

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

"CONSTRUCTIVE expression of oneself," says Edward Carpenter in his latest book, which deals in the main with the story of his own life,* "is one of the greatest joys and one of the greatest NEEDS of life, and as long as one's life exists—in this or any other sphere—so long I imagine will that need be present, and the joy in its fulfilment. It is a foundation-urge of all Creation." Every new civilization, whatever obstacles may be in the way, and even in new civilizations they are by no means few, tends at least to recognize this surely self-evident fact. Older civilizations, warped and hampered by the traditions of the past, are only too ready in many cases to deny it altogether. In the middle and upper classes especially, the cramping influence of social etiquette so blinds men's intelligence that they are ready to deny a truth that lies at the bottom of all spiritual growth. And where they do not deny it, the apparent necessity for accepting the conditions of life in which they find themselves, makes them

* *My Days and Dreams*. By Edward Carpenter. London: G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

in their own lives give the lie, by implication at any rate, to this urgent human need. Discipline, self-restraint, the laws of propriety, social etiquette, the fear of Mrs. Grundy, all the negative virtues, cry out against it, and eventually the attempted development of the individual self is abandoned in despair in face of the obstacles which an old-established civilization places in its path at every turn. The wise man of old gave us the essence of his philosophy in the familiar saw, "Man, know thyself." The gist of my appeal to the pioneers of our new civilization lies in a parallel motto, and one of even greater import to the world-citizen of the present day, "Man, be thyself."

The easiest way to avoid criticism is to ape other people, and the road appears fatally smooth and easy to the man who abdicates his individuality and assumes the garb of current correctitude. Another method hostile to self-development adopted by many who still groan under the bonds of servitude of the old religious orthodoxy, is what may be most aptly termed "The method of self-suppression," involving the elimination of the specially human qualities. This manner of

ITS ALTER-
NATIVES. life, which is becoming steadily less popular at the present time, is, needless to say, no more successful in its results than the more worldly-

wise plan of adopting the line of least resistance, and working on the conventional lines, followed by the world in general. While the one method tends to obliterate the individuality, the other is an effectual means of warping and distorting it, by developing one side at the expense of the other, and thus destroying the natural sanity and healthy balance of all the parts. Mr. Edward Carpenter has at least been fortunate in being in a position to choose his own way of living, and has thus avoided falling a victim to that tendency from which the vast majority of the human race seem inevitably bound to suffer,

THE
CHOICE OF
EDWARD
CARPENTER. of drifting into a groove. Certainly there was a time in his life when he appeared to be in danger of sharing the fate of his less fortunate fellow mortals, in his early Cambridge days; but he boldly broke away from these bonds and thus at least assured himself an independence of position and outlook upon life which has been the lot, comparatively speaking, of very few indeed, even among the leading spirits of this or any other age. Such a choice has its drawbacks, but there can be no question, for the man of independent thought and originality, as to its compensations.

Most people, however ardent reformers they may have been in their youth, tend to become conservatives in their old age. The brain becomes more stereotyped and the value of the result of human effort in any particular contemplated change is put at a lower figure. It is refreshing to find that Mr. Edward Carpenter, at the age of seventy, still has a living faith in the possibility of reforming and remodelling our civilization. The existing order of things which appeared to the ardour of his youthful soul as essentially bad is not seen through any distorted glamour from the point of view of the septuagenarian. Rather he sees, in the world-crisis with which we are now confronted, a lever for the earlier carrying into effect of many much-needed reforms.

It is curious [he writes] that for the last twenty years or more there has been a general feeling—especially among the Socialists and Internationalists of the various countries—that society was approaching a critical period of transformation. It had become obvious that the existing order of things—in Government, Law, Finance, Industry, Commerce, Morality, Religion, the Capitalist Wage system, the rivalry of nation with nation, the administration and cultivation of the Land, and so forth—could not continue much longer. In each one and all of these

THE GREAT matters we have been heading towards an impasse, a block, a point at which further progress in the old direction must CATAS- cease, and a new departure begin. We have seen this; and yet TROPHE, we have been unable to say, for the most part, or even sur- AND AFTER. mise, how the change would come, what catastrophe would upset the balance of our highly artificial Commercial Civilization, or in what way a new order of life, and a more human and rational order, might begin to establish itself. The Catastrophe has come. We are already in the welter of a World-war which in magnitude exceeds anything that has ever occurred in the past, or even been imagined. The nations are in the melting-pot; the institutions of society are threatened in every direction. But at present we are still unable to see the outcome, or even to guess what it will be. The lineaments of the new world are hidden from us. That the outcome will be far, far greater and grander than we now suppose I do not doubt—also that it will take far longer than we generally think to define itself.

Mr. Carpenter believes that beneath all the madness of the present conflict there is a method and a meaning, "A new life is preparing to show itself, coming to the surface of Society as it were out of the deeps, showing indeed the strangest and most violent agitation at the surface before its appearance." Mr. Carpenter may be right, but in times such as these it is more than ever difficult to forecast the future. One might point to the parallel of the Napoleonic wars, and the social and political reaction that followed them; but the parallel is hardly a sound one, for Napoleon was the child of the Revolution, while the

German Kaiser is merely the headstone of the dominant Prussian military and materialistic clique. The upshot of the war threatens revolution to Germany, and revolutions have ever been contagious. The war itself has already broken down many barriers, and is likely in its ultimate consequences to break down many more. The opportunity of the time will lie with the democracies

of the nations. All are asking anxiously what use they are likely to make of it. At least it may be hoped, and I trust confidently anticipated, that the most galling of the class distinctions between man and man will be swept away. In the breakdown of the social order, will the individual come into his own and find in the new order of things those facilities for self-expression and self-realization which have been so sadly lacking in the old? Or will a new tyranny supervene in which some magnified trades-union will place us each in our own special pigeon-hole to grind out a life of monotonous uselessness in a groove from which there is no escape? That this is a danger that threatens the social order it is useless to disguise, and it is undoubtedly one which would make the last case of civilization worse than the first. The peril is one which all those who desire the spiritual advancement of mankind as well as its social welfare must be prepared to face. In the true Democracy the State is the servant of the individual, and not the individual of the State. The only way to salvation and escape lies in the development of the independence and of the manhood of each several citizen. This cannot be done by passing laws, though it can be facilitated by passing laws. A law may be passed in a month or even in a week, but, the rejuvenation of the soul of a people is an entirely different proposition. It can only come through the spiritual education of the individual man, and he, it seems to me, who contributes his mite to this spiritual education, does more for the good of mankind than the wisest of the law-givers.

The dangers of democracy lie purely in the unfitness of the people to wield the power which is placed in their hands. "If there were a nation of gods," said Rousseau, "they would govern themselves as a democracy." There have been nations in the past, as there are in the present, who have come into their democratic inheritance too early. They are like the spendthrift youth who enters into possession of his estate before he has learnt how to make a wise use of it. The independence and freedom of the individual bears no specific ratio to the form of government under which he lives. In America the most

casual observer will notice how far more independent is the average member of the community than is the case in England. And yet in England, in all essentials, the Government is far more democratic, far less conservative in its character, than it is in America. The politician who said of the New Democracy in England, "We must educate our masters," made a wiser observation than often falls from the lips of modern politicians. But the problem of how to educate them has never yet been solved in either hemisphere. All present day methods of education are crude and out of date, and perhaps from the intellectual point of view the British Public School system is the most out

BRITISH
PUBLIC
SCHOOL
TRADITIONS.

of date of all. For myself I confess I cannot pass through Eton or Windsor during term time without a shudder at the knots of young boys whom one sees everywhere strolling about and looking supremely uncomfortable—yes, and supremely disreputable, too—in Eton jackets and unbrushed top hats, making one imagine one is living, perhaps, in some earlier incarnation of a century ago. How long are we to continue to tolerate these symbols of the effete formalism of the past? How long are we to continue to clothe the youth of the nation in this supremely ridiculous and unsightly garb? The point may seem a small one, but it is indicative of the extent to which even the latest generation is hampered and shackled by the traditions of an outworn phase of civilization. If we would have free citizens we must bring them up in an atmosphere of liberty, and all such badges of slavery to tradition must be swept ruthlessly away. Unfortunately in our great Public Schools it is only too customary to exalt tradition to the level of a religion and to class those who defy it with the worst of criminals. An attempt has been made at Abbotsholme by Cecil Reddie, to whom I see Mr. Carpenter alludes, to introduce some more up-to-date system of education; though, like most early attempts to strike out new lines, the scheme has been only a partial success. Mr. Reddie has, however, realized a crying need of the time, and it is to be hoped

THE
ABBOTS-
HOLME
EXPERI-
MENT.

under the new conditions brought about in the wake of the world-war that he will find many imitators who will profit by the mistakes inevitably incident to a first venture. It is not my aim here to make any specific attack on such old-established institutions as British Public Schools, which doubtless in any case will find many zealous defenders; but rather to instance the glaring defects from which they suffer, as evidence

of the small progress which the true spirit of democracy has made in this country, and of the fact that the past dies hard indeed, even when it confronts us, like the Eton top hat, in the form of an obvious and grotesque anachronism. The chief charm of *Towards Democracy* is that it draws us into an atmosphere where all such institutions are relegated to the limbo of a pre-historic past, and when it brings us back to the realization that we are still in their midst, it treats them from a mountain-top of high spiritual sanity with a deliciously scathing mockery and irony destined surely to undermine them in the long run more certainly than many deliberate frontal attacks on their specific defects and prejudices. Their main fault after all lies not in specific failures but in the one salient fact that they have constituted themselves ramparts of the old conditions and the old traditions, of an age in short which has served its turn and played its part in the history of the race, and is now slowly but surely giving place to truer, broader and more human institutions.

In the last chapter of his book Mr. Carpenter deals with the subject, "How the World looks at Seventy"; and in looking back we are not led to believe that he has had reason to regret his choice, though necessarily for all of us the things that seem possible of attainment in early youth in a single earth-life are seldom if ever realized by any of us, and what has been achieved must seem often but little compared with what we had set before ourselves to accomplish, before the difficulties and obstacles in our path had been fully realized. Those, however, who have achieved most, will feel most strongly the truth of the words of the poet—

To die, life's purpose unfulfilled,
That is thy sting, O Death.

We can at least work bravely and perseveringly for the cause to which our life's efforts are devoted, refusing to be discouraged by reverses or disappointments, and preach the truer and saner gospel of the welfare of humanity, content to—

Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find our bodies by the wall.

I doubt if lives even spent quixotically in the pursuit of unattainable and impracticable ideals are ever really wasted. The lives that are wasted are those which are spent in the pursuit of pleasure and those illusions which are an ever-present temptation to the self-seeker, luring him on like wills-o'-the-wisp into those trackless morasses which are the final term of the jour-

ney of those who make the Unreal the objective of their lives.

THE USE
AND ABUSE
OF LIFE. "Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies," was the epitaph written by the eighteenth century poet and inscribed on his tomb. But the last words he uttered on his death-bed, "What a fool I have been!" were a more fitting comment on his career. The humorous lines which claim—not quite fairly let us hope!—to sum up the life history of the two greatest of Israel's kings are quoted by Mr. Carpenter and point a similar moral. "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity!" and Churchill's "What a fool I have been!" are but variations of the same refrain.

King David and King Solomon
Lived very merry lives.
With many, many concubines
And many, many wives.

But when old age came on them
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs,
And King David wrote the Psalms.

"At the age of seventy," says Mr. Carpenter, "one does not bother so much about the exceptional feats, about great exploits, the climbing of the highest mountains. The ordinary levels of life seem sufficient." If a man does not fully realize what is attainable, he can at least take stock of what he has attained, and he recognizes the necessary limitations to all human endeavour. Ambition thus loses its motive power. Perhaps one point that is least recognized is the little difference in the individuality which age makes.

On the whole [says our author], I am struck by the singularly little difference I feel in myself as I realize it now, from what I was when a boy, say of eighteen or twenty. In the deeps, of course. Superficially there are plenty of differences, but they really are mostly but superficial things, like success in games, examinations, and so forth. I used to go and sit on the beach at Brighton and dream. And now I sit on the shore of human life and dream practically the same dreams. I remember about the time that I mention—or it may have been a trifle later—coming to the distinct conclusion that there were only two things really worth living for—the glory and beauty of nature, and the glory and beauty of human love and friendship. And to-day I still feel the same.

There are, indeed, many who attain to success only at a late period in life, when the pleasure of such attainment has lost much of its savour. Human effort frequently reaches its goal at a time when the value of all earthly ambitions is inevitably

discounted. The hostility of the world's attacks abates, and recognition and appreciation take the place of mockery or denunciation. The battle has been fought, and the day won; but from the point of view at least of worldly satisfaction the laurels are placed too late upon the victor's brow. As Matthew Arnold all too cynically observes:—

What is to grow old ?

• • • • •

It is—last stage of all—

When we are frozen up within, and quite

The phantom of ourselves,

To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost,

Which blamed the living man.

Underneath Matthew Arnold's self-restraint there was always this vein of cynicism and pessimism. It was the inevitable fruit of his negative philosophy of life and his regret for a faith that he had lost and which he nowhere found it possible to replace by a nobler, higher, and broader belief. Mr. Carpenter's observations on the same subject breathe a happier and more contented if not too buoyant spirit. "I find," he writes, "there are compensations and consolations in old age. People feel kindly towards you—partly because they consider you harmless and not likely to injure them, partly because they are not envious of your condition. They pity you a little, in fact, which pleases them and does no harm to you." He adds—a point which I think is much too often lost sight of: "Old people and infirm folk and chronic invalids and the like, often get needlessly depressed over the impression that they are a burden and affliction to their friends, whereas in very truth, by calling out the sympathies, the energy, the resource, and the consideration of those around them they are really conferring the greatest of benefits, and many a household is really supported and held together by the one who, to all outward appearance, seems to be the most frail and useless member of it."

THE COM-
PENSATIONS
OF OLD
AGE.

HOW
"TOWARDS
DEMO-
CRACY"
WAS
WRITTEN.

Some of the most interesting pages in Mr. Carpenter's reminiscences deal with the story of how *Towards Democracy* came to birth. When the inspiration came to him Edward Carpenter had not yet discarded his life as an Extension Lecturer which followed, as a sort of interlude, that of a Cambridge don. His health having broken down about the year 1879, a more open-air life than he had hitherto

been leading became an absolute necessity. At the same time, Sheffield being a convenient headquarters for his lectures, it was not desirable to go very far afield from this centre. Associations connected with chance attendants at these lectures led to various new acquaintances being formed in a very different class of life to that with which he had hitherto been in touch. Among these were a farmer and a scythe-maker, friendships struck up with whom resulted in his visiting their home at Little Bradway. His visits here became more and more frequent until finally they took a permanent form.

