will do wonders, and on this account men will more and more forget God. They will mock at God, thinking themselves omnipotent, because of the carriages which shall run throughout the whole world, without being drawn by animals. And because courtly vices, sensuality, and sumptuousness of apparel are then so great, God will punish the world."

We are, however, consoled to learn that "After this there shall be a good, happy time. The praise of God shall dwell on earth. . . . Then shall the fugitive brethren return to dwell in their homes in peace for ever and ever." To which we piously say, "Fiat."

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

LONGFORD.

JAMES HEADEN.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In answering Mr. Lovell's letter in your issue of May, let me say that the one indispensable requirement before an unbiassed opinion can be given on the subject of Christian Science, is that one has gained an understanding of it sufficient to demonstrate it. Christian Science is nothing if not demonstrable. What would be thought of one who claimed to criticize mathematics but who was unable to apply the principle and rule of the science of numbers in the working out of a sum? Surely it would not be considered a sign of "weakness" on the part of a mathematician to tell such a person that, as he did not understand the principle, he could not therefore write intelligently about it! I was not aware that there was any passage in the writings of St. Paul which declared that disease was a manifestation of the eternal law of God, as Mr. Lovell implies. Certainly if there is, then it is in direct opposition to the teachings of Jesus the Christ, who said, "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit." Yours truly,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

PROFESSOR HYSLOP contributes some serviceable plain speaking on certain metaphysical tendencies of science to his *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*. It has been admitted by physicists that the atomic theory is metaphysical, and in the words of one of them that "science like philosophy has no ontological value." Hereupon Professor Hyslop raises the following points: (1) That the elastic conception which science holds of matter makes it perhaps more equivocal than any other conception of metaphysics; (2) that therefore, at its best, the theory of atoms, ions, electrons, etc., is in the same category as the hypothesis of the existence of God; (3) that the man who invades the field of atoms and the ether is trespassing upon territory occupied by those of whom he speaks commonly as antagonists. "Confer on matter all the properties that have been assigned to spirit by other ages, and you have adopted its ideas under other terms." Advocates of corpuscular in place of atomic theories do not escape. "Assign them the functions of spirit and the whole game of materialism is lost, and metaphysics comes in at the back door after having been kicked out at the front." As we have said, this is plain speaking, but there is a yet more daring sentence: "The ether, as it has been conceived by its chief advocates, is but a euphuism for God." It is likely enough, in the last analysis, and we are reminded of the old crux concerning an infinite space occupied by an infinite God, a paradox of two infinities. To avoid this the old debaters set a limit to space and were landed in yet more insuperable difficulties. Their own doctrine of Divine Immanence and Transcendence could have helped them out. That in which objects and forces live, move and have being is that which we call space, realized as distance between objects. Where objects cease it goes on as a metaphysical postulate; but it has been pointed out that another possible designation is "the Infinite Spirit, immanent within the objective world and transcendent beyond it." This is another way of saying that space, like Professor Hyslop's ether, is "a euphuism for God."

For some months past another American writer, of another mental category, Mr. E. L. Larkin, of Lowe Astronomical Observatory, has been speaking great things in *The Progressive Thinker*. He has discovered Mind Units, otherwise Mentoids, and affirms that they created electrons, "and from these formed atoms of all matter." He says further that mysteries are deepening, and that he would not be surprised to hear of some latent property "coming to the surface on the vast sea of mind." In particular "there appears to be room for a theory of a circulation of mind around the earth," or alternatively of "a movement of personalities entirely mental." If, in the words of Walt Whitman, this should impress us as "something ecstatic and undemonstrable," it must be remembered that we cannot sit in judgment on Mr. Larkin as we might upon Professor Hyslop, at

need. He is in a position "to publish Ancient Wisdom" and to speak with first hand knowledge of mysteries treasured in Egypt long before history began. He is the spokesman of the Order of Melchizedek, and carries a licence to reveal some of its secrets. We have heard of this Order under other and higher warrants, and Mr. Larkin scarcely reassures us as to any which he may carry personally when he mentions that the "Sublime Master" from whom the foundation draws its name is "holding his hands before his eyes to protect them from the terrific sight of a world at war."

