

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

THOSE familiar with the late Mr. Lewis Carroll's poem entitled "The Hunting of the Snark" will remember the terrible fear, realized subsequently in all its horror, which from the commencement of the search haunted the hunters of this mysterious entity, as to whether the snark, when found, might not prove to be a boojum after all. The genuine snark, in fact, was never actually discovered. A similar doubt and uncertainty still haunts the minds of the members of the Society for Psychological Research who have been ghost-hunting since the year 1882, and after collecting endless tomes of valuable evidence are still in as much uncertainty as they were at the commencement of their researches

as to what is the nature of the phenomena, the actuality of which they claim to have established. Indeed, the strange and premature deaths of certain prominent members of the Society almost suggest that some of them, in their eager search for the snark, have been

THE SNARK
AND THE
BOOJUM.

unfortunate enough to discover the veritable boojum of legendary lore. However this may be, while the evidence in favour of apparitions has been immensely strengthened by the arduous labours of this painstaking Society, the problem as to what actually constitutes a ghost is, at least for this learned body, as far from solution as when it was first founded thirty-four years ago.

The question "How can there be ghosts of clothes?" which was held a generation or two ago to have relegated the whole subject to the domain of the ridiculous and the absurd, has proved to be somewhat of a two-edged weapon in the hands of the inquisitive scientist of the present day, who has established the reality of the apparitions of clothes with fully as strong a body of evidence as he has been able to accumulate on any other of the issues which were the subjects of inquiry. The adoption of the expression "ghosts" is, it is admitted, merely begging the question beforehand—a point which the modern psychical researcher is above all things careful to avoid doing. The hackneyed subject of popular debate: "That the belief in ghosts is contrary to the evidence of reason" is, indeed, when rightly regarded, merely a formula denying the existence of any future state. It is the affirmation of the materialistic hypothesis

in all its crudity. There may, or there may not be, apparitions of the deceased which become visible to the human eye, but the denial of the ghost is purely and simply the denial of the spiritual side of man, manifest or unmanifest. It can in fact be affirmed with a certainty far beyond that of the ordinary scientific dogma, that, whatever else mankind has seen, he has never beheld a ghost in the true sense of the word, for spirit at least always is, and must remain, invisible. The individual consciousness may tenant bodies of greater or lesser degrees of density. They may be as solid as the rock or as subtle and vaporous as the cloud or mist, but to the material eye the material alone is visible, and this material, equally in this world and in the next, is but the outward expression of the inward consciousness, and the inward reality. It may be, it is true, evidence of the presence of one who has passed the bourne; but it is no more that person himself than are the clothes which he may appear to be wearing. What the so-called ghost-seer observes is merely one form or another of the plastic material of a subtler plane of being. We can, in fact, juxtapose two familiar texts: "God is Spirit" and "No man hath seen God at any time," and treat one as

INVISI-
BILITY OF
SPIRITS.

explanatory of the other. If God is Spirit, His invisibility follows as a natural consequence.

We are, then, justified in affirming that the fact of an apparition being visible is in itself proof of its materiality. We should, perhaps, limit the statement by the proviso that the apparition must not be one of a subjective nature. If it merely exists in the mind of the percipient it might plausibly be argued, though even here without absolute certainty, that the image seen is immaterial. It has been widely held that thought on another plane is the plastic moulder of semi-material bodies equally with the clothes which they appear to wear. Indeed, it may be contended that this holds good, doubtless to a much more limited extent, on the present plane of being, and that the saying of Prentice Mulford that "Thoughts are things" is, in fact, universal in its validity. If we go as far as this, we may even argue that the subjective vision is not devoid of some semi-material basis, which is the creation of the energizing will-power of the percipient.

Leaving on one side this abstruse problem, we may at least affirm that the haunted house, where successive tenants witness the same phenomena, is the localized centre of certain material presentments of occurrences that either reproduce themselves in picture form, or are re-enacted by the conscious personalities who were the original actors in the drama. Whether we assume or not that the individual consciousness of the actors is still present, we must admit the material basis of the scenes witnessed, which cannot in such a case be dependent on the sub-conscious vision of the seer. Certain of the phenomena witnessed in haunted houses or haunted localities seem by their very nature to prohibit the theory of the continued presence of the consciousness of the actors. One is almost inclined to postulate an abnormal densification, in certain specific localities, of the astral records. A typical case of the kind is the haunting of the gardens at Versailles, an experience in connection with which was fully described in a book published some half a dozen years ago under the title of *An Adventure*, by Messrs. Macmillan.

The ladies who shared this adventure into the realms of illusion have now had their experiences corroborated by three members of an American family, a Mr. and Mrs. Croke and Mr. Stephen Croke, who took rooms in a flat at Versailles, in the rue Maurepas, for two years, from 1907 to 1909, and whose evidence has

THOUGHT
THE
MOULDER.

THE
HAUNTING
OF
VERSAILLES.

been recently recorded in the *American Journal for Psychological Research*. The rooms taken by the Crookes overlooked the Park of Versailles, by the Bassin de Neptune. During the whole time that they occupied them they never saw the place in its normal aspect, i.e., as other people were seeing it. Only on the rarest occasions did a breeze seem to blow in the park, however rough the wind might be outside. Indeed, so oppressed were they by the consequent closeness of the atmosphere, that they were in the habit of taking walks along the Marly road in order to have an opportunity of breathing the fresh air. Finally the uncanny nature of their surroundings led to their quitting their flat, and returning, as they phrased it, "into their own century" once more.

It is worthy of note that the experiences undergone did not invariably take back the victims of this strange glamour to the same historical moment. For instance, there was a cottage, outside the Trianons between the canal and the Grand Trianon, which Miss Lamont, one of the heroines of the story narrated in *An Adventure*, had walked into and had never found again. Mr. Crooke had also been there and marked the exact spot on the map, and they compared notes. Whereas, however, Miss Lamont had seen it without a roof, and with three bare walls and a raised floor, Mr. Crooke had seen it six or seven years later intact and with people in old-fashioned clothes looking out of the window. For Mr. Crooke, however, the cottage came and went. It could not always be seen, but after disappearing would appear again in an extraordinary manner. Miss Lamont, it is worthy of note, dated the whole of her subsequent experiences in the gardens of Versailles from the moment when she set foot on the floor of this phantom cottage. Like Miss Morison and Miss Lamont, the Crookes had also seen the lady sitting in the garden close to the glass colonnade, whose description corresponded to that of Marie Antoinette. They had seen this vision twice, and both times in the month of July. On both occasions she was

THE VISION
OF MARIE
ANTOINETTE.

dressed in a light cream-coloured skirt, white fichu, and white untrimmed flapping hat. "The skirt was full and much gathered, and the lady spread it out round her. Both times she appeared to be sketching, holding out a paper at some distance before her as though judging of it." Mr. Crooke said that being a painter himself and supposing she was sketching, he had looked curiously at her paper, and though the lady did not seem to notice him, she at once quietly turned her paper aside from his observation with a rapid

motion of her wrist. The peculiar way in which she appeared was described, "seeming to grow out of the scenery, with a little quiver of adjustment which they had also observed when the 'running man' first settled his feet on the ground, and when they first saw the terrace round the chapel courtyard, along which 'the man from the chapel' came." Mr. Crooke had carefully noticed the lady, and had observed that in spite of the fact that she appeared quite real, all the contours of her figure and her general bearing were not what we are accustomed to now. Not only her dress but she herself belonged to another century.