The life here [he writes] was so different from anything to which I had before been accustomed, it was so congenial in many respects, so native, so unrestrained, it seemed to liberate the pent-up emotionality of years. All the feelings which had sought in suffering and in distress their stifed expression within me during the last seven or eight years, gathered themselves together to a new and more joyous utterance. My physical health was every day becoming better. There was a new beauty over the world. Everywhere I paused, in the lanes or the fields, or on my way to or from the station, to catch some magic sound, some intimation of a perpetual freedom and gladness such as earth and its inhabitants (it seemed to me) had hardly yet dreamed of. I remember that, all that time, I was haunted by an image, a vision within me, of something like the bulb and bud, with short green blades, of a huge hyacinth just appearing above the ground. I knew that it represented vigour and abounding life. But now I seem to see that, in the strange emblematic way in which the soul sometimes speaks, this image may have been a sign of the fact that my life had really at last taken root, and was beginning rapidly to grow.

At about the same time Mr. Carpenter's mother, to whom he was deeply attached, died. "For months," he writes, "even years after her death, I seemed to feel her, even see her, close to me, always figuring as a semi-luminous presence, very real but faint in outline, larger than mortal." The joint effect of these influences, the sense of his mother's spiritual presence, and the freedom and freshness of the country life, combined, with a study of the *Bhagavad Gita* which he had recently taken up, to throw Carpenter into a strange condition of spiritual exaltation. He describes his mood as "a kind of super-consciousness" which passed all that he had ever experienced before, and which "immediately harmonized all these other feelings, giving to them their place, their meaning and their outlet in expression." "I was, in fact," he writes, "completely taken captive by this new growth within me, and could hardly finish my course of lectures for my preoccupation." No sooner were these over than Carpenter began writing *Towards Democracy*.

CONDITIONS
OF
SPIRITUAL
EXALTATION.

The conception of the book as a coherent whole was already in his mind. "I never hesitated," he says, "for a moment. Day by day it came along from point to point. I did not hurry, I expressed everything with slow care and to my best. I utilized former material which I had by me, but the one illuminating mood remained and everything fell into place under it." Finally he decided to give up his lecturing work so as to continue his literary pursuits quite unhampered. As it became necessary to have some place in which he could sit for the many hours a day during which he wrote, he knocked together a kind of wooden sentinel-box, placed it in a quiet corner of the garden, overlooking distant fields, and here he continued his work throughout the summer and autumn and far away into the winter. The atmosphere of the country and of green fields, indeed, breathes throughout this book, and it is hardly conceivable that such a work could have been written under other conditions.

With regard to the relation of *Towards Democracy* to his other books, Mr. Carpenter points out that these deal with theories or views which flow in his opinion perfectly logically from the central idea of *Towards Democracy*, "just as the different views or aspects of a mountain flow perfectly logically from the mountain fact itself." Elsewhere he says: "My little covey of books, dating from *Towards Democracy*, has been hatched mainly for the purpose of giving expression to views and other various questions which demanded fairer statement than they could find there. *Towards Democracy* came first as a vision, so to speak, and a revelation, as a great body of feeling and intuition which I had to put into words as best I could. It carried with it, as a flood carries trees and rocks from the mountains where it originates, all sorts of assumptions and conclusions. Afterwards I had to examine and define these assumptions and these conclusions."

Mr. Carpenter complains of the little notice taken by the critics of his work generally. The reason is not, I think, far to seek. Mr. Carpenter's writing is too bold and independent, and the critics too much afraid of offending their readers. Criticism of a frank and fearless kind is badly needed at the present day, but it does not find encouragement at the offices of most of our

MR. CARPENTER AND THE CRITICS. leading papers. "Tell it not in Gath, mention it not in the *Askelon Herald*," is their attitude towards any new and bold conceptions. Certainly Mr. Carpenter's ideas do not fall under any definite label or fit into any specific pigeon-hole. They are far too independent for this. He has indeed hobnobbed

and worked with Socialists, but even if he describes himself as a Socialist he is not at all so in any orthodox sense. The importance of the development of the individual and the value of individual effort is far too obvious to him for this. In fact, he gives away the whole position in a few remarks he makes on the subject in the present work. "The real value," he says, "of the modern Socialist movement—it has always seemed to me—has not lain so much in its actual constructive programme as (1) in the fact that it has provided a text for a searching criticism of the old society and of the lives of the rich, and (2) in the fact that it has enshrined a most glowing and vital enthusiasm towards the realization of a new society." One might say, in fact, if one were inclined to be cynical, that Mr. Carpenter endorses everything of Socialism except its practical programme. He realizes, in short, the need for revolutionary changes in the whole structure of modern civilization, and the Socialist realizes the same need, only to a lesser extent. Throughout the pages of *Towards Democracy* one seems to sense the coming of some new Christ upon the earth, some new Redeemer of humanity, who shall have for his watchword the old cry with a difference, suited to the new needs of the new time, "I am the Revolution and the Life."

The present war has served to call to mind the old story of the curse of which the present Emperor of Austria was the object in the early days of his career. The whole question of curses that come home to roost would, it seems to me, afford matter for a very interesting article in the pages of this magazine, and I put forward the suggestion for the benefit of any of my readers who have the necessary information to compile an article on a very curious topic. Alternatively I should welcome any corre-

CURSES
THAT COME
HOME TO
ROOST.

spondence on this matter from those of my readers who may have had knowledge within their own experience of the fulfilment of such threats.

When Francis Joseph came to the throne he was but eighteen years of age, and his Empire was in a condition of turbulence and revolt. The first race that he had to deal with were the Hungarians. They were demanding their independence, and rose in insurrection. Francis Joseph had them slaughtered. General Haynau had *carte blanche* to suppress the rising, and did it with a ruthlessness that excited horror throughout Europe. The son of Countess Karolyi was one of the victims of this outbreak, and his mother uttered against the young Emperor the following memorable curse: "May

heaven [she exclaimed] and hell blast his happiness! May his family be exterminated. May he be smitten in the persons of those he loves! May his life be wrecked, and may his children be brought to ruin!"

In spite of the fact that he has successfully retained his throne for some 68 years, the Emperor's life has been a series of tragedies. In the early days of his reign his brother Maximilian, who was sent out by Napoleon III to found a Mexican Empire, was executed by his recalcitrant subjects. Maximilian's wife, Charlotte, went mad with grief in consequence, and is still confined in a lunatic asylum. Francis Joseph's son and heir, the Crown Prince Rudolf, committed suicide (or alternatively was assassinated) under circumstances that created a European scandal. The Emperor's wife Elizabeth was assassinated. Her sister, the Duchess d'Alençon, was burned to death in the Paris Charity Bazaar fire. Finally his nephew and heir, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and his wife, the Countess Sophie, were assassinated at Serajevo. The record given in the *Daily Express*, from which most of these facts are taken, adds: "Two other royal relatives committed suicide. One was killed by a fall from a horse and another by an accident with a gun whilst out hunting." Francis Joseph married his beautiful and spirited wife when she was a girl of eighteen, but within five years she had fled from him broken-hearted. Finally she consented to return, but they remained as strangers under the same roof. Scandal ever pursued the Emperor in his domestic relations, his most famous mistress being one Katti Schratt, a beautiful actress. Francis Joseph has met with almost uniform disaster in war. He was defeated by the armies of France and Savoy at Solferino and Magenta (1859), surrendering Lombardy at the subsequent Treaty of Villafranca. Later on (in 1866), after the defeat of Austria by Prussia at Sadowa, he was compelled to abandon all claims in connection with the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, and to cede Venetia to Italy. The present war bids fair to lead to the final disruption of his Empire.

Apropos of the article I inserted in the OCCULT REVIEW last month on Water Divining, my contributor has received a letter from a correspondent in reference to this which I feel that I cannot do better than reproduce *in toto*, as it throws considerable further light on divining, not only for water, but for oil and minerals as well. It runs as follows:—

DIVINING
FOR WATER
AND
MINERALS.

DEAR SIR,—I was interested in your article in this month's OCCULT REVIEW on "Water Divining." There is a man I know, Mr. B. C. Yemm, West Lea, Pontshill, Ross-on-Wye, who uses the divining rod; in his case, a piece of aluminium wire about 2 feet long with a twist in the centre; He holds it firmly in the hand, palms up. On one occasion he indicated water in several places and asked my woodman and myself to take hold of the ends to try and prevent it turning, and although we both gripped each end, with thumb and finger, firmly, we could not prevent it turning down. I did not, however, sink for water then, as I obtained it from a private supply.

However, the most interesting part, to my mind, was the power he possessed of indicating minerals; at one spot he indicated a mineral and I sank a shaft some 30 feet at Penyard Castle near Ross, but had to give it up on account of the war, as labour was scarce and I wanted the men in the woods.

To test him, I buried some sovereigns and a couple of rings in a flower bed before he came, and asked him to try over the ground round the old castle, as possibly, I thought, there might be buried treasure. He found the sovereigns, etc., directly he came near to the spot. The strange fact about it is that if he is seeking for, say, gold, directly you lay gold upon his hand, the power goes.

No doubt you are aware that if in divining water, and having found a spring, the dowser dips his hands in water, the power goes until his hands become dry again. I asked him to test mineral oil. The wire immediately acted some distance above a drum of same; but directly an oily rag was placed upon his hands the power left him. The conclusion we came to was that any metal will counteract itself when applied to the hands, but that gold, being a superior metal, will (as far as we have gone) counteract any other metal. For instance, gold will prevent the rod moving over a mineral oil, but a mineral oil will not prevent the rod moving over gold.

By using the above tests he can always tell whether it is metal or water. For instance, water placed upon the hands will not prevent the rod from indicating a metal, neither will a metal prevent the rod from indicating water. I hope, all being well, to conduct some experiments with various known metals. The distance above and volume of metal is clearly indicated by the strength of the pull down.

I trust that I have made myself clear, in the hope that it might be of some interest to you. With Mr. Yemm it raises a kind of hard blister upon his hands, after using the rod for some time, and the power of course depends upon the state of health, to a certain extent. He told me that in boring for water you would always bore directly over the strength, but in sinking a well some few feet away, so as to get below the spring before it bursts through into the well.

Yours faithfully,

J. B. H. WHITEHURST.

WANTAGE, BERKS.

I am also inserting a letter in the Correspondence columns in criticism of the article in question, the point complained of being the fact that the names, etc., are not given, and that the writer only contributes his article under the initials N. Z. I

M

pointed out to my contributor at the time that I considered this a serious mistake, and in replying he said that he did not feel at the moment authorized to give these details in the pages of the magazine, but would be pleased to supply them to any readers who could satisfy him as to their *bona-fide* interest in the experiments. I have them, of course, in my own possession. It is certainly to be hoped that the practice of divining for water and minerals will be followed up by practical scientific men, as its value and importance to the commercial world are so very obvious.

I am asked to state that a new and second-hand book shop, carrying a large stock of rare Occult, New Thought, and up-to-date publications, has been opened by Miss Mary Whittome at 6 Norris Street, Haymarket, London, W. It will doubtless be of interest to my readers, from whom I have received frequent inquiries on the subject, to know that a "Modern Thought Library" has been started in connection with this new venture, where books on metaphysical and psychic subjects can be obtained on loan for an annual subscription.

A SONNET OF THE QUEST

BY C. L. RYLEY

WEARIED with wandering lone upon the Quest,
 By woodland lawns enchanted, castles grey
 Where dwell the Powers that hunt the soul for prey,
 Or drowsy thorps that deem our toil a jest,
 And cheaping towns, assured that life is best
 Which brings them store of coin to tell or pay,
 We wonder of our peers upon the Way,
 Have they attained ere this the Vision Blest ?

We parted in the morn, when hope was bright ;
 The sunlight flashed upon our mail, and cast
 A radiant glory on each steadfast face.
 Now we forebode the gathering shades of night ;
 Shall we rejoin our brothers at the last,
 In Sarras, in the Spiritual Place ?

THE RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM OF THE BANNER

By G. M. HORT

IN a previous paper * we discussed the religious symbolism of the sword,—that typical weapon of warfare round which folk-lore and tradition have cast a supernatural halo ;, endowing it with magic powers and sacred significance as if it were a living thing and a divine genius.

And yet the sword is, essentially and primarily, a weapon of flesh. Its spiritual influence is, as it were, the result of, and the natural inference from, its practical value. The banner, on the other hand, depends for its practical value on its spiritual influence ; on its power of inspiring men with thoughts of something greater than itself.

It is a spiritual weapon, and, from the earliest ages, the part it has played in battle and in other great communal undertakings has been a spiritual one. Even its practical employment as a guide and beacon—" the rallying point of the common force "—cannot be dis severed from supernaturalism. For it was accepted as a guide and beacon, because of its supernatural power over human emotions, because of the majestic hopes—and fears!—with which it inspired those who looked upon it. Some sign that all will follow, that none even in moments of panic will dare to desert, is one of the first necessities of communal effort. The ancient Egyptians were not what we should call militarists. They did not fight for the sake of fighting ; nor, so far as we can gather, were they distinguished for personal bravery in the field. It is significant to remember that their banners bore symbols of supernatural protection—the army marched to battle, led by the animal images of their totem gods ; and by the mystical fan of feathers that betokened, not only the semi-divine power of Pharaoh, but also the elemental Maat, or Righteousness, against whose emblem—a feather—the heart of each man would be weighed after death, in the scales of Eternal Justice. Worthy of note, too, is the honour these unwarlike and timid folk paid to the standard-bearer. He guarded the sacred emblems from the sacrilege of panic. On his personal courage

* OCCULT REVIEW, April, 1915.

hung, not only the temporal, but also the spiritual, fate of all the host.

It has been suggested that it was from Egypt that the Hebrews borrowed their use of the standard. So far as the practical employment of tribal ensigns went, this is likely enough. But there is another sense in which the Hebrews—a passionately religious people, seeking, with the intensity of all nomads, for signs and tokens—would need no teaching from others. The first ensign that inspired reverence—the first standard to which men's eyes turned as to a beacon—was not made with hands. The elaborate cult of the sacred banner, the splendid traditions that have accumulated round one tribal and national flag after another, had their beginnings in the natural ensign of the lonely hills—the gaunt branchless tree, visible from afar, awe-inspiring as a witness to the power of the destroying thunderbolt, and gradually attracting to itself the rites of primitive worship.

We know how, in the religion of Ancient Syria, the *Asherah*, or wooden pole, divided with the *Marzebah* or stone pillar the honours of godhead.

The *Asherah* was not only a symbol of deity. It was an actual shrine wherein the deity was thought to dwell. The divine honours paid to the *Asherah* excited the horror of the monotheistic Israelite; but his faith, too, had its traditions of the sacred tree; and he, too, would recognize in this beacon of the hills the emblem of One Who was exalted above the hills, and Who would lift up an ensign to draw the people from afar.

The *Asherahs*, thus regarded, were *standards* in the most literal sense of the word. Their power of guidance lay in their power to stand steadfast. In their immutability, in their "conspicuous isolation" they drew eyes, and directed footsteps.

But upon such sacred trees it was natural to hang various tribal emblems; mascots; votive offerings; relics of some notable victory or deliverance. These would be much more mutable things; and, as the exigencies of tribal life demanded it, would be moved from one place to another; perhaps together with the actual tree; more probably on some wooden staff that roughly represented the tree.