Among Indian periodicals, *The Vedanta Kesari*, which is of recent foundation only, has attained an important place and in the near future may call to be counted first as an exponent of Eastern thought. It is issued by the Ramakrishna Mission, the name of which specifies its more particular interests, though it embraces a wide field. What has been termed the message of Swami Vivekananda to the modern world seems as much to the front in its pages as the Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, and even modern apostles and spokesmen of higher mystical culture in India, like Sir Rabindranath Tagore, receive their share of notice. But the most important feature of all is the study of the great old texts, and it may be mentioned here that *Katha-Upanishad* is appearing from month to month in the form of a supplement, with valuable elucidatory notes. . . . Our old friend *The Kalpaka* is doing well also, and we have followed with interest a comparison instituted between the teachings of Christ and Tiruvalluvar, who appear to have belonged to the same epoch of history, though dates in the second case are not easy to determine. The writer considers also the possible influence of Buddhism on early Christianity, and—whether convincing or not—raises some important points. . . . We have spoken already of the prose poems contributed by "an Indian Flower-Gatherer" to *United India*. St. Ramalinga's "City of God" is now in course of translation, and though such a highly didactic work does not give special opportunities there are inspired moments. We hear of the night-wind "droning mantras, like a drowsy priest," of the far-off light which opens "the heart of the soul, like the petals of the lotus," of the soul's age-long voyages, and of the Divine Eyes which awaken it. The poem is of considerable length, and only short instalments are given from week to week.

There is a remarkable recrudescence of Rosicrucian claims and pretences at the present time, more especially in America. Mushroom or otherwise, the successive centres are invariably lineal descendants of the so-called ancient Fraternity, to the exclusion of all others. The latest champion in the field is of all most flagrant and is represented by a new periodical called *The American Rosae Crucis*. As in its title so *passim* throughout the pages, the most extraordinary blunders appear whensoever a Latin or even a French term are involved. But there is nothing so august as the claims. The editor is not only "Imperator of the Ancient and Mystical Order" in the United States

but "Most Worshipful Grand Master General." It is explained that "Rosæcrucianism" has appeared in America "not for a few years . . . but for endless time." The editor is also a "Fellow of the Franco Ecole R.C." (*sic*), and is associated in his work with a lady who is a lineal descendant of Cromwell and enjoys the dubious title of *Matre, Rosæ Crucis America* (*sic*). As regards the Order itself, this had its birth in Egypt, and in that connexion we hear of Ahmose I, Thutmose I and other orthographical novelties. It would not be worth while to mention these ridiculous inventions but for the serious letters which have reached us already on the subject, and for the fact that several reputable American reviews have given space to the pretensions. *The Channel*, for example, to which we gave welcome recently as a journal of spiritual philosophy, has been so badly advised as to permit the self-styled Emperor to put forward his claims in its pages. But, as intimated, the pretenders are many, and *Divine Life*, which appears at Chicago, is on the side of a rival whose warrants are of similar quality. There was once an American half-breed, named Dr. Paschal Beverley Randolph, who wrote several unwholesome books on sex-questions, considered from an occult standpoint, and pseudo-Rosicrucian revelations too largely of this order. He seems to have attempted the foundation of a Rosicrucian Society apart from any tradition or connexion with the past, and there is little doubt that it perished when he died, now long ago, by his own hand. *Divine Life*, however, assures us that his successor is a certain Dr. Clymer, who was made—by whom does not appear—"Grand Master for the U.S." His books on Rosicrucian subjects, with which we are well acquainted, are definite as to the value of his titles, and this is the second imposition connected with the Order in America. There remains Mr. Max Heindel and his particular occult foundation at Mount Ecclesia, Oceanside, California. *Divine Life* is very hard upon his pretensions, and we appear as anything but his apologist. We believe, however, that Max Heindel was originally a pupil of Dr. Steiner, who seems to have been related to vestiges of German Rosicrucianism at the end of the nineteenth century. The connexion between Heindel and Steiner has now ceased, and—according to information received—the former has no warrants from the past, while the latter is the last person who is likely to produce titles, whatever he may possess. This is one side of the question, but it should be added on the other that as an occult organization of the ordinary kind, there is some evidence that Mount Ecclesia is doing unselfish work and, so far as we are aware, it does not produce fraudulent documents or bogus histories. Its official publication, *Rays from the Rosy Cross*, is now appearing in an enlarged form, and if its contents are not very wise they are at least innocent. . . . We learn from *La Estrella de Occidente*, of Buenos Aires, that Rosicrucianism has also a centre just recently established in South America, but under what obedience does not at present appear.