The witnesses of these strange scenes seem constantly to have suffered when seeing them from the oppressive character of the atmosphere—experiencing, I gather, something like the conditions preceding a heavy thunderstorm—and on the second occasion of witnessing the apparition of the lady Mr. Crooke was so overcome with fatigue and exhaustion that the party were obliged to beat a hasty retreat.

A further observation made by the Crookes in reference to the atmospheric conditions seems to me to be of considerable importance. They mention a curious hissing sound, which sometimes came when things were about to appear, possibly indicating some electrical condition, and they also speak of a vibration in the air which accompanied vision. We have thus quite a number of curious indications of a peculiarly abnormal physical as well as psychical condition. We may note also in this connection "the little quiver of adjustment" when the so-called "running man" put his feet to the ground. We have the sense of oppression in the atmosphere, the airlessness of the park, even when there was a wind outside; the fatigue consequent upon this oppressive condition; and the vibration in the air which always accompanied the vision. In addition to these curious evidences we have a reference on the part of the Crookes, in alluding to the "apparition of a woman in an old-fashioned dress of a century ago who was picking up sticks in the Petit Trianon grounds," to the "flattened appearance of the trees" which formed part of the imaginary scenery, and which, of course, were not actually there. These characteristics of the illusory scene witnessed, taken in conjunction, produce on the mind a curious impression of the unreality of the whole drama—of the fact, perhaps, I should rather say, that the whole scene and the actors in it are part of a huge panorama, rather than conscious agents in a spectacular rehearsal.

STRANGE
ATMO-
SPHERIC
CONDITIONS.

The references to the "hissing sound" and the "vibratory motion in the air" confirm the other indications of conditions which we invariably associate with an atmosphere highly charged with electricity. This electric state, in fact, seems to have been a necessary condition of their manifestation. The effect of electrical atmospheric conditions on the human organism has been frequently noticed, and such states appear generally to favour hypnotic or trance conditions in which the mind of the individual naturally falls into a passive and receptive state. Summer, accordingly, appears more favourable than winter for such manifestations.

The illusion at Versailles, it is interesting to note, was not entirely one of sight. Mr. Crooke, while standing on the low ground near the stream in the English garden, heard music coming over the water from the Belvedere, where certainly none was going on. It was a string band, he states, playing old music, and it gave him pleasure to listen to it. It will also be remembered, in this connection, that Misses Lamont and Morison had some brief conversation with a man, evidently of the Marie Antoinette period, whom they encountered in the grounds. This whole record is a curious corroboration of the occult contention that the different planes of existence interpenetrate each other, and that it is far easier than is generally imagined for the psychically attuned individual to be switched off at a moment's notice from one to another.

It will be seen that such phenomena, while strongly confirming the actuality of apparitions of the past, fail to supply clear evidence of the presence of a conscious life animating them. There are, indeed, many indications which serve to suggest that "ghosts" as our ancestors were so fond of calling them, are in the majority of cases in no true sense the actual individuals of whom they are the presentment. The very fact of the automatic activities of these so-called ghosts is the strongest argument against their identification with the conscious individualities of those they represent. No one who has seen much of automatic writing can fail to have been impressed by the fact that the prevailing characteristic of ninety-nine hundredths of it, at the very lowest computation, is its automatic character, its utter absence of all individuality or originality. Do we not see the same law working here which is responsible for the constant reproduction without deviation of the phenomena of the ordinary haunted house? Generally speaking we may

AUTOMATIC
PSYCHICAL
ACTIVITIES.

say, I think, that the more recent the death the greater the probability that the individual communicated with is the actual person we have known in earth life. There are, indeed, records that point unmistakably to the presence of the consciousness of the individuals who have passed over; but the phenomena we have been considering here do not appear to fall under this category. It is clear, moreover, that even in the case of astral projection so-called, the individual who, in certain instances, actually makes his presence visible to the person communicated with, is not (necessarily) at the place in question in any real sense of the term, however apparent he may be to the percipient.

There are, however, other curious cases in which, without actual visibility, the presence of a conscious personality is definitely indicated. Take for example a curious record cited by Mr. Hereward Carrington in his recent publication *True Ghost Stories* (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.), communicated to the author, as he states, by a very well-known artist, who maintains the strict accuracy of every word of his account. The artist in question was living in Paris, and having decided to change his quarters, found a studio which he considered would meet his requirements. It was, he states, a large room at the end of a long dark rambling

THE ARTIST
AND HIS
GHOSTLY
VISITANT.

passage, with doors leading into other studios on either side. He found his neighbours of a cheerful and companionable disposition, and looked forward pleasantly to the prospects resulting from his change of abode. He noticed nothing in particular at first, but coming home one night after a late supper, was approaching his door when he distinctly heard the rustling of a silk skirt passing down the passage ahead of him. He thought this was a visitor to one of his fellow artists, and striking a light offered to show the lady along the dark hall. Nothing, however, was visible. Two nights later the same thing occurred again, but on this occasion the hall was alight, and although the swish of skirts was heard, and the soft feminine footsteps, it was perfectly obvious that no one was to be seen. Somewhat scared, he decided to enter his room, light the lamp, and leave his door open. He put on his dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, and sat down to read *facing the door*. After some five minutes had elapsed the door opened further very slowly and a moment later the artist was conscious, without anything being visible, of the presence of a young woman in his room, of, as he imagined, some twenty years of age.