Such migratory banners would become, wherever planted, the centre of the communal life. At first the standard-pole would be crowned with the actual object of tribal veneration—with the actual instrument of deliverance, or trophy of victory;—for example, the dead body of a slain animal, or the garments

of a conquered enemy: But as time went on, and had its natural effect on the perishable object, the actual would give place to the ideal, and the lost talisman be replaced with a representation of it.

We must remember, too, that the desire to immortalize some happy omen, drawn—as it would often be!—from the behaviour of birds and animals, would influence the design of the banner round which such creatures had flown or prowled.

The Roman Eagles—those deified standards that were justly called “the gods of the legions”—were, beyond doubt, representations—immortal emblems!—of actual birds from whose movements the augurs of old had divined the fortunes of the day. The eagle, as the bird of Jove, was understood to be the bearer of messages from the Father of gods and men; and as never crossing human path save as an ambassador from heaven. He was therefore a fitting object of reverent scrutiny; and, according to the result of these observations, battle would be joined at once, or indefinitely postponed; victory or defeat would be looked for.

As popular faith in augury declined (or, perhaps, we may be nearer the truth if we say, as the warlike ardour of the hosts grew impatient of the slow decisions of the augurs), the immortal eagles—always favourable to instant battle, always amenable to the hand that bore them!—were substituted for the mortal ones; and became the objects of passionate reverence and extraordinary devotion.

In all history, the cult of the banner has no more perfect example than this. In the Roman camp, shrines of clay were constructed for the standards; and after a victory, sacrifice was offered to them as to the deity they represented. Or, perhaps, we may say, as in the case of the *Asherah*, to the deity they enshrined! For the faith they inspired was certainly faith in a real, though unseen, presence; in an actual, though hidden, living spirit.

A daring leader did not hesitate to hurl the sacred eagles into the enemy's ranks, for he was sure of a fury of devotion that would impel his men to follow, and rescue them, and bear them back in triumph. Tertullian, in later years, was to define the camp-religion of the Romans as “a worship of standards”; and the adoption of the New Faith, while altering the significance of that worship, did not weaken its popular appeal. In the New Faith, there was a place for the cult of the banner; and for reverence for its mystic character.

Indeed, when the eagle was supplanted by the helpless innocent on which he preys, a fresh impetus seemed to be given to "the camp-religion." The Lamb inspired an even more passionate allegiance; a pathetic faithfulness to death.

In the vision of Constantine, the voice of the Crucified had bidden him take the Cross as "a safeguard in all engagements with his enemies"; and the enthusiastic faith of the camp and field interpreted this promise literally.

There is a story that a certain standard-bearer, stricken with panic, once thrust the sacred banner into a comrade's hand, and fled for his life. It was the chance of life that he had cast away! He was found dead on the field, while he to whom he had given the standard—the sacred talisman and safeguard—had come through unscathed.

We may note that, great as is the gulf between the Eagle and the Lamb, between the Olympian and the Galilean, the change in the outward aspect of the banner was very slight. The old associations were too precious to be lost. Even before Constantine's conversion, the cruciform framework of the military standard had been accepted by Christian converts in the legions as a justification for continued reverence; and, afterwards, it was enough to place the Sacred Monogram where the sacred eagle had spread his wings. As St. Ambrose, in his prayer for Gratian against the Goths, describes the changed conditions. "It is no longer the eagle, or *the flight of birds*, that leads the army, but Thy Name, O Lord Jesus, and Thy worship."

St. Ambrose unconsciously emphasized a point which we have already tried to make. His allusion to "the flight of birds" as "leading the army" shows the closeness of the connection between divination by birds and animals, and the representations of them on standards and flags.

The mystic banner of the Danes bore an image of the raven—sacred to Odin and bearer of his messages; and the raven, even in his counterfeit, possessed a "life" of his own, and a power of "movement" from which omens could be taken. He was said to flap his wings at victory, and to droop them at defeat. When Alfred's troops captured this raven-banner, panic fell upon the Danes. They had lost their heavenly guide; and the one certain link between them and Odin was felt to be broken.

The standard of the Saxons—the "Pale Horse"—had much the same mysterious power. It, too, spoke of Odin, to whom the horse was sacred—its neighings and prancings being inter-

preted as omens ; in other words, as messages from the All-Father.

When we remember that the sun-god's chariot was represented as drawn by horses ; and that the sacrificial feast of horseflesh was supposed in some mysterious way to unite the participant with the god, we shall understand how the figure of the horse would symbolize the presence of Odin. The "Pale Horse" banner, like that of the raven, bore a "living" sign. It shared in the fortunes of those who followed it ; "riding," for instance, "triumphant" over the dead bodies of their enemies.

In each banner, the device was, obviously, a representation of some particular bird or animal, associated with a happy omen ; or, in other words, with a message from heaven.

Turning to the mediæval Christian banner, we find exactly the same idea dominant. The reverence excited by the banner depended on its power to revive the memory of some revelation from Heaven ; some "clairvoyant" moment, when faith had melted into sight.

On the old national flags, the appearance of the Cross can be traced back, in almost every case, to the tradition of a miraculous vision like that of Constantine.* Some very sacred mediæval banners were personal mementoes of saints—of those through whom, in their lifetime, Divine revelations had come ; and to whose relics, after death, the old mystic power might be supposed to cling.

For example, the blue hood, or cope, of St. Martin of Tours was the first national banner of France. It was borne by the early kings to the battlefield, as a talisman, and a centre of devotion ; and enshrined in a tent where the chaplain celebrated Mass. The treasured relic yielded to the hand of time ; and was supplanted by the famous "Oriflamme." But its memory was still cherished ; and some see in the blue of the Tricolour flag an attempt to immortalize it. The Oriflamme itself was also, of course, in the first instance a saintly relic ; no other than the sacred banner of Saint Denis, which (in the eleventh century chapel built by Dagobert over the relics of Saint Denis, and also in the greater church which became the resting-place of the French kings) hung over the tomb of the martyr. The crimson colour of the Oriflamme perpetuated the memory of the life-blood of St. Denis, which had saturated the cloth wherein the Christian lady, Catulla, had wrapped his decapitated head.

* The "Dannebrog," the national flag of Denmark, bears the sign seen by Waldemar in the heavens when fighting against the pagan Livonians.

Indeed, it is possible that the original banner was the actual cloth, replaced later by an idealized representation of it. The Oriflamme gained its name from its wavy vandyked edges, resembling, and suggestive of, tongues of fire. Its unfurling signified a fight to the death, without yielding and without quarter; and very naturally so, since the belief in its supernatural power of conferring success inspired such confidence that none would think of surrender. No less a person than Froissart pays tribute to the mystic gifts of this relic-banner. He says that with its uplifting, a radiant light surrounded the French armies, and a mist covered their foes.

It is easy to see how the repute of St. Denis for miraculous powers—the triumph of spirit over matter, symbolized in the story of his posthumous journey with his head in his hands—had been transferred to his relic. The victorious martyr would hand on the gift of victory.

Like the blue hood of St. Martin, the red of the Oriflamme seems to have been commemorated in the Tricolour, where also we may trace the virgin-white of that later national flag which bore the Virgin's flowers—the famous "Lilies of France." These Fleurs-de-Lys had a supernatural origin. To the fierce Clovis, on the eve of the Battle of Cologne (A.D. 596) came the vision of an angel bearing lilies from Paradise and promising him victory if he would become the disciple of the Virgin's Son.

Another version of the legend connects it with Clovis's Christian wife, Clotilde, who often went to seek the counsel of a holy hermit in the forest of Joye-en-Valles, and who heard from him the story of his own vision of an azure banner, sprinkled with lilies that shone like stars.

"Give"—said the angel-bearer of it—"Give this banner to Clotilde. Tell her that her husband, if he fight under it, shall always be victorious, save when he turns it in pride and anger against fellow-Christians."

After the victory, Clovis's banner (apparently copied from that seen in the dream) was enshrined in an abbey, built for it near the hermit's cell.

Around English banners, too, is the same supernatural halo. At the famous Battle of Northallerton (better known as the Battle of the Standard), the standard round which Saxons and Normans gathered to fight was, literally, the central figure. A four-wheeled car bore a pole or mast, from which was suspended a pyx containing the Sacrament; and around it, as round a common point of union, were grouped the banners of St. Cuthbert

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of Durham, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon—Saxon saints to whom, nevertheless, the Normans paid reverence ; for they, in common with all mediæval Christians, felt that there is no nationality in saintship, no monopoly of mystic gifts.

Under these sacred ensigns, and the still more sacred Ensign that surmounted them, Norman and Saxon swore to each other their oath of fealty—"to remain united for the defence of their common native land."

The oath was well kept ; and the standard, as we know, well repaid the trust reposed in its power of giving victory.

To the Banner of St. Cuthbert—most notable of the sacred trio—was also given the praise of the victories of Neville's Cross and Flodden. The banner was in the care of the monks of Durham ; and was kept in St. Cuthbert's shrine, where no woman was allowed to enter, and where the saint's uncorrupted body rested in state. Cuthbert, in his lifetime, had had the reputation of mystic gifts. To him, as a shepherd-lad on the Berwick hills, had come a vision of the soul of St. Aidan, borne through the air, by angels, to its rest. As guest-master in the monastery of Ripon he had entertained an angel unawares ; and at lonely Lindisfarne, too, had been visited and tended by those "Birds of God." Such an one might well confer supernatural virtues on his relics, and the banner which bore his name enshrined one of the holiest of these.

In the midst of the crimson velvet of the flag was fastened a piece of white velvet, half a yard square ; and underneath this lay the Corporax cloth, used by the saint when he said Mass.

The monks of Durham Priory guarded the banner, and their own rights over it, with jealous care. At Neville's Cross, it was the Prior of Durham himself (instructed, we are told, by a vision) who bore the relic to a hill near the battlefield, and displayed it on a spear point ; and on the eve of Flodden we hear of the Duke of Surrey visiting the Priory of Durham, and "appointing with the Prior for Saint Cuthbert's banner."

It is strange to think that not much more than thirty years after Flodden the monastery of Durham was to be dissolved and the sacred banner burnt by Catherine, wife of the Protestant Dean, Whittingham ! We are inclined to echo very heartily the phrase of the old chronicler ; and to agree with him that the said Catherine "did most injuriously burn the banner in her fire to the open contempt of all ancient and goodly reliques." Its memory is, however, indestructible ; and the ideas that produced the cult of the banner are beyond Catherine's fire.

In mediæval Christendom, the sacred banners which symbolized the common Faith took precedence of all other flags. The English, taking Rouen, allowed the flags which bore the emblems of the Trinity, Our Lady, and St. George, to pass through the town-gates before the national banner of England. This was not merely from a sense of reverence. There was for it a reason much more mystical. The holy emblems were conceived of as taking possession, and as clearing the way before those who conquered by virtue of their protection.

So did the Maid of Orleans think of her own consecrated banner. She relied upon its mystic guidance ; and at the siege of Tourelles cried to her troops that as soon as her standard touched the wall of the besieged place they could enter ; and all would then be theirs.

This standard, like so many older ones, had been first seen in vision. The Dauphin had had it fashioned in accordance with Jeanne's description of the banner that had figured in her dream. St. Margaret and St. Catherine had bidden her " take it, and bear it valiantly, and have painted upon it the King of Heaven."

In her own crude vivid phrase :—" There was the world painted there, with an angel on each side." The artist, more sophisticated, interpreted this as an image of Our Lord with the globe in His hand. The stuff was of white linen, sprinkled with fleurs-de-lys.

Jeanne's custom with her banner was to bear it in her hand in battle, so that she might never strike with the sword. It is impossible not to see in this, her belief in the power of the banner to win the victory for her ; in the superiority of the spiritual to the fleshly weapon.

This cult of the banner was one of the points of reproach at her mock trial. Her judges asked her : " Which gave most help, you to your Standard, or your Standard to you ? " And again : " Did you found your hope of victory on your Standard ? " In Jeanne's innocent answer we hear the voice of all mediæval Christians : " The victory, either to me or to *my Standard*, was from Our Lord."

The mystical Catholic devotion to the Wounds of Christ has a pathetic place in the history of the banner.

It seemed fitting to the leaders of a forlorn hope that they should march under the emblems of that Supreme Victory which had worn the guise of defeat ; and the mere sight of which could provoke a passion of enthusiasm, a sense of Divine Comradeship.

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So, in the tragic rising of the North for the Old Religion,* Richard Norton of Norton Towers bids his daughter embroider a banner with the Five Wounds and the Holy Rood; and when the Catholic nobles and gentry muster, with their retainers, beneath its "dread blazonry" a cry as of one man goes up from the host—

"Uplift the banner!" was the cry.
"Plant it!—By this we live and die."

The fight is lost. The end of the sorrowful story approaches; but Richard Norton, waiting death in York Gaol, is still haunted by the thought of the hallowed banner.

It had been his passionate desire to hang it in triumph in the shrine of Mary, in Bolton Abbey. Now, in defeat, he confides to his son the shadow of that hope. Into that deserted un-restored shrine it is still possible to bear the banner—

To wither, in the sun and breeze
'Midst these decaying sanctities.

And, in strange tribute to the influence of the banner-cult, Norton's sole surviving son, the conscientious Protestant Francis, is found ready to execute the mournful errand; to give his life in defence of his sacred charge, and to dye the emblazoned Wounds a deeper crimson with his own life blood.†

No less, perhaps, is the mystic power of the banner shown in more sinister fashions; in the great fear the continued existence of enemy ensigns used to excite.

Behind the modern ceremonial practices we can trace the survival of the early idea; of the religious importance attached even to flags which are not definitely religious. The captured banners of an enemy must either be "exorcized" by hanging them up in the temple of the victors' God; or they must be destroyed utterly, so that their magical virtues may perish along with them. On that great Sunday in September, in 1588, the captured flags of the Armada were borne in triumph to St. Paul's Cathedral—that old St. Paul's, destined itself for a fiery unforeseen doom wherein those memorials of victory were to share!

In the Royal College Chapel, at Chelsea, hang the flags taken at Waterloo, and at other once notable fields now not so well remembered; while around the tomb of Napoleon are grouped the little banneret trophies of his strange triumphs; among

* A.D. 1569. In the "Pilgrimage of Grace" (A.D. 1536) we hear also of a "Five Wounds" banner.

† Wordsworth tells the story in his "White Doe of Rylstone."

them, weird enough to the British tourist's eye, our own Union "Jack."

For the second fashion of "exorcism," the fate of the flags of the '45 may serve as a typical example. After Culloden, the defeated colours were brought to the Town Cross, Edinburgh, to endure the baptism of fire. The hangman's hands carried the colours of the "Bonnie Prince"; those of the rebel nobles were borne by chimney sweeps! Sheriffs, heralds, and an armed escort accompanied; and as each flag fed the fire, the owner's name was called by the heralds, and the trumpets sounded a sinister salute.

Even these flags, it would seem, were symbols, in the popular mind, of supernatural power! Even in their defeat, a halo of awe surrounded them!

The cult of the banner still survives among us. Our Union Flag bears the most sacred of all symbols; and there is mystical suggestion in the blessing of the colours by priestly hands, in their enshrinement, at the end of combat, in great minster or parish church.

