

# 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

TWO months ago I dealt with the question of travelling in sleep in the dream-body, and adduced a certain amount of evidence to suggest that this was more common than was generally supposed. I put forward the view that dream phenomena generally, might be divided into two main categories—firstly, those THE DREAMS OF ORLOW. which were due to the lower consciousness left without the guidance of the higher ego, and drifting at the mercy of any suggestion that might come along; and secondly, those due to experiences of the higher consciousness freed from the trammels of the body and enjoying an independent incarnate existence of its own. In the case of the latter category the difficulty for the majority of dreamers would be to bring back the consciousness of their experiences into their waking life, and the presumption seems to be that the power of doing so is quite exceptional. Probably the main clue to the experiences recorded in a remarkable book just published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., under the title of *The Dreams of Orlow*,\* lies in the fact that the dreamer in this instance was endowed, at least temporarily,

\* *The Dreams of Orlow*. London: Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 40 Museum Street, London, W.C. 5s. net.



with that rare capacity for bringing back the memory of her dreams into her conscious everyday existence. From various instances cited in this book, it appears probable that other people whom the dreamer encountered in her dream world also had similar dream experiences to herself, but that they were not able to recover these in their normal state of consciousness, and were in consequence sceptical as to their actual occurrence. Thus Orlow's sister, Ann, on one occasion, appears to her and explains to Orlow how to leave her physical body, but when written to and asked as to her own recollection of the lesson she had taught her sister, she absolutely denies all knowledge of it. Again, on various occasions, Orlow meets in the dream world the man whom she was eventually destined to marry, and assumes that the fact of finding her love for him reciprocated, is due to their meetings and mutual experiences on another plane. She is astounded to find her lover absolutely deny all knowledge of these astral flirtations.

As regards the lesson she took from her sister in leaving her physical body, it does not appear from her own account that Orlow was actually asleep at the time ; but it is perfectly obvious that her sister was, though she was unable to bring back the memory of her adventure. She narrates the story of her experience to her brother Martin, who has become her confidant in the matter of these dreams, and not infrequently gives shrewd practical

AN ASTRAL  
VISITANT.

advice to his sister as to the methods she should adopt with regard to them. Orlow's first experience on this occasion was a sensation, as she lay with her blind drawn up and watching the moonlight, that some one else was in her room. She sat up in bed and was astonished to see her sister Ann sitting on the chair beside it. Her first idea was that Ann might be dead. She could only stare at her in dumb horror. Ann, however, did not take the situation nearly so seriously. With sisterly frankness she observed to her : " You look exactly like an owl when you open your eyes so wide. What is the matter with you ? Does a little visit from me frighten you right out of your wits ? " Ann thereupon put her hand on her sister's, and once again Orlow's fears got the mastery of her. It was icy cold, the hand of a corpse. " Ann ! Ann ! " she managed to articulate " Are you dead ? " Ann replied, " Don't be frightened : I am not dead. This is only my astral body." Orlow protested that it was so cold. " Yes," retorted Ann, " the astral body is several degrees cooler than the physical." Finally she announced to her sister that she had come to teach her astral travelling, and told her to get up and stand upon the floor. Tremb-



ling in every limb she felt impelled to obey her. "Now," said Ann, "fix your mind upon some other spot and think yourself there. It is done by a great effort in concentration and imagination. Are you trying?" There were difficulties in accomplishing this, owing to Orlow's doubts with regard to her natural powers. Ann, however, was resolute. She declared that she was compelled to teach her sister how to use her astral body, and would not go until she had succeeded. Narrating the experience to her brother, Orlow continues—

We argued together over the possibility or impossibility of doing it, and Ann said that I couldn't because I tried to go too far, and if I would decide to find myself no farther than the hearthrug, I could do it. I kept saying "I cannot, I cannot, it is too hard!" Then she took hold of me with her deadly cold hands, and stared into my eyes, and I was petrified with horror. When she let me go, she said, "Shut your eyes." I did. Then she said, "Now, open them, and you will find yourself upon the rug." An icy spasm seemed to run through me, and I shivered violently. When I opened my eyes, I was on the hearthrug, and I could see my body standing beside the bed, looking like a corpse.

"Was it awake?" asked her brother.

Its eyes were open, but glassy. I felt an uncontrollable **ASTRAL** desire to go back to it. Ann laughed, and told me to **PROJECTION**. touch it, and when I did, it seemed quite warm. She said, "How do you like your astral body?" I told her I was cold in it. She said that was only because it was in the atmosphere of earth, but people who travel astrally must put up with little inconveniences like that. I begged her to let me go back now, and she said I had no more spirit than a spring chicken, and if I wouldn't practise, I should never be an adept at this sort of thing. Still, she said, I might return to my body—if I could. With that she vanished away, and I heard her laughing in a tinkling tone, as if from a great distance. I was left, standing in front of my physical body, as cold as if one went out into the winter air unclothed, and I had no idea how to get back into my body. I went up to it, I held it in my astral arms, and I was on the verge of desperation, when it suddenly occurred to me that the only way was to return just as I had come out. So I shut my eyes, and imagined myself back in my body, and I felt as if I were struggling with it. When I opened my eyes, I was still outside.

Finally Orlow, recollecting that it was necessary to be calm, forced herself to keep still. She then shut her eyes again, and with all her force imagined herself back in her physical body. "As I did so," she narrates, "I felt suddenly warmer, and as I opened my eyes, I was all right, but trembling from head to foot, and as frightened as I ever was in all my life."

What differentiates, or appears to differentiate, Orlow's powers of dreaming from those of the rest of the world, lies in her capacity for what she expresses as "dreaming true." These true dreams



are unlike her other dreams in several particulars. In the first place, when she experiences them, she is aware that she is dreaming. In the second place they differ from the other dreams in their intense vividness and sense of reality, and in the enhanced powers of sensation which she appears to possess.

"My faculties," she says, "are quickened a hundredfold. My powers of enjoyment become so intense that it is impossible to describe them by less expressive terms than rapture or ecstasy. . . . **DREAMING** consciousness becomes so vivid that it is like a revelation of **TRUE.** what sense can be. Not only one sense but all of them : sight, hearing, touch. . . . As an illustration, supposing now I were to feel the back of this chair with my hand, no pleasure would come to me from contact with the hard wood ; but if in one of those dreams I were to touch a piece of wood, there would be a feeling of indescribable pleasure in the mere contact with it. And the same with sight and hearing. Every sound that reaches one is sublime because it seems to me that I hear elemental sound and it is in the major key."

In the first instance Orlow's dreams were of landscape and scenery only. She met no human beings nor, indeed, any animal life. One night, however, there was a new development in her experiences. She found herself in a lane that wound on between high hedges, and noticed with a tingling sensation of the nerves that there were marks of wheels faintly indicated on the roadway.

Suddenly she stopped near a bend in the lane. It was half fear, half anxiety which possessed her. Then, overwhelming anticipation held her breath. She heard the sound of a step coming towards her !

For a moment the dream wobbled, shaken by her excitement. Then, gathering herself together with a violent effort, she steadied it again. She must know what—who—was coming towards her round that bend. Calmly and steadily the step advanced, and then a human figure ; and human eyes met hers with a smile that gave Orlow the most rapturous feeling of joy she had ever experienced in her life. Perfect love, perfect understanding, perfect friendship, flooded her mind. No words were needed to cement it. Here was a soul that might have been her soul, chasing from her all the real loneliness of her real life. No thought of sex disturbed the perfect freedom of this ideal friendship. The friend was this time a man. That made no difference, as Orlow knew. She was loosened from the trammels of sex in the Dream World.

Orlow's joy is, however, somewhat tinged with doubt as to the reality of her new friend. Is he, she wonders, a real man, or is

**PHANTOM** he perchance merely the creation of her own dream  
**OR FRIEND ?** imagination ? Her new-found friend tells her to feel his arms and face. Without the slightest hesitation Orlow laid her fingers on his cheek and felt the soft resistance of the flesh. He bent his head and she ran her hand



over his hair. "Are you convinced?" he asks. "I cannot be convinced." "Why not?" "Because this is nothing but a dream and you are only part of the dream." Her dream friend argues with her that by her own showing her dreams are true and that if they are true he must be so also. She admits the force of his argument; but if she believes in him now, confesses that she will find herself regarding him as a dream as soon as she wakes up. Her friend tells her that her scepticism is likely to prove a serious hindrance to her in the world of her dreams. "To comprehend it perfectly," he observes, "Eternal Truth must be received unquestioning."

Orlow looked at him and her look was sad. He laid his hand upon her brow, and at his touch Orlow knew ecstasy of soul. . . . "Oh!" cried out Orlow, "I wish you were not only a dream!" . . . Was there any more? How was it that an absolute blank followed her last cry? . . . Orlow awoke and it was dark. She struck a match and lest she should forget a single word hastily wrote down the vision as she still recollected it.

This was not the first time that Orlow was destined to lose her dream friends through scepticism as to their actuality. The next time it was one of her own sex that she was destined to encounter. "Her spirit thrilled with anticipatory joy as the step approached and the handle of the door softly rattled. Orlow stood absolutely still with clasped hands. 'If I move too suddenly I shall disturb my dream,' she said, and then she raised her voice and cried out, 'Oh, come in! Come in! whoever it is at the door, come to me!'" Gently the door opened, and there stood the new acquaintance.

The first thought that rises in Orlow's mind on meeting her is again, "Are you a reality or a dream?" "If I were not real," says her dream friend, to relieve her doubts, "you could imagine me if you were awake as vividly as you do now—even more so—for now your will power has to be exerted in keeping your vision steady." "I could remember you in my imagination," replies Orlow, "when awake, but I could not see you nor could I hear your voice." "No," replies her friend, "because I am far away when you are waking. In your sleep you have come here to me, not I to you, as you thought just now." This is, VISITOR in fact, the main point that Orlow has to master. NOT VISITED. "It is you," says her dream friend, "who will melt away and be gone, because your spirit is tied down to flesh. You are growing hazy even now." And in fact, in spite of Orlow's efforts to remain where she is, she finds herself drifting once more into the darkness of unconsciousness, and remembering no more



until she wakes the next morning. With another of her dream friends she raises another question touched on at an earlier point in these notes, viz., as to whether other human beings have similar dreams. Her dream acquaintance tells her that many do, but that they are not aware of the fact because their memory is blurred by the process of waking.

"From this plane to the material plane is such a drop that the untrained brain is incapable of carrying any impression through. As it is, you forget most of your experiences here, and when you write them, a great deal that you write is inaccurate. You must try to learn the art of perfect memory. If you could remember exactly what has happened on the earth plane at the distance of a week you would have made a stride in memory towards . . ."

Orlow never heard the last of this sentence, as she once more found herself sinking earthwards and leaving her dream friend behind her. She was merely left with an impression that something of tremendous import was about to be communicated to her. Had it, one may wonder, some reference to the problem of recalling the events of past incarnations? The observation of her dream companion raises indeed the question of the veracity of the entire record, and one is left to assume that the accounts

A QUESTION  
OF AUTHEN-  
TICITY.

here given of Orlow's dream memories are to be taken merely as a defective approximation to the actual scenes she experienced and the conversations that took place. In all such communications we are confronted with the difficulty, never more than partially overcome, of getting through to the physical plane. Subject to this difficulty, we are assured in the preface that the dream life of Orlow, as narrated in the present volume, is absolutely authentic, and is an accurate account of real visions that a person still living has obtained. The waking life of the dreamer alone is disguised under the veil of fiction. There is, however, it is well to note, a somewhat close connection between Orlow's dream life and her physical experiences, which appear to react in a very marked manner upon her dreams. Thus the home difficulties of which she is the victim appear to be the cause of her worst nightmares, and on one occasion she has a vision which looks uncommonly like a warning of her father's death—a death which is duly noted as an actual occurrence on the physical plane a few pages further on. Then, again, there is her brother Martin, who is always making suggestions with regard to experiments in her dream life, on which she not infrequently acts. Are we to take it that Martin is a creature of romance? If so, the veracity of



the dream record must be considered as seriously affected. These points naturally present themselves to the reader who is told to accept the dream side of the narrative as a faithful record. Some explanation should clearly be forthcoming from the author as to how far the story or Orlow's home life has been tinkered with in order to conceal her identity from the general public.

Orlow's ideas, and her brother's also, seem permeated to a great extent with the main tenets of theosophical speculation, and one is left wondering quite how far these ideas have tinged the experiences of Orlow's dream existence. Certainly one of her brother's comments on her dreams seems curiously distorted by a narrow and quite unsubstantiated version of the doctrine of Reincarnation, which has obtained credit in certain Theosophical circles. Orlow sees herself in one of her dreams as the wife of a

AN  
INCREDIBLE  
EXPLAN-  
ATION.

coarse and brutal husband. A train and a railway station are part of the dream, and if this is to be taken as a memory of a past life it clearly indicates one dating back to a very recent period. Martin the brother makes the amazingly futile suggestion that train and railway station belong to an experience on some other planet, and this merely to bolster up the preposterous theory that a period of some 1,500 years must elapse between one incarnation and another. If such were the case, how was it that the fact failed to strike her that her apparently vulgar and commonplace husband was not wearing nineteenth century clothing, or indeed any form of clothing ever known on our earth planet? It is obvious that given another planet and other conditions the whole *mise en scène* would have been radically altered. One asks oneself in surprise how the otherwise sensible and intelligent Martin, whose observations are throughout noted for their insight and shrewdness, could come to express so childish an opinion.

The company that Orlow meets in these spiritual realms is curiously mixed. One of her friends who has been explaining to her something of the occult secrets of the plane of sleep takes occasion to inform her: "I too am sleeping like yourself: I am an inhabitant of earth." "Yes," answered Orlow. "How I

A MIXED  
COMPANY.

know I cannot tell, but round this table I can see who is still connected with a human body and who is set free. There is another strange thing that I notice. On my right I see a person who does not seem to be really here. How is that?" "She is really here," is the answer, "but she has not learnt to bring her consciousness through. When she wakes she will know nothing of all this." The explanation



is given that the guest in question had evolved spiritually without having evolved psychically in equal proportion. Orlow expresses regret that she should miss so much exquisite pleasure, but her companion explains that there is no need for her regret, as everything will come in time.

"You must not," she says, "magnify the importance of one incarnation. It is too short and insignificant to matter very much. That is the mistake the majority are always making. They think the suffering of one human life comprises the misery of the human race. You even hear some say that if a man misses his chance in one earthly life he is damned eternally. They limit the universe to the dimensions of their own intelligence. . . . And if their lot is what they call 'hard,' they whimper of 'injustice,' little dreaming that they have created their own circumstances."

Orlow is never destined to meet her dream friend again—at least in the land of dreams—though she learns certain facts about her which, it seems, might enable her to establish her identity. For she is a person whose name is familiar to the world at large, and the clues given in the printed record will indeed allow the reader himself to hazard a very plausible guess as to the personality of the dream lady.

Two other of Orlow's dreams are of rather special interest. In one of these she comes, in the midst of a wood, upon a blacksmith's forge. The blacksmith has his back to her. He is using his bellows, and his furnace glows white hot. A long iron rod is thrust into the heart of the furnace. Orlow, feeling need of companionship, walks up to him and asks him who he is. He turns a grinning face to her and replies, "The Devil." Orlow is not unnaturally startled, but she reflects to herself, "I can awake when I choose," and summons up courage to ask him what he is about. "I am forging bubbles for the people in your world," observes His Satanic Majesty. "I shall set them scampering!" "No one," retorts Orlow contemptuously, "would run after bubbles." "Here is one for you," rejoins the Devil. He seizes his enormous hammer, bangs upon the glowing metal, and a large bubble reflecting all the colours of the furnace forms at the end of the rod. He shakes it and the bubble floats out of the doorway, barely missing Orlow's face. "Run after it," he exclaims. "I am not going to stay here talking with the Devil," observes Orlow scornfully, and marches out of the forge.