“ So vivid [he writes] was the mental picture I formed of

this person that her very features and colouring were sensed by me, though of course I had no means of knowing whether or not I was right." The Presence (the expression used by the artist to designate his phantom visitant) sat upon the edge of the sofa about three feet distant from his own chair. "I looked [he says] at the spot intently, and felt the eyes of my invisible visitor upon me, as though studying my character to the best of her ability. She had a comfortable sort of feeling about her which made me seem at once at home with her, so without further ceremony I said to her, 'Pray make yourself at home. If I can do anything for you, let me know.'" There was, of course, no answer; but the artist heard or fancied he heard the faintest rustle of silk, as the figure settled herself down to a comfortable position. To make a long story short, the artist not only became used to his phantom visitant, but the sense of loneliness from which he had hitherto suffered entirely left him in her presence. She came in the evening, sat on the side of his bed when he went to sleep, and was gone by the next morning. At first he felt, not unnaturally, very shy in her presence, but this soon wore off, it being evident that his visitor took the whole situation for granted. On one occasion he became suddenly aware that she was standing beside him, while he was at work examining the painting upon the easel. "Well, do you like it?" he inquired of her, almost caustically. "The Presence [he observes] immediately returned and sat in the chair, and I knew that I had offended her. I threw my brush and pallet aside and apologized, so she came and stood by me again, and again remained with me until I closed my eyes in sleep."

This went on for a considerable time, when there ensued an interval of a week, during which the Presence failed to manifest. The artist's loneliness and desolation was, however, terminated suddenly and unexpectedly. One evening he came into his studio and found the "Presence" waiting for him as usual, seated in the easy chair by the fire.

I felt [he narrates] my heart and whole being give a throb of joy and recognition—just as it would at the sight of an old and very dear friend. I knew how much I had missed her! I knew that she had risen, and was standing, facing me, as I entered. Before I had time to check myself, or think what I was doing, I had rushed forward, crying "Dearest," with outstretched arms, and had embraced the spot where I knew her to be standing! I grasped the empty air, but I somehow felt two hands placed upon my shoulders, and the imprint of a delicate kiss upon my lips.

I no longer felt lonely. I whistled, I sang, I took off my coat, and, donning jacket and slippers, set to work with joy upon my picture. I

painted hard, and all the while 'the Presence' stood by me, criticizing—approving or disapproving—and in every instance I felt her criticism and judgment to be right."

This most extraordinary narrative ends up somewhat tragically. For a year the artist continued to live with his phantom lover, but his father's sudden death compelled him to leave Paris and return to America. I will not harrow my readers' feelings with a description of the final scene, with the artist heartbroken, and his lady-love weeping silently and invisibly. It is sufficient to say that the parting was a final one.

A PSYCHIC
LOVE
EPISODE.

Who, we may ask, was the lady? Was she a figment of the artist's imagination? a phantom from the other world? or, perhaps, a living woman whose dream-world was the studio of the young artist whom she had learned to love in her astral life?

Curiously enough, this is not the only recorded instance of what I may venture for want of a better term to call "an astral kiss." The S.P.R. is responsible for a similar narrative recorded in *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I, pp. 225-226. The story is given by the Rev. P. H. Newnham, who says:—

In March, 1854, I was up at Oxford, keeping my last term in lodgings. I was subject to violent neuralgic headaches, which always culminated in sleep. One evening, about 8 p.m., I had an unusually violent one; when it became unendurable, about 9 p.m. I went into my bedroom and flung myself without undressing on the bed, and soon fell asleep.

I then had a singularly clear and vivid dream, all the incidents of which are as clear in my memory as ever. I dreamed that I was stopping with the family of a lady who subsequently became my wife. All the younger ones had gone to bed, and I stopped chatting to the father and mother, standing up by the fireplace. Presently, I bade them good-night, took my candle, and went off to bed. On arriving in the hall I perceived that my fiancée had been detained downstairs, and was 'only then near the top of the staircase. I rushed upstairs, overtook her on the top step, and passed my two arms around her waist, under her arms, from behind. Although I was carrying my candle in the left hand, when I ran upstairs, this did not, in my dream, interfere with this gesture.

ASTRAL
KISSES.

On this I awoke, and the clock in the house struck ten almost immediately afterwards. So strong was the impression of the dream that I wrote a detailed account of it the next morning to my fiancée.

Crossing my letter, *not* in answer to it, I received a letter from the lady in question: "Were you thinking about me very specially last night, just about ten o'clock? For, as I was going upstairs to bed, I distinctly heard your footsteps on the stairs, and felt you put your arms around my waist."

(Mrs. Newnham wrote a confirmation of this account, which was also published.)

We may contrast with these records, in which the phantom lover is invisible, other records where the apparition manifests, on the contrary, not only visibly but in solid form. A narrative of the kind is given in *True Ghost Stories* (quoted from the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R., the narrator being a lady who was visiting a friend of hers in the country when the incident occurred. The lady in question, on arriving at her friend's house, and walking up the stairs, fancied she noticed something slip behind her from an unoccupied room on the left. On entering her own room she still felt that there was some one there, and had the impression of a tall figure bending over her. She thereupon turned on the gas, striking a match at the same time, when she felt a heavy grasp on her arm of a hand which lacked the middle finger. Some weeks later she happened to mention the occurrence while spending the afternoon with some friends. A gentleman who was there asked if she had ever seen a photograph of her friend's late husband. On receiving a reply in the negative he observed that singularly enough the gentleman in question was tall, had a slight stoop, and had lost the middle finger of his right hand. Some time later, when sleeping in the same room, the narrator woke with an indescribable feeling. She found herself lying

A GHOST
IN SOLID
FORM.

with her right hand over the side of the bed, so that it fell outwards into the room. Suddenly she experienced the sensation of a hand grasping hers, and felt distinctly that it was minus the middle finger. The hand was icy cold and of a peculiar hardness. "I hung on to it," she narrates, "determined to get to the bottom of the affair. Bending over, I stretched out my left hand, and with the fingers of that hand felt over the hand and wrist I was holding. I then commenced to trace it up the arm. I had about reached the elbow when the arm suddenly ended, came to nothing; yet the hand in mine was as solid as ever. This gave me such a shock that I let go of the hand I was holding and sank back on to my pillows. Terror took possession of me, and I do not know what happened later. I only know that I had brain fever which laid me low for several weeks."

Mr. Carrington in his new book summarizes the various theories as regards ghosts and hauntings under five headings, somewhat as follows: (1) The theory that the figures seen are genuine, and that they are just as real although less solid and tangible, than any of the living inhabitants of the house. (2) That such apparitions arise originally from some one who has

lived in the house and has experienced a hallucination, and hands it on to later arrivals by means of telepathic suggestion. (3) That thought-transference is the agency which explains the facts, but that it is transference from the mind of the dead and not from living persons—that, in short, the consciousness of discarnate entities is acting upon the living and conveying to them

THEORIES ABOUT "GHOSTS." suggestions which they translate into hallucinatory pictures. (4) That some subtle psychic atmosphere is present in certain houses, and that this atmosphere affects and influences all those who live within it, just as the physical atmosphere would, only in a different manner and degree. The fifth theory that Mr. Carrington mentions, and which very curiously he states that he is not aware has so far ever been advanced before, is one which is familiar to, and generally accepted by, all occultists. In the words of the author: "It is that the phantasmal forms seen in haunted houses are real, substantial creations, manufactured by the thoughts or will of the discarnate spirit, who fashions it out of 'such stuff as dreams are made of.'" I have, indeed, amplified this theory in my present notes; but the basic fact on which it rests, that thought is creative, is, as most of my readers will realize, a recognized axiom of Occultism. It is indeed in the applying of such basic truths to the actual phenomena of life that much of the occultist's work is concerned;