Perhaps this brief outline of the history and legend of the banner may point to the true significance of these survivals, and send more students to the original sources to prove that significance for themselves.

ITALY'S ROYAL MASCOT

THE GREEN PAGE OF THE ROYAL CASTLE OF TURIN

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THIS is a particular ghost, quite different from those with which we are most of us familiar, inasmuch as its appearance, far from boding misfortune to those to whom it shows itself, comes on the contrary to intimate to them that something unusually happy or fortunate is about to happen to them. The apparition is that of a small, very small page, dressed in the quaint costume of the fourteenth century, of an entirely green colour, who walks about playing a lute in the old Castle of Turin, and who is supposed to be the good genius of the House of Savoy.

The story is a singular one. In 1363, Amédée VI., Count of Savoy, was giving a tournament at Chambéry, where he appeared together with his suite and knight dressed in a green armour. As he was proceeding to it, he met a little boy sitting disconsolately on the road, who was weeping bitterly. The Count stopped and asked him what was the matter, upon which the child related that his father and mother had been driven out of their small cottage, which had been burned down by the mercenary troops fighting under his banner, who had carried them away as prisoners, and that he had been left all alone, and did not know what was to become of him, or what had happened to his parents. The Count prided himself on keeping his soldiers in order, and on never allowing any acts of injustice and oppression to be committed by them. He instantly turned back, sending word that he could not on that day attend the tournament, and started to conduct personally an inquiry as to the truth of the tale which the boy had related to him. His attendants, however, observed to him that it would be better to put off the latter, as his absence from the festivity which he had himself arranged would surely be interpreted as a sign of fear on his part to meet his cousin James of Savoy, Prince of Piedmont, who had announced his intention of entering the lists against him, and who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most valiant knights and most able swordsmen of his time. But the Count would not listen to this advice, declaring that the good of his subjects was far more important to him than

his own reputation, and he proceeded to seek the detachment of troops who had ill-treated the poor people whose child had claimed his protection.

He very soon discovered that the tale which he had heard was but too true, upon which he severely punished the authors of the act of oppression which had been brought to his notice, and took the little boy whom he had found in such distress as a page, and attached him to his person. The tournament was fought the next day, and the Count came out of it victoriously, though it had actually been reported that he had been afraid of facing his cousin, and that for this reason he had pleaded an excuse on the first day of the festivities. The Prince of Piedmont himself had helped to spread this rumour, so that it was a great surprise for him when Amédée offered to meet him on the morrow, and defeated him signally. The story which spread all over the country won many adherents to the Count of Savoy, and helped to make him popular, but the officers whom he had chastised got to hate the page who had disclosed their crime to their Sovereign, and one day when they happened to meet the child in the garden which surrounded the palace of Turin, they threw themselves upon him, and slew him, cutting his throat with their swords.

Amédée was quite inconsolable. He had attached himself sincerely to the small boy, and had got to love him as if he had been one of his own sons. His grief was the more poignant because the murderers of his page were never discovered, and consequently the crime had to go unavenged. This troubled the Count so much that he could not get any rest either by day or by night, and at last became quite ill with worry and anxiety. One evening he was resting in his bedroom, feeling most unhappy, and wondering whether he would ever find out who had been the men who had so shamelessly put to death a mere infant. All at once the door of his apartment was opened, and his page stood before him, dressed in his green livery. Amédée was so scared and so delighted at the same time, that he was about to rush and take the boy in his arms, to convince himself whether he was not the victim of some hallucination or other, when he saw him wave him back with his hand.

"Don't touch me," said the child; "this is not allowed to you, but I have been permitted to come to you, and to reassure you as to my fate. I am far happier now than I have ever been before, even with you, who were always so kind to me. I wish you not to worry about me, and to tell you that the

good you have done to me is put to your account in the great book where all our crimes and good deeds are recorded, and that when your last day shall come, you too will find happiness and peace in the Heaven where I am already; and that the memory of the justice which you have done to me and to mine may never be lost, I shall show myself to you, and to your descendants whenever anything great and glorious is about to befall you and your race."

He bent down and kissed the Count's hand, and then disappeared.

Amédée related the story to his consort and to his father confessor on the next day, and masses without number were said in the chapel of the Palace for the little boy, who had been allowed by God to come back and to bring peace to the troubled mind of his benefactor in life.

The reign of the Count of Savoy was a great and glorious one, and he is known to history by the appellation of the Green Count, in memory of the celebrated tournament in which the page whose story I have related first became associated with him. He reunited to his dominions several rich counties and provinces, and left behind him the renown of being a wise administrator, and a valiant prince. It was noticed that whenever anything happy or lucky was about to occur to him the "Green Page," as he got to be called, was seen by some person or other in the Royal Castle of Turin, and very soon the Count took to evoking him, and begging him to appear, whenever he had any important expedition in view. And when at last Amédée lay himself on his death-bed, he told his son to pay great attention to any appearance of the "Green Page," and never to start on any dangerous enterprise if he had not seen him first.

Amédée VII, the Red Count as he was called, was destined to reunite to the County of Savoy the principality of Piedmont, which had been separated from it for more than one hundred years. Before this happened, the "Green Page" had been seen by all the inhabitants of the Palace walking about, playing his lute, and looking supremely happy. And after this, whenever anything lucky was about to happen to the House of Savoy, he came to notify them of it, and to encourage them in all their enterprises.

During the latter half of last century the legend of the "Green Page," became once more the general subject of conversation, not only among the dwellers in the royal residence but also among the population of Turin. It was said that he

walked about every night, and often during the daytime, and that one could meet him standing beside the door leading to the private apartments of the King of Sardinia. Victor Emmanuel II. saw him just before the bloody battle of Novara, this time not in the Palace, but in the tent under which he was resting, previous to the deadly encounter which resulted in the defeat of the Italian troops by the Austrians, and it is related that his sight cheered the Crown Prince—as he was still at that time—to such an extent, that it induced him to utter the famous exclamation “Italia sara !” at a moment when the ambitions of the House of Savoy appeared to be shattered for ever.

One of the persons to whom the “Green Page” showed himself was the famous Count Cavour, who encountered him as he was going down the staircase of the Castle at Turin, after an audience of the King. The wise statesman, who in spite of his reputed cynicism was, like most Italians, superstitious at heart, is reported to have tried to stop the boy, and to have addressed him, and asked him for encouragement and advice, but the apparition merely pointed towards the rooms occupied by Victor Emmanuel, and uttered but one word, “Continue.”

Before the capital was removed to Florence, the boy was seen again. This time he seemed rather sorry for himself, and did not play upon his lute, as he generally used to do. The pious Princess Clotilde of Savoy met him one evening, whilst on a visit to her old home, and he spoke to her ; but what was the import of his words she related to no one. Until her death, however, she remained convinced that she had conversed with the familiar phantom whose advent was always a sign of prosperity for the House to which she belonged.

Her father, Victor Emmanuel, believed firmly in the “Green Page.” Before he determined to enter the walls of Rome he is reported to have spent days wandering in the vast rooms of his Turin Palace in the hope and expectation of coming across the good genius of his race, and it was only after having seen him pass in the distance, that he gave at last the order to occupy the Eternal City, and thus to achieve that Italian unity for which the House of Savoy had worked for so long.

At the present time the Royal Castle of Turin is nearly abandoned, the Dowager Duchess of Aosta being almost the only member of the Italian Royal Family who regularly resides within its walls. But the numerous servants in the place relate that since war was declared against Austria, the “Green Page” is met again, playing on his lute, and showing signs of great satisfaction.

THE FOUR COSMIC ELEMENTS

BY C. G. SANDER, F.R.P.S.

THROUGH the ages, thinking man has ever tried to unravel the secrets of nature and to discover the primary source of existence from which spring all the manifold phenomena which the cosmos is presenting to his senses. These phenomena are twofold: physical and spiritual, and have been studied accordingly from two points of view, the scientific and the religious.

Religion, beside furnishing a moral code and offering consolation in the vicissitudes of life, has endeavoured to approach the fundamental reality from the spiritual point of view. Science, on the other hand, while chiefly observing physical phenomena and systematizing the knowledge gained thereby, has generally taken up an agnostic attitude with regard to the primary cause of existence. Philosophy has made many attempts to unify the two points of view taken by Religion and Science respectively, and the ultimate reality it presents is at best an abstract or philosophic idea, tinged with the concepts of various schools of thought.

The circumscribed finite mind cannot comprehend the inscrutable Infinite: at best by patient observation and unbiassed reasoning we may find that all material and spiritual phenomena are a multiplicity of effects, produced by the combinations and interactions of a few primary elements or principles, which we can trace and to which I wish to draw attention. Such primary or cosmic elements are four in number. I venture to state that they form the boundary of observation and reason of the human mind, and cannot be analysed or divided further. What is beyond, is the unexplored realm of abstraction, speculation, imagination and personal faith.

These four elements may be postulated as the efficient factors of all the phenomena of the cosmos. They have been variously described and symbolized through the ages, but after long and patient investigation I have come to the conclusion that under all the different garbs and guises with which they were at various times invested by sundry schools of thought, they ever retain their ultimate identity. Probably they are the expression or manifestation of One ultimate inscrutable reality, but here we necessarily enter the realm of speculation.

The four cosmic elements or primary principles then are—

1. Extended substance (matter).
2. Vital energy (life).
3. Sentiency (mind).
4. Attraction (love).

The designations which I have given to these four elements should only be regarded as philosophic "makeshifts" for lack of more suitable words which would better express the functions of these principles in the economy of the cosmic scheme.

The first is the material element ; the other three are spiritual elements, which latter underlie all physical phenomena and appear to constitute a spiritual Trinity or Triad. They are apparently the manifestation in matter of an infinite, eternal, intelligent, living and loving Entity. This probably is the explanation of the symbol of the Trinity.

The first element under consideration is—

MATTER.

Matter impresses itself on man's senses from morning till night and from the cradle to the grave. It is therefore natural that the investigation of the properties of matter have had more attention from the earliest times than the properties of the immaterial elements of the Universe.

There are no phenomena in the physical world which cannot directly or indirectly be attributed to the effect of energy of some kind, such as vibratory, kinetic, potential, electric, magnetic, gravitative, chemical or vital energy. Matter itself may be conceived as being in itself inert and lifeless and unable to create energy, but as being endowed with non-material or spiritual and transmutable principles, which manifest as energy, sentiency and affinity. They respond to the stimuli of light, heat, sound, electricity and chemical action. We may thus arrive at the theory of the atomic consciousness (and "memory") by which matter unflinchingly behaves in exactly the same manner under the same circumstances.

Not only are there as many different groupings and manifestations of atomic sentiency and affinity as there are chemical elements, but the latter themselves form complex groups of composite consciousness, which are known as the chemical radicals such as Ammonium, Cyanogen, Ethyl, Methyl and so forth. Such radicals have properties which stamp them with a very characteristic individuality, which they retain even when in combination with other chemical compounds.

The endowment of matter with energy, sentiency and affinity was recognized by the Sicilian philosopher Empedocles, in the fifth century B.C., who taught that the elements possessed sentiency in the form of love and hatred. We may thus in a symbolic way speak of the soul of the atoms, a notion in which even Professor Haeckel seems to acquiesce.

Amongst the phenomena which unorganized matter presents to us, perhaps the most wonderful is Crystallization, that remarkable property of the molecules of many chemical and mineral substances to produce solid mathematical forms of harmony and beauty, which must ever evoke the admiration of the human mind. One should also mention here the beautiful blooms of hoar frost. Science has never been able to explain satisfactorily the cause of crystallization. Probably it is due to the spiritual factor inherent in the chemical molecule, a soul which causes it to take up a definite corporate position alongside other and kindred molecules.

Without wishing to make too sweeping a statement, it appears to me that the ultimate destiny of matter is its spiritualization or individuation. It would appear that once matter has assumed an organized state of existence, it has a tendency to remain so, and is passed from individual to individual. All decay, putrefaction, fermentation, growth, alimention, etc., is but a change from one state of individuation to another. Unless very high atomic vibrations, such as are caused by great heat, fire, electricity or chemical energy, expel the individual nucleus and thus deorganize matter, it does not return of its own accord to a purely mineral or chemical state.

We now pass on to a discussion of the first of the three spiritual elements, which is—

LIFE.

Life, sentiency and attraction are and probably eternally have been inherent in matter, either in a diffused or inorganic, or in a nuclear or individualized state of existence, even when matter is in a state of very rapid vibration or incandescence. It may reasonably be assumed that they are the energies which cause all modes of motion from the gyration of inorganic stellar fire mists to the circulation of the blood and the nerve-vibrations of a human being. If you grant this postulate, it will form a very suggestive hypothesis and plausible solution of the ever interesting problem of the origin of life on earth. For life, in the form of diffused, vibratory vital energy, was conceivably always there, but how it

became organized or individualized is a different question, not easy to explain.

Life, as we generally recognize it, manifests and functions through organized structures constituted of certain chemical compounds, of which ammonia, carbonic acid gas and water broadly speaking are the principal ones. The protoplasmic cell is the simplest form or unit of manifested individual vital force. The functions of organic life are manifold and include metabolism, assimilation or alimentation, growth, self-repair and reproduction. The inorganic mineral or chemical is converted into organic existence only by absorption or by its assimilation by a living organism—so far, observation appears to indicate that the vegetable kingdom alone possesses the power of converting the mineral or the chemical into the living organism by absorption.

Life apparently is the energy and the means (I do not here say the cause) which makes the transition from the simple to the more complex and more highly individualized organism possible. In this process of progressive transition, generally termed evolution, the co-operation of two other factors, sentiency and desire, is necessary.

In its inorganic modes of action, life probably is the energy which causes the vibration and propulsion of matter. It is conceivably the energy which causes electrons to rotate round a nucleus, and on a far larger scale, the planets to revolve round the sun. Although one must not dogmatize, it appears possible that all electric energy is a form of vital energy acting in and on unorganized matter, which *per se* is inert, and the function of life is to bring it under the direct control of the higher cosmic elements: sentiency and attraction.

Here we may leave Life and proceed to the consideration of

SENTIENCY.

Sentiency is an integrant constituent of all existence, physical as well as metaphysical, and its manifestation can be traced throughout the mineral and chemical, as well as the vegetable and the animal worlds. It essentially comprises the functions of relation to environment, response to stimuli and atomic memory on the lower or inorganic plane, while on the higher or organic plane it includes all the psychic functions, such as consciousness, perception, thought, reason, volition and individual memory.

Inorganic matter through the inherent element of sentiency is endowed with esthesia or capacity of feeling and response to

physical and chemical stimuli, such as light, temperature, sound, electricity, magnetism and the action of chemicals.