She soon finds herself face to face with a magnificent panorama and forgets her previous experience. "If I could paint that," she

ORLOW  
MEETS THE  
DEVIL.



says to herself, "it would be the most wonderful picture any artist ever produced." With the rapid transformation with which dream phenomena make us familiar, no sooner had this thought passed through her brain than it suddenly occurred to her that she had actually painted it. She remembered how her marvellous picture had been accepted by the Royal Academy, and she realized without any apparent surprise that she was

IN PURSUIT  
OF A  
BUBBLE.

actually herself on the way to a reception at which the leading painters of the day were to congratulate her on her brilliant success. "It is the most remarkable painting of the age," she suddenly heard in her ears. Her work, indeed, was the admiration of the world, and she found herself being addressed by one of the greatest artists of the day, who asked if he might have the honour of greeting "one whose genius has given her a place among the names that are never forgotten." Orlow, tongue-tied with emotion at this unexpected honour, stood and looked at him with shining eyes. At that moment a bubble burst in her face, and the shock awoke her. The Devil had proved as good as his word.

One further dream in this strange record is deserving of special note. It is a dream in which the dreamer realizes for a brief moment that experience which is generally described as "cosmic consciousness." She feels ashamed of her own dream, which

COSMIC  
CONSCIOUS-  
NESS.

appears to her as "an awful blasphemy." But the experience is one that can be paralleled in the lives of many saints. "Suddenly," she says, "the terrific knowledge rolled upon me that all I saw was myself. The grass, the trees, the life that brooded over them. The light above them. The sunshine quickening them. All the vibrations of heat and light. The wind and the clear ether up above. These things were myself. I—I was God! God! I said. I was stopped; I was so amazed. God—All—myself. How can it be? The next moment I knew that there had never been a more contemptible little worm than I." Martin listened intently to her account, nodded his head, and observed, "Yes, our ancestor was a Buddhist."

In giving samples of Orlow's dreams I have preferred to choose those that appear to be the most remarkable and the most uncommon; but the selection in the book is of a somewhat miscellaneous character, and it would be quite a mistake to suppose that all, or nearly all, of the dreams given can be classed under the category of those which their author describes under the phrase of "dreaming true." A number of them are, in fact,



variations, of a more or less original kind, of the common or garden nightmare; and even when the dreamer fancies she is "dreaming true," one is left sometimes in doubt as to whether after all the dream cited does not fall more naturally into the more normal category. Thus, the dream described

DREAMS, in the chapter entitled "The Doctrine of Dam-  
 NORMAL AND nation" is a nightmare pure and simple—a night-  
 ABNORMAL. mare coloured apparently by early recollections of  
 the current delusions of orthodox bigotry. Again, the dream  
 described under the title of "Excelsior" appears to me to be pure  
 nightmare, and nightmare of a more or less ordinary kind. The  
 attempt to climb up interminable stairs confronted with innu-  
 merable difficulties and losing one's way in a labyrinth of endless  
 passages in the hope of at last finding an exit which one never  
 discovers is a form of nightmare that I imagine few of us have  
 failed to experience. It can hardly be doubted that we should class  
 the experiences of dangers of drowning, falling from heights,  
 and danger by fire, in the same category, though the dreams in  
 which these experiences occur commence by being of an appar-  
 ently more abnormal type. The fact is there is always a tend-  
 ency in dream phenomena for one dream to merge into another,  
 the mind drifting from condition to condition in a sort of fluid,  
 rudderless state. Thus, at the end of one of the most remark-  
 able and indisputable instances of her "true dream" experi-  
 ences, Orlow finds herself passing into the ordinary phantas-  
 magoria of dreamland and eventually wakes to hear herself  
 give vent to a singularly futile appeal to the denizens of the  
 farmyard,— "Oh, ye cocks and hens, pause a moment to con-  
 sider the error of your ways!" This fluidic nature

FLUIDIC  
 NATURE OF  
 DREAM  
 WORLD.

of the dream world is doubtless the main reason  
 why science has ever found it so difficult to tackle,  
 and why even the advanced psychologist for whom,  
 if for any one, it should have the most important  
 lessons, seems to shrink from it somewhat in the same way that  
 the ordinary orthodox parson shrinks from an attempt at the  
 interpretation of the Book of Revelation. I cannot doubt, how-  
 ever, that our dream lives contain for us, if we could only pene-  
 trate their secrets, the clue to some of the deepest mysteries of  
 human consciousness, and that the modern poet \* wrote, perhaps,  
 more truly than he realized in the lines—

A fearful and a lovely thing is sleep,  
 And mighty store of secrets hath in keep.

\* William Watson.



And those there were of old who well could guess  
 What meant his fearfulness and loveliness,  
 But Wisdom lacketh sons like those that were,  
 And sleep hath never an interpreter.  
 Thus there be none that know to read aright,  
 The riddles she propoundeth every night.

Writing six months ago in this magazine in connection with London's horoscope, I observed: "The position of Mercury during the months of May, June, and July promises a very exciting time for the great Metropolis. News of the most sensational kind will be the order of the day." The outbreak of civil war in Ireland, and the suppression of the revolt; the decision to introduce Home Rule immediately; the capitulation in Mesopotamia; the great naval battle off Jutland, with its concomitant crop of contradictory rumours; the drowning of Lord Kitchener; the brilliant victory of General Brusiloff; and the opening of the Great Offensive in the West, filled the newspapers during this period with a succession of sensational headlines. Dealing with the horoscope of the

THE WAR  
 AND  
 ASTROLOGY.

Kaiser in particular, I observed in the same issue "Saturn reaches the exact Ascendant of the German Emperor in the month of July, when crushing disasters accumulate and multiply." Two months later I also made some further allusion to the same horoscope in connection with the eclipse of the moon on July 15, in opposition to the conjunction of Saturn and the Sun on the Kaiser's Ascendant, and also to the eclipse of the Sun on July 30, falling in conjunction with Mercury on the place of Saturn and in opposition to the place of the Sun at birth. "The planets (I remarked) could hardly look more menacing." The arrival of the most critical period of the war and the strong setting of the tide against the Central Powers coinciding so closely with these planetary positions is a striking confirmation of astrological theory. Students will watch with interest the development of the effects of the solar eclipse in the 7th degree, the sign of Leo. The remainder of the year holds out no hope of any revival of the German Emperor's fortunes. The planets are uniformly threatening, Saturn coming to the conjunction of the Dragon's Tail (the Moon's South node) close to his Ascendant in September, and the Sun arriving at the conjunction of Neptune in his horoscope by primary direction a month or two later. The stationary position of Jupiter in Britain's ruling sign, Aries, in December next, in trine with its own place, in King George's horoscope, is encouraging as regards the prospect of complete victory and final peace



as the year draws to a close. While Venus and the Moon dominate the autumn figure at London with Mars rising, it is noteworthy that the two former dominate alone at the winter solstice. The obstacles in the way of peace should gradually diminish as autumn merges into winter.

My attention has been drawn by a variety of readers to a very simple solution of the problem quoted by me from *Le Gaulois*, under the heading of "More Kabalism." I had meant to check these figures personally before passing them, in case there might be some trick, but in the hurry of going to press the matter was unfortunately overlooked. As one of my readers

remarks: "It is obvious that the number of years one has lived plus the year of one's birth will yield the figure of the present year, while in the cases cited, a similar result can be obtained by adding the number of years in the monarch's reign to that of the year of accession. But the fact that in the examples given the two cases were treated as one, necessitating a final division by two, doubtless made it at first glance seem extraordinary. As Jacques Futrelle's Professor remarks, 'Two and two make four, not sometimes, but all the time.'" I really do not know what it is left for me to add to this luminous observation. Perhaps I may be permitted to sum up the situation by the comment "Audited and found correct."

Regular readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will no doubt remember that in my special number for Christmas, 1914, I published some coloured plates of remarkable psychic paintings by "Atlantis" (Mrs. A. K. Diver) and also by Miss K. Heron Maxwell. I am

asked to state for the benefit of my readers that "Atlantis" has now opened her studio to all who are interested in these psychic and sub-conscious pictures. The address of the studio is 91 Moscow Road, Palace Court, Bayswater, London, W., and the hours are 2 to 6. The nearest stations are Queen's Road and Notting Hill Gate. The price for admission is one shilling. I think it probable that a large number of my readers will wish to visit this studio, the paintings of Atlantis being unique even among the special class to which they belong.



# THE TRAMP

By LILIAN HOLMES

MY friend has learned another creed,  
One that supplies his every need ;  
He passes through its portals wide  
And leaves me standing just outside ;  
He passes through so eagerly ;  
He enters on the path ; . . . and I ?  
In passive attitude I wait  
Outside the city's open gate.  
Lo ! nothing but a tramp am I—  
The world my home, my roof the sky.  
From paths of creeds I stray afar  
With conscience for my guiding star.  
I roam abroad, unfettered, free,  
To muse upon my destiny.  
Supine upon my back I lie  
And watch white ships sail o'er the sky ;  
Or, over fields of uncut grass,  
Their leaping, racing, shadows pass ;  
Then, leaning on a gate or hedge  
Survey the world—my heritage—  
And think how little man has need  
To formulate a wordy creed.  
The force within a swallow's wings—  
The joy of every bird that sings—  
The love which urges them to build—  
The fruitful seeds the grass will yield—  
Are things all fraught with mystery,  
And yet they're ever telling me  
—More than the kindest of creeds—  
That something Good rules everything ;  
The Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring ;  
That e'en the lowliest of the needs  
Of beasts and flowers, of birds and weeds  
Are met ; and with this happy pledge  
I fall asleep, beneath a hedge.



# INSTRUMENTAL COMMUNICATION WITH THE "SPIRIT WORLD"

AN ACCOUNT OF A SERIES OF REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS  
BY TWO DUTCH PHYSICISTS BY WHICH THEY CLAIM TO  
HAVE ESTABLISHED THIS FACT

By HERWARD CARRINGTON

INSTRUMENTAL communication with the "spirit world!" That has been the ambition of a certain group of occult and psychical students since the very origin of their investigation. Improbable—nay, impossible—as it sounds, many have continued to believe, in spite of grievous disappointments, that this would one day be accomplished; that the time would come when we should have some sort of telephone by means of which direct communication with the "spirit world" would be rendered possible; or that some sort of instrument would be devised which would render this dream an actual reality. It really seems that this vision is at last becoming an established fact,—and that the day is at hand when unreliable or fraudulent mediums will be dispensed with, and "communication" held *directly* with those who have gone before. This, at least, is the startling claim made by two Dutch physicists whose researches I propose to summarize in this article; and, without actually endorsing their conclusions, it may be said at once that they have adopted a bold and original method of research, and that their experiments will have to be "explained away" in some satisfactory manner, if we are to refrain from accepting the dramatic conclusions which they believe they have reached.

The experimenters, whose work I summarize, are Dr. J. L. W. P. Matla and Dr. G. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, of The Hague, Holland. They are well-known in spiritistic and occult circles there; and also for their original work in high-frequency currents of electricity, liquid air, and the compression of gases. Scientifically, they were well equipped for the task. More than twenty-two years of labour had preceded their final conclusions, which were given to the world in a voluminous work, in Dutch, entitled *The Mystery of Death*. (It is from this work that the majority of the facts contained in this article are drawn.)



Before outlining their experiments, however, one or two remarks may be made as to the character of the task they undertook, and the general nature of the problem. Without these explanatory details, much of what follows might not be clear to the lay-reader.

What we know as a "man" consists, not in the clothes he wears, nor in his body—flesh and bones; but in the mental being, the "ego," within. This is always invisible to us; so that it may in truth be said that we never *see* a man in this life. We see only his externals. His real "self" is never known by us,—except indirectly. Let this truth be fully grasped at the outset, as it is very essential.

This mental being consists of consciousness and memory; together they constitute what we know as the "personal identity." We say that this consciousness is John Smith, or Henry Wood, or whoever it may be. Even if we do not see his body, but only hear his voice over the telephone, we say the same thing. (There are many hair-splitting divisions which might be made here as to the real nature and constitution of the self,—but the psychological terms used are only broad and general, so as to make the idea as clear as possible.)

Whenever we come into touch with mental life, then, it is always associated with a living, physical organism. No matter what animal it may be, its mind is always known to us through its manifestations in the physical body. It is the same with man. This being so, how prove that this consciousness continues to exist after the destruction of the physical body?

We can prove this in only one way. We must get in touch with that consciousness—if it still exists—and obtain from it proof of its continued existence. Just as we proved the existence of argon in the atmosphere by isolating it, so we must prove the existence of this surviving consciousness by isolating it; and getting it to prove its "personal identity" to us by much the same means that it did on earth—by telling us facts which only that consciousness knew. This is *proof of personal identity*—proof of some form of survival.

Now, there are two ways in which this can be done—by *mental* manifestations, so-called—automatic writing and speech, visions, "messages," and all the class of mental phenomena known to students of the occult. The other way is by means of *physical* manifestations—by materializations, photographic means, voices, raps, etc., indicating intelligence. Instrumental means—such as the telegraph and telephone—are the latest methods tried, and



it is such a process which we will describe in this article. The question, therefore, is this: Were the instruments in question manipulated *directly* by some external intelligence (a spirit), and if so, How? If we exclude all normal methods of moving the instruments in question, some other explanation must be forthcoming; if spirit-identity be proven, we stand face to face with the great possibility of direct instrumental communication with the spiritual world! It is a great—a tremendous—thought! Let us see how far we have progressed along this perilous road.

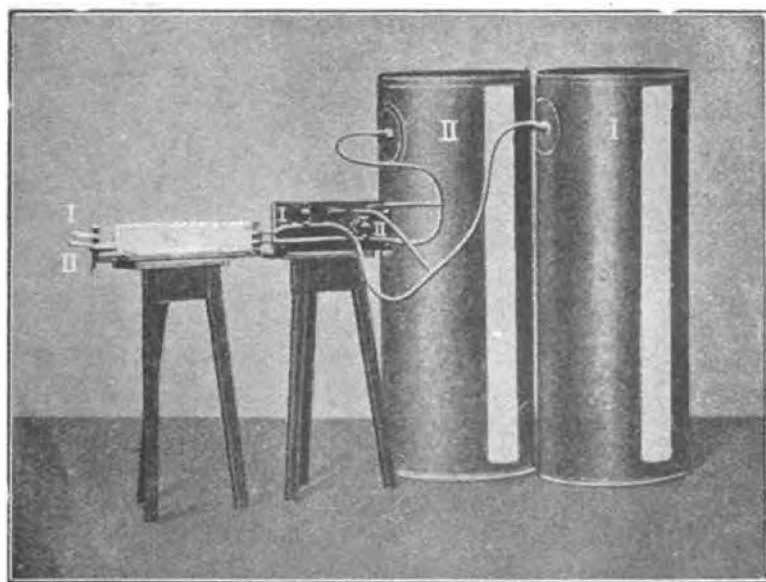
The first experiments were crude and primitive enough. A small room was constructed,—with a solid concrete floor, so as to shut off earth vibrations so far as possible,—seven feet long, six feet broad and nine feet high. It was connected with the outside passage by means of one door,—all other doors and windows having been carefully sealed with thick, black material. This door into the passage contained a small window, guarded by blinds, and the experimenters took up their position outside, in the passage,—whence they watched the fluctuations of the instruments during the experiments. (That is, they were not *in* the room at the time at all.) Sometimes it was necessary to employ opera-glasses to see the variations in the recording instruments during the course of the sittings.

In this room was placed, first of all, a cardboard cylinder about 20 inches high, 10 inches broad, and having a capacity of about 22 litres—that is, about two-fifths the size of the solid human body. This cylinder was covered with sheets of tin-foil—sealing it hermetically. A small hole in the upper edge of the cylinder was made, and a flexible rubber tube was inserted here, connecting the interior of the cylinder with a “manometer”—a sort of thermometer, placed sideways, and containing one drop of alcohol, which, under normal conditions, occupied a position in the centre of the glass tube (like a spirit-level). If any solid object were introduced into the cylinder, it would of course displace a portion of the contained air, and this drop of alcohol would indicate the amount of air displaced by running along the graduated scale until it stopped at the correct figure. The instrument was tested in various ways and found accurate.