OCCULTIST *versus* PSYCHICAL RESEARCHER. and it is due to the fact that the ordinary psychical researcher has never obtained any real mental grip of these same basic truths that so much of the work of prominent members of the Psychical Research Society and others working on the same lines has proved in practice to be little more than ploughing the sands. We must guard, however, against giving such an explanation of apparitions as that above mentioned too universal an application. Where visions of past events are concerned, the astral record may be unfolded, independently of the presence or conscious volition of those concerned. As Mr. Carrington himself says, "The objection raised against apparitions, that they generally act in such a senseless manner, and betray no intelligence, lies almost undoubtedly in the fact that in cases such as these the central consciousness which animated the person is not in the ghostly form, but elsewhere. The phantom represents in short merely a sort of impersonal wraith, and as such cannot be expected to possess intelligence or human characteristics."

We find, then, in investigating such phenomena, that they vary in character far too much for it to be possible to explain them by a single hypothesis or account for them under a single natural law. They are not only liable to vary physically, being either entirely invisible, tenuous, or semi-material, or even solid to the touch; but they also vary equally on the mental plane, being either mere shells or simulacra in some cases, the expression of a single detached thought or idea in others, or again in perhaps rarer instances, conscious agents on another plane, with a distinct work to fulfil, and a definite understanding of the means necessary to communicate with inhabitants of the physical world. Some even suggest entities present in a dream state, rehearsing automatically old scenes in their past lives which have preyed upon their consciences and from which they are unable to escape. Some cyclic law to which so far our science has given us no clue, brings back these entities at regularly recurring periods to the scene of the crime of which they may have been either agent or victim.

The further we go in our researches the more fully it is borne in upon us that the laws of nature are universal in their character, and that all creation, animate or inanimate, on this plane or on the next, functions under the rule of these unvarying laws. Science, which made its boast to deny the existence of the miraculous and to interpret all phenomena in terms of natural law, has shrunk from the logical consequences of its own basic hypothesis. It has shrunk from these on the material plane, where human

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ALITY OF
LAWS OF
NATURE.

life is concerned: it has shrunk from them on the psychical plane where matter assumes a more plastic consistency. But the old occult dictum, "As above so below," holds good here also, and the conditions of the after-life are no more the subject of caprice than conditions here. The laws of one are closely related to the laws of the other. The thought-form or astral body, though only occasionally under the control of its owner, is an instrument ready to the hand of him who knows how to utilize it, even on the present more material plane, whether for the transmission of thought, or for overcoming the limitations of physical space. It is employed by many here who are unconscious that they are using it, while conversely on the other side many who have recently passed over, labour under the illusion that they are still employing their physical vehicle. The astral body freed from the physical, whether temporarily or permanently, responds to the laws of its own

condition. Latent in conscious waking life, it acquires in sleep a condition more akin to that which it enjoys when finally freed from the trammels of the body.

A correspondent who has developed, apparently unconsciously, the power of astral projection, has sent me an interesting letter, which I reproduce here, describing her methods of procedure, and their practical results. There is little doubt, I think, that such powers are far more widely possessed than is generally realized; but they require favourable conditions to facilitate their practice, and the rush and turmoil of modern civilization, generally speaking, fail to afford these. Opinions may differ as regards my correspondent's statement that her journeys are not taken in her astral body, though we may perhaps postulate a form of astral telescope, which corresponds to Miss Okeden's "tunnel." The letter I hope may lead to further correspondence. It runs as follows:—

STOKE FLEMING,
S. DEVON.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—

Since I have become a subscriber to your REVIEW, I wonder if you will allow me to ask if you or any of your readers have the power to travel as I do, and what it is called. Whenever I desire to know how and where a friend is, whom I have not heard of for some time, I go and find them. It is not done in the astral body but when awake, and I can do it sitting quietly in my chair in the day, or before going to sleep when in bed at night, perfect quiet being the only condition necessary. I close my eyes and have a feeling of going over backwards which, though unpleasant, is too short for actual discomfort, and I find myself going down a long, dim tunnel which is warm, and as it were moss-lined. At the far end is a tiny speck of light which grows as I approach into a large square, and I am "there." In nearly every case I can describe the room my friend is in, the clothes they are wearing, the people they are talking to; and on several occasions when I have been anxious about a friend who lives always in London, I have found myself in a strange room, among strange people in the country, and there was my friend. Only once have I been seen and spoken to, but in every case it is quite vivid and satisfying that the friend is well and happy, and I pick up my daily round, or turn over and go to sleep as the case may be, content things are all right. I have been tested over and over again when I have arranged to go. One friend put on a new evening gown I did not know, another even took the trouble to move her bedroom furniture round, which I at once noticed and questioned her about when next we met, to her great amazement, as she did not believe I could find her. What I should like to know is—Is it a known form of astral travelling. In "Orlow the Dreamer," she, when dreaming true, talked of going down a tunnel; but I am wide awake, and if I can see and hear my friends, why cannot others? I have done it at intervals for years, but ill-health and plenty of work combine to sometimes

make me too tired to bother, but I can always go whenever I wish. It seems a pity if it is a known form of astral communication that it is not more widely practised.

Yours faithfully,

HERMIONE PARRY OKEDEN.