We are familiar with the action of light in the photographic processes and its power of bleaching certain aniline dyes. We know the disintegrating influence on certain chemical compounds which the electric current has in electro-plating. Temperature will increase or decrease the bulk of bodies or change them from solid to liquid, gaseous or igneous states, or vice versa. The vibratory effects of sound on sympathetic tuning forks, on the strings of musical instruments, on glass shades, telephone and talking machine receivers, are likewise familiar. A lump of kitchen salt will unfailingly discriminate between an environment of dry or moist air, water, oil or mineral acid. All such phenomena are examples of the faculty of perception and response to outside stimuli of matter. We must here include chemical sentiency and memory, i.e., the atom and the molecule's remembrance of its own identity and its behaviour therewith. Atomic memory does not of course imply self-consciousness, but only inherent group-spirit which responds in a characteristic way to given outside stimuli; we might call it atomic or physical consciousness.

The sentiency of micro-organisms which dwell on the border between the vegetable and the animal worlds next claims our attention. They have no sense organs, but are only endowed with tactile irritability, yet they are possessed of psychic life, sentiency and inclination, whereby they perceive their environment and position, approach, attack and devour food, flee from harmful substances and enemies and reproduce by division. Their movements appear to be positive and not reflex.

Some of the higher aspects of sentiency, and we may use here the word "consciousness," of the vegetable world are highly interesting. Notice the turning of flowers towards the sun, the opening and shutting of leaves and petals at certain hours, the sleep position of many plants, their sensitiveness to changes of temperature, the growth of roots towards a better supply of moisture, and the obvious signs of consciousness shown by the sensitive and insectivorous plants such as the sun dew, the Venus fly trap, and others. At best, however, the consciousness of plants is only trance-like.

Animal consciousness in its highest modes becomes self-consciousness. Every cell, both vegetable and animal, possesses a biological or vegetative consciousness, which is polarized or subordinate to the government of the total organism of which it forms an integral part. This subordination or obedience of the

cells obtains at least while the organism is in health, but this polarization is locally impaired in disease and ceases altogether at the death of the organism.

In plants the cellular consciousness is diffused or distributed amongst the tissues and fibres, there are no special conducting and centralizing organs of consciousness. In the animals there is an endeavour at centralization of consciousness, which reaches its most complex stage in man, the possessor of the most highly organized system of consciousness consisting of the nervous system and its centres and junctions such as the brain and the solar plexus.

The third of the spirit-elements is

ATTRACTION.

In the same manner, as in the case of life and consciousness, we are able to follow the functions of attraction from the inanimate mineral and chemical upwards through the vegetable and animal world to its highest aspect which it reaches in man's altruism.

Attraction not only functions between the smallest units of matter, such as the electrons and the atoms, but also between suns and their planets and between stellar systems such as form the great galaxy of stars known as the Milky Way. Such modes of attraction are cohesion, gravitation, magnetism and chemical affinity.

As attraction always has a centripetal tendency, it may be as well to mention here that if there is a lack of attraction (or love) and an excess of vital energy (life), the latter being a centrifugal force, the balance between the two energies is destroyed and repulsion ensues, which manifests on all planes, physical as well as metaphysical.

Much might be said about the mode of attraction known as chemical affinity as manifest in the idiosyncracies of various chemical elements such as the contrast in behaviour between the very sociable element fluorine and the unsociable element nitrogen.

Passing on to plant life, we find a certain analogy between the methods of reproduction in the animal and vegetable kingdoms of which I would only mention the obvious manifestation of attraction between the opposite sexes in pond weeds.

The love story of the animal world affords most interesting and instructive study : not only the attraction between the sexes, but also the parental love. The filial love of the animals appears

to be of a more or less selfish character and is largely the product of the desire to be fed and protected.

Human love is far more complex in its nature and manifestation. Apart from sex passion, parental and filial affection, it takes many other forms, such as philanthropy, patriotism, altruism, love of beauty in nature and art, love of knowledge, of wealth, of power, and of admiration. In this connection we often speak of "desire," which is the association of love and life, which two elements combined are the mainspring of human progress, and therefore should be understood and wisely directed towards noble ends.

Such then is a brief delineation of the qualities and functions of the four cosmic elements which in their highest aspect are Matter, Life, Mind and Love, but possibly such a designation might not be accepted by many thinkers.

The grouping and interaction of these four elements appears to me the effective cause of all the phenomena of the universe. I believe that the spiritual triad—Life, Mind, and Love—is ever present in some form in matter either dispersed as in the mineral and chemical, nucleated as in the single cell, polarized as in the plant, or individualized as in the animals, the highest degree of individualization of which would constitute the self-conscious human ego or monad. I would also express my belief that Life, Mind and Love can and do exist in the Universe apart from matter, as the ether or possibly other forms of inter-etheric spirit, and most probably as self-conscious spirit-entities, a spirit hierarchy of which Professor Wm. James speaks in his "Pluralistic Universe." But here I am getting so near the borderland of speculation that I had better leave the rest to the research and the imagination of the reader.

DRUIDISM

INITIATORY RITES: PRIESTHOOD

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT

THE mode of life adopted by the Druidical priests made easy the transition from Pagan to Christian monasticism. To all intents and purposes the Druids formed a Church, and their ecclesiastical system seems to have been as complete as any other of which there are any records, whether Christian or non-Christian. The rank of the Arch, or Chief Druid was that of *pontifex maximus*, and apparently he held his position until death or resignation, when his successor was elected in a manner similar to that by which a pope is elected at the present day, though some authorities assert that the Arch Druid was elected annually. Cæsar states that "when the presulary dignity becomes vacant by the head Druid's death, the next in dignity and reputation succeeds; but when there are equals in competition, election carries it."

Many Druids appear to have retired from the world and lived a hermit existence, in order that they might acquire a greater reputation for sanctity. Martin in his *Description of the Western Isles* has pointed out that in his time, in the most unfrequented places of the Western Isles of Scotland, there were still remaining the foundations of small circular houses, intended evidently for the abode of one person only, to which were given the name of "Druids' Houses" by the people of the country. Many other Druids appear also to have lived a kind of monastic or communal life, uniting together in fraternities and dwelling near the temples which they served, each temple requiring the services of a considerable number of priests.

Ammianus of Marseilles describes these in the following words:—

"The Druids, men of polished parts, as the authority of Pythagoras has decreed, affecting formed societies and sodalities, gave themselves wholly to the contemplation of divine and hidden things, despising all worldly enjoyments and confidently affirmed the souls of men to be immortal."

Not a few, however, lived in a more public and secular way,

attaching themselves to kingly courts and the residences of the noble and wealthy. The Druids had thus a close affinity both with the monks and religious orders, or the regular clergy, and the secular clergy of the more modern Church of Rome.

The period of noviciate and the character of the training of an aspirant to the Druidical priesthood was as lengthy and as severe as that of an aspirant to membership of the Society of Jesus. It lasted for twenty years, and although the candidates were enrolled generally from the families of nobles, many youths of other ranks also entered voluntarily upon the noviciate, and very frequently some were dedicated to the priestly life from a very early age by their parents.

The ceremony of initiation, so far as can be gathered from the scanty authentic records, was both severe and solemn. The aspirant first took an oath not to reveal the mysteries into which he was about to be initiated. He was then divested of his secular clothing and vested with a tri-coloured robe of white, blue and green, as emblematic of light, truth and hope. Over this was placed a white tunic. Both were made with full length openings in the front and, before the ceremony of initiation, the candidate had to throw open both tunic and robe, in order that the officiating priest might be assured that he was a male.

The tonsure was one of the ceremonies connected with initiation. The tonsure, as practised in the Roman Church, the first of the four minor Orders conferred upon all aspirants to the priesthood, is undoubtedly a Druidical survival. There is evidence of its practice in Ireland in A.D. 630, but it did not become a custom in England until A.D. 768. The tonsure was called by St. Patrick the diabolical mark, and in Ireland was known as the tonsure of Simon the Druid. It differed greatly from the modern form of tonsure. All the hair in front of a line drawn over the crown from ear to ear was shaved or clipped. All Druids wore short hair, the laymen long; the Druids wore long beards, the laymen shaved all the hair off the face except the upper lip.

The tonsure was also known in Wales as an initiatory rite. Among the Brythons we find in the Welsh romances called the Mabinogion, a youth who wished to become one of Arthur's knights, having his hair cut off by the king with his own hand.

The initiation took place in a cave, because of the legend which has existed from early times that Enoch had deposited certain invaluable secrets in a consecrated cavern deep in the bowels of the earth. There is still to be seen in Denbighshire

one of the caves in which the Druidical initiations formerly took place.

The candidate had, first of all, however, to pass through the Tolmen, or perforated stone, an act held to be the means of conveying purity. All rocks containing an aperture, whether natural or artificial, were thought to be the means of conveying purification to the person passing through the hole. At Bayon Manor, near Market Rasen, in Lincolnshire, there is a *petra ambrosiæ*, consisting of a gigantic upright stone resting upon another stone and hollowed out so as to form an aperture of sufficient dimensions for a man to pass through. This stone is believed to have been used by the Druids in the performance of their sacred rites. Some writers have imagined that the prophet Isaiah was referring to this or a similar practice when he wrote (i. 19): "And they shall go into the holes of the rocks and into the caves of the earth for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth."

All such orifices as these were consecrated with holy oil and dedicated to religious uses, when the distinguishing name of *lapis ambrosius* was given to each. The candidate was then placed in a chest or coffin, in which he remain enclosed (apertures being made for air circulation) for three days to represent death. From this chest he was liberated on the third day, to represent his restoration to life.

The sanctuary was then prepared for the ceremony of initiation proper, and the candidate, blindfolded, was introduced during the chanting of a hymn to the sun and placed in the charge of a professed Druid, another at the same time kindling the sacred fire. Still blindfolded, the candidate was taken on a circumambulation nine times round the sanctuary in circles from east to west, starting at the south. The procession was made to the accompaniment of a tumultuous clang of musical instruments and of shouting and screaming, and was followed by the administration of an oath, the violation of which rendered the individual liable to the penalty of death.

Then followed a number of other ceremonies, which typified the confinement of Noah in the Ark, the death of the patriarch, and other incidents until eventually the candidate passed through a narrow avenue, guarded by angry beasts, after which he was seized and borne to the water, symbolical of the waters on which the Ark of Noah floated. He was completely immersed, and on emerging from the water on to the bank on the side opposite

to that from which he had been plunged into it, he found himself in a blaze of light. He was then presented to the Arch Druid, who, seated on his throne or chair of office, explained to him the symbolical meaning of the various ceremonies through which he had just passed.

This ceremony of initiation was similar to that of the Egyptian rites of Osiris, which was regarded as a descent into hell, a passage through the infernal lake, followed by a landing on the Egyptian Isle of the Blessed. By its means men were held to become more holy, just and pure, and to be delivered from all hazards, which would otherwise be impending. The cave in which the aspirant was placed for meditation before he was permitted to participate in the sacred mysteries was guarded by a representation of the terrible divinity, Buanawr, who was armed with a naked sword, and whose vindictive wrath, when aroused, was said to be such as to make earth, hell, and even heaven itself, tremble.

Dionysius tells us that when the Druidesses celebrated the mysteries of the great god Hu, the Mighty, they passed over an arm of the sea in the dead of the night to certain smaller contiguous islets. The ship, or vessel, in which they made the passage represented the Ark of the Deluge; the arm of the sea, the waters of the flood; and the fabled Elysian island, with which the voyage terminated, shadowed out the Lunar White Island of the ocean girt summit of the Paradisiacal Ararat.

After initiation the candidate retired into the forest where the period of his noviciate was spent, his time being occupied with study and gymnastic exercises. There were various steps, or degrees, and it was necessary for the Druid to pass through the degrees of Vate and Bard before becoming a full-fledged Druid. Prior to the conferring of each degree the candidate was confined within cromlechs without food for thirty-six hours. The caves in which the ceremonies were performed were, like the Druidical temples, above ground, and circular in form.

The three degrees of Vate, Bard and Druid were regarded as equal in importance, though not in privilege, and they were distinct in purpose.

There is little doubt that knowledge was confined mainly, if not altogether, to the professed Druids. Cæsar says that they disputed largely upon subjects of natural philosophy and instructed the youth of the land in the rudiments of learning. By some writers the Druids are credited with a knowledge of the use of the telescope, though this opinion is based mainly on the state-

ment of Diodorus Siculus, who says that in an island west of the Celtæ, the Druids brought the sun and moon near to them. Hecatæus, however, informs us that they taught the existence of lunar mountains. The fact that the Milky Way consisted of small stars was known to the ancients is often adduced in support of the claim to the antiquity of the telescope. Idris, the giant, a pre-Christian astronomer, is said to have pursued his study of the science from the apex of one of the loftiest mountains in North Wales, which, in consequence, received the name it still bears—Cader Idris, or the chair of Idris.

Diodorus Siculus is responsible also for the statement that the Saronides (Druids) were the Gaulish philosophers and divines and were held in great veneration, and that it was not lawful to perform any sacrifices except in the presence of one of these philosophers.

Mr. P. W. Joyce, in his *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, says that in Pagan times the Druids were the exclusive possessors of whatever learning was then known, and combined in themselves all the learned professions, being not only Druids or priests, but judges, prophets, historians, poets, and even physicians. He might have added "and instructors of youth," since education was entirely in their hands. Even St. Columba as a child began his education under a Druid. So great was the veneration paid to the Druids for the knowledge they possessed that it became a kind of adage with respect to anything that was deemed mysterious or beyond ordinary ken: "No one knows but God and the holy Druids."

The Druids were the intermediaries between the people and the spiritual world, and the people believed that their priests could protect them from the malice of evilly-disposed spirits of every kind. The authority possessed by the Druids is easily understood when it is remembered that they were possessed of more knowledge and learning than any other class of men in the country.

"They were," says Rowlands in *Mona Antiqua Restorata*, "men of thought and speculation, whose chief province was to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, as their fellows were to do those of empire, into what country or climate soever they came."

Kings had ever about them a Druid for prayer and sacrifice, who was also a judge for determining controversies, although each king had a civil judge besides. At the court of Conchobar, King of Ulster, no one had the right to speak before the Druid had spoken. Cathbu or Cathbad, a Druid once

attached to that court, was accompanied by a hundred youths, students of his art. All the nobles had also each a Druid among his retinue. After the introduction and adoption of Christianity the Druid was succeeded by a bishop or priest, just as the Druidesses at Kildare were succeeded by the Brigitinne Nuns.

Martin, who wrote his *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland* in 1703 tells us that: "Every great family of the Western Islands had a chief Druid who foretold future events and decided all causes, civil and ecclesiastical. It is reported of them that they wrought in the night time and rested all day.

"Before the Britons engaged in battle the Chief Druid harangued the army to excite their courage. He was placed on an eminence, whence he addressed himself to all standing about him, putting them in mind of all great things that were performed by the valour of their ancestors, raised their hopes with the noble rewards of honour and victory, and dispelled their fears by all the topics that natural courage could suggest. After this harangue the army gave a general shout and then charged the enemy stoutly."

The position of Arch Druid was at one time held by Divitiacus the Eduan, the intimate acquaintance and friend of Cæsar, who is believed to have inspired the account of Druidism given by Cæsar in *De Bello Gallico*. The British Arch Druid is said to have had his residence in the Isle of Anglesey, in or near to Llaniden. There the name of Tre'r Dryw or Druidstown is still preserved, and there are still there also some of the massive stone structures which are invariably associated with Druidism. The Courts of the Arch Druids were held at Drewson, or Druidstown.