The investigators then retired, and asked the “man-force”—as they called the manifesting “spirit”—not wishing to call it by that name—to enter the cylinder and displace some of the contained air. Immediately the bubble was seen to run along the scale of the manometer, showing that part of the air had been displaced by some solid or semi-solid body. The degree of

displacement was noted. At request, the alcohol-drop was caused to run along the scale, back and forth, a number of times. The fact of coincidence was thus quite excluded.

It was soon found that this first cylinder was too small. Accordingly, other cylinders were constructed—40, 50, 55 and 60 litres in capacity. From a number of observations, Drs. Matla and van Zelst came to the conclusion that the size of the body occupying the cylinder was approximately 53 litres. The weight of this body was then tested and calculated, and found to be about 69.5 grams—approximately 2.25 oz. These results were checked by the employment of a second cylinder, which was used as a “control.”



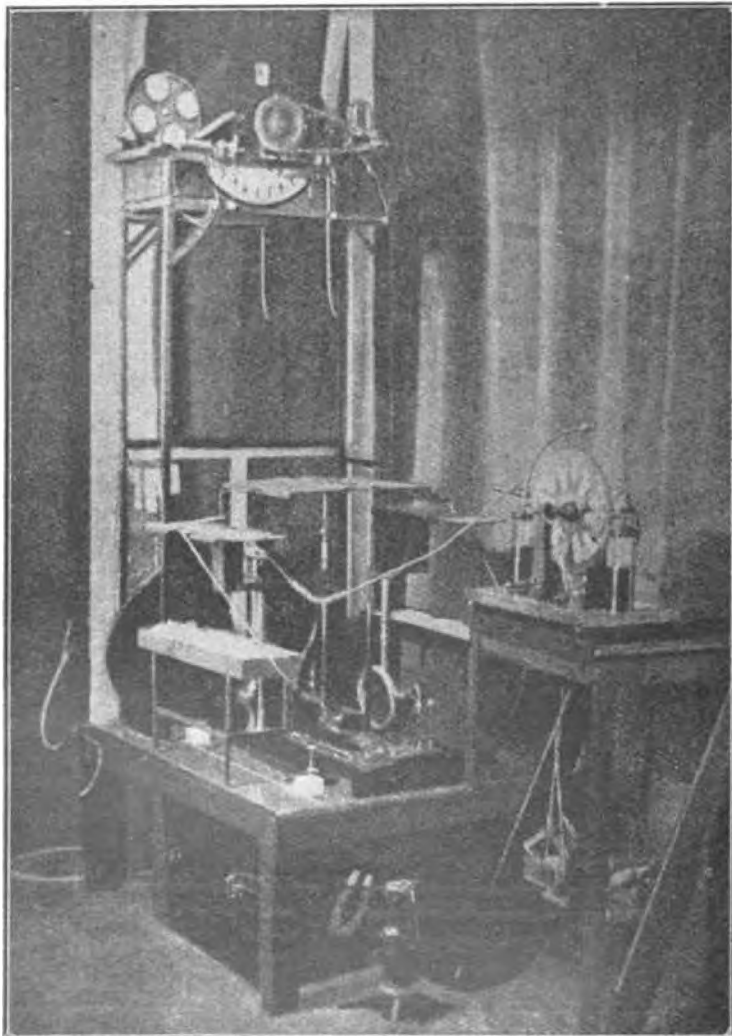
The two airtight cylinders, connected by tubes to the two scales or “manometers,” which registered the amount of air displaced in the cylinders by any “body” occupying either of them.

Experiments were then undertaken to ascertain the precise physical constitution of this curious “body.” As the result of a number of elaborate and laborious experiments, Drs. Matla and van Zelst arrived at the following conclusions:—

That this “body” is capable of contraction and expansion, under the action of the will of the “man-force,”—the expansion being 1.26 mm., or about one-forty-millionth of its own volume; its contraction being much greater, viz., about 8 mm., or one-six-and-a-quarter millionth of its volume. Its specific weight is about 12.24 mgs. lighter than hydrogen, and 176.5 times lighter than air. The will acts upon this body mechanically, causing



it to expand (rise) or contract (descend) as the action takes place. It is thus still subject to the law of gravitation. There is an X-force which holds the molecules of this body together—as yet unknown. The atoms composing this body are extremely small,



"THE DYNAMISTOGRAPH": The machine by the operation of which Doctors Matla and Zaalberg van Zelst believe they have been able to weigh, measure and obtain direct communications from the surviving spirit of man without the aid of any "medium."

widely separated, but heavy. The internal density of the body is about the same as that of the external air; if the pressure of the air outside the body be increased, that inside the body will increase in exact proportion. If, however, the body rises too high, it disintegrates (like deep sea fishes brought to the surface),

and then we see the fearful spectacle of a man going to pieces before our eyes!

These calculations are based upon the earlier experiments which, interesting and ingenious as they were, nevertheless were crude compared with those undertaken at a later stage of the investigation. Partly as the result of "instructions" imparted by the communicating "spirit" (man-force), and partly upon their own initiative, Drs. Matla and van Zelst constructed a very elaborate and ingenious instrument termed by them a "dynamistograph,"—complex in nature, yet sensitive, and apparently capable of being influenced by the communicating intelligence through the medium of electricity. A description of this instrument is necessary, as being one of the most elaborate devices ever constructed, in order to talk to the "spirit world" direct.

The "dynamistograph" is an electro-mechanical instrument, consisting of three principal parts: (1) the key; (2) the indicator; and (3) the register, or recording apparatus.

The *indicator* consisted of a wheel, upon which were marked 28 equidistant spaces. In these were marked the letters of the alphabet, a period or full-stop, and a blank space. This wheel was driven by an independent motor, so as to perform one-twenty-eighth of a revolution in five seconds—that is, move forward one letter in that time. This letter appeared at a small opening, as its turn came; and at the moment of its appearance—if the "key" were pressed,—this letter was printed by means of the *register* or recording apparatus.

This register consisted of a small hammer, to which was affixed a magnet. At the moment of closing the electric current (the result of pressing the "key") the magnet was drawn up, the hammer struck an inked ribbon, beneath which was a letter corresponding to the letter indicated on the large disk. In this way the same letter was instantly recorded on a strip of paper, slowly wound out, like a stock-ticker ribbon.

The "key" was a very intricate piece of apparatus, and it was this that the "spirit" or "man-force" was asked to press at the moment the right letter appeared on the large indicator. This key consisted of a sort of lever or beam, to which were attached two rings, capable of revolving freely; a membrane of fine material stretched tightly over them; and a lever, to the opposite end of which was attached a very fine hair, connected with a delicately adjusted series of screws beneath. If the key were pressed ever so little (that is, if the "spirit" stood or pressed upon the membrane, and its weight were ever so small, it would



affect the apparatus, by this delicate series of adjustments and relays, and thus close the contact. Electricity would then pass along the wires and connexions, and the hammer record the letter exposed at the moment the key was pressed.

The electric current was provided by a Wilmshurst machine. The light used in the room during the experiments was acetylene gas, which the experimenters had found the most efficacious. The membrane forming the "key" was 38 cm. broad (about 15 in.). The whole apparatus was placed in a cupboard, kept at a constant temperature and barometric dryness. The experiments or "communications" by means of the dynamistograph covered a period of one year, in which daily messages were received. The experimenters assert that the weight of the "spirit form" gradually decreases, as the years pass—a form 100 years old weighing only about one quarter as much as one ten years old! Slow disintegration is evidently taking place. The molecular intervals in the body are said to be 176 times greater than that of ordinary air. The entire body of this strange being is full of air, and is not separated from the atmosphere by any protective sheath or covering of an impervious nature. The being is thought to pass through those solid objects through which it *can* pass by a species of osmosis—its molecules being small enough and far enough apart to permit this.

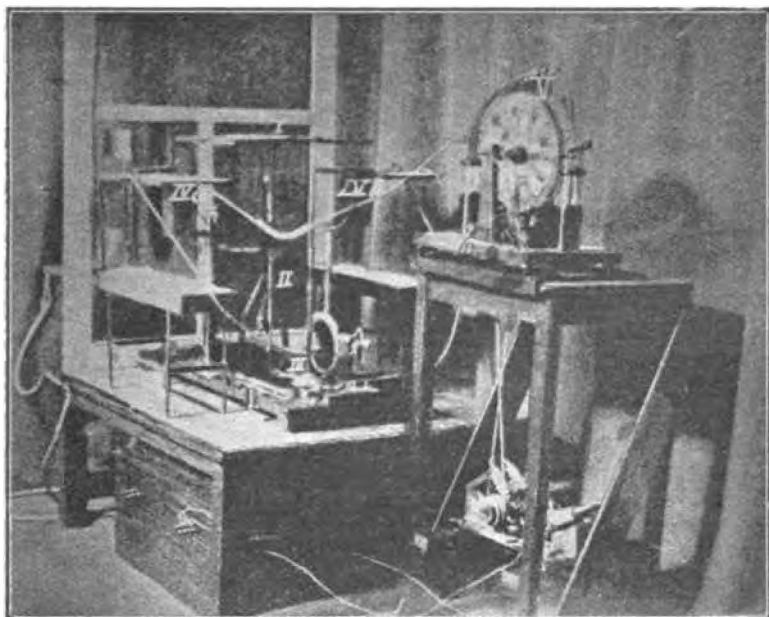
It has been said that the energy which holds this body together is a hypothetical X-force (akin to one which exists in the physical body, and upon the departure of which the body disintegrates and goes to pieces). What is the nature of this X-force? Can it be augmented or increased? If so, would not communication by these means become much clearer and surer? Is it akin to electricity, and if so, what kind of electricity? These are some of the questions our experimenters asked themselves, and to which they advanced more or less tentative answers,—based upon several hundred séances.

In the first place, then, it was found that the weather, atmospheric conditions, played a large part in the character of the manifestations; phenomena were better in spring and summer, and weaker in autumn and winter—which, we must remember, is in Holland largely a wet, rainy season. This suggested some connexion with atmospheric electricity, and the inference is further borne out by the fact that, in high altitudes, and in dry climates, psychic phenomena of all kinds have usually been better and stronger.

Electricity, then, played some part in these manifestations.

How large a part, and what kind of electricity? 261 sances were devoted to answering this problem.

Natural induction was tried first of all; then artificial induction; frictional electricity; high and low-frequency currents, etc. Metal plates were charged positively for an hour by a Wilmshurst machine, and negative induction thus obtained in other (copper) plates. After this induction, it was found that the apparatus could be more easily operated. The X-force thus seemed to be strengthened by artificial induction. High frequency currents were then tried, with considerable success. From twenty to twenty-five thousand volts were found efficacious



A more detailed view of the essential parts of the "dynamistograph."  
(See text for explanation.)

—though the current actually operating the *machine* had to be weak. The theory of the experimenters was that the X-force was probably electrical in nature, and that if this could be fortified from "this side" mechanically, it would stimulate the phenomena, and at the same time supply the necessary force for mediums, and thus prevent the "vital drain" upon them which is now so well known to exist. For the purposes of its manifestation, the "spirit" must obtain added energy *somehow*, and the usual method of procedure (apparently) is to abstract this power from the circle of sitters, and chiefly from the "medium," who is in this manner and for this reason exhausted. If a mechanical



energy of any character could be found which would add to the natural energy of the manifesting entity, and obviate the necessity of this drain upon the medium, it would indeed be a great forward step in psychical research and a great benefit to mediums all over the world. These experiments are as yet in a relatively embryonic state.

And now a few words as to the theoretical import of all this.

Bulwer Lytton, in his *Haunters and the Haunted*—that greatest of all ghost-stories—said : " In all that I had witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material human agency is always required. On the continent, you will still find magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for a moment that they assert truly, still the living, material form of the magician is present, and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to our natural senses. . . . In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced."

I myself went so far as to suppose that this energy—*common to two worlds*,—which both can manipulate—would be *vitality*—the living energy of the human body, about which we know so little. (*Problems of Psychical Research*, p. 48.) If the experiments that we have just narrated prove true, however, we shall have seriously to reconsider these statements, and ascertain whether manifestations of this character might not be produced without the instrumentality of any human being, but by instrumental means alone. If this proves to be the case, then some form of electricity would seem to be the intermediary between the two worlds. We may then have a wireless direct to the spirit world !

Seriously, however, we seem on the verge of great discoveries in this field, and I for one feel certain that these could be made if only we had a properly equipped *Laboratory* in which to conduct such experiments. What we need, in such a *Laboratory*, one may safely predict, would be : (1) suitable instruments for recording these phenomena ; (2) men to conduct the experiments ; and (3) money enough to endow and conduct the Institution. In a rich and progressive country such as this, it is absurd that such a *Laboratory* should not be founded and maintained ; and it is not too much to believe that from it we should soon obtain facts of the greatest significance and of the utmost importance.

It is earnestly to be hoped that such a Laboratory may one day be founded !

To return, however : It is quite conceivable that while the spiritual and the material worlds cannot interact one with another in any direct and continuous manner, they might nevertheless do so in some more indirect and roundabout way. We are here, of course, encountering one special aspect of a very old problem—the connection of mind and matter—how the brain, being a material thing, and consciousness, being an immaterial thing, can touch and interact with one another at all. It occurs to me that this would only be possible provided that some etheric, or vital intermediary were present, and that without this, communication would never take place—any more than could electricity travel without a medium. By a series of intermediaries, one slightly more material than the last, we might have a continuous series of connections, from an immaterial to a material sphere. The Gnostics, as we know, held this view—their “ Dæmons ” corresponding to the Hierarchy or Ten Intelligences of the East. Thus : the Gnostics held that matter and spirit could have no intercourse—they were, as it were, incommensurate. How then, granting this premise, was Creation possible ? Their answer was a kind of gradual elimination. God, the *Actus Purus*, created an æon ; this æon created a second ; and so on until the tenth æon was sufficiently material (as the ten were in continually descending series) to affect matter, and so cause the Creation by giving to matter the spiritual form.

We have an analogy for this in our modern physics. In electricity, *e.g.*, what are known as “ relays ” beautifully illustrate the principle here outlined. In working over long lines, or where there are a number of instruments in one circuit, the currents are often not strong enough to work the recording instruments directly. In such a case there is interposed a “ relay ” or “ repeater. ” This instrument consists of an electro-magnet round which the line-current flows, and whose delicately-poised armature, when attracted, makes contact for a local circuit, in which a local battery and the receiving Morse instrument (sounder, writer, etc.) are included. The principle of a relay is, then, that a current too weak to do the work itself may get a strong local current to do its work for it.

If this be true, it is certainly conceivable that spiritual beings (granting that they exist at all, for the sake of argument) might be enabled to manipulate a delicate energy of some sort, which in turn would liberate a stronger energy, and so on down the



line until one is liberated capable of being recorded by our delicate physical instruments. If, as now seems certain, the human will is a dynamic energy, and thoughts can impress the photographic plate, it is certainly but a step from this to existing physical apparatus so delicate that it will register the heat of a candle at a distance of half a mile (Langley's bolometer), or measure the temperature of stars distant from us many millions of miles in space, and quite invisible to the naked eye. The step seems but a short one indeed!

The hope is certainly legitimate, then, that we shall one day stumble upon a means of direct instrumental communication between the two worlds—and that these preliminary experiments of Drs. Matia and van Zelst—while they may not be conclusive in themselves—nevertheless indicate to us the road we must travel, and hold out hope for us that here is at least an avenue of approach worthy of our highest efforts and greatest hopes. For surely, were such a method of communication established, by means of some intermediary or some instrument, it would revolutionize our science, our philosophy, our religion, our ethics, our outlook upon life as a whole in a way nothing else possibly could. And the man who discovers such an energy—common to the two worlds—and learns how to direct and utilize it for the purposes of communication, will assuredly be hailed as the greatest scientist of all time—one beside whom Newton and Galileo and Darwin and Archimedes will shrink into insignificance, and their discoveries appear small and trivial when compared with this great cosmic truth! The road is open, then, for the ardent and daring scientific adventurer to take his fortune in his hands and fare forth upon the highway, with the knowledge that his efforts may succeed in bringing to light, and demonstrating to us, not only the possibility of direct intracosmic communication, but the very *existence* of a spiritual world—about which there is, nowadays, so much doubt! Such a discovery would indeed revolutionize human thought; recast science; remould philosophy; and prove the "preamble to all Religions." For, with a spiritual world proved, might there not reasonably be a Ruler, a wise Guider of all Spirits?