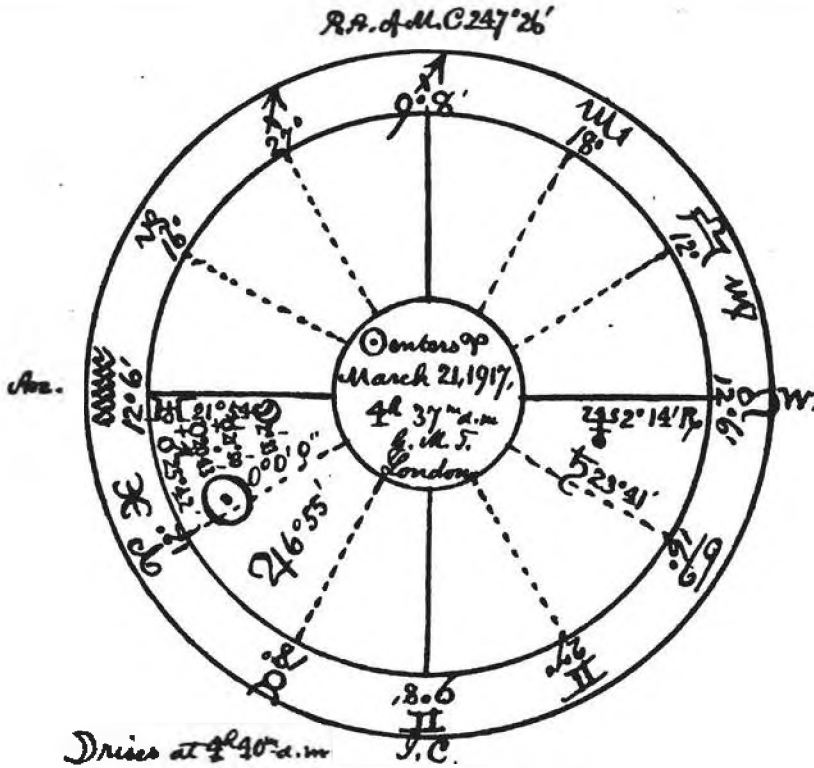
The annual appearance of *Zadkiel's Almanack and Ephemeris*,* always in request by the astrological section of the community, serves to call attention to the planetary positions during the ensuing year. The figure for the forthcoming Winter Solstice, as already mentioned in this magazine, brings the Moon and Venus into the ascendant in the rising sign Scorpio, in trine aspect with Saturn, while at Petrograd the planet Venus itself is almost exactly rising. This favours the belief that the prospects of peace will become very much brighter after the shortest

days, and although the present outlook does not warrant the expectation of a very early termination of the war, these indications would almost seem to justify the anticipation that before the first quarter of the new year is over the Central Powers in some form or other will be definitely suing for peace. Certainly the outlook from the astrological point of view for this quarter is far less martial than it has been since the outbreak of the war. The latter part of March brings Saturn to a stationary position within a couple of degrees of the ascendant of the German Emperor. The disasters which overtook the Kaiser when Saturn last transited his ascendant, and the advance of the British and French on the Western front coincided with the overwhelming victories of General Brusiloff over the Austro-German armies in the East, will be repeated in an intensified form, as Saturn exercises its maximum of influence when stationary. The threat of disaster is emphasized by the eclipse of the Sun in the third degree of Aquarius shortly before the Kaiser's birthday. Such an eclipse is said by the old authors to presignify "mighty winds, seditions, and pestilence." Revolutionary movements in Europe may be anticipated in its wake.

The birthday figure of the German Emperor (January 27) accentuates these dangers, as the place of his Saturn at birth is exactly rising (9 degrees of Leo), and the Sun has just set on the Western Angle, and applies to Mars and Uranus in conjunction in the seventh house, the house of open enemies. Against these very evil influences is to be set the trine of the Sun to Saturn,

* London : Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 6d. net.

by secondary direction, which has served so far to enable the Kaiser to retain his throne and keep his enemies at bay. After March, however, this is a diminishing factor. February and May bring into operation the second and third transits by Saturn of the opposition of the degree on the upper meridian at the foundation of the German Empire in 1871. The first transit of this position in



Declinations.

| | | |
|-----------------|--------------|--------------|
| ☉ 0° 0' 0" | ♄ 5° 1' S. | ♃ 21° 40' N. |
| ☽ 7° 12' 35" S. | ♂ 12° 33' S. | ♁ 14° 52' S. |
| ♀ 5° 4' S. | ♂ 12° 56' N. | ♃ 19° 27' N. |

FIGURE FOR THE VERNAL INGRESS AT LONDON.

August last brought upon the Emperor a crop of disasters both in the East and West, and each transit accentuates the malefic influence of its predecessor.

Perhaps, however, the most striking influence of all in this horoscope is the double affliction during the ensuing twelve-month of the distant Neptune by conjunction and opposition of both the Sun and Moon. This is especially noteworthy as

Neptune is elevated above all the planets, and close to the mid-heaven in its own sign at the Kaiser's birth. The threat is, I should judge, more internal than external, denoting revolutionary propaganda leading to insurrection. It is doubtful to my mind if the end of the war will come before internal revolution has broken out.

The shortest days bring up a favourable aspect of Mars to the Sun in General Joffre's horoscope, a notable omen of victory. The transits of Saturn in this singularly propitious horoscope have been adverse for some time past, bringing about delays and impediments to success, and this influence does not yet entirely pass away. Other planetary positions of note in the coming year are the transit of Saturn over the opposition of the Kaiser's Sun in the latter half of August, and the stationary position of Jupiter on King George's Sun at the end of September. The influences in this horoscope for the coming year are of a rather contradictory character, and hardly as favourable as those of the Tsar.

A very interesting position is that of the distant planet Uranus during the spring of the coming year. This position threatens the Austrian Emperor, not only with military disaster, but also with certain death, inasmuch as it transits the opposition of the Moon and Saturn at his birth and becomes stationary at the end of May, within a degree of the exact opposition of his radical Sun. These malefic transits cover the period from March to the latter part of July. The times which are, perhaps, most critical, are the beginning of April, the end of May, and the commencement of June. It may be anticipated that the complete defeat of Austria and the death of the Austrian Emperor during this period will result in an armistice which will lead, after certain preliminary difficulties of a serious character, to final peace.

THE
AUSTRIAN
EMPEROR.

The figure for the Vernal Ingress is the most notable one of the year, inasmuch as both in London and at Petrograd a fixed sign is rising, and it is therefore held, according to ancient astrological lore, to hold rule for the ensuing twelve months. To accenuate its significance an extraordinary satellitum of planets is rising in London, indicative of the most momentous events. The Moon, Uranus, Mercury, Venus, Mars, and the Sun all occupy the ascendant, while Jupiter is posited in the House of Finance—a more propitious augury from the point of view of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Moon, in sextile to Jupiter, significator of changes of a beneficent character, is

close to the ascendant, having as much as 3° 36' North Latitude. Great and permanent changes in Europe and in this country will follow so noteworthy a figure. At Petrograd Jupiter is rising in the sign Taurus, an augury of triumph and prosperity for Russia, and also of a new era for Poland (under the rule of the second sign of the zodiac). The autumn figure in Central Europe is a very threatening one, as Mars, Saturn and Neptune, three malefics, are setting together. At Vienna the Moon culminates in square to Mercury and in sesquiquadrate with