The principal seat of the French Druids was at Chartres, the residence of the Gallic Arch Druid, at which place also the annual convention of Gaulish and British Druids was held. There was also a large Druidical settlement at Marseilles. It was here that Cæsar, in order to put an end to Druidism in Gaul, ordered the trees to be felled.

There is no record of a head priest or Arch Druid amongst the Irish Druids.

Dr. John Jamieson, in his *Historical Account of the Ancient Culdees of Iona*, which was published in 1870, says that twenty years previously there was living in the parish of Moulin, an old man, who, although very regular in his devotions, never addressed the Supreme Being by any other title than that of

Arch Druid. He quotes this as an illustration of the firm hold which ancient superstition takes of the mind.

Druids had the privilege of wearing six colours in their robes, and it is conjectured by some that this practice was the origin of the tartan. Kings and queens reserved to themselves the right of wearing robes of seven colours ; lords and ladies, five ; governors of fortresses, four ; young gentlemen of quality, three ; soldiers, two ; and the common people, one. When the Druids were officiating in their priestly capacity, they wore each a white robe, emblematic of truth and holiness, as well as of the sun. When officiating as a judge, the Druid wore two white robes, fastened with a girdle, surmounted by his Druid's egg encased in gold, and wearing round his neck the breastplate of judgment, which was supposed to press upon his breast should he give utterance to a false or corrupt judgment. A golden tiara was upon his head and two official rings on his right hand fingers. On ordinary occasions the cap worn by the Druids had on the front a golden representation of the sun under a half-moon of silver, supported by two Druids, one at each cusp, in an inclined posture.

The mode of excommunication was to expose the erring member to a naked weapon. The Bards had a special ceremonial for the degradation of their convicted brethren. It took place at a Gorsedd, when the Bards assembled placed their caps on their heads. One deputed for the office unsheathed his sword, uplifted it and named the delinquent aloud three times, adding on the last occasion the words : "The sword is naked against him." Freemasons will recognize in this act of excommunication the similarity to the office and duty of one of the officers of every lodge. After these words were pronounced the offender was expelled, never to be re-admitted, and he became known as "a man deprived of privilege and exposed to warfare."

THE EASTERN RELIGIONS*

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

AS the record which I am about to review will take its place, in my opinion, among standard works on its subject, I shall introduce it to my readers after the simplest possible manner, with a foreword concerning its writer and the circumstances which have brought it into being, and with a summary account of its contents. Dr. Pratt is Professor of Philosophy in Williams College, Massachusetts, U.S.A., and is the author of certain studies on Pragmatism and the Psychology of Religious Belief. From the claims of his present undertaking, and from his position otherwise, I have no doubt that they are of consequence, each in its own degree, and are probably well known; but they have not come into my hands. His latest volume, which is of considerable dimensions, describes itself in the sub-title as a traveller's record, and is therefore put forward with all the modesty and restraint which characterize the work as a whole. The description is justified on the surface by a suggestion here and there of places visited in the course of that philosophical investigation, the results of which have assumed their permanent form herein. Such suggestion is not unimportant to the general purpose in view, for personal impressions of scenes, people and objects are communicated to the reader wherever they may prove helpful, but not otherwise. It is desirable to mention this and establish, once and for all, that while the work is a traveller's record it is in no sense a volume of travels. It is a study at first hand on the spot and would have been impossible to a book student—however far he had journeyed through highways and by-ways of research. This is why it differs generally from a number of good treatises which offer synoptic accounts of the chief eastern religions. The statement leads naturally to my next point. This is not in the conventional sense of scholarship an exceptionally learned work. There is not only no textual equipment of the kind which makes a lay reader afraid to dissent from, or even question, certain authoritative judgments, whether they satisfy or not, but Dr. Pratt makes it clear from the begin-

* *India and its Faiths*. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. xvi+483. London: Constable & Co. Price 12s. 6d. net.

ning that he is not, e.g., a Sanskrit expert. The result is that though there is everything in his pages to show that he is a safe guide, there is nothing to overburden the reader, while there is throughout a very sparing use of eastern technical terms. Moreover, on starting for India, Dr. Pratt had no thought of writing a book, whether of travels or otherwise. His object was fresh light on the psychology of religion. The book itself, as we have it, has grown up "from observation and conversation with all sorts of people"—learned natives, monks, ascetics and saints, converts to Indian religions, active missionaries, even the typical Anglo-Indian. All these came in his way and all were drawn into a net which he had spread widely. A psychologist and writer on psychology, there is no need to add that the foundations had been laid long since: he did not go to discover that there is a psychology of religion in India, but to extend his knowledge. To all this must be added the live interest of a particularly alert observer, and it will then begin to be seen not only how the record came into being, but why I am likely to prove right in my feeling as to the place which it will take. I have sought to judge it by all standards at my disposition, and I do not know whether I am more impressed by its catholic sympathies or its distinguished impartiality, by its thoroughness or freedom from the vanity of dogmatism, by its simplicity of presentation or the mass of well-ordered knowledge which it places at the disposition of those who know little but are concerned in learning generally about religions in India.

I am putting forward Dr. Pratt's undertaking as the most comprehensive living account of Indian faiths which I have met with, and I believe it to be the best general survey so far attempted. I am not offering it as final in respect of views, either generally or particularly. He would be the first to dissuade me. Furthermore, that I may be frank in regard to myself, there are many matters of detail on which he might well err and I be unaware of the fact. Let me add only hereto that by the grace of a life of study I can recognize out of hand a first-class methodical summary when it lies before me. There is but one thing more on this part of my subject: I have said that this is a living book, showing things as they were and are, and it does not contain a single dull page or one page that can be termed heavy by any suitably prepared reader.

And now as to the content itself. Roughly speaking, there is nearly one half devoted to Hindu religion, its gods and doctrines, its ecclesiastical hierarchy and the chief reform movements

which have arisen from time to time within it, more especially the Brahmo Samaj and the Arya Samaj, the names of which at least are familiar to every person who knows anything of Indian thought and movements at this day. In the second half there is an excellent account of the Sikh religion, the Jaina, Mohammedans, Parsees, and the Buddhists of Burma and Ceylon, including doctrines of modern Buddhism and a monograph—admirably done—on its value and springs of power. A considerable space is devoted, as we approach the end of the record, to Christian missions in India, and this—as it seems to me—is written with good taste and discretion, nor so only, but with large-hearted philosophical insight. Finally, there is a chapter on things which the West might learn from the East—e.g., something of the inward root from which issue the Indian's temperance and his sense of public decorum ; his sacred feeling towards all forms of life ; his vision of the eternal ; and the object of his supreme desire, which is the culture of the soul.

It might be thought, and not unreasonably, that having reached this point a reviewer's task is ended, for Dr. Pratt's impressions and conclusions on the several religions which he has passed under consideration would call for a lengthy notice, while their criticism would make for a volume. But having said so much in favour of what I have found so excellent, it is fitting to put on record the conclusion in chief which is brought away from this new presentation of the great experiment of religion in that great division of the eastern world which is India. I came to the book as a mystic ; I can judge it as a mystic only. Dr. Pratt is a cultured Christian gentleman who knows, as I do, that the time is long dead and gone when we can class the Christianity which we love, and in which we are rooted, as other than one of several great faiths that rule in this world of ours. Without mystical sympathies and a certain insight into that science of attainment which we have agreed to call mysticism, he could not have written as he has, nor could he have brought to any mystic the satisfaction that he has brought to me ; but he is not himself a mystic. I have no occasion therefore to pronounce on him and his work from that standpoint. He knows, I am certain, that there is one thing only needful for him as for me, and that this is God ; but if he were asked whether there is a way of realization in God which is open here and now to those who can walk therein, I question how he would answer and whether he would answer at all. In any case, the point for myself is what I take away from this volume as to the unity

of doctrine and experience on the highest subject of research. I am not concerned with official religions, however denominated, save in respect of their essence, understood as the heart of this subject. I did not approach Dr. Pratt's book with an idea that I should learn further as to the essence itself, or that I might become more assured as to the truth of the way and the end that is attained therein. But as Dr. Pratt sought to gain fresh light on the psychology of religion by proceeding to India, so in going over his record with something like loving care, I sought to gain light on the certitude and unanimity of the world-wide chain of witnesses. I derived recently from my own new study of the Christian testimonies a plenary conviction that there is only one doctrine which matters to the mystical experiment, and it is this—that God is, and that He recompenses those who seek Him out. Here is the root-matter, but after what manner God is and what is the precise nature of the mystic's relation to God beyond that of seeker to object, so long as the search lasts, are other questions. I came to see that these are points of debate on which the schools have originated, that the quest goes on and the end is reached, out of the schools and in, whatever the findings thereon. The fact that you are a Latin of your period, subscribing to all the councils and the last dogmas issued by the Vatican, does not prevent you from becoming a mystic citizen of the Eternal Kingdom. The fact that you are Hindu or Buddhist, holding to the law of Karma and the age-long cycle of rebirths, does not prevent you either. And hence, as I have endeavoured to show on various occasions previously, the time has gone by also when we can deny the fact of attainment except within a single circle of official religion. The memorials of it are everywhere in this book, and it is summed up by Dr. Pratt as a belief that "the human soul may enter into, or is already and for ever in, immediate communion with the Divine." Here is the root-matter of the chief faiths of India; here is the Indian quest and here also its end. However well I may have known these things previously, I have learned them more fully and realistically with the help of this record, and hence it has served me well.

One word in conclusion, in this English edition of an American book, the illustrations mentioned in the preface have been unaccountably omitted.

A GUARDIAN ANGEL

BY SISTER SÍTA

I AM in no way a psychic sort of being, nor have I ever had the slightest powers of those who are. Except that twice in my life I have been, I suppose, clairvoyant. I belong to the Society of Friends, and therefore have the simplest and broadest of faiths. I believe in God, and that He manifests Himself in various ways in various places, people and things. I have seen Him in people, animals, music, the sea, forests, hills, etc., and the following incident is one of the times when I saw Him and when—I take it—I was, unusual to my normal self and vision, enabled to be clear-seeing.

I was touring with my sister and two or three friends in the North of England, chiefly among the lakes. One day we hired some horses and took the path along Scawfell. We had passed Sty Head Tan and soon came to a very steep precipitous path. "You must dismount here," the guide told us. My sister was glad to get off her horse, as he was not at all sure-footed. The one I rode was evidently far more used to mountain paths and had not stumbled at all, even over rough ground where most horses would have done so. I refused to dismount. No one ever rode this path, I was told. With the ignorant cock-sureness of fifteen years, that decided me still more to stick to my horse. After a little more battle of words the guide left me, saying I went at my own risk and he could not look after me, which contented me very well.

The path was narrow and steep. On one side was a higher part of the mountain, on the other a very deep precipice. But as yet the path was smooth. In spite of this my sister's horse soon had a slip, and in fact so lost his foothold that but for a thick tree which stopped him he would have fallen down the precipice: and had my sister been on him she must have gone over his head. This naturally unnerved me a little. But how *could* I get off *now*!

The party remained behind till the horse was in safety again, the guide having to help him up by the reins. My horse decided to go on, and having a strong will of his own I did not try to prevent him.

Soon we turned a corner and were practically alone. Then there came a very rough bit ; in fact a huge rock-like stone was in the middle of the narrow path, leaving no room to go either side of it.

Surely we must stop here, I thought. But no ; my horse looked at it for a few seconds and then attempted to climb it ! I put my arms round his neck to prevent myself from falling off backwards. He was not successful and slipped. Two or three times this was repeated.

" I *must* get off now," I said to myself, or any minute he might slip further back and we both go down the precipice, as we were only a few inches off. I tried to dismount, but the horse would not keep still enough, and I grew thoroughly frightened. I shut my eyes and prayed that God would protect us from harm. As I did so I felt my horse give a sudden jerky movement towards the mountain side, almost squeezing himself against it as if to make room for something the other side of us. I opened my eyes and saw by my side, between me and the precipice, a cloud, in the shape of a man, like a draped figure, and at the same moment lost all fear. My horse again attempted the climbing of the rock and easily succeeded. For the next two or three hundred yards the path was as rugged as ever I saw one, being composed of large uneven stones. Yet my horse walked well over them, still keeping as far away from the precipice as possible, and the figure-like cloud still keeping by my side between me and the precipice, though there was only just room for such. Another bend in the path, and again we were on smooth even ground and a broader path. Here my horse consented to stop and wait for the rest of the party, and the figure left us.

My sister and friends congratulated me on my pluck, and the guide on a ride no one had ever before accomplished. One man had been killed in the attempt.

Had my recent experience been less sacred, I might have confessed at once that I had had *no* pluck, and no reason to be proud of doing an objectless dangerous thing ; but just then the whole world seemed too wondrously beautiful for words, for in such a vivid way had my horse and I been allowed to " see God."

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.*]

PROJECTION OF THE ASTRAL BODY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW, Mr. Hereward Carrington had an article on this subject, in which he makes the astonishing statement that “the specific methods to be employed have only lately been disclosed; and it has remained for Dr. Charles Lancelin—a French scientist and occultist of note—to describe the necessary practices in full. . . . This is the first time that this occult knowledge has ever been divulged, and it has caused no little stir and sensation in France.”

If Mr. Carrington seriously contends that the above statement is correct, all I can say is that the reading in occult lore both of himself and Dr. Charles Lancelin has been of the most meagre nature. His description of the projection of the astral body as revealed “for the first time” by Dr. Lancelin is the recital of only one of the methods—and that by far the most dangerous and objectionable that the student could possibly attempt, for it is certain to lead to mental and physical collapse through depletion of nerve energy. As to the testimony of Dr. Lancelin that the adoption of this method will reveal the higher realms, I emphatically warn against such a notion, for it is diametrically opposed to the truth. It is, in one word, the short, direct and unerring path to insanity and ill-health.

The great need first of all is *accumulation* not dissipation of energy. *To think of increasing power of will by weakening nerve-force* is a fatal mistake which several occult students have found out when it is too late. “To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away.” That is the one law to which there is no exception, for it refers to the development of spiritual force of concentration.

When this has been sufficiently developed, astral projection is a natural and necessary development. In ordinary cases of sensitiveness astral projection should be stopped. Many cases of ill-health are caused by facile and often unwilling astral projection. Heart weakness is a frequent accompaniment of this condition, and those who value their health or even are subject to the ordinary strain of daily life should on no account encourage what Mr. Carrington considers as a consummation devoutly to be wished. Before the Solar Plexus

can act with power *outside* the individual, it must act with power *inside*; in other words, the student must constantly increase the store of reserve energy rather than waste his substance prematurely in fireworks which are good to amuse children.

Yours faithfully,

94 PARK STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

ARTHUR LOVELL.

"DO PARENTS CREATE SOULS?"