# THE BATTLE OF THE STARS

By EVA GORE-BOOTH

HIGH among throned immortal things  
Shone the light of Apollo's wings,  
Glimmering all pale and mauve,  
Saturn's Aura faintly strove  
With the dazzling radiance blown  
From Jupiter's wind-haunted throne.  
I, who stood by the Great White Way,  
Heard a shadowy Watcher say,  
" Mauve and gold burn the lights of earth,  
This is the hour of sorrow and mirth."  
Then I caught the sudden compelling gleam,  
And flung myself into the magic stream,  
To strive with the starry waves that hold  
The earth's spring glamour of green and gold.  
Then the Archer pierced my heart  
With its terrible dart,  
And Jupiter made my will wise  
With gentle rivers and blue skies,  
And the Sun had me by the hair,  
And would have made me brave and fair,  
But Saturn seized my wretched soul,  
And in his power is the whole—  
The whole of all I know or do  
Is drowned in his dream of false and true,  
In the shadow of Saturn's woe,  
Alas, the Great Lights let me go,  
The stormy waves of the manifold  
Swept me into the green and gold,  
The starry powers of dreams at strife  
Swept me into the House of Life.  
In Saturn's purple shade enwound  
I opened my eyes on the dusty ground,  
And in his purple shadow rolled  
I woke with a cry in the green and gold.  
And wept to feel my prison bars,  
And stretched frail arms towards the stars  
'Tis at Saturn's door I lay,  
To-day, to-morrow, and yesterday,—  
O, great Sun, my soul invade,  
Deliver me from Satan's shade. . . .  
Ye who follow Jupiter,  
Where green laurels wave and stir,  
Pity ye the soul whose light  
Burns dim in Saturn's mauve twilight,  
The soul whose little shining hour  
Is shadowed o'er by Saturn's power.

# ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE AND THE SECRET OF INTERCESSORY PRAYER

BY CHARLOTTE E. WOODS

THE recent Editorial appreciation of the late Archdeacon Wilberforce has encouraged us to offer a further word on one or two of the salient teachings which have distinguished the pulpit of St. John's, Westminster, from other pulpits, and its preacher from other preachers of equal sincerity and eloquence. In these days of swiftly-moving events great men even are soon forgotten, therefore it seems desirable that so marked a personality as Archdeacon Wilberforce should receive the acknowledgment that was his due from all who are capable of appreciating the unique work he accomplished in the sphere of religious thought.

We are too near to estimate rightly the influence which the Archdeacon's "Gospel of sweetness and light" has exerted during the course of an exceptionally successful ministry. But we can at least indicate the main features which went to the making of that success. There was, in the first place, the gift of personality—the commanding presence, the graceful and dignified bearing, the wonderful, richly sympathetic voice, the fine lined face, sensitive yet shrewd, the humourist's eyes that were yet the eyes of the seer, the golden tongue unfalteringly eloquent, expressing in perfect phraseology the mind of ripe, wide culture—these were a few of the external qualifications which contributed not a little to his attractiveness as a teacher. To these must be added a certain spiritual quality, indefinable but very real, which gave to his sermons an intimately personal tone. He had the power of going straight to the secret places of his hearers, and answered each one's difficulties as though he were speaking to each alone. A strange, inner sympathy existed between himself and the unique congregation he had built up during the twenty-two years of his London ministry—a sympathy so strong as to become an enabling power in the midst of physical weakness, and a sustaining love in periods of overwhelming sorrow. He was wont to say that his congregation gave him life; it is certain that on more than one occasion they kept him in the body when his frail forces had sunk to their lowest point. Often he would come, crushed and worn-out, to his



Sunday ministrations, to receive, from his people's love, an added inspiration and a renewing power. He has frequently related how, after a very serious operation that was followed by persistent and alarming insomnia, a number of working-men of his congregation at St. Mary's, Southampton, gave up a whole night to prayer that he might sleep, and by reason of the sympathy existing between him and them, the sacrifice was effectual. Their prayers and their love did what medical aid had failed to accomplish, and, while they watched, he slept the critical sleep of returning life.

The secret of this subtle connection between teacher and people lay in the spiritual quality of a personality that had its roots in the inner world. Quite apart from his teachings which made demands on the thought capacity of the congregation, he was himself the channel of a power that far exceeded thought, and stimulated in others their highest spiritual possibilities. We miss this indefinable property in his printed sermons; it needed the man himself to transmit, by the magnetism of his gifted personality, the beneficent and healing influence which made him, without exaggeration, one of the best loved public men of recent times.

There was a further factor in his success as a teacher, which results from the spiritual sensitiveness that was one of his prevailing characteristics. It lay in his conviction of the reality of the Unseen as the root and basis of the "things which do appear." This is, of course, universal Christian truth, but it is far, as yet, from being universal Christian *experience*. The Archdeacon taught the reality of unseen, spiritual forces as one having the authority of *knowledge*. And he dared to make his knowledge practical, to bring into the humble affairs of daily life the powers of that inner world which was, in a sense, more real to him than the plane of mundane existence. Hence the intercessory Evensong for which St. John's, Westminster, became of late years famous, hence the peculiar teaching with regard to the rationale of Intercession which one especially associates with these unique occasions. It is no exaggeration to say that on Sunday nights at St. John's miracles happened; the Archdeacon has often recorded the fact as a matter of course. The immanent Divine Love-force was working through a specific channel—why then should miracles not happen? The miracle would rather be if they did not. It had been the Archdeacon's custom to devote this evening hour to cases of sickness and sorrow which had reached him during the week. Kneeling on

the Chancel steps in the lowered lights of a hushed church, he would focus, as it were, upon each case of need the concentrated thought-power of the congregation, seeking first to realize the pulsings of an intense Presence which worked through the minds of all present, and was the energizing force in the Intercession. He sometimes pictured this Presence as a Golden Cloud enwrapping with indescribable love both those who prayed and those for whom they prayed. Then by an effort of the visualizing faculty he would build into the Golden Love-Cloud a mental thought-form of each case, taking care, however, not to visualize the troubles. It was a spiritual image of each, well, happy, and harmonized that he endeavoured to build up, and to make as real on the outer plane as it was assuredly real on the inner. "Intercessory Prayer," he was wont to say, "is *not* petition directed to a God outside of, and separated from you and the object of your prayers; it is the liberation by your thought-concentration of divine forces of healing and help which would *not* have been liberated had you not prayed. You are not praying to God when you thus focus upon another the action of the Universal Spirit,—God is rather *praying through you*, setting free, that is, influences which He generates in the dynamo of your brain and heart. The process may be *expressed* by you in terms of prayer, but it is more strictly the direct action of divine Love passing through you as a channel straight to the object of your intercession."

This was his method from the dynamic and active point of view; it had another aspect which was more *passive*, which sought the result by what he was wont to describe, in a favourite expression, as "thinking into God." He has shown us this method in a sermon to be found in the collection that is called *Inward Vision*.

"Infinite mind hears thought without a voice, He does not hear a voice without the thought. The highest prayer is a silent blending of the mind with the Infinite Mind. Divine Love reads the need in your thought, and mental vibrations take the place of words.

"In intercession, for example, when you desire to draw some particular benefit, physical, mental or moral into the life of another who is ill or in trouble, just blend your mind with Infinite Mind, use your will to hold your mind in that attitude, and then mentally individualize the one for whom you desire benefit, repeating only the name, as Paul says more than once, 'making mention of you in my prayers.'"

The results of this teaching, the practical outcome of the Archdeacon's Immanent philosophy, were to spread the fame of his intercessions throughout many lands. Letters came to him from every quarter of the globe, some of them recording instances of help and healing which could be dated from the very moment the Intercession took place. Eventually he had to limit the number of cases to those who had some link of connection with St. John's, and to refuse all anonymous requests for which, for some reason, he could not pray. He was mainly successful where he could visualize strongly, and anonymous cases failed to touch his imagination. This fact is significant for those who seek to discover something of the psychology of prayer, and the relation of subjective factors to the end accomplished. Indeed the Archdeacon's whole conception of Intercessory Prayer gives an incalculable importance to the part played by the individuals who offer the Intercession. Whether they make themselves channels for the uprush of divine energy by active thought-concentration, or by passive blending of their minds with the Over-Mind of Love, the Divine Procedure is incomplete without them. Since *orare est laborare*, it may be true in prayer as it is certainly true in work, that we are as necessary to God as God is to us.

The natural sequence to this thought is the imperative duty laid upon the individual so to understand the laws that govern the human element in Intercession that this potent force shall no longer lie inactive for want of *intelligent* use. Intercessory practices are, of course, prevalent throughout Christendom, but they are not the power they might be for want of being properly understood. When individuals realize their great responsibilities as regularized channels of Divine action, Intercession will then be undertaken in the spirit of *corporate co-operation* with the "Power that worketh in us," with results that are as yet undreamed of by the world at large. It has recently been said by one who is wise in things occult that ten minutes' daily prayer by every British subject during the war would be worth several army corps. The Archdeacon has gone further and declared that it would stop the war in a few weeks. That such prayers *are* offered daily in every parish in the kingdom, with but small appreciable results on the great struggle, is a pitiful sign that Christian people have yet to learn the A B C of real Intercession. Many refrain, from a natural repugnance either to petition or instruct the Almighty concerning a matter about which He is already fully informed. They feel, and truly, that Divine Love does not wait

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for our humble suggestions ere performing the best possible, both for nations and individuals in the toils. But the deeper view of Intercession which regards it less as a petition to a God external to us, than as a twofold process of human and divine interaction, both terms of which are essential to the result, removes some of the cruder difficulties, and presents the matter in a more helpful light.

That the Archdeacon himself was one of those rare people who possessed a genius for successful prayer has been proved by the almost instantaneous results which frequently accompanied his presence in the church. He knew, too, by an unfailing intuition those intercessions which he might not offer. He had also frequent foresight with regard to the ones that would be successful. Two striking illustrations may be given :—

Some ten years ago, the mysterious disappearance of a well-known lady doctor was largely interesting the public mind. The relatives of the missing lady went to the Archdeacon, and asked him for a public Intercession. His answer was suggestive: "Do you know," he said, "the very dangerous force you are asking me to set in operation? It may result in a disclosure which will be more painful to you than your present state of suspense." They replied that certainty, even of the worst, was what they desired above all things. The Archdeacon consented, and on the following Sunday morning he asked the congregation for three minutes' silent prayer that the suspense might be removed. During that time he was conscious of an intensely strong force in the church, and knew also that in a few hours the lost lady would be found. The discovery of her body was made, as most people know, exactly three hours after the Intercession was offered.

Another instance, almost equally dramatic: A young man had suddenly disappeared from home in unaccountable fashion, leaving no trace of his whereabouts. His parents, fearing serious trouble, appealed to the Archdeacon for help through Intercession. During his statement of the case a lady in the congregation seemed suddenly to leave her body, and find herself in a room in a Paris hotel where the young man in question was seated, well in health, but evidently in deep mental trouble. The experience lasted for a shorter period than it takes to tell, but the description which the lady was able to give of the hotel eventually led to the youth being traced to Paris, and ultimately restored to his rejoicing friends.

But after the war broke out all private cases gave way to the paramount duty of protecting by spiritual thought-power

those members of the Forces whose friends desired their remembrance at these services. Right nobly, and with almost incredible success, was this work accomplished by the Archdeacon, though his failing strength often found the ever-lengthening list a formidable exercise in concentration and endurance. Nothing short of actual illness prevented him from undertaking what he considered the high privilege of providing spiritual defences for those who were fighting for our very existence as a nation, and truly the influences which were generated within the dull church walls enwrapped each man on the prayer-list with a protection which carried him unscathed through many a peril, and will, we believe, protect him to the end.

The last impression one recalls of these memorable Sunday evenings is of the graceful, kneeling figure, and beautiful, worn face of the man whose benignant presence will assuredly remain an imperishable memory with those who best knew its attractiveness and power; it is with the desire to prolong the memory of his inspiring work and personality in others whose touch with him was slighter, that these words have been gratefully written. It may be too soon for a correct estimate of the Archdeacon's place as a religious teacher; we do not, however, need the perspective of Time for a proper and thankful recognition of the loving heart, the tireless energy, and the all-embracing tolerance which made Basil Wilberforce the dearly-loved friend of all who came to him in sorrow, doubt or despair.

The circle he gathered around his chancel-steps may or may not dissipate under other influences; it will, however, have done a work under his inspiring guidance the importance of which we are not yet in a position to estimate. For one thing, it will have demonstrated to an incredulous world that "miracles" may still happen where love is strong and vision undimmed; and, further, it will have shown that the "white magic" of the heart is the true antidote to the dangerous counterfeit, so commonly met with to-day, whose mark is the aggrandisement of self. The occult and the spiritual are sometimes, and wrongly, divided into opposing camps, but the ministrations of St. John's, Westminster, have proved that the highest spirituality is compatible with the unselfish use of the inner dynamics of personality commonly termed "occult," and that the Unity of Nature sanctifies the right use of *all* her forces in the service of God, religion and man.

## “THE GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS”

By SIR MATTHEW HALE,

(Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, A.D. 1661)

*[It will be of interest to psychologists to know that the Lord Chief Justice of England 250 years ago was a keen and true psychologist, in the finest acceptation of the term. Sir Matthew Hale, who, in addition to his great legal and theological knowledge had mastered such varying subjects as architecture, science (especially those branches touching on the rarefaction and condensation of air), algebra, philosophy, medicine and even surgery, was also an impressionist writer, and had constant prescience of events in his own career. The Lord Chancellor, his contemporary, described him as the greatest orator he had ever known. "His words not coming fluently but being the most significant and expressive possible, and uttered with a softness to melt the harshest tempers." During the passionately stormy period of the Civil War, Protectorate and Restoration, he succeeded in maintaining his calmly balanced mind, continually under spiritual guidance.*

*The foreknowledge of the exact date of one's own physical death is a rare occurrence, but "Good Sir Matthew" (as he is termed by his chroniclers) was not left in ignorance even on this crucial point, and he asserted that if he did not die on Nov. 25, he should pass away on Christmas Day, 1676, which he actually did, and conscious to the last (which had been his keen desire).*

*Among his voluminous writings was the subjoined treatise on The Conflict of Good and Evil Spiritual Influences. We may rationally conclude from his well-considered words, that he would have experienced no difficulty in crediting the actuality of angelic aid as recently testified to during the retreat of our hard-pressed forces from Mons.—M. H.]*

AS we see plants in a nursery, when they come to a due growth, are transplanted into orchards, and those that are unuseful are pulled up and cast into the fire ; or, as we see boys in a free school, such as are indisciplinable, are, after some years of probation, sent away to mechanical employments ; and those that are ingenious and diligent are transplanted to the Universities ; so, among the children of men in this life, those that are vicious and incorrigible are by death rooted out and cast into a suitable condition ; and those that are vessels fit for the Master's use, towardly plants, are by death transplanted into another region, a garden of happiness and comfort. And possibly, by continuance of time, they received improvement and perfection, *here* ; so, in that other region, they add to their degrees of perfection, and are promoted to further accessions and degrees and stations of happiness and glory, till they come to the state of "spirits of just men made perfect." Could we see the invisible regiment of the world by the subordinate government of good and evil angels, as once Elisha's servant saw the fiery chariots and horsemen in the mount, it would give us another kind of representation of things than now they appear to us. We



have just reason to believe that there are infinite numbers of spirits of both kinds, that have their passings to and fro, and negotiations, as well among themselves, as among the children of men ; and as ravens, kites, and other kind of unclean birds, haunt carrion, and as vermin haunt after putrefaction and are busy about it, or as disorderly debauched companions and ruffians ever haunt out and hang upon a dissolute and foolish heir till they have sucked out all his substance and wealth, so the impure and corrupted angels haunt and flock about a man given over to vice, till they have wholly corrupted and putrefied his soul ; and those good men whom they cannot win over to them, they pursue with as much malice and envy as they can possibly, and although they cannot come within them, yet as far as they can they raise up external mischief against them, watch opportunities to ensnare or blemish them, though the vigilancy of a *better guard*, and their own prudence and circumspection do, for the most part, disappoint and prevent them.