REVIEWS

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. An Interpretation. By Annie Rix Militz, author of "Prosperity," etc. Revised Edition. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. net.

MRS. ANNIE RIX MILITZ interprets the life and teaching of Christ as typifying the inner life of man, and it is from this more or less allegorical and symbolical point of view that she interprets the Beatitudes and the Lord's Prayer. Many bewildered pilgrims perplexed by conflicting dogmas and historical inaccuracies from which they are unable to grope a way for themselves may find help in this broad analysis of what must in this fighting world of ours be an ever more and more difficult problem. The author defines prayer as "Communion with God; the means by which power is transmitted from the universal to the particular." The object of prayer should be "to place ourselves and those we pray for in a receptive state to receive the divine blessings that are ever being outpoured." Like Brother Laurence, she advocates the constant Practice of the Presence of God. When this sublime state of consciousness has been reached evil will be seen in its true perspective as a pure negation. It was so defined long ago by Robert Browning:

There shall never be one lost good, what was shall be as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound.
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more;
On earth the broken arcs, in heaven the perfect round.

EDITH K. HARPER.

OUR SELF AFTER DEATH. By the Rev. Arthur Chambers, Associate of King's College, London: Vicar of Brockenhurst, Hampshire. Author of "Our Life after Death," etc., etc. London: Charles Taylor, Brooke House, 22 & 23 Warwick Lane, E.C. Price 1s. net.

It is impossible to speak in terms too glowing of this truly inspired book, the latest work of the Rev. Arthur Chambers, Vicar of Brockenhurst, Hants. The author's purport is expressed in his dedicatory words: "To those thousands of mourning ones, in this and other lands, who, by this terrible European War, are facing the thoughts of Death and the Hereafter." There have been many attempts to answer the great inquiry: what of our Self after Death? Mr. Chambers analyses them one by one, and dismisses the theories of the materialist, both scientific and Christian, as hopelessly inadequate, and unsatisfying; indeed, the terrible picture of an attenuated Self, stripped of its powers of expression, of memories, of affection, awaiting, in some remote and vague locality, ultimate reunion with the scattered particles of its cast-off physical garment, is so hideously grotesque as to conduce to insanity, did people *really believe* it, as many excellent and sincere religionists persuade themselves

they do. "Asleep in the tomb with Jesus," is the awful answer vouchsafed by them to all inquiries as to the state of the soul after death. With no intention of being profane one would like to say "*Poor Jesus!*" Mr. Chambers sets himself to answer this greatest of all questions in the light of Christ's Life and Teaching, in their true rendering, and not as they have been too often, nay, nearly always, in crucial parts, mistranslated. He makes it very clear that the many appearances of Jesus after death to His best-loved friends were an earnest of what is possible to us all, for, "as every one knows who has investigated the subject, the departed are being constantly seen. In spite of all the incredulity of religious teachers as to spiritual verities, the experiences of thousands of men and women to-day are like the experiences of those who lived in Bible times." Very briefly and simply the author records some of his own psychic experiences with regard to the intercommunion of the two worlds, and what he says of the phenomenon of "materialization" should convince all but the imbecile! His concluding chapter, "Light through the Cloud," is particularly beautiful. Indeed, the whole book is full of "a sweet reasonableness" that must bring untold consolation to the stricken hearts for whom it is primarily written, for it tells of a spirit-world very near, not of nebulous entities, but of loving human souls, *with bodies* formed of those finer vibrations invisible to physical eyes, but at times visible to those of us from whose spiritual sight the veil is momentarily drawn aside.

EDITH K. HARPER.

A STUDY IN SYMBOLISM. By M. F. Howard. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 4 plates.
London: Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 2s. net.

IN this small volume of seventy-three pages the author passes under review most of the symbols used by ancient races, as well as those familiar to modern times in Gothic and modern Art.

The chapters dealing with each section are short and admirably written. It is refreshing to read a book on this subject which is free from elaboration and mystification. The great truths enshrined in the symbols of all times are simple though profound. As the author wisely remarks: "It is not in abstract and mathematical terms that the great Teachers of the world have made known their doctrines, but in the homely language and with the familiar images of everyday life. . . . Man and his handiwork have their part in the Cosmos which is the manifestation of the Supreme Life, and his immortality is the complementary doctrine to the divine immanence in Nature."