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your comment on my letter you suggest that I had only half read your argument. I could not pay you so poor a compliment as only to half read anything you write. Believe me I did more than read it. I studied it, and finally detecting a strong opponent to my views came to such grips with it that I thought I had strangled the life out of it. But I see that you come up smiling again. Well, let us have another round.

We were arguing about which theory of parentage contained the greater moral influence. You said—in favour of the reincarnationist theory—that "to offer facilities for birth on the physical plane does not contain the implication of any high spiritual power or any high spiritual level of attainments," for the "animal world is endowed with an equal and indeed greater capacity for reproducing its like." I agree in this way you place man on the same level, or rather lower level, than the animal. You can get no moral urge out of that theory of parentage. If you claim that the act of parentage is simply to provide a physical body for an unrelated soul awaiting incarnation, with its character already formed, you can get no moral upliftment out of that. And if a sinful soul can only find a purging experience by rebirth through vicious parents (which I disputed in my letter), a certain number of vicious people are a necessity in this world. If so, surely some degree of exoneration is due to them for being made the means of progression to others? Some will excuse themselves for doing evil that good may come. I fancy there might even be some competition for that line of business. People do not do wrong because it is nasty. It is the attractive lure of sin that is a snare to so many. So I cannot see much encouragement to spirituality in this current theosophical view of the sexual relation.

Now take the other position. We start on common ground that man is a spirit. We are also agreed that it is a common law of reproduction that every living thing reproduces its own species—that like produces like. An animal, as far as we can see, is soul and body. It reproduces soul and body. Man is a trinity, viz., spirit, soul, and body. Does he only reproduce one-third or two-thirds of himself, thus breaking away from a law of nature? That is impossible, if the universe is one, and "as above—so

below." The principle or law that controls reproduction on the physical plane should be and is the same that controls reproduction on the astral and spiritual planes, *because they interpenetrate*. Any other hypothesis is unthinkable. The interpenetration of the planes is apparently necessary for reproduction. Inorganic matter cannot become organic without this interpenetration. It should therefore follow that the nucleus of a new physical body, a nucleus of its astral body and the new unit of spirit (i.e. a new ego) are of necessity all produced at the same moment.

Now apply this law of reproduction to the marriage relation, bearing in mind the principle that a good tree bears good fruit and a bad tree poor or bad fruit. Instruct man that he has been endowed by God with high procreative powers. Tell him that he is the means of individualizing the spirit of God into new-born egos. Let him know that although he cannot eternally fix the character and destiny of his offspring, he can impart to them such a bias as to assist their spiritual progression and happiness, or on the other hand seriously to impede their march forward. Impress on him that the responsibility for a good or bad start is largely his, and I venture to think that the marriage relation will become sanctified to the highest degree possible—far higher, in any case, than by the reincarnationist hypothesis.

Your obedient servant,

RICHARD A. BUSH.

[Where my correspondent and I join issue is over his statement that an animal reproduces soul and body, and that man reproduces spirit, soul, and body. Of course if this contention is granted his case is established. My argument was that, "that which is born of the flesh is flesh," and that the birth of spirit requires a spiritual, not a physical, process.—ED.]

TWIN SOULS AND REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—There is, of course, a great beauty in the theory of twin souls that naturally gives a tendency to accept it for its own sake, perhaps with insufficient examination. One of the faults of the believer in "spiritualism" is that he is somewhat inclined to let the very real beauty of some of his theories carry him away, so that he accepts them in spite of equally real difficulties which he has not cleared away.

Now, if there is one universally applicable statement to be made about Nature, it is this, that no two individuals (human, bestial or vegetable) ever develop exactly alike. We may, therefore, take it as certain, that, if twin souls started on the round of evolution as true twins they would soon cease to be so. If, then, one ego makes better spiritual progress than its twin, what happens? Is the more advanced ego delayed? Is the less progressive ego unjustly advanced? Is each left by himself, his development inevitably delayed and

unsatisfactory owing to the absence of his twin or the latter's inability fully to share in his thoughts, feelings and aspirations ?

The above is only one of the difficulties, and you have yourself lately mentioned another, namely, the question of sex.

Surely the difficulty of formulating a true theory of reincarnation is already sufficiently great ? Let us not introduce any unsubstantiated theories until we have formulated properly the great law on which they must all rest. For this has not yet been done. I have seen it stated that the astral and mental vehicles are built up by or grow around the ego preparatory to incarnation, and some such theory seems to be the generally accepted one. But it seems, from the observed facts of mental and psychic heredity, necessary to acknowledge that the astral vehicle certainly, and probably also the mental vehicle, are formed by the parents no less than the physical vehicle.

I believe we shall eventually be compelled to perceive in the ego, not a body, however high in the scale of matter, but a force merely ; that is, something of the same kind as electricity, heat, and light, *not* something of the same kind as the physical, astral, and mental vehicles though of a higher plane. Otherwise, the scientific difficulties in the way of the theory of reincarnation, in connexion with the actual manner in which incarnation takes place, would appear to be insuperable.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

C. W. T.

FLYING DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The symptoms described by Christian Brimelow of swaying and half flying and difficulty in keeping one's equilibrium when in a half-conscious state between sleeping and waking, are just the symptoms of trouble in the semi-circular canals of the ear, often caused by gout and catarrhal troubles.

It is very important to at once see an ear specialist, or else the symptoms become much worse till finally the patient may at any moment get a violent giddy attack, especially after eating, and fall ; and the symptoms often continue for hours, so that the patient cannot stand but has to lie with shut eyes whilst everything seems to whirl around.

I am not a medical man, but speak from my own personal experience when suffering from semi-circular canal trouble.

Yours faithfully,

GIDDY.

"THE WORLD OF DREAMS."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I read with interest the letter by your correspondent Christian Brimelow under the heading "The World of Dreams." I relate the following experience, which is somewhat similar, and which occurred on November 28, 1915. Before going to sleep that night I

felt a strange, pleasant vibration not unlike a mild electric current. Remaining passive of mind, I yielded to this pleasant sensation. Suddenly I was lifted (as it were) from my body. (I too wondered if this was the parting of soul and body.)

I began to waft about. I then found myself in an underground Subway-car. I could see the people in the car quite distinctly. At the end of the car was a large white box. I went up to it without any difficulty as regards equilibrium. I looked inside the box, and found myself completely enveloped by it. After that I floated along a terrace with gardens in front of the houses. At the gate to one of the houses a motor-car stopped. A butler from the house came forward, and opened the door of the car. A lady and gentleman stepped out, and went up the garden walk followed by the butler. I followed also, and found myself in a room lit up by electric light. I could see and touch the furniture in the room.

While I was looking around, the gentleman came in, and was about to say something, when the electric bulb burst, plunging the vision room in darkness, which brought me back to my normal condition.

This experience is one of many I have had, the same sensation being always felt on entering the above condition.

10 SEYDEN GARDENS,
MARYHILL, GLASGOW.

Yours truly,
ALEXANDER GORDON.

THE LOST THIMBLE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Some years ago I had a thimble I valued very much ; it had been given me by a very dear friend.

One day I wanted to use it and found it gone ! I looked here, there, and everywhere for it, but alas ! it seemed useless to go on looking.

So I thought and thought, and it worried me, and, at last, I could not sleep.

Tired out one night, I dreamt it was inside a hat which had been put away in a hurry, in a wardrobe. I had been called away in the middle of trimming it, and in my hurry had thrown the thimble inside, entirely forgetting I had done so.

The first thing in the morning I looked, and there it was, much to my delight.

Yours truly,
V. FRANCIS.

THE SPIRIT OF A DOG.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The below has just happened.

I was seeing two ladies (twins) off this afternoon by a train. I was standing outside the carriage door with the window down saying

a few words to them before the train started (they were sitting each side of the door inside the compartment, and were alone).

Suddenly one said to me, "Do not step back, you will step on that dog."

I looked, there was no dog, but the lady and her sister said they had a moment before seen a small fawn coloured, smooth coated dog, with a sharp nose, standing close to me, and the first speaker said it was wagging its tail; she added "It was Tommy"; the other lady had never seen Tommy alive.

Their description is that of my dog Tommy (an Italian greyhound who died about a year ago), he was with me some twelve years and never left me; he was born on a Christmas day.

This is the same dog I wrote you about some time ago as being on my bed when three women in black appeared to me, on a Christmas Eve, and in answer to my question "Has that dog got a soul?" one answered, "Certainly."

PANTHEIST.

WATER DIVINING, BY N. Z.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The phenomena of water divining have already been investigated by Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., and there is printed, for all to read, a very large number of instances with the names, places and all particulars of the experiments given in detail. To many of us the evidence is held as amounting to proof.

But now N. Z. steps in and tells us of an experiment by a Mr. A——, vaguely stated to have taken place in New Zealand. And, on this statement by some one unnamed, as to a vague experiment by an unknown Mr. A——, N. Z. bases his theory, for our acceptance, that the movement of the rod has not, *for immediate cause*, muscular action.

Now, as I have no information as to who N. Z. is, or who Mr. A—— is, I do not for one moment question their good faith. But if the experiment of N. Z. took place as stated, it is of great importance; it is, at first thought, incredible that a half-inch stick, a yard long, should move as alleged. I am quite sure that N. Z., after reflection, will not call on us to accept so strange an experience on a mere *ipse dixit*. If N. Z. desires the question he raises to be considered scientifically, why should he not repeat his experiment, say, half a dozen times, and give us full chapter and verse? As it is, we have nothing but a bare statement by an unknown gentleman as to what an unknown Mr. A—— did.

WICK COURT,
NEAR BRISTOL.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

[I have alluded to this criticism in my Notes of the Month. I am putting my correspondent in touch with my contributor.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT was in 1886 that there passed out of this world Sri Ramakrishna, an illuminated Indian teacher, almost another St. Francis. It was in 1907 that the Ramakrishna Mission was first incorporated, and its beneficent Franciscan work, at once devotional and practical, is known over the whole of India. So far as we are aware, it was only in still more recent days that an official organ was established to represent the Mission. This is now in its third volume, and we have mentioned it on several occasions under its title *The Vedanta Kesari*. Among several excellent periodicals which reach us from the eastern world there is none better than this. Technically speaking, it is an exponent of Monistic Vedantism. Like Ram Mohun Roy, who founded the Brahma Samaj in 1828, Ramakrishna held that every religion has one and the same goal and that different creeds are but different paths to God, the inward realization of Whom is the prime duty of man. The official organ is publishing the gospel of its founder, which contains many moving and convincing passages. As water falls through the fingers, so—it is said—drops away Karma from the soul when the state called *Samadhi* is reached on the path of attainment. "In the beginning there is much fuss about Karma; but the more you proceed towards God, the less it will grow." Not only in this gospel but in other papers, and generally throughout the Indian periodicals, one cannot help feeling, as a result of growing acquaintance with their technical terms, that a time must come when such terms will fall out of use in English, which does possess their equivalents, and that when this day arrives we shall be so much the nearer to a liberal and fruitful understanding between the East and the West in mysticism. . . . The view just enunciated by no means prevents our sympathy with a writer in *The Vedic Magazine* who considers that the study of Sanskrit should be made compulsory for Hindus. He affirms that it is the most ancient language of culture in the world, having the best associations, traditions and literature. As much would be said for Hebrew by every member of the Church of Israel, and we are further of opinion that all Christians under the Latin obedience should be familiar with Church Latin, which at present is the exception rather than the rule. On the other hand, we question seriously the enthusiasm which leads the same writer to suggest that Sanskrit is a bond of union which can not only unite Hindus among themselves, but can draw together Hindus, Moslems, English and Europeans. The evidence seems wanting. A very interesting article in the last issue to hand deals with the notion of certain European scholars that the cult of the Vedas is a personification of natural phenomena and a deification of natural forces. As against this view, the writer tabulates the personalities of the Greek and Roman pantheon in comparison with the Vedic, to show that in the one case characteristics and functions stand out distinct, while in the other they are

indistinguishable, suggesting that the underlying entity is one and the same throughout. The conclusion is that cosmic forces and phenomena are not so bodied forth and that there is no trace of polytheism in the cult of the Vedas. . . . *United India* gives an analytical account of certain lectures delivered before the native Theological Society of the Universal Brahma Samaj on the means of seeking realization of Divine Life—understood as a constant walking with God as son and servant. The thesis proceeds on the postulate that Nature, Self and God are fundamentally one, being the doctrine of Vedic pantheism. Realization is approached by worship, prayer and meditation ; the door of entrance is the conception that everything is truly God ; and persistence herein leads to the sense of identity ; while the deeper stage of this is conscious absorption in God. The qualification is important, as indicating that the self remains in union. It is also worthy of note that in one of the later lectures woman is described as " co-sharer with man in the Life Divine," and as his helpmeet on the way to God. . . . *The Islamic Review* is not an Indian publication but one which appears in London, yet it falls into the class of periodicals dealing with oriental religions and philosophy. One of its recent issues has a short study on the psychology of Persian and Arabian mystic poets, but it only touches the fringe of an attractive subject. Our contributor, Mr. Dudley Wright, has an exceedingly readable paper on characteristics of true religion. He admires Islam as " a lofty idealism conjoined with a rationalistic practicability." He also finds occasion to tell us that " the faith of Islam is the largest and oldest temperance society in the world."

Among spiritualistic periodicals, *The International Psychic Gazette* is reminiscent to ourselves of many familiar names, a goodly proportion of which have been with us for many years. One of the oldest is Mr. Arthur Cuthbert, whose personal reminiscences of Thomas Lake Harris are continued from month to month. We remember the poems of Harris, dictated in trance, and containing some beautiful and memorable lyrics ; we remember the admiration of Alfred Austin in his pre-poet-laureate days ; and we remember also the biographical sketch of Harris and his Brotherhood of the New Life which Mr. Cuthbert issued as a volume some twenty years back or longer. Mr. A. V. Peters—another old name—discourses on mediumship, and Mr. Morse's autobiography is full of bright things. Miss Scatcherd, who is a recent comer comparatively and exhibits untiring activity in a great many directions, finds in Mr. J. E. McKenzie's recent book on *Spirit Intercourse* an opportunity to say much that is interesting about the photography of *la boule mentale*, the star-body, or central spiritual principle, which is not the psychic body but the radiant vesture of the immortal spirit or ego. It was photographed frequently by Dr. Baraduc, but whether in or out of the psychic body we do not know. It is to be hoped that further work will be done in this direction, which looks like a meeting-ground of psychical research and some

great antique traditions. . . . In *The Progressive Thinker* Mr. E. L. Larkin, of Lowe Astronomical Observatory, is engaged in a great debate concerning electrons. He maintains (a) that they are pure electricity, (b) that nothing exists but electrons, (c) that these alone have been created by the Master Mind, and (d) that all else whatsoever has been formed by motions of electrons. In this case the alchemists were right after all when they affirmed that "the original of all things is one thing," and some of us have been wrong in supposing that the dogma referred to the creative power. . . . Besides keeping its readers in touch with all that concerns them as spiritualists, *Light* continues to find space for articles of interest and importance on other living issues. A critical note on Mysticism which appeared recently says reasonable things on the submergence of personality in God in the state of Divine Union, its writer discerning that the loss of self spoken of by the chief witnesses of the deep mystical state does not bear the interpretation commonly placed thereon. . . . *The Spiritualist* is an old name in the periodical literature of its subject, and we have pleasant memories of W. H. Harrison, who founded a journal under this title in London. Both have long since passed away. *The Spiritualist* of New York, now in its second volume, is a monthly magazine and represents the Psychological Research Society of that city. The last issue which has reached us chronicles the decease of Emma Rood Tuttle, a very old personality in the American movement. She was the wife of Hudson Tuttle, whose *Arcana of Nature* and other writings were long popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

Le Théosophe is giving space to a series of articles on Mystic Alchemy, but the word appears to be used in a somewhat loose sense, as the influence of religious ceremonies, and masses for the dead, on departed spirits is considered in one of the sections. Others connect procedure of this kind with the idea of magic and write just as loosely. The term Mystic Alchemy should be confined to the spiritual side of Hermetic tradition, the records of which are in the literature. . . . In *The Theosophist* a native writer discusses the doctrine of the Vedas, that there is no liberation apart from knowledge and no real loosening of "the hard knot of egoism." The kind of knowledge referred to is said to be that "the self in all is one," and it is this which leads to the path of universal Divine Love. . . . *Theosophy in India* is giving from month to month some very curious gleanings from a text entitled *Eknath Bhagvata*, which places in the mouth of Sri Krishna a strong warning to disciples that if they do not worship their master as God in human disguise, there will be no end to their reincarnations. One reason alleged is that the master has power to annihilate the future births of disciples. He must be worshipped with the whole heart. . . . We have received the first issue of *Active Service*, described as "a weekly paper devoted to the spreading of the knowledge of Truth" and, "to help those who are working on the highest lines to gain a better knowledge of God."