Besides the displeasure of the great God, there be some consideration even in reference to those good and evil angels to make good men very watchful that they fall not into the presumptuous or foul sins.

1. It cannot choose but be grief to the good angels to be present, and spectators of the enormities of those for whose preservation they are employed (Luke xv. 10).

2. It must in all probability work in them a nauseousness, and retiring themselves from such offenders, at least till they have renewed and washed themselves by repentance and made their peace with God in Christ. For there is no greater antipathy than between these pure and chaste spirits and any sin or foulness.

3. It cannot choose but be a most grateful spectacle to these envious and malignant evil spirits, who, upon the discovery of such a fall of a good man, call their impure company together and make pastime about such an object, as boys do about a drunken man and upbraid the sacred and pure angels, “ Look, here is your pious man, your professor ; come and see in what a condition he is, and what he is about.”

It lays open such a man to the power and malice of those envious spirits ; they have gotten him within their territories and dominions ; and unless God in His great mercy restrain them, render a good man obnoxious to their mischief. And as the contagion and noisomeness of sin drives away the pure and holy spirits ; so it attracts and draws together those impure and malignant spirits, as the smell of carrion doth birds and beasts of prey.

It concerns us therefore to be very vigilant against all sin ; and if through inadvertence, infirmity and temptation we fall into it, to be diligent to make our peace and wash ourselves as we can in the blood of Christ and water of repentance.

# WATER DIVINING

BY N. Z.

THERE exists a mysterious, powerful force—radiating energy ceaselessly and untiringly into space—which if it could be harnessed and utilized, might accomplish, at small cost, an immense amount of work in the world.

I allude to the 'force' mysteriously generated beneath the surface of the earth by running water, which radiates—through many feet of solid earth—*energy* which usually passes away into the atmosphere, but the existence of which can be as plainly demonstrated as the existence of the force named 'magnetism' can be demonstrated by holding a magnet above a steel needle, upon which the needle leaps upward to the "magnet—in apparent defiance of the law of gravitation.

In *Pearson's Magazine* for March, 1897, will be found a very interesting illustrated article entitled "The Divining Rod," by J. Holt Schooling. Towards the termination of the article the writer summarizes as follows:—"The net conclusion I have arrived at is that hidden water does convey subtle indications of its presence to some persons, in whom it sets up very delicate and probably nerve-muscular contractions. These contractions cause movement in the delicately held rod. In other words, the water does not cause movement in the rod . . . but the diviner transmits movement to the rod, such movement being the outcome of involuntary nerve-muscular contractions, which are caused in some persons by the near presence of running water" (p. 304).

But, if the ends of the rod are held—not 'delicately,' but *immovably* in the hands—and the *centre* of the rod bends round in a half-circle, what becomes of the 'conclusion' that "nerve-muscular contractions cause movement in the rod"?

Some three years ago another article appeared in a magazine which purported to give the 'explanation' of the 'mystery' connected with the 'divining rod.'

On careful perusal of this article, this so-called 'explanation' proved to be *no explanation at all!* It consisted merely in the writer's *suggestion* that the movement of the divining rod—

when used in the attempt to indicate the whereabouts of underground water—was “due to the unconscious contraction of the muscles of the hands which held the divining rod.”

The writers of these two articles had apparently never seen the indicating of the position of water, underground, *by the hands alone*,—as, when water is located under the surface of the earth by the bare *hands*, without any rod, wand or stick whatever, or by a rod held *immovably* in the hands,—this laboriously built-up theory of “unconscious nerve-muscular contractions” *causing* the rod to move—vanishes into thin air!

Now, to leave these more or less imaginary ‘explanations,’ and come down to solid *facts*.

The following is an exact, truthful statement of what occurred in the writer’s presence. The names of the location and persons concerned, etc., are in possession of the Editor, as a guarantee of the genuineness of the facts related in this article. The testimony to the same, of other eye-witnesses, can be obtained if required.

It being desired to obtain a good supply of water on a certain estate in New Zealand—and at the same time to avoid the expense of boring in different places and, perhaps, finding no water-supply—it was decided to request the services of a gentleman, whom we will call ‘Mr. A,’ who was known to be very successful in locating water underground.

As a preliminary remark, we may say that the position and personality of this gentleman absolutely precluded any idea of other than honourable action. Moreover, Mr. A. had never been on the estate before, and stated that he was not acquainted with the local geological conditions—which, otherwise, might enable a person to *guess*, approximately, where water *might* be found,—but not to state, *exactly*, where it would be found.

On arrival at the estate, Mr. A. walked up a gravel path, bordered by a lawn and flower beds. Just after passing a particular flower-bed he remarked: “I found an indication of water just back there”—referring to the flower-bed which he had walked past without stopping.

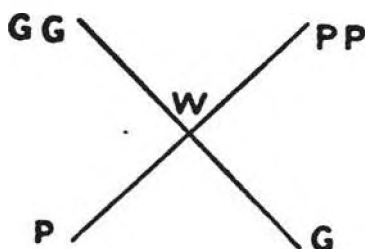
To outward appearance there was not the slightest sign of water, underground, at this particular place; but inquiries were afterwards made, and only then it was discovered that many years previously, a well, supplied by a spring, had existed *at that very spot!* It was now filled up, with a flower-bed over it, and yet Mr. A. had detected the existence of running water at the bottom of the disused, filled-up well by merely walking



past it! Later on Mr. A. proceeded, in a systematic way, to locate the position of the desired water.

He first inquired in what part of the estate it was desired and most convenient, if possible, to sink or bore for the proposed water-supply, and was directed to some rising ground, covered with a fruit orchard, two or three miles from any visible water.

With his hands held *flat*, palms downward, in front of him, Mr. A. walked to and fro over the ground. Presently he remarked, "There is an indication of water here, and it is strongest just here"—pointing to a particular spot which he then marked with a wooden peg, marked W on the diagram.



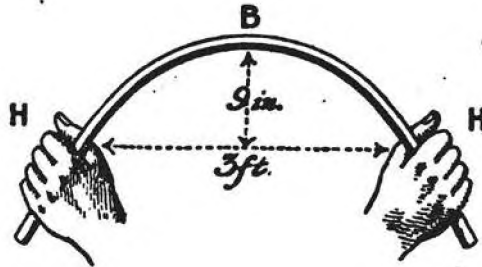
In a line with this spot, and about 30 feet apart, he fixed two pegs, P, PP. He then walked up and down the line P, PP; moved the peg W a few inches, and then marked out another line at right angles to the line P, PP, crossing it at W, and inserted pegs at G, GG. Again the peg W was moved a few inches on the line G, GG, and then Mr. A. said, "That is the centre of the strongest flow of water at this spot."

When Mr. A. located water by his hands alone, he stated to me that it was the result of a "tingling sensation in his body."

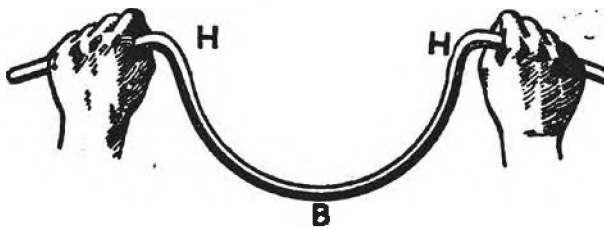
Now, note.—Up to this moment Mr. A. had not used a rod or stick of any sort whatever. He had located the centre of the strongest flow of water underground by merely walking over the surface with his hands outspread and apart—the 'pegs' being only used to mark out the exact spot W, where water would be found 20, 50, or 100 feet below. The peg W had only been moved a few inches altogether from where he had first placed it. "Now," said Mr. A., "I will *show* you that this is the best centre in which to find the strongest flow of water at this spot."

Mr. A. then cut an ordinary stick from the adjacent hedge, about a yard long, and over half-an-inch thick. This he trimmed of the twigs, and then held it *firmly* (not 'delicately')—one

end in each hand the back of the hands upward, and pressing the ends of the stick somewhat together, he bent it in the form of a bow—about 9 inches or a foot across the 'bow,' which was pointing then directly upwards, thus—



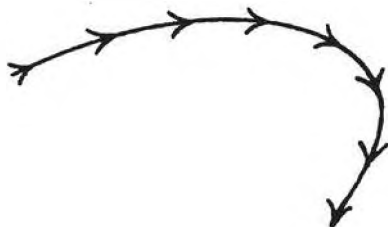
Then going to the point P, and holding the stick in front of him, with the bow B upwards, he commenced to walk slowly along the line from P to PP. What was going to happen we had not the slightest idea. At first the stick remained perfectly still, but as Mr. A. came within a few feet of W, a most unlooked-for and unaccountable thing occurred—the stick at the bow B commenced to turn over at B towards W—away from Mr. A. himself—exactly as though a powerful but invisible hand had grasped the *centre* of the bow at B and *dragged it over*, making it perform a half-circle, until just as Mr. A. reached W, the centre of the stick B *pointed* directly downwards to W, while the *ends* of the stick *had not moved*!



It could be plainly seen that Mr. A. was concentrating a good deal of force in *gripping* the ends of the stick firmly in his hands, while the *centre* of the stick was slowly making the half-circle turn from B to D.

As Mr. A. continued to walk on slowly towards PP past the spot W, the stick at the centre continued to bend—now *backwards*, as though the invisible hand which had reached forward and bent it slowly round—as Mr. A. advanced, until it was pointing exactly downwards at W—*now* dragged at it in the

reverse direction, so that, as Mr. A. passed beyond W, the centre of the bow pointed *backwards*, towards W—the direction of the attractions being represented thus :—



But within a few paces past W the strain proved too much for the stick, cracks were heard, and the stick broke where it was held by the hands at HH, the twisted fibres showing the severe strain which had been placed upon the stick before they gave way—absolutely demonstrating that, so far from the operator '*transmitting* movement' to the stick, it was his very *resistance* to the movement in the centre of the stick that broke it at the ends. This being so, what becomes of the *theory*—mis-called '*explanation*'—that the bending of the stick or rod is due to "*unconscious nerve-muscular contraction of the hands!*"

Again and again Mr. A. made this test with other sticks cut from the hedge by others, but in each case the stick behaved in exactly the same way—bending at the centre of the "*bow*," as it approached W, until it snapped where held by the hands.

In other places on the estate Mr. A. located water in the same manner. Subsequently boring was undertaken at three of these places, and a good supply of water was found at the exact spot W indicated by Mr. A. in the fruit orchard. It should be remembered that an underground stream of water may be only a few inches or a foot wide ; and if the '*bore*' missed the stream by a few feet, no water would be found ! Moreover, the '*chance*' of hitting the requisite spot in, say, a square mile of ground only, is so remote as to be nearly impossible—witness the large sums that have been wasted in the useless boring for wate.

Now note the direct conclusion from these facts. Evidently along the line of the underground stream there is unceasingly radiated upwards, through many feet of solid earth or rock to the surface, a powerful form of energy which escapes unseen into the atmosphere, and not being utilized in any way, is generally wasted.

*When* will this tremendous force be investigated, named, controlled, and *used* for the benefit of mankind ?



# BLACK MAGIC IN AUSTRALIA

DEDICATED TO THE HEROES OF ANZAC

By IRENE E. TOYE-WARNER, F.R.A.S., ETC.

IN my last article on the subject of Black Magic (written especially for the OCCULT REVIEW), I gave a brief outline of the Art as practised by the Egyptians. Let us now turn to an entirely different race and era, and consider the magic of the Australian aborigines.

From the highly cultured dwellers in the Nile Valley, to the original inhabitants of Australia, is a very wide jump indeed in more ways than the geographical position and the vast distance separating the two lands. Yet beneath all the differences of race, country, culture, and religion, we find the root idea of the Black Art as unchanged and deadly, and as much a matter of fixed belief and practice, in the vast island-continent as in the Land of the Pyramids. The scenes are changed, truly, and the ceremonies vary somewhat in their gruesome details, but the evil intent of the black magician and his real or fancied power to work harm, remains the same.

As one would naturally expect from a race as low in the scale of civilization as the Australian aborigines, their magic is of a lower nature and for grosser purposes than the Egyptian; there is also more slavish fear apparent of the men popularly supposed to possess the power of casting spells.

So much bloodshed has been caused by this scourge that it has been one of the chief factors in the gradual but steady decline in the population of the natives before the advent of Europeans!

The aborigines did not believe in death from "natural" causes,—if a person was not killed in battle or murdered, then he most assuredly was done to death by evil magic, and his "bewitcher" must be caught and killed also! From this idea there arose a powerful class of sorcerers, both white and black, who were the real rulers of the community by reason of the powers they wielded to work harm on all who opposed them. As there were many tribes of aborigines, so there were many names by which each tribe designated its magicians, we will therefore content ourselves by describing a few of the best known, and the means they employed to accomplish their evil purposes.

BT

All the aboriginal tribes believed that the "medicine-man," either good or evil, received his occult powers from some supernatural source, either from ancestral ghosts, superhuman legendary ancestors called *Mura-muras*, or some of the partly human-divine beings. Sorcerers, it was believed, could see men in their incorporeal state as wraiths or ghosts; ascend to the place of the departed spirits; or be transported from one part of the earth to another, without physical means. They could assume inanimate or animal forms, control the elements; and destroy or preserve men, just as they wished!

The use of human fat in their charms seems to have been universal, and also that of the quartz crystal. Black magicians rapidly decreased in numbers after the advent of Europeans, and they became almost extinct as a class about the time of the early gold-diggings in Victoria. (See *The Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, by A. W. Howitt, D.Sc.)

The names by which a sorcerer is designated are very numerous, perhaps the best known being that of *Gommer*, *Bukin*, *Bugin*, *Kunki*, *Mekigar*, *Bangal*, *Wirrarap*, *Bunjil-barn*, *Murri-malundra*, etc., etc.

The *Mekigar* of the Wiimbaio tribe was said to knock a man down in the night with a club called *Yuribattra-piri*, i.e., a club having two corners or ears. He would then remove some fat from the victim and close up the wound, leaving no mark or trace of the operation. One old *Mekigar*, we are informed by John Bulmer, was seen seated on the ground with a piece of reed in his hand which he stuck from time to time in the ground, bringing up on each occasion lumps of what appeared to be meat! It was said that this was the fat of some one who was being caught by the *Mekigar*! The sorcerer also derived power from an evil supernatural being called *Bori*.

The *Kunki* of the Dieri tribe is credited with obtaining his power from direct communication with evil spirits called *Kutchi*, and also with departed ancestors. He can mount to the sky by means of a hair cord and there see the heavenly land. Also he may drink the water of the "sky-land," and from it obtain his power to kill by magic or to save life by the same means.

The *Murri-malundra* of the Ngarigo tribe was said to put evil substances into his victims which caused their illness or death. These magic substances were usually white stones called *Thagakurha* and black stones called *Thagakuribong*.

The *Koradji* of the Geawe-gal could cause people to die by a wasting sickness, and was reputed to have preternatural know-

ledge of, and power of communication with, supernatural influences and beings!

The black magician of the Chepara tribe was believed to obtain his power from an evil spirit called Wulle, by whose aid he could kill people or at least injure them severely.