P. S. W.

THE TRIAL OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTT. Published by Jas. H. Keys,
7 Whimble Street, Plymouth, England. Price 2s. net.

So many recent war prophecies have missed fire, that it is interesting to turn to a list of the prophecies of Joanna Southcott, for some of these appear to have been fulfilled in a very remarkable manner, notably her "prophetic picture of the Zeppelins," referred to in the present volume, though needless to say, Joanna herself did not describe her vision in these up-to-date terms. The so-called "Trial" of Joanna Southcott took place at Neckinger House, Bermondsey, in December 1804, and lasted for seven days. The object of this "Trial" was to establish her claim that she had been directly guided by "The Spirit" from the year 1792, during which time,

according to the Foreword, her writings containing her prophecies "were sealed up year after year, and placed in the care of friends. In 1794 the whole of these were sealed up and put into a box." It is this very Box, which has been so greatly agitating the minds of Joanna's present-day followers during the last year or so, for it is understood that it should be opened during a time of great national peril, when twenty-four of our bishops, or their representatives, must send for the aforesaid box, and examine its contents in the presence of twenty-four "believers." Up to the present time, alas, the prelates have been so unenterprising as to neglect this unique opportunity. Whatever the average reader may think of Joanna's claims, no one can fairly dispute her absolute sincerity. It seems no less certain, however, that in her later years she suffered from a peculiar form of religious mania, perhaps increased by misreading, and a too personal application of, certain passages in the Book of Revelation, that amazing rhapsody of an Oriental mind, whose transcendent imagery and dazzling metaphor have so often been curiously misunderstood and misinterpreted by Western zealots.

EDITH K. HARPER.

HUMAN MOTIVES. By James Jackson Putnam, M.D., Professor Emeritus, Diseases of the Nervous System, Harvard University. London: William Heinemann. Price 5s.

DR. PUTNAM'S thoughtful volume forms one of the "Mind and Health" series, edited by Mr. H. Addington Bruce, A.M., a series dealing with various aspects of the special problems concerning human welfare that have, during recent years, been the object of profound psychological study. The complex question of "motives" is one which will appeal to the student according to his estimate of human nature as a whole. Dr. Putnam treats it broadly and sympathetically, and in a manner that, as his editor remarks, "should bring encouragement to all oppressed by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the intuitions of religious faith with the dictates of modern science." The author sounds a hopeful note throughout, urging that the latest findings of medical psychology, instead of conflicting with religious belief, decidedly strengthen the force of its appeal. His special field of research is, of course, that mysterious mental region called by Maeterlinck the Unknown Guest. The morbid process of psycho-analysis seems at best an unsatisfactory method of approach, however, for its results are vague and are liable to be hampered by the delusions of the very conditions of neurosis and hysteria with which it mainly deals. Still, whatever helps us to fathom the strange undercurrents that run beneath human actions is valuable, and Dr. Putnam's book is a noteworthy contribution toward that end.

EDITH K. HARPER.

CALIPH FOR A DAY: A COMEDY. By K. N. Das Gupta. With Illustrations. Together with Indian Music arranged for the piano and some Remarks on Indian music by Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore. London: Indian Art and Dramatic Society, 14 St. Mark's Crescent, N.W. Price 2s. net.

THOSE of us who have revelled in the *Arabian Nights* will recognize the amusing story of "The Sleeper Awakened" in Mr. Das Gupta's brilliant trifle *Caliph for a Day*. It also bears a far-away resemblance to *The*

Taming of the Shrew. The Indian Art and Dramatic Society, under whose auspices this little book appears, has worked heroically to bring before the Western world a deeper knowledge of the Art and Literature of India, and, in conjunction with the later movement known as "The Union of East and West," to promote a closer understanding between India and Great Britain. These mystical dramas of the East, dating back two and three thousand years, reveal the essential kinship of human thought and ideals and the oneness of the great Aryan race. Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore, in his notes on Indian music, observes that while the West seeks to express the outward aspect of nature, the East strives ever to unveil the inner harmonies of the Cosmos. The song-poem "Bhairavi" gives an excellent example of the mournful fatalism of the Oriental, even in his love:

In loving thee I have taken
Upon my head a mountain of sorrow.
What must be, must be!

EDITH K. HARPER.

MY LADY OF THE MOOR. By John Oxenham. With Frontispiece.
London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row; New
York, Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. Price 6s. net.