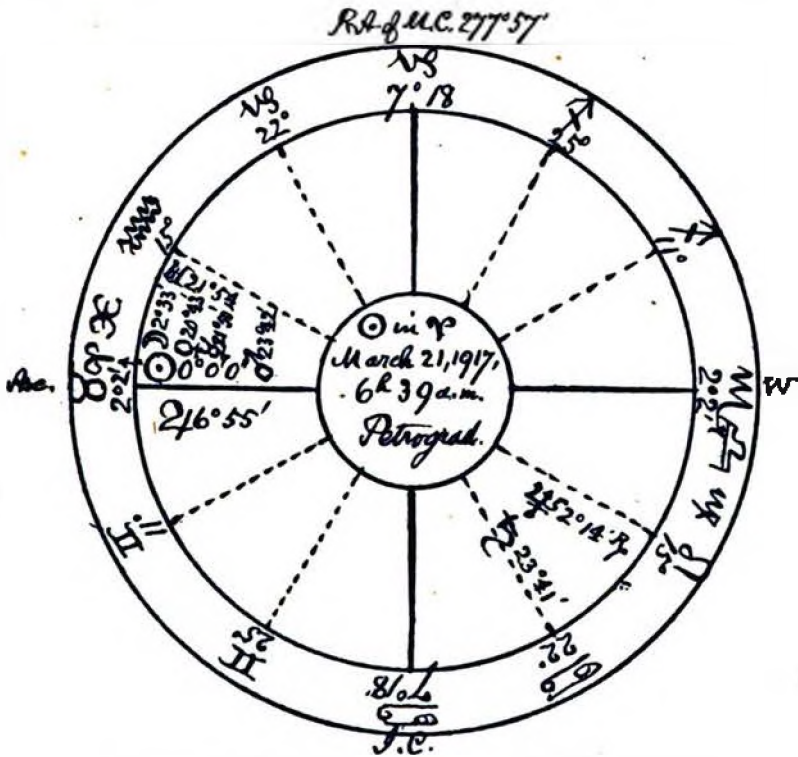


FIGURE FOR THE VERNAL INGRESS AT PETROGRAD.

Mars. A reign of violence and anarchy will be witnessed, and the revolutionists will have the upper hand. The transit of Jupiter through Gemini during the second half of 1917 is of auspicious augury for the trade of London, and the United States, and will restore peace to oppressed Belgium.

Students will have noted with interest the transits of Jupiter over the place of Mars in the Tsar's horoscope, at the exact date of the commencement of the great offensive of General Brusiloff, and again in November, 1916, and January, 1917, the stationary position of Jupiter at the end of the year occurring within two

degrees of this planet in the Tsar's horoscope, and in trine with that of Jupiter in the horoscope of King George, in the sign Aries. (Jupiter transited this position, it will be remembered, at the time of the naval battle off Jutland.)

It is noteworthy as regards the coming year that in spite of many threatening configurations the planet Venus is far more dominant than it has been for some time past, as it occupies the ascendant at the winter and spring figures in London, and is again elevated above all the other planets at the autumn equinox. I have to thank Mr. A. J. Pearce for kindly supplying the figures for the Spring positions at London and Petrograd.

THE DEATHLESS QUESTION

By LILIAN HOLMES

TELL me, Mother,
When babies die,
What is it makes them able to fly?
Where do they get their dear little wings,
Harps, and trumpets, and other things?
Why do they come, then so quickly go?
Tell me, Mother,
I want to know.

Tell us, Father,
When comrades die,
Where do they travel to—where and why?
Are they but taking a journey home—
Back to the land from whence they come?
What does the light on their faces mean?
What have they heard,
And what have they seen?

No answer comes through the stillness,
That mortal ears can hear,
But a mystic message tells us
To calm our doubts and fear;
Tells us that Love is leading them,
And all the passing band,
Through the city's farthest gateway
To a radiant summerland.
And a gleam shines through the darkness
As their faces fill with light
At a Sound beyond all hearing,
A Vision beyond all sight.

THE WEARING OF RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS AT THE FRONT

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH, Author of "The Push at the Front"

"Nearly every man out here is wearing some sort of Catholic medallion or a rosary that has been given him, and he would rather part with his day's rations or his last cigarette than part with his sacred talisman."—*Extract from a letter written from the Front by a non-Catholic Private in the 11th Hussars.*

THE wearing of religious emblems by soldiers of the British Army is much talked of now by doctors and nurses of military hospitals in France and at home. When wounded soldiers are undressed—be they non-Catholic or Catholic—the discovery is frequently made of medals or scapulars worn around their necks, or sacred badges stitched inside their tunics. It is a psychological phenomenon of much interest for the light it throws upon human nature in the ordeal of war.

Testimony to the value of these favours as safeguards against danger and stimulants to endurance and heroism was recently given in a most dramatic manner by Corporal Holmes, V.C., of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, who also holds the highest French decoration, the *Medaille Militaire*. He visited the Catholic schools at Leeds. All the girls and boys were assembled to see him. One of the nuns told the children how Corporal Holmes won his honours during the retreat from Mons. He carried a disabled comrade out of danger, struggling on with his helpless human burden for three miles under heavy fire. Then taking the place of the driver who was wounded, he brought a big gun, with terror-stricken horses, out of action, through lines of German infantry and barbed wire entanglements. At the crossing of the Aisne a machine-gun was left behind, as the bridge over which it was hoped to carry it was shelled by the enemy. Corporal Holmes plunged into the river with it, some distance below the bridge, and amid shot and shell brought it safely to the other bank. When the nun had finished recounting his deeds, Corporal Holmes unexpectedly turned back his tunic, and saying, "This is what saved me," pointed to his rosary and medal of the Blessed Virgin.

There is the equally frank and positive declaration made by Lance-Corporal Cuddy of the Liverpool Irish (8th Battalion of the

King's Liverpool Regiment) who was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry in saving life after the great battle of Festubert in June 1915. He was in the trenches with his regiment. Cries for help came from some wounded British soldiers lying about fifteen yards from the German trenches. The appeal smote the pitying heart of Cuddy. He climbed the parapet of his trench and crawling forward on his stomach discovered two disabled men of the Scottish Rifles. One of them had a broken thigh. Cuddy coolly bound up the limb, under incessant fire from the German trenches, and crawled back to his trench dragging the man with him. Then setting out to bring in the second man, he was followed by Corporal Dodd of the same battalion, who volunteered to assist him. On the way a bullet struck Dodd on the shoulder and passed out through his leg. Cuddy bandaged him and carried him safely back. Once more he crawled over the fire-swept ground between the trenches to the second Scottish rifleman. This time he took an oil-sheet with him. He wrapped it round the wounded man and brought him in also. All this was the work of hours. Not for a moment did this brave and simple soul flinch or pause in his humane endeavours. He seemed to be indifferent, or absolutely assured, as to his own fate. And he had the amazing good luck of going through the ordeal scathless, save for a slight wound in the leg. As is the way with soldiers, the comrades of Cuddy joked with him on his success in dodging the bullets of the bloody German snipers. "They were powerless to hit me. I carry the Pope's prayer about me, and I put my faith in that," he answered, in accordance with his simple theology.