The *Bangal* of the Wotjobaluk tribe was particularly addicted to the use of human fat in his magical ceremonies, and here we trace much the same idea as that prevalent amongst the natives of South Africa. The *Bangal* snares his victim, carries him off, and apparently puts him into a deep hypnotic trance, during which he extracts the fat. He then awakens him by singing a charm, and lets him return to his home. The sorcerer then walks to the nearest fallen tree-trunk, and by its length in strides fixes the number of days his victim will live. The latter on reaching his home feels ill, and usually just before his death dreams of the man who has taken his fat; his relatives send out an avenging party—and so the blood feud goes on and on!

The *Bukin*, or *Bugin*, of the Yuin tribe, was believed to be able to render himself invisible or to turn into an animal or some inanimate object at will, or even to disappear into the ground! One celebrated *Bugin* professed to have escaped his enemies by entering into a horse and galloping off! The natives say that a *Bugin* may get inside a tree and cause a limb to break whilst a man is climbing it, so that the latter falls and becomes an easy victim. One may know when a *Bugin* is near by the twitching of one's flesh,—compare with this the witch in *Macbeth* who says "By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes." These workers of evil practised right across the Manero tableland to Omeo and down the Murray and Murrumbidgee rivers, and were a greatly dreaded class of men. Like the magicians of other tribes, they used human fat as an evil charm.

*Gommera* is yet another name among the Yuin tribe for much the same worker of magic. A *Gommera* is popularly supposed to kill his enemies by putting things into their food and drink. One of these substances is a yellow powder which is a deadly poison, apparently unknown to Europeans. Another poison, which takes three weeks to operate, is said to be obtained by "putting the dung of a native cat in a hole in an anthill covered up with gum-leaves. After a while a white mossy powder comes on it which they say is the poison" (C. E. Doyle).

A *Gommera* could throw evil charms invisibly into his victims, and he was often employed by one community to find out and;

punish an evil sorcerer of another tribe,—in much the same way as a Kafir doctor “smells out” a worker of black magic,—whilst at other times he was himself the practiser of evil. Fat was also one of their chief substances used for magical purposes.

For the convenience of the reader, and to save repetition, I have throughout this article used the term “magician,” or “sorcerer,” to designate any worker of black magic by whatever tribal name he may be called.

Let us now consider the various means used by the Australian magician to accomplish his evil purposes. The chief articles used in the making of charms appear to have been mainly as follows:—human fat, kangaroo fat, quartz crystal, human fibula bone, sinews, black or white round pebbles, wood of the oaktree, human hair, eagle-hawks’ feathers, etc. These articles, or any other substances used as charms, are known as *Joiias*, and the “throwing of a Joia” is the projection of a magical substance invisibly, on to the victim by a magician.

If the chief material used by the Egyptians, and other races, in their black magic, was *wax*, the primary substance of the Australian sorcerer was certainly *fat*.

As the use of human fat in magical ceremonies is so widespread and important, I had better give a description of the method by which it was obtained.

The Wiimbaio magicians creep into an enemies’ camp at night with a net with which they garrotte one of the tribe and drag him to a little distance. They then cut up his abdomen obliquely, take out the kidney and caul-fat, and carry it off, leaving the victim to die in a few hours if he be not already dead!

Some sorcerers throw the victim into a deep trance first, and on waking he thinks he has had a bad dream—as the wound had been magically closed up by the sorcerer so that no mark is visible! So powerful is the magical property of fat taken in this way that a spear dipped in it is “poisoned,” i.e., infected with evil magic. In case the victim died under the operation, the sorcerer was careful to place his body in the correct direction in which the dead of his totem were buried. It is believed that his murderer watches always after death, at the spot where the crime took place.

Instead of a net, the Wurrarap of the Wurunjerri tribe, to obtain his victim’s fat, used an instrument made out of the sinews of a kangaroo’s tail and the fibula of its leg;—according to Howitt. The sinew cord, which of course is very strong and pliable, had a loop at one end, and the pointed bone was attached



to the other. With this the magician crept up to the sleeping man, and if his forehead felt cool and he was snoring, the cord was placed around his neck, and the bone being threaded through the loop was pulled tight. Another cord was passed around his feet and he was carried some distance into the bush, where his fat was cut out, the wound closed, and the unfortunate victim left to awaken and slowly die. It was thought that if the fat was heated over a fire the man would die in a few days, but if not he might linger for some time.

There were many ceremonies connected with evil magic, but most of them bear a strong resemblance to one another, though practised by separate tribes. The description of a few of these will therefore serve our purpose.

The Kurnai magician used a proceeding called *Barn*. A young he-oak tree was chosen, the branches lopped off and the trunk pointed, then a rough outline of a man was drawn as if the stump grew out of his chest, the space around being cleared to form a kind of magic circle. The workers of evil then rubbed their naked bodies with charcoal and fat, and danced, at the same time chanting the *Barn* song as a spell. The intended victim was supposed to be unable to resist these incantations and was expected to walk as one in sleep (trance?) into the magic circle. Then the performers would throw small pieces of he-oak wood at him, until he fell to the ground, when they cut out part of his tongue and sent him home to die.

Another way of catching a victim was to find the spot where he had left an impression on the ground after he had risen from it, and then chant incantations over it.

The sorcerers of the Yuin tribe obtained the same results by means of the *Talmaru* or magic fire, which they made in the bush. As in the *Barn* ceremony, they danced around it rubbing in charcoal, and shouting the name of the person, at the same time exhibiting magical objects (*Joia*). After this "they piled a high mound of earth over the fire and drove a stake into the centre of it," and this was supposed to so stupefy a person that he became an easy victim.

Sometimes a smooth round black stone was used by the Kurnai sorcerer to cause death by intestinal trouble. A very objectionable *Joia* is the white frothy substance which came out of the mouth of a sorcerer whilst he was performing one of the magical dances. If put into a person's food or even blown over him this was said to be very deadly.

Another substance produced from the magician's mouth

during a ceremonial dance is reputed to enable its possessor to cause the eyesight of an enemy to become dim so that he is unable to defend himself.

Magical dances at initiation ceremonies were closely connected with *Joias*,—there were dances during which were exhibited quartz crystal *Joias*, black stone *Joias*, animal intestine *Joias*, and *Joias* of a chalk-like substance. After these ceremonies have been performed for the benefit of novices, the Yuin believe that the magicians (*Gommeras*) leave things lying on the ground which are filled with evil magic,—probably fragments of glass steeped in some poison are strewn purposely, to prevent people camping on the sacred spot.

A spell which is used greatly by the Dieri sorcerer, and also by the principal men of the tribe, when they wished to kill an enemy, was known as "pointing with the bone,"—that is the human fibula used as a *Joia* or magical object. The bones were wrapped in emu feathers and fat and pointed in the direction of the intended victim, his name being repeated and the death they wished him to die. This ceremony usually lasted about an hour, and all who participated in it were bound to secrecy.

"Pointing with the bone" is practised by all the tribes of the Itchumundi nation. They use the fibula of a dead man's leg, which they scrape, polish, paint with red ochre, and attach to a cord made of the hair of the deceased. The sorcerer who possesses this is greatly feared, as it is thought that any one towards whom it may be pointed will die.

Yet another curious way of using the bone is by laying a piece of the leg-bone of a kangaroo, or emu, sharply pointed at one end, on the ground in the direction of the intended victim (says Mary E. B. Howitt), when he is asleep. After a time the bone is removed and put point downwards in a secret place in a hole dug in the ground, which is then filled up with sticks and leaves and burnt. "As the bone is consumed, it is thought to enter into the victim," who then feels ill and dies. The only way to prevent death in such a case is for a medicine-man to suck out the cause in the form of a bit of bone, or else to rub the victim with the ashes of the bone; many of these spells could be broken by the magician placing the bone in water.

The Wiradjuri sorcerer uses a small piece of wood in much the same way, by placing it by a fire pointed in the direction of the victim. When it becomes quite hot it is supposed to spring up and enter the latter without his being aware of it. Another belief is, that,—as in the Voodoo black magic—a person may

be killed by obtaining a bit of his garment and smearing it with a dead man's fat, and then roasting it in front of a fire,—as it roasts so the late wearer will die!

A charm bearing a strong resemblance to Voodoo magic was used by the Kurnai magician. He obtained some personal object belonging to the intended victim, and fastened it with some eagle-hawk's feathers and human fat, to a spear-thrower which was placed slanting near a slow fire. The sorcerer then sang a charm and mentioned the man's name until the spear-thrower fell, and the incantation was complete. In this the kangaroo or human fat was considered the most powerful of the substances used.

The same ceremony to cause death by roasting some object which for the time being represents the victim is used by the Wotjobaluk magician. In this case small spindle-shaped pieces of wood are used instead of the spear-thrower, and with them are bound up some article, smeared with fat, belonging to the persons whom he wishes to injure. On the wood are carved some marks representing an effigy of the victim, and some poisonous snakes. The whole bundle is then roasted for a long time, or for several times at intervals. The effect produced on the victim is dreadful dreams in which he thinks that some one has obtained some of his hair or something he has used and that he is in the middle of a fire! He then sends his friends to the person he has seen in his dreams and they accuse him of magic. The suspected man to escape their vengeance often admits that he has been burning something but did not know whose it was; he then gives the object to the friends of the sick man, telling them to put it in water so that "the fire will go out," and after this—so powerful is suggestion—the man generally gets better! Any article once used by the intended victim and extracted by the medicine-man, was preserved and used for an evil charm on some future occasion.

The Wirrarap of the Wurunjjerri tribe was believed to be able to kill by evil magic called *Mung*. He could project the Thundal, or quartz-crystal, invisibly into the victim or else as a small whirlwind a few feet high. The victim in such a case "felt a chill, then pains and shortness of breath," and usually resorted to a more powerful magician than the one who had cast the spell, to obtain relief. Rheumatic pains were attributed to magic brought about by some one having placed fragments of glass, quartz, bone, or charcoal in the sufferer's foot-prints, "or in the impression of his body where he had lain down."

As in South Africa, the punishment for a worker of black magic is death, executed either by the relations of the victim or by an armed party, called *Pinya*, sent out by the tribal council to kill the offender. The men of this avenging party wear a white band around the head, the point of the beard tipped with human hair, and diagonal red and white stripes across the stomach and breast. When they enter the camp or village of the accused man they question the people as to his whereabouts, and in their terror the natives are ready to point out even their own relative, who is then hauled forth and speared, or has his head split open. The *Pinya* then return to their own homes.

The tendency of late years seems to be to avenge the death of a person by a mock battle or even by bartering goods, rather than by actually taking the life of the offender.

There are some curious customs relating to the initiation of a medicine-man, a few of which are now known to Europeans. As a rule a boy is selected for training because of the psychic power seen in him by a magician, i.e., he may be clairvoyant and have described spirits of ancestors; or have dreamed, whilst sleeping at a grave-side, that the deceased had visited him and taken out some of his intestines, replacing them without leaving any mark on his body!

The *Mekigar* of the Wiimbaio, when he wished to initiate a candidate, procured the body of a dead man and pounded up the bones, which the candidate had to chew! The latter was then daubed with filth and carried about the humerus of a corpse, wrapped with twigs, which he constantly gnawed! No wonder that he was soon in a state of frenzy! After more privations and secret training he was proclaimed a medicine-man with full occult powers.

Another tribe smoke a boy with the leaves of the native cherry and anoint him with red ochre and fat,—certainly a saner method!

Clairvoyance either before or after initiation seems to have been the rule; levitation during such ceremonies was also firmly believed to take place. Much occult knowledge was revealed to the initiate in dreams,—harmful and protective charms being taught him—and it is a remarkable fact that psychic power left a man completely if he took to drink or became very ill (according to investigations by Howitt).

Whatever is fanciful about the method by which a man becomes a magician, one thing is certain, and that is, he completely *believes in the reality of his own power.*



There seems to be one notable difference between the Kafir witch-doctor and the medicine-man of the aborigines of Australia, i.e., whereas the former primarily used his power to find out and punish the black magicians and so *protect* people from evil, the latter was either a worker of good or evil, according to his inclination,—good to his friends, evil to his enemies. In this as in other ways the magic of Australia was grosser and more degraded than that of South Africa, and immeasurably beneath that of the cultured Egyptian.

The belief that evil may be wrought by magical means seems to have some foundation in actual fact, if we take into consideration the power of the human will when properly concentrated and directed. I believe that much actual evil and sickness has been produced by the black magician when his will has been sufficiently powerful. The faith in evil magic is too widespread and long continued to be absolutely without some substratum of truth. The power of hypnotic suggestion, which is now recognized as an established fact of science, throws a flood of light on the methods and practices of the Black Art. The latter's successes and failures can be accounted for by the supposition that all are not sensitive in the same degree to the psychic force of the magician.

Another point to notice is the fact that the magician when casting a spell usually becomes partly hypnotized himself so that he can come into rapport with the victim. This he accomplishes by dancing (usually in a circle), monotonous chanting, repeating the same words or sentences over and over, and the concentration of his whole mind upon one object. The various ceremonies are only a means by which this concentration of thought on one object, and for one purpose, is obtained; they also impress the men engaged in them with a feeling of power, and the victim—should he hear of them—with a corresponding fear.

Except in cases where real poison is used, my opinion, after careful study of the various methods, is that evil magic works harm by the psychic power directed by the concentrated *will* of the operator on to the subconsciousness of the victim.

If my theory be correct, then the most certain cure of such cases will be found in counter-hypnotic suggestion, and indeed we find traces of this also in the fact that a more powerful sorcerer can "break the spell."

## 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.*]

### POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I have read with some interest the article on "Popular Superstitions" which appears in your current number, the more so as I personally know a number of instances of the superstitions referred to.

To quote two or three such cases. My grandfather, I remember, was in the habit of telling me how his father and mother, when staying at an old farm-house in Norfolk, happened one night to be sitting in the great flagged kitchen, against one wall of which stood an ancient gate-post table. They were quite alone, and all the doors, except the one leading upstairs to their bedroom, were locked—no one could have entered the room without their being aware of it. It was eleven o'clock, and they had just decided to retire for the night, when, without any warning, the hanging leaf of the gate-post table rose—or, more correctly, was levitated—to a horizontal position, and dropped again, with a bang. It transpired, through a message received shortly after, that a cousin, to whom they were both much attached, had died at eleven o'clock that very night.

A lady, whom I know, one afternoon received a telegram from a very old friend, begging her to come and see her immediately, and not delay, or it might be too late. On arriving, the next morning, she was informed that the previous afternoon at three o'clock her hostess had heard a loud rap upon the door of her room, and had called "Come in!" Upon the door not opening, and no response being forthcoming, she had opened the door herself, but had found no one there. Upon questioning the household, she had been unable to elicit any further information. She then had no doubt that what she had heard was a portent, and had telegraphed to her friend. At three o'clock that very afternoon, as the two sat together, the knock was repeated. My friend described it as "hard and sharp." She sprang to the door, and opened it instantly, but not a soul was there. The next afternoon—that is, the third—at the same hour, the knock was again repeated, and again she sprang to the door—with the same result as before. On turning, and looking at her hostess, she found that the portent had indeed been a true one, for she was dead. She had been ailing for years from an obscure complaint which I am unable to specify, but, according to my friend, her end coming *when* it did, was quite unexpected.

I know a very large rookery which belongs to a house where lived, some years ago, an old colonel. One day the rooks were observed to quit their abodes, and the tops of the great trees became silent. An old crone observed to my father: "Death will be in the house!" A week after the old colonel died—quite unexpectedly—and a week later the rooks returned.

Such cases as the last might be quoted *ad libitum*—and here lies the difficulty. How far are they mere coincidence? Would the rooks have vacated their nests in any event? Bees leaving their hives, under the same circumstances, is a parallel superstition, and, if I am to believe some old country folks, there are many, apparently, well authenticated instances of this.

To see a white owl is also, I believe, a portent. I have only seen three, but I am bound to say nothing untoward has occurred afterwards. I enclose my card.

Yours faithfully,  
ONE INTERESTED

### THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent Tau, in his letter published under the above heading in the current issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, refers to a difficulty he has experienced in Flying Dreams, in "keeping balanced in an upright position."

I was rather struck by this remark, as I have myself, under similar circumstances, repeatedly met with the same difficulty.