YET another book on Dartmoor, and this one by no less a master of word music than John Oxenham, the creator of "Barbe of Grand Bayou," and many another charming personality. The charm of this, his latest work, is that it deals not with mere fiction but with actual fact—the beautiful "Lady of the Moor" being as true and real as Dartmoor itself. How Mr. Oxenham, wandering in the West Country for the first time a year or so ago, was led by those unseen influences which are ever around us—guiding us for good or ill day by day whether we are conscious of them or not—into the little "White Sanctuary" called "The House of Bread," and into the presence of Beatrice, its ministering angel, is not for me to anticipate for the reader by relating here, nor yet to forestall the marvellous sequence of events which evolved from that psychological moment! Of that dark flaw in a purple jewel, the great Prison, with its pitiful human wrecks, outcast of man, but nearer the Mercy Seat of the Love which understanding all can pardon all, there are many heart-stirring pages. But through granite walls the winged messengers of the Spirit can penetrate, and the prayers of The Lady of the Sanctuary have reached more than one stricken soul in its conflict with the Powers of Darkness; even as many of us know our own petitions have strengthened the hands of ministering spirits to guard some dear one during moments of blackest danger, in this Holy War against the forces of Anti-Christ.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE BOOK OF FRANCE. Edited by Winifred Stephens. Macmillan.
Price 5s.

BOUND in blue like a sapphire and with golden arms emblazoned on its cover, comes this *Book of France*, which is "In aid of the French Parliamentary Committee's Fund for the Relief of the Invaded Departments."

The book is a work of art; the drawings are good and so is the literature—by Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, Brient, Anatole France, etc. But the pieces which appeal most deeply to the readers

of this review are surely Maurice Barrés' "The Saints of France," "The Spirits' Mass," by Marcelle Tinayre, and "The Ghost of a Cathedral," by Pierre Loti—the Cathedral of Rheims. Pierre Loti, standing amid those phantasmal ruins of Gothic glory, is stricken with the wonder of the fact

"That Joan of Arc in the choir—strange it is, truly, that amid all the disarray she should still be standing there, serene, intact, immaculate, without so much as a single scratch upon her robe."

But "The Spirits' Mass" on Christmas Eve in the ruined church of a deserted village is even finer:—

"Every moment the light in the chancel grows brighter and the notes of the buried bells more distinct. Lo, under the broken porch, filled with the night mist, a form is outlined, vague and shadowy at first, then becoming clearly defined. It is the figure of a young priest in his vestments, his face livid but calm; on his forehead is a wound. Under his robe he is wearing uniform. Beside him appears another form, even paler, and all blood-stained—it is the twelve-year-old altar-server who was murdered by the Prussians. . . . The bells cease, and the little organ lying in a corner, broken up with the butt-ends of rifles, awakes under invisible fingers. It plays an old Christmas carol, and as the altar candles are lighted, the church comes to life again and is peopled with a strange throng."

Vive la France and The Book of France!

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

POEMS. By Margaret Maitland Radford. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., Museum Street, W.C. Pp. 180. Price 2s.

It is a rare thing to come across a new book of poems that has an atmosphere of its own—an atmosphere neither begged, borrowed, nor stolen. The author of this book has a gift for using words in a new way, and for clothing the most commonplace affairs of every-day life with a light born of her own imagination. In her view, indeed, nothing is commonplace, and readers of these poems will not deny that her view is the right one. Here is a very short example called "Lettuce Leaves"—

"In the sun-baked kitchen garden,
Bending in the heat,
Planting with earthy hands, I suddenly felt shade,
Cool as a pool, about me and my spade,
As if the sunlight like hard snow should thaw:
I stood and sang, as I were a loved maid,
As though my lot were sweet:
Above the sun-bathed lettuce leaves I saw
The angels' shadowed feet."

This is only one of many wonderful little poems. "To God at Nightfall," "The Young Apostle," "Twilight in the House," "To Death" are all equally short and equally memorable, while of the longer poems, "Knapton Church," "Where the stars are there is twilight," "The Retreat" and "Birds in the Garden," are a few picked out at random, to be returned to again and again for their intense and yet delicate beauty. All who have the child-heart of the true mystic, all who are genuine poetry-lovers, will be very glad to know of this book. It will be to them a friend, and treasure-house of lovely thoughts.

E. M. M.