Both soldiers were convinced, as Catholics, that being under the special protection of the Heavenly Powers (whose symbols they wore) they were safe and invincible until their good work was done. Psalm civ. speaks of God, "who maketh the sweeping winds His angels and a flaming sword His minister." Why should He not work also through the agency of the religious emblems of His angels and saints? With this belief strong within them Holmes and Cuddy leaped at the chance of bringing comfort to comrades in anguish, and help to those sorely pressed by the enemy.

There is another aspect of this psychological question of the war. It is a boast of the age that we have freed ourselves from what is called the deadening influence of superstition. Nevertheless, since the outbreak of the war there has been an extraordinary revival of the secular belief in omens, witchcraft, incantations and

all that they imply—the direct agency of superior powers, of some sort or other, on the fortunes of individuals in certain events. One noteworthy form of it is the enormously increased demand for those jewellers' trinkets called charms and amulets, consisting of figures or symbols in stone and metal, which are popularly supposed to possess powers of bringing good fortune or averting evil, and which formerly lovers used to present to each other, and wear attached to bracelets and chains, to bring mutual constancy, prosperity and happiness. Even the eighteenth-century veneration of a child's caul—the membrane occasionally found round the head of an infant at birth—as a sure preservative against drowning is again practised by those who go down to the sea in ships. The menace of the German submarine has revived the ancient desire of seafaring folk to possess a caul, which was laid dormant by the sense of security bred by years of freedom from piracy; and the article has gone up greatly in price in shops that sell sailors' requirements at the chief ports. Fortune-tellers, crystal-gazers, and other twentieth-century witches and dealers in incantations who claim to be able to look into the future and provide safeguards against misfortune, are being consulted by mothers, wives and sweethearts, anxiously seeking for some guidance for their nearest and dearest through the perils of the war.

So far as the Army is concerned, the belief that certain things bring good luck or misfortune has always been widely held by the rank and file. Formerly there were two talismans which were regarded as especially efficacious in warding off misfortunes, and particularly death and disablement in battle. These were, in the infantry, a button off a tunic, and in the cavalry the tooth of a horse; but for the articles to bring good luck or to avert evil the man who wore the button and the horse to which the tooth belonged should have come successfully through a campaign. A good many years ago the old words "charm," "talisman," "amulet," dropped out of use in the Army. The French slang word "mascot," which originated with gamblers and is applied to any person, animal, or thing which is supposed to be lucky, came into fashion; and some animal or bird—monkey, parrot, or goat, or even the domestic dog or cat—was appointed "the mascot of the regiment." But since the outbreak of the war the Army has returned to its old faith in the old talisman. A special charm designed for soldiers, called "Touchwood," and described as "the wonderful Eastern charm," has had an enormous sale. It was suggested by the custom of touching wood,

when hopes are expressed, so as not to tempt the fates and bring disappointment, a custom which is supposed to have arisen from the ancient Catholic veneration of the True Cross.

"Touchwood" is a tiny imp, mainly head, made of oak surmounted by a khaki service cap, and with odd sparkling eyes, as if always on the alert to see and avert danger. The legs, either in silver or gold, are crossed, and the arms, of the same metal, are lifted to touch the head. The designer, Mr. H. Brandon, states that he has sold 1,500,000 of this charm since the war broke out. Not long ago there was a curious scene in Regent's Park. This was the presentation of "Touchwood" to each of the 1,200 officers and men of the 36th Battalion of the City of London Regiments (known as the "Cast Irons") by Mlle Delysia, a French music-hall dancer, before they went off to the Front. Never has there been such a public exhibition—uncontrolled and unashamed—of the belief in charms. Mr. Brandon has received numerous letters from soldiers on active service ascribing their escape from perilous situations to the wearing of the charm. One letter, which has five signatures, says:—

We have been out here for five months fighting in the trenches, and have not had a scratch. We put our great good fortune down to your lucky charm, which we treasure highly.

Thus we see that mankind has not outgrown old superstitions, as so many of us thought, but, on the contrary, is still ready to fly to them for comfort and strength in adversity. The truth is that the human mind remains at bottom essentially the same amid all the changes made in the superficial crust of things as time goes on. Man is still the heir of all the ages. Some taint of "the old Popish idolatries" survives in the blood of most of us, no matter how Protestant and rationalistic we may suppose ourselves to be. And now that the foundations of civilization are disrupted, and humanity is involved in the coils of the most awful calamity that has ever befallen it, is it to be wondered at that hands should be piteously stretched out on all sides, and in all sorts of ways—unorthodox as well as orthodox—groping in the dark for protective touch with the unseen Powers who rule our destinies?

It is in these circumstances that non-Catholic soldiers of the new Armies are turning from materialistic charms to holy emblems. It may be thought that this new cult is but a manifestation, in a slightly different form, of the same primal superstitious instinct of mankind as inspired the old, but as it has a religious origin and sanction and is really touched by spiritual emotion,

it seems to me to be far removed from the other in spirit and intention. Non-Catholic soldiers appear to have been led into the new practice by the example of Catholic soldiers. These religious objects commemorative of the Blessed Virgin and other saints have always been carried about their persons by Irish Catholic soldiers, to some extent, as by Catholics generally in civil life. The custom is now almost universal among Catholic officers and men at the Front. It resembles, in a way, the still more popular custom of carrying photographs of mother, wife and child. Will it be denied that the soldier, as he looks upon the likenesses of those who cherish him, and hold him ever in their thoughts, does not derive hope and consolation from his consciousness of their watchful and prayerful love ?

There are several little breastplates thus worn by Catholics to shield them from spiritual evil and bodily calamity. The chaplet of beads, known as the rosary, is familiar to all. The brown scapular of St. Mary of Mount Carmel is made of small pieces of cloth connected by long strings and is worn over the shoulders in imitation of the brown habit of the Carmelite friars. Then there are the Medal of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour ; and the Miraculous Medal of Our Lady. Another is the Agnus Dei (" lamb of God "), a small disc of wax, impressed with the figure of a lamb supporting a cross, and blessed by the Pope, which is the most ancient of the sacramentals, or holy objects worn, used or preserved by Catholics for devotional purposes. But what is now perhaps the most esteemed of all is the Badge of the Sacred Heart. On an oval piece of red cloth is printed a picture of Jesus, standing before a cross, with His bleeding heart, encircled by thorns and flames, exposed on His breast. The badge is emblematical of the sufferings of Jesus for the love and redemption of mankind. It is the cognizance of a world-wide league, known as the Apostleship of Prayer, conducted by the Society of Jesus, and having, it is said, a membership of 25,000,000 of all nations. The promotion of these special devotions in the Catholic Church have been assigned to different Orders—such as the rosary to the Dominicans, the scapular to the Carmelites, the Way of the Cross to the Franciscans. So the spread of the devotion of the Sacred Heart is the work of the Jesuits. The head-quarters of the Apostleship of Prayer in this country is the house of the Jesuits in Dublin, who publish as its organ a little monthly magazine called *The Messenger*. There has been so enormous a demand for the badge since the war broke out that the Jesuits have circulated a statement emphasiz-

ing that it is not to be regarded as "a charm or talisman to preserve the wearer from bullets and shrapnel." To wear it in this spirit would, they say, be "mere superstition." "What it stands for and signifies is something far nobler and greater," they add. "It is, in a sense, the exterior livery or uniform of the soldiers and clients of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, King of heaven and earth, just as the brown scapular is the livery of the servants and soldiers of Mary, heaven's glorious Queen. As such it procures for those who wear it in the proper spirit the grace and protection of God; and the scapulars the special protection of Mary, much more than the livery or uniform of a country procures for those who fight under its flag the help and protection of the nation to which they belong."