I subjoin a few notes from my records of some of the more vivid of my experiences.

16. 8. 11.—In the early morning was lying awake in condition of great melancholy. Suddenly felt a strange vibration not unlike a wave of electricity, continuous but not too violent—a very pleasing sensation. Face was covered, but mind quite active. Voluntarily yielded to the sensation. Vibration gradually increased. Question framed itself in mind: "Is this the separation of soul from body?" Felt only pleasure and curiosity. Seemed to be borne swiftly upward, then down as in a lift. Began to surmise. Mind evidently too much aroused. Returned to normal state.

9. 5. 13.—After lying for some time in a semi-conscious state early this morning, felt a curious sensation as of gently swaying from side to side. Yielded mind, and suppressed thought comment as much as possible in order to gain more experience.

Seemed to be lying in different positions—at one time it appeared, with arms thrown out. Gently roused myself sufficiently to ascertain that the physical body had not moved.

Lay in this state for what seemed some time, then it appeared that the door opened and Miss N— came in, walked to the farther side of the room, approached bed and leaned over me without speaking.

Wanted to address her, but could not do so without making an effort that would effectually put an end to an agreeable drowsiness.

Shortly after this, roused to normal state. Heard the church clock strike three. Dozed off again. Fell into same condition as before. Took an independent "flight" through a strange house. Alighted on floor of one of the rooms and tried to walk, but appeared to rise. Remembered having read that a discarnate human being, unaccustomed to that condition, will retain the shape of the physical body, and will from habit try to walk by using the simulacra of legs, but this is unnecessary.

Tried again to walk in ordinary manner, but could not preserve equilibrium; kept rising an inch or two as it appeared, and had an inclination to fall forward. Stretched out arms to preserve balance: thenceforward moved by making motions with the arms, as a swimmer, and abandoned attempt to maintain an upright position. Could not altogether control direction. After a time began steadily to rise. Was close to a wall of the room and noticed a small picture, but passed too swiftly to examine it. Stretched arms towards it and exerted will power. With a great effort succeeded in descending to it and managed to remove it from its nail. Have only the dimmest recollection of it now, but fancy it was quite a commonplace view of labourers in a hayfield. Do not know how I disposed of it, but my attention was suddenly roused by the fact that I was apparently about to bang into a wall of the room. Recalled that so long as I had no fear, obstacles of this nature had no existence for me. Passed through into a passage and visited several more rooms before returning to normal state. The house was untenanted, unpapered, and unfurnished, the picture I have mentioned being the only article in the place.

25. 10. 13.—Between 4 and 5 a.m. was lying awake in apathetic frame of mind. Usual vibration at commencement, but too slight in itself to arrest wandering thought. Then succeeded a queer sensation I imagine somewhat like lockjaw would be, for my chin fell and the muscles of my jaws and throat became almost painfully rigid. My impulse was to make some movement and throw off the control, but I refrained. A blank followed.

Seemed at last to be seated alone in a comfortable chair before the fire, in a cosy, well-furnished room. Situated thus it seemed was suddenly seized with the vibration. Yielded to it. Chair began to rock gently backward and forward, then went very far backward, almost overturning. Felt afraid I was surrendering myself to some evil force, but did not wish to terminate proceedings.

Managed so cautiously as not to throw off control, to turn my head sufficiently to look behind, where I half expected to see some figure, but no visible presence was with me.

Rocked very far forward. Left chair and glided, or was drawn across room, feet a few inches from floor. Maintained upright position, but had tendency to fall. Began to rise, touched ceiling. Seemed to



be drawn through passages and rooms ; could not choose direction.

Grew rather impatient as there was nothing really new in this experience. Returned to normal state.—I am, dear Sir,

STOCKBURY,

Faithfully yours,

SITTINGBOURNE.

CHRISTIAN BRIMELOW.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I have just received some startling evidence of the truth of the theory touching physical reflections of psychic circumstances, psychic reflections of physical circumstances and the laws of periodicity on both planes of existence. I state the bare facts without making any comment.

In your issue of January, 1914, an article of mine appeared—"Spiritualism in Tropical America"—in which these experiences are related—

I was sitting one morning near a verandah, thinking of, some one who had recently departed this life, and who had been, and still was, very dear to me. Suddenly I heard a voice say plainly, "The Pinnocks," and at the same time I felt that an unseen conscious entity was near me. I felt that, behind that entity, there was a great multitude of other entities who knew me and who were connected with many unearthly circumstances and events; there was an infinity of superior life behind the voice. It was as if the gate that leads to the Eternal had suddenly been pushed ajar; but this was only for a few seconds. I was soon in this everyday world again, sitting alone there by the veranda.

The night that followed, I dreamt an impressive dream, the atmosphere of which was reality itself. I was walking—a happy peasant boy—in a field beside an old farmhouse. I had merry companions with me, and we were going towards a moss-grown building some distance away. I felt that I knew those people well—I had been familiar with them from earliest years, and a close friendship existed between us. We had to go down a narrow, slanting path, and I remembered having passed that place hundreds of times before. I knew that there was something very important to me connected with the entire scene, but especially with the old building towards which we were going. The words, "The Pinnocks," were uttered more than once, and sounded very familiar in my ears. That was all. But the next night I dreamt the same dream, and the next, and yet the next. There was not the slightest difference between one of those dreams and another. I always heard the words, "The Pinnocks," and there was the same atmosphere of reality in them all.

The last time I had the dream was while reclining on a couch one afternoon to enjoy a nap. When I woke, I found myself at strife with my body—trying to leave it altogether. I was struggling to break loose from it and to be entirely free. The feeling was by no means pleasant. My physical eyes were closed; my limbs were motionless; and yet I was fighting—fighting desperately with those earthly links which obstinately refused to yield. Suddenly I ceased to struggle. I could see and hear everything around me, and I enjoyed a spell of real psychic liberty. I stood apart from my body and looked at it curiously. I felt a swift

boldness and all the force of infinite aspiration. I felt that I had the power to do wonderful things, that perhaps I should scale the highest heights and sound the lowest depths. I was determined to hold converse with the brightest and greatest spirits, to grasp and enjoy all the untold secrets of loftiest Being. In a moment, by the mere fiat of my will, I found myself in the company of another spirit, a surpassingly beautiful and radiant being. I cannot say exactly where I was; and, indeed, the question would be but a shallow one, for I was superior to space and all physical phenomena, to time and all its earthly inevitability. I saw clouds, which were not merely clouds, but shadows of thought, and mountains which were not really mountains, but shadows likewise, and the ocean, either near or far, as I chose to cause it to appear; and the ocean, like everything else, was only a shadow and a symbol. . . .

After receiving many wonderful impressions which, unfortunately, cannot be particularized within the limited compass of an article, I returned to the body calmly and easily; and as soon as I had arisen from the couch, I felt the conscious entity near me, and a voice said, "The Pinnocks." What "The Pinnocks" may be, and why the spirit tried to remind me of them, I do not know. But if ever I see any place bearing that name and corresponding with the scene in the dreams, I should be at no loss what to believe in this connexion. I jotted down a note of these experiences in a memorandum-book which I possess to this day.

A few days ago I had a very similar experience. Indeed, it was the same experience; only the details were plainer, and the meaning of the dream connected with "The Pinnocks" was more comprehensible. I was not a shepherd boy, but was acting the part of one. Two of my companions were distant relations; and to another I was deeply attached. Moreover, I felt and knew that the recurrence of the experience was due to a certain arrangement of physical circumstances and of psychic forces.

I have just received a letter from a friend of mine in South Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, in which he states that he now lives at a place called "The Pinnocks"; and his description of that place corresponds with the description in my article.

Thanking you for your space.—Yours very truly,

THE "WILLOWS,"

GERALD ARUNDEL.

83 WINCHELSEA ROAD,  
TOTTENHAM, N.

### DO PARENTS CREATE SOULS?

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In your comments on the question of "The Sexes Hereafter" in the July issue you allude to a moral argument, deduced from the act of parentage, in its application to the theory of reincarnation. I want to emphasize the evidential value of a moral argument because the laws of morality are as much a part of universal laws as the law of gravitation, or of chemical affinity, and no theory about



human nature is complete without their support. I would like to go farther and assert that ethical arguments might be given precedence in importance in all theories which include a spiritual nature in man. The difficulty has been to create a consensus of agreement upon what are fundamental moral principles. Nevertheless opponents would admit that moral law is a part of the universal cosmos. And I think all would agree that a sense of responsibility in parentage is a factor that makes for the good and uplifting of the human race. Does Reincarnation strengthen or weaken this sense of responsibility?

It is said that when a child—or soul—is born into immoral surroundings or through immoral or vicious parents, it is because of some evil karma it acquired in a previous life here which has to be worked out. The vice of the parents was therefore a necessity to that soul's good. If the parents know this (and why should they not?), then they would have justification for their viciousness, and it would seem intolerable that they should be punished—or suffer purgatorial pain for being the means of good to another soul. Some may reply that although their evil was used to benefit another (it may be questioned whether education in vice can ever be a benefit) yet they themselves will have to work out their evil in another mundane incarnation. Most vicious people, as far as I know them, would take that deferred risk (hoping perhaps to dodge it somehow) so that the reincarnation theory would have no deterring influence with them. But seeing that they were selected because of their evil, for certain evil souls to reincarnate through, and that that is the law of karma—how are they going to do better? It seems like a vicious circle—and subversive of morality. In fact no progress is made. If, however, the law of karma were modified and previously evil souls reincarnated through good parents in order to give them a better chance—then where will the bad people get the souls of their offspring?

Reference is made to the belief that "parents are in reality the prime authors of their children's existence." Human beings are the only source of human young on the physical plane. That is admitted. Not many believe they create souls by parentage, but many think they procreate them, which is different. That idea of the individualizing of souls—of the origin of the ego—if founded on reasonable ground and convincingly accepted with full responsibility, would have, I feel, a far greater influence towards human spiritual progress than any other I know. Elsewhere\* I have endeavoured to place that belief on sure and scientific foundation. It is summed up in the theorem "that the Spirit of man, which is man, procreates man a spirit being when incarnated on the earth plane by natural law without the intervention of any process exterior to himself."

"That which is born of the spirit is spirit, and that which is born of the flesh is flesh." Man and animals alike have a flesh life. It is the "psyche" or animal soul. But man has something in addition which

\* "Whence Have I Come?"

neither the Hebrew nor Christian scriptures attribute to the animal world, viz., the " ruach " (Hebrew) or " pneuma " (Greek)—that is to say, a spirit or spirit-life. " God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a *living* soul," something different to the soul of the animals. In the animal world—animals procreate—or pass on the " psyche " life. In the human species—man not only procreates or passes on the psyche part of himself, but, why should he not also have the power (" be fruitful and multiply ") to procreate, pass on, individualize the pneuma or spirit which is his? If vegetation and animals can reproduce after their kind, why not man?

MORDEN,  
SURREY,

RICHARD A. BUSH.

[My correspondent has evidently only half read my argument, with which he nowhere attempts to come to grips. If bad people are punished for past misdeeds by becoming the children of bad parents, this surely does not absolve the parents!—ED.]

#### THE SEXES HEREAFTER.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—With reference to the above, the following argument appears to me conclusive:—

It is an undoubted fact that we can trace family resemblances in emotional and mental characteristics as frequent and as close as the physical resemblances which everybody recognizes.

From this fact, we can hardly avoid coming to the conclusion that the Emotional (astral) and Lower-Mental Vehicles are formed by the sexual act no less than the Physical Vehicle.

The equally plain differences of character between members of the same family are explained by the fact that the reincarnating entity—the Ego—has nothing to do with the parents, and is simply attracted to the parent-formed vehicles by the Law of Karma.

If, then, our Astral Bodies are formed by our parents, we can hardly deny the existence of sex on the Astral Plane, and indeed on all planes of existence lower than that on which the reincarnating entity functions without vehicles.

All the evidence available from séances, etc., in which communication with those that have passed on has taken place, shows that differences of sex still persist after the death of the physical body. Those that were men or women on the physical plane still speak as men and women on the astral plane, and their modes of thought are very evidently still masculine or feminine as the case may be.

This question appears to be quite separate from the question of twin souls or affinities, which, if true, necessitates the existence of sex differences in the Egos.

I enclose my card, and remain,

Yours, etc.

C. W. T.



*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In dealing with the above subject in the July issue you write "wherein . . . lies the necessity for the twin-soul?" Apart from its being a symbol of the essentially dual nature of the Supreme, are we not otherwise incomplete? Again; can we conceive of perfect bliss without a soul-mate, a companion who shall fit at all points to all eternity?

You also touch on the possibility of the soul manifesting at one time as a male, and at another as a female. Can either sex—I use the word in its widest sense, not confining it to merely physical sex as we know it on this earth—ever become the opposite sex? Is not Chokmah always the male emanation of Deity, and Binah the female emanation? Can we think of Abba as sometimes Aima, and Aima as sometimes Abba?

I am glad you point out the distinction between twin-souls and affinities. There may be—nay there often is—a strong affinity between two or more persons, even of the same sex, who are far from being dual, or twin-souls. In the latter case the one is the complement of the other, making the full, perfect, and complete whole.

Yours faithfully,  
UNITY.

"THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SENTINEL."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In your issue of July, you have been asked to acknowledge "the first issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel*." Allow me to say that the first issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel* appeared in September, 1898, and a copy of the paper has appeared weekly ever since. It is published by The Christian Science Publishing Society, in Boston, Mass., U.S.A. The statement that "the old organization, presumably in America, has unconsciously seceded from that (Mrs. Eddy's) teaching," is without foundation.

I enclose, herewith, an account of the progress of the Christian Science movement, taken from a recent issue of *The Christian Science Monitor*, and also a copy of the *Christian Science Sentinel*, Vol. XVIII, No. 43.

Yours truly,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

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

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE most challenging article in *The Quest* is that of Mr. Arthur Machen on "A Secret Language," and its thesis can be summed up in the single axiomatic statement that the great things have been before the eyes of all men for ages and ages, and yet they have remained unseen, until a certain hour comes and the man or men with it whose eyes are open. From the age of fire and forward, the boiling water has lifted the pot's lid, but the steam-engine tarried for Stephenson; from time immemorial the apple has fallen from its tree, but not until Isaac Newton was the law of gravitation seen to be at work herein; since man has been man—that is to say, a rational being—there has been a syllogism in his every action, but logic awaited Aristotle. From these particulars we may proceed to that which is universal, to the visible cosmos of the world, and, according to Mr. Arthur Machen, it was not until 1796, until Coleridge came and Wordsworth, "that men so much as approximated to the significance of the great sacrament of the world." The date is of course, a pretext to commemorate the beginnings of a more public approximation. Mr. Machen himself admits that there were hints in dead languages; but he has overlooked the sacramentalism which fills Indian philosophy, not as a hint but rather a mighty system, and he has forgotten Jacob Böhme. So far as the West is concerned, it matters nothing, however, that we can put back the date: the point of the thesis remains in respect of the world at large, and from the visible cosmos the thesis itself goes on to the sacramentalism of the Catholic Church, to the Bread and Wine of the Eucharist, wherein is "the highest and final and uttermost mystery" of faith, delineated in "the simplest rite in the world" and working in "familiar physical things which all men know and taste," to signify that the way unto spiritual things is by the gate of those that are sensible. The lesson is to "apprehend the eternal savours of the things of time," to discover in the beauties of earth those other beauties which are eternal. "This is the secret language open to all men, but disregarded by all, or almost all." Here is the thesis, and it contains a great intimation, even a great message, for those who can receive it—being those who know it already or are capable of learning. To others the Bread and Wine, the "flame of torches," odour of incense, and golden mass-vestments will remain in the same category as the primrose of Peter Bell. Mr. Machen speaks from the standpoint of art and literature rather than of philosophy or religion; his *latens Deitas* is not in a badly made tile about his hearth, and it is to be questioned whether he would find the hiddenness of God in a Bethel or other conventicle. At the same time he does not take us nearer to Latin Christianity or its High Anglican substitutes, for sacramentalism is a world-principle, universal as such, and not dependent on aposto-



lical succession. In truth, the deeper our certitude concerning the channels of grace in the universe, the more some of us may pray to be delivered from the literal acceptance of those sacraments which come only by "the laying on of hands." . . . *The Quest* has other good things, from the address on "Certitude and Truth," delivered to the British Academy by Professor Boutroux, to the "Exiled Gods" of Mr. Algernon Blackwood—at least in its matter, one of his best stories, to our thinking, and full of high amazement. Mr. Edward Willmore looks through Hegel's glasses on what has happened to the German soul, which has made a plunge beneath barbarism and has died therein. Mr. Mead considers war as a regenerating agency and sees at the present epoch not only a world renewing, but—as he has intimated previously—"beginning to live consciously as an organic whole." Finally, Mr. Mohini M. Chatterji writes excellently on "Brahmanism and Christ's Religion," affirming that the Brahman "rejoices to confess Christ as of God, the anointed King, the Ruler of conscience, the Moulder of character." It is with curious feelings of interest that one meets thus again with Mr. Chatterji, so familiar in early theosophical days and so long passed from among us.