REVIEWS

APOTHEOSIS AND AFTER-LIFE. Three Lectures on Certain Phases of Art and Religion in the Roman Empire." By Mrs. Arthur Strong, Litt.D., LL.D., Assistant Director of the British School at Rome, etc. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 8s. 6d. net.

THOUGH Mrs. Arthur Strong's brilliant Lectures on Apotheosis and After-Life were primarily addressed to students of Art, they contain very much that is of immense appeal to students of occultism, which seeks the hidden truth in all things. In her vigorous defence of Roman Art against the modern prejudice which represents Rome as a "brutalizing influence in the development of the antique," the author dwells on the dominating conception of the Imperial Apotheosis,—the idea that after death the Emperor took his place among the gods,—and traces its development during the period of Constantine, and after, into the central figure of the Divine Son of Man. The ethical importance of this development on the future of art and life cannot, one may venture to think, be over-estimated. It reveals the "vision of what Rome, by holding to spiritual ideals all but repudiated in classic Greece, contributed towards emancipation of mankind from the haunting fear of death." Mrs. Strong makes it abundantly clear that the Rome of the Late Republic had a firm belief in the immortality of the soul. This belief is expressed over and over again in the wonderful symbolism of the tombstones. A favourite design was the "Eagle and the Wreath"—borrowed by Rome from the Orient. . . . Mrs. Strong suggests that the eagle "with its piercing vision and grandiose swoop, was chosen as its *habitat* by the soul of the departed sovereign," but that in time the conception of the eagle as the actual soul was modified into that of the messenger who bore back the spirit to "a Divine Master." In many lands a bird is the symbol of the soul, notably in Gaelic tradition. Doubtless also our modern custom of funeral wreaths, like so many of our customs, had a pagan origin; as also the tombstone, which in ancient times was held to be a magical means of ensnaring the wandering "ghost." A number of beautiful photographs illustrate the text of Mrs. Strong's deeply-interesting and valuable work, which the reviewer confesses to having *begun* to read in a spirit of mild hostility!

EDITH K. HARPER.

CHRISTIAN MIND HEALING. By Harriet Hale Rix. Crown 8vo, pp. 155. London: Fowler & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE work is of American origin and is described as a course of lessons in "the fundamentals of new thought." The writer seems to speak of its message as revealed to herself, and of its coming as a new birth, but it covers a familiar ground, and personally I have not observed any novelty of treatment. It can be said only that those who wish to make a beginning in the study of mind-healing and its basis of metaphysical thought will find Mrs. Rix an unassuming and amiable guide. She mentions that she has been teaching on the subject for over twenty years. How familiar it all is

will be seen from some of the maxims—that there is “no sin,” “no evil,” “no matter,” “no fear,” “no sickness” and “no death.” One desires to deal temperately with these curious enthusiasms, because the distinction between the noumenal and phenomenal—between that which appears and that which is of reality in its essence—is full of pitfalls for the unwary. But one wonders how it would all strike a mutilated soldier in this great war of the world. Apart from its general thesis, there are many good things in the little volume, many precepts which, if not exactly new, may carry the life of grace into the heart which can receive and apply them, as e.g.—“I am delivered from evil by remembering the omnipresence of God,” that we are “healed by the power of truth,” and so forth. No writer can be wholly wrong—all aberrations notwithstanding—who holds that God is all in all and that our true life is that of Christ in the soul.

A. E. WAITE.

THE SILENT VOICE. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., York House, Portugal Street, W.C. Price 1s. net.

IN many ways and in many places that mysterious Voice which can only be heard in the silence is becoming insistently audible to “ears that can hear.” In the prefatory Note to this little volume it is explained that the teachings it contains were conveyed by impressional writing, and that their recipient is “a lady of practical rather than emotional temperament,” who has never before had any experience of the kind. They include meditations on the War; on Faith, Love, Peace, and Prayer. The teaching on Love in particular rings on a glorious note, not only “God is Love,” but “Love is God.” This truth is to-day being impressed upon receptive minds in various ways, by the great Masters of Light, who are appointed to watch over man’s destiny. . . . “Think on Love as a great circle, complete, such as can never be known by the brain. This one day you will understand, and then you will realize that beyond that circle there is yet another greater, and so eternally . . . and none can pass through or be outside the circle. Pray therefore with this ever in your mind. The need or the friend is in this circle.” Surely this is a finer conception of spiritual spheres than the geographical measurements insisted on by certain writers whose positive statements fail to carry conviction. Faith is beautifully defined as “the heart-beat of the spirit,” and the teaching on Prayer is amongst the finest and loftiest, yet most practical, that has ever been vouchsafed. It emphasizes, as did our Lord Himself, the mistake of continual reiteration by set form and ritual. “Each brain is a separate thought of God. How then can a spirit pray through his earth life by prayers made and read and marred by constant repetition?” The thoughts on “The Cross” are deeply mystical, but so clear in expression as to leave no doubt of their meaning. It is impossible, however, to convey by stray quotations the sincerity and grace of these writings. They must be read as a whole and thought upon not once but many times.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE LUCK OF THE STRONG. By William Hope Hodgson. Pp. 317. Price 6s.

IF there be any excuse for a review of a volume of stories not specifically occult appearing in the OCCULT REVIEW, it may be found in the alarming and freakish manifestations of matter by which Mr. Hodgson holds

one's eyes in an amazed stare. Sea caterpillars, horribly simulating red hair on the heads of corpses, human beings going about on all fours, women with claws like crabs, are among the images which offer themselves to his sleepless reader as substitutes for the sheep of the familiar prescription for insomnia. A good deal of ingenuity is manifested in the first story suggested by the theft of Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*. The general effect of the book is a glorification of boldness, knavish dexterity and manly revenge, and it is convenient therefore to say less about its moral tone than about the vigour and skill displayed by its author.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE HEART OF JAINISM. By Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, M.A., Sc.D. (Dublin). Demy 8vo, pp. xxiv.+336. London: Oxford University Press. Price 7s. 6d. net.

ST. PAUL found a path of liberation from the yoke of the law, but that law was light and easy in comparison with the burden which Jainism lays on the souls of its believers. In all her admirable work there is nothing more convincing than Mrs. Stevenson's final chapter, where she describes the "empty heart" of her subject. Behind the edicts of the Mosaic code the Jew descried a righteous and living God, and the law was not wholly arbitrary, for while it was exacting in promotion of the glory of Jehovah it had another side, on which it was pre-eminently designed for the service of man. The burden made for betterment. For the Jain there is a path of righteousness but no God at the end. It is a path of liberation in the sense that it delivers from Karma, understood as the blind fatalities accumulated by past action, but the cost of following it is tremendous, for the asceticism of mystical Christianity is a pageant of roses by contrast with the Jain eradication of all that makes life not merely lovable but tolerable. At the end there looms the recompense, "in a still land of endless inactivity"—where whatever belongs to personality has been stamped out. There no one helps another up the steep stairway; there is no forgiveness anywhere; there is no grace sent down. On the one hand are those who have conquered the law by paying its price to the last farthing; on the other are those who accumulate judgment from incarnation to incarnation.

Jainism has been called "a theological mean between Brahmanism and Buddhism." It arose about six centuries B.C. and counts at this day only one million and a quarter adherents, in Western and Southern India. It is held to be slightly older than Buddhism, its founder having finished his mission some fifty years before the great light of Asia arose upon the eastern world. The counsels of its path are (1) Fasting, the perfection of which is virtual suicide; (2) bodily austerity, self-torture included; (3) inhibition of the senses by denial; (4) spiritual austerity, some aspects of which recall Christian works of mercy but with another motive; (5) meditation, especially on the path of freedom; (6) absolute indifference to the body and its needs. In virtue of what necessity there is liberation at all from the law must perhaps be sought in the postulate that desire is evil because it generates activity, and this begets consequences. The secret is therefore (1) To let mind, body and speech fall into disuse; (2) not to encourage their use in others; (3) to secure isolation from those who do use them, however noble their motive. Mrs. Stevenson mentions a growing attraction among Jainas toward the

way of life in Christ—the state where God abides with the soul and the soul in God—as against that state of the cow which is said to have all desires milked away. The secret of the Christian mystic is life in the eternal activity of the Divine Centre; Mrs. Stevenson is surely right: it can offer a way of escape from the Jaina Path of Righteousness.

A. E. WAITE.

HERMAIA. A Study in Comparative Esthetics. By Colin McAlpin. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. Pp. 429. Price 10s. 6d. net.

MR. McALPIN is an enthusiast with a theory, and it seems likely that most of his readers will find the enthusiasm more attractive than the theory on which it is lavished. His enthusiasm is for music, and his theory, roughly speaking, is to the effect that the three arts of painting, poetry and music are as three steps—painting, the first and nearest to the ground; poetry, the "halfway house" between the upper and lower steps; music, the topmost height attainable by the human spirit, from whence it launches itself into the vastness of infinity.

The book is, we are told, an endeavour "to systematize the entire world of art"—a phrase which strikes somewhat chill upon the ears of those to whom art is a fairy palace, an enchanted wood, a magic sea—anything save a scientist's laboratory where "system" reigns supreme, and picture, poem and symphony alike are docketed and placed in pigeon holes. Throughout the pages of the book one seems to see Mr. McAlpin assiduously chasing a host of vivid butterflies that ever succeed in escaping the sharp pins with which he seeks to peg them down in their appointed places. Only when he mounts his hobby-horse and "lets himself go" on the subject his heart loves—music, its possibilities and powers—does he thoroughly carry the reader along with him, and even then the "theory" with which he is burdened is continually poking up its head and bringing him to an abrupt stop in mid-career.

For all this *Hermaia* is a book to read, for whether it arouses agreement or dissension in the reader's mind, it will in any case have made him think; while all music-lovers owe Mr. McAlpin a debt of gratitude for his impassioned eulogies—if not for his more scientific dissections—of that sublime art of which Kingsley said: "Music has been called the speech of angels; I will go further and call it the speech of God Himself."

E. M. M.

LEGENDS OF GODS AND GHOSTS. Collected and translated from the Hawaiian, by W. D. Westervelt. Cr. 8vo, pp. x. + 263. London: Constable & Co. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MR. WESTERVELT has collected previously some legends of Honolulu, and as an old Hawaiian resident he has derived at first hand, owing nothing to precursors in the same field—supposing that there are any, for Polynesian mythology and tradition are a remote by-way, and I do not pretend to have explored it. As usual with a good book of this kind, it can be approached from two points of view: one of them is that of the simple lover of primitive imaginative myths, while the other is of the specialist in folk-lore. If I treated it in the second manner there would be room for a monograph on the Nature stories alone. As that of the Rainbow-Maiden, some of them are quite beautiful. Within the limits of this

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notice, I shall do better to tell the lover of legend that here is a store which is also a find of treasure: to those who are prepared it can open doors of fancy and lead the dreamer forward through the strangeness of an unexpected world. I call this a notable title for a dream-book. Chaperoned by Mr. Westervelt, he who wills may visit the King of Ghosts in the Under World, from which people return with reluctance to inhabit their bodies again. He can make acquaintance with the Poison-God, who is worshipped with curious rites. He can learn all that befell in the story concerning a Maid of the Golden Cloud, who was among the first persons brought by the gods to find a home in the paradise of the Pacific. I count this one of the best stories, where all are good and all singularly fresh; but there is also the Bride from beneath, in a place that is under the way: it connects with many things that are known elsewhere in the world of myth—each under its own veils telling the same story of death and travel and resurrection. It is some time since I met with a book of enchantment which has so filled my mind with images.

A. E. WAITE.

THE ADVENTURE OF DEATH. By Robert W. MacKenna, M.A., M.D.
London: John Murray. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE author does not deal with his subject from the psychic standpoint. He discusses, rather, the Adventure of Death from a purely medical point of view, with the object of proving that in the great majority of cases "all fear of death is taken away from the dying, and that so far as can be known the act of death is free from pain." The author writes with much feeling and sympathy. At this time especially, when the sickle of the Great Reaper is claiming countless thousands of our bravest and best, Dr. MacKenna's book will no doubt, so far as it goes, afford a measure of consolation to the ever-growing number of mourners; for, not the least interesting portion of the volume is that which deals with the feelings and emotions of soldiers in battle. It is well known that the frenzy of war raises men for the moment above all sense of pain. Martyrs at the stake also, it is believed, have been exalted by supreme passion of devotion to an absolute unconsciousness of physical suffering. . . . Dr. MacKenna confirms his own statements by many quotations and eminent examples, and one cannot but feel that had he extended the same breadth of wisdom and understanding into yet another field of research he would have realized that *not* all "so-called messages" from the Unseen are but little more than "vague and incoherent babblings," or the "unconnected ramblings of some idiot boy." While admitting the vastness of the dividing gulf, he argues that if "the spirit of a Gladstone, or a Myers, or a Stead, could communicate," their messages would be "some trumpet-tongued revelation for the times"! Well—we know the difficulties of an ordinary "Trunk call," lasting three short minutes. Neither time nor opportunity for "trumpet-tongued revelations" by telephone, but time enough for "God's speed" between friend and friend! Despite what he considers the failure to obtain positive evidence of intercommunication, the author does not dispute the survival of human personality, on the contrary, his penultimate chapter is devoted to an urgent appeal for the logical basis of mankind's hope for personal immortality. Alas for the one thing lacking!

EDITH K. HARPER.