Among Indian periodicals, *The Vedic Magazine* arrives in the form of a double issue, very solid in visible appearance and of importance in much of its contents. The best things are too highly technical for presentation, even in summary form. One of them is on the fine arts of the ancient Hindus and extends to forty pages, the main thesis being (a) that all Hindu arts—ancient or modern—"are somehow connected with and guided by certain fundamental principles of religion, understood and recognized for the purposes of religious efficacy; and (b) that if adequate research is made into Hindu religious literature, the said arts will be found to have originated scientifically and to be shaped logically "in strict accordance with their philosophical and religious foundations." A word must be said also for "The Shrine of Fire," the picturesque account of a visit to Chittagong—the meeting-ground of Hinduism, Buddhism and Islam—and to a temple or tabernacle which is called the Well of Subterranean Fire. It is an enclosed well of warm dark waters, and tongues of smokeless flame leap out from four openings on the southern side, are drawn in and again issue forth continually. The ceremony performed in the shrine is a rite of ab-lution, the pilgrims from all parts plunging in the well, while a Brahman priest sits in the eerie glare, heaping "bel leaves" and pouring clarified butter on the flames, which touch the bodies of the faithful but do not burn or scorch. It is not suggested that the waters or fire are healing. . . . *The Vedanta Kesari* has papers on the grace of God in connection with the theory of Karma, on misconceptions about Indian Theism and on the gospel of Sri Ramakrishna. As many will be interested in learning the most recent distinction on Karma, it may be summarized from the above as follows: (a) Every action done by man bears fruit in the present life or the life to come; but (b) such effects or fruit lose all

efficacy, supposing that the doer takes refuge in God or surrenders to Him the fruit of all his actions ; for (c) in this case the seeds of past actions are burnt in the same way as they are burnt in the event of a man attaining *Jnana*, meaning knowledge in the sense of Divine Realization. Perhaps no doctrine could lend itself more readily to intellectual subtleties and casuistry—so much depending on the mode of seeking and the nature of the postulated surrender. . . . Articles in *The Kalpaka* are on this occasion almost exclusively by Western writers. It will be sufficient therefore to say—in respect of the chief exception—that the comparison between teachings of Christ and those of the sage Tiruvallar continue ; and as it deals with the question of killing or not killing, one is still looking for something vital in the parallel. We note, however, that Tiruvallar condemned the eating of flesh, this being one of the points in which he differed from Christ. . . . A native writer in *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine* says that the ancient Indian philosophers regarded the sole end of life as a mingling with the Higher Self, meaning “ a complete renunciation of our own life and a complete identification with and merging in the personality of God.” Herewith is contrasted the philosophy—if this be the right name—of the Indian poet Tagore, who regards life as a long pageant of enjoyments, reaching out to the fulness of personality, “ the complete realization of all our senses.” It is shown that the two points of view are not as the poles asunder, because the enjoyment is that of duty coinciding with inclination and of happiness attained in worth. Such a life of fulness is not inconsistent with one of resignation. That it has very practical distinctions from the coveted “ indifference ” of old Indian philosophy does not less certainly remain, and the article under notice refrains wisely from enforcing a marriage between them which is impossible in the nature of things.

We are indebted to *Light* for a new and very curious alleged claim on the part of Andrew Jackson Davis, the seer of modern spiritualism. Mr. Anthony J. Philpott—whose remarkable book, *The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner*, is reviewed at length by our contemporary—says that he visited Davis in the company of Professor Lutoslowsky, a distinguished Polish psychologist, on which occasion Davis admitted that he was Swedenborg. *Light* points out very truly that “ the great seer had no belief in reincarnation ” and suggests that there is either an error in the report or that Davis had misconstrued a question put to him by the Polish professor. The first alternative seems clearly ruled out by the narrative, but the second is not an unlikely explanation. It would be useful to determine the issue, as such an admission by the seer would reverse much of his “ harmonial philosophy ” on the life and destiny of the spirit. . . . We have pleasure in acknowledging *The Resurrection*, an English monthly magazine, published at 26 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, and the official organ of the League of Hope. All profits will be given to orphans and victims of the war. The subscription is 5s. per annum.



## REVIEWS

**VISION AND VESTURE.** A Study of William Blake in Modern Thought.

By Charles Gardner. 7½ in. × 4¾ in., pp. xii. + 266. London, Paris and Toronto : J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

How many works, commentaries, explanations, criticisms, does the genius of Blake call forth ! Mr. Gardner's book on Blake is, perhaps, not so amusing as that of Chesterton, not so thorough as that of Berger, not so pretentious as that of Ellis, nor so lavish in its praises of its subject as Swinburne's essay ; but yet I venture to think that there is more of the spirit of Blake in this book than in any of these others. It needs a mystic rightly to understand and interpret the utterances of a mystic : Mr. Gardner fulfils this indispensable condition. To him, Blake is not a psychological phenomenon, but a man of true vision with a most needed message for this age. He shows us how Blake came nearest to effecting that great synthesis—the synthesis of becoming with being, sensuous life with spiritual life, art with religion. "Without Christ," he adds, "all attempts are sterile." Then in Part II of the book, follow critiques of many minds—Goethe, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Strindberg, Newman, George Eliot, Swinburne, Bernard Shaw, W. B. Yeats . . . from the standpoint of one who sees in this synthesis the highest product of life and thought.

There are many passages in the book I would like to quote as evidence of its high quality of thought and feeling, its genuine and living mysticism. I will content myself with two, one a criticism of the natural religious man, the other a word in description of "the saints of the future."

The former "thanks God that he is not like other men ; he despises God's gifts in others ; he stamps out imagination and inspiration. He hates all innovations and rebels ; he punishes offenders relentlessly ; he upholds law, custom, and authority ; he worships efficiency ; and the everlasting word on his lips is duty." "All the arts of life he changes into the arts of death," precipitating nations into war, and his own downward development is like to a Rake's Progress. Contrast with the Saint, who "is one who fulfils all past values by trans-valuing them ; who creates new values ; who is at one with God and himself ; at war with his relations and neighbours ; who yet conceives it his highest privilege to serve them, and whose love for them is bounded only by their receptivity, who gives to his age a deeper understanding of the mind of God." Blake, I think, might have written this himself, so true to his spirit is it.

H. S. REDGROVE.

**THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA, &c.** By Madame Olga Novikoff, with portrait.

London : East and West, Ltd., 3 Victoria Street, S.W. Price 1s. net.

MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF, so well known also as "O.K.," has recently contributed several brilliant and authoritative articles to the *Asiatic Review*, and these have now been issued in pamphlet form. They are respectively,

"The Spirit of Russia," "Russia's Faith in Victory," "The Unpardonable Sin in Time of War," and a short speech made by Madame Novikoff at the Shakespeare Banquet, in response to the toast of "Our Foreign Guests." As with every subject she touches, Madame Novikoff writes with a fervour and intensity that touch the heart as much as the unfailing clarity of her logic appeals to the intellect. In "The Spirit of Russia," the author speaks with joy of the revival of the ancient Russian "parish," a description of which gives one a picture of ideal conditions between priest and flock. It would be a happier world, indeed, were there more of this spirit of true religion in communal life. Incidentally, Madame Novikoff refers to the famous healer, Father John of Kronstadt, who, though he began life as a very poor and humble parish priest, attracted the whole Russian nation, inspiring a faith that approached the miraculous. EDITH K. HARPER.

**BODY AND SPIRIT.** An Inquiry into the Subconscious, based upon Twelve Thousand Experiences in the author's practice. By John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D. Harper & Brothers, London. Cr. 8vo, cloth. Price 6s. net.

IN 1913 Dr. Quackenbos published a suggestive work entitled, *Hypnotic Therapeutics*, which attracted considerable attention. In the present work he reaffirms his "incontestable conviction that the controlling immaterial part of the man can be best reached when the brain and senses have temporarily closed their accounts with the phenomenal universe, and the subjective being becomes mysteriously accessible, plastic, and willing to accept the constraint of a wise, well-ordered impulsion." The facts he presents in support of his views as to the efficacy of suggestion in the treatment of mental, physical and moral disorders are so remarkable that they cannot be passed over by any student of therapeutics, and so interesting that his work should find a large public even amongst those who merely require something to read. It is a very readable book, as are so many that record the personal experiences of those who have discovered a realm of adventure in the complexities of human life. The conclusions reached by the author after many years of practical experiment are conducive to a powerful optimism as to the future possibilities of suggestion in combating disease in the education of children, in the reformation of the depraved, and to a certain extent in superseding the use of anæsthetics in surgery. Chapters are devoted to Telepathy, X-Ray Vision and other advanced Psychic Phenomena, Prescience, and the Psychologic Proof of Immortality. As to these subjects of inquiry Dr. Quackenbos says, "Surely, there is no need of flying to the supernatural for what the supernatural, and hence the psychological, fully accounts for. We are indeed greater, more richly endowed than we know." P. W.

**DO THE DEAD KNOW?** By Annesley Kenealy. Stanley Paul & Co., 31 Essex Street, Strand, W.C. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s.

AN excellent title, but one which seems to bear as little relation to the story as a Welsh rabbit does to the common bunny. This is really the Mystery of a Mortuary from which a beautiful heiress disappears on the eve of her burial. There follows a series of sensational incidents in accordance with the best traditions of melodrama. The many villains are truly villainous, and the heroes as persevering and virtuous as one could desire.

After wondering for the best part of 300 pages "Where is Ty Wia?" the lady reappears unexpectedly in a lunatic asylum, and suddenly regaining her memory, resolves the mystery and recovers her property and her lover, whereupon rewards and punishments are duly distributed in the approved manner, to the reader's complete satisfaction. P. W.

SLEEP AND SLEEPLESSNESS. By H. Addington Bruce. Crown 8vo, pp. ix + 219. London: William Heinemann. Price 5s. net.

THIS is the third volume of a Mind and Health Series, recently begun in America under the general editorship of Mr. Addington Bruce, and it is the first for which he is responsible as author. It is an excellent popular handbook, written with perfect lucidity and showing just the right kind of debt to the results of prior research—in combination with thought at first hand on the part of a clear thinker and keen observer. If there is anywhere in current psychological literature a better introduction to the "study of sleep" I should wish to meet with it, for purposes of comparison. This is, however, more than doubtful, while it is much less than likely that it would carry the same seals of simplicity, moderation and freedom from the vanity of dogmatism. There are naturally certain points on which it would be impossible for Mr. Bruce and myself to see eye to eye, and his chapter on "dreams and the supernatural" offers a salient instance. Assuming for a moment the intervention, whether in our sleeping or waking states, of the things called "ghosts" in the language of Mr. Bruce, I shall never understand on what principle of thought such phenomena are classed as supernatural. They can occur—if they do occur—only within the law and order of that which we call Nature. If, in virtue of interpenetration or proximity, two worlds of disembodied and embodied intelligence are able under any circumstances to communicate one with another, the fact remains that mind is communicating with mind, and arbitrary distinctions on the subject may mean something to current psychology, but they are figments of debate for philosophy, as I understand the word. Whether the two worlds do interpenetrate, or are in such proximity that communication can take place, is another question. So also when Mr. Bruce affirms that a premonitory dream may not be in the least portentous he creates another distinction which carries no meaning, and when he suggests that a "happening" can hardly be due to "supernatural agency" when it is "trivial or bizarre," I can only offer him the assurance of an old student of so called supernaturalism in history that there has been seldom anything else in respect of the happenings. "John King," "Katie" and "Bill Dole" do not become hierarchs of the mysteries by the fact of being disembodied. Finally, when Mr. Bruce is speaking of well-attested clairvoyant dreams and says that they are not necessarily "ghostly," as they may be evidential of an "unrecognized natural power of the human mind," he must know that he is not helping his own case or offering anything to his readers of which they can take hold intelligently. But these are vulnerable points occurring where we should expect to find them, and his general excellence is not affected thereby. His synoptic account of the light thrown by modern psychology on the phenomena of sleep, on its rationale and on the mind in sleep is admirably done, while his chapter on the treatment of insomnia apart from drugs, by psychological rather than medicinal methods, deserves the best consideration of sufferers and should carry conviction with it.

A. E. WAITE.

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THE SACRAMENT. By L. L. Hodder & Stoughton, London, New York, Toronto. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a volume of war sketches and poems, several of which have already appeared in the *Spectator* and the *Westminster Gazette*. Each episode is beautifully written, and the pathos of most of them is necessarily intense, for they tell of scenes which have been and are being enacted day by day in the trenches and by the waysides of bloodstained France and Flanders. The first sketch, "The Sacrament," which gives its name to the book, tells of a group of officers who after a heavy day of ceaseless shelling have just buried a much-loved comrade, and are gathered round an improvised mess table, amid the débris and wreckage of a half-demolished cottage. They are joined by a stranger in khaki, an officer, whose entrance into the room radiates an inexpressible calm. In the short scene that follows, the identity of the stranger is revealed, even as it once was to those sad wayfarers at Emmaus, who, later, knew Him in the breaking of bread. . . . The Stranger's hands are scarred. "You're wounded, Sir!" I exclaimed. He put his hands behind his back as though to warm them. "That was long ago," he answered, "but whenever one of them falls, I feel the pain. . . ."

EDITH K. HARPER.

A PROPHET'S VISIONS AND THE WAR. "A Message of Repentance and Hope." By the Rev. T. W. Crafer, D.D., Vicar of All Saints', Cambridge, etc. Author of "The Women of the Passion," "Soldiers of Holy Writ," etc. London: Skeffington & Son, 34 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. Price 2s. net.

PROPHECIES and prophetic visions, old and new, have been the order of the day for the past couple of years, and so many of these have been beside the mark that it is very refreshing to turn to the visions of a Seer who lived more than five hundred years B.C., but whose prophetic insight seems to have pierced beyond the long intervening barrier of space and time and to have foreseen the mighty events that are convulsing this world to-day. That seer was Zechariah, and though we have heard his prophecies read in our churches year by year, the hearing of them has become so automatic that it takes a book like the inspired volume now under notice to bring home to us the marvellous applicability of those dramatic visions which startled the people of Israel between two and three thousand years ago. Doubtless it needed an inspired interpreter to explain the symbolical utterances of the inspired prophet, and such an interpreter we find in Dr. Crafer. Nothing could be clearer nor more eloquent than the language in which he conveys to the reader the inner meaning of each of the eight Visions of Zechariah: The Four Horsemen, and the Four Horns; The Man with the Measuring Line; The Priest with the Filthy Garments, and The Sons of Oil; The Flying Roll and the Woman in the Ephah; finally, the Four Chariots; and the concluding sequel for the years to come. As Dr. Crafer observes, "these visions are remarkable in the word-pictures which they paint, and may be compared to cartoons which seize the eye and sum up the situation in a few lines . . . just the kind of inspiration which is wanted in these days when men have shown so little of the power of vision."

EDITH K. HARPER.