There are on record numerous cases of protection and deliverance ascribed by non-Catholics as well as Catholics to the wearing of religious emblems. The Sisters of Mercy, Dungarvan, Waterford, tell the story of the marvellous escape from death of Private Thomas Kelly, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, at the first landing on the Gallipoli peninsula on April 25, 1915. Kelly had emerged with his comrade from the *River Clyde*—the steamer which had brought his regiment to the landing-place, Beach W— and was in the water wading towards the shore, when this happened to him:—

A bullet struck him, passing through his left hand, which at the moment was placed over his heart. The bullet hit and shattered a shield badge of the Sacred Heart, which was sewn inside his tunic, then glanced aside and passed over his chest, tearing the skin. The mark of its passage across the chest can still be plainly seen. The bullet then passed through the pocket of his tunic at the right-hand side, completely destroying his pay-book. When wounded he fell into the water, where he lay for about two hours under a perfect hurricane of bullets and shrapnel. In all that time, while his companions were falling on every side, he received only one slight flesh wound. He is now in Ireland, loudly proclaiming, to all whom he comes in contact with, his profound gratitude to the Sacred Heart. He is quite recovered from his wounds, and expects soon to be sent to the Front. His trust in the Sacred Heart is unbounded, and he is fully convinced that it will even work miracles for him, if they are necessary, to bring him safely home again.

Private Edward Sheeran, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, relating his experiences in France, says:—

We were waiting in reserve, and were shelled heavily before the advance. Four of us were lying low in the traverse of a trench. Every time I heard a shell approaching I said, "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!" Just as I was reciting this ejaculation a shell burst in our midst. For a minute I was dazed, and when I surveyed the damage,

imagine my surprise to find the man next to me blown to pieces, parts of him over me. Another never moved again to my knowledge, while the remaining one had his arms shattered. As regards myself, my pack was blown off my back, but all the injury I received was a very slight wound in the left shoulder. Thanks to the mercy of the Sacred Heart, I was able to rejoin my battalion two days afterwards.

In Ireland there are tens of thousands of Catholic mothers, wives and sisters, ever praying for the safety of their men at the Front, or else that they be given the grace of a happy death, and there is nothing more consoling to them, nothing which more prevents them brooding when the day, the hour, the moment, will come with the dread announcement from the War Office, than the sustaining thought that these dear ones are faithful in all the dangers and emergencies of their life to the practices of their religion. That is how Private Michael O'Reilly, of the Connaught Rangers in France, writes to his mother: "I have the Sacred Heart badge on my coat and three medals, a pair of rosary beads and father's Agnus Dei around my neck, so you see I am well guarded, and you have nothing at all to fear so far as I am concerned." Even for the mother, death loses its sting when she gets news of her son which leaves her in no doubt as to his soul's eternal welfare. Here is a characteristic specimen of many letters from bereaved but comforted mothers which have been printed in *The Messenger* :—

DEAR REV. FATHER,—I beg to appeal to you for my dear good son who was killed in action on March 25, and who died a most holy death. I have heard from Father Gleeson that he died with his rosary beads round his neck and reciting his rosary. He got a gunshot wound in the head and lived several hours after receiving the wound. I know perfectly well that it was owing to his having St. Joseph's Cord about him that he got such a happy death, and had the happiness of receiving his Easter duty on Sunday, the 21st. He also had the Sacred Heart badge, a crucifix, and his Blue and Brown Scapulars on him, so that I am content about the way he died. He is buried in Bethune cemetery. I am a subscriber to "The Messenger," and my son was in the Apostleship of Prayer and used to get the leaflets in his young days at the school he was going to, taught by the Christian Brothers. He was twenty-one years and seven months the day of his sad death. He belonged to the 2nd Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Some people, no doubt, will smile indulgently or mockingly—according to their natures—at what appears to them to be curious instances of human credulity. Others will cry out in angry protest against "Popish trumperies," "idolatrous practices," "fetishism." But surely those who take pleasure in the happy state of others will shout aloud in joy to know that there is something left—no matter what—to sustain and console in this most

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terrible time of youth's agony and motherhood's lacerated heart.

It must not be supposed that the religious practices of the Irish Catholic troops are confined to the wearing of scapulars, medals and *Agnus Deis*. These are venerated, and proudly displayed over their tunics by the Irish soldiers—often, too, rosary beads are twisted round the barrels of their rifles—because they are the badges of their faith, and therefore precious in their sight. But the faith of which they are the badges also gives the Catholic troops the Mass, which is celebrated by the Army chaplains up at the Front in wrecked houses or on the open desolate fields; it gives them the sacraments of Confession and Communion, and it makes possible that solemn spectacle of the priest administering the General Absolution to a whole battalion, standing before him with uncovered and bowed heads, before going into action. All these devotional incidents and scenes have greatly impressed non-Catholic soldiers. They wonder at the consolation and inspiration which Catholic comrades derive from their prayers and their symbols. They feel the loneliness and the dread of things. In their hearts they crave for spiritual help and companionship, which the guns thundering behind them cannot give any more than the guns thundering in front; and they, too, put out their hands to grasp the supernatural presence, unseen but so acutely felt in the arena of war. If there was scoffing at a praying soldier in barracks, there is respect for him in the trenches. Non-Catholics join in the prayers that are said by Catholics. "Plenty of shells were fired at our trenches, but, thank God, no harm was done," writes an Irish soldier. "When the shells came near us we used to pray. Prayers are like a double parapet to them, I think. Yesterday we were reciting the Litany of the Sacred Heart while the shells were annoying us. I was reading the beautiful praises and titles of the Litany, and both my Protestant and Catholic mates were answering me with great fervour. I was just saying 'Heart of Jesus, delight of all the Saints, succour us,' when one shell hit our trench and never burst, and furthermore no shell came near us after that, for our opponents directed their attention elsewhere for the rest of the day." He adds that every night in the trenches the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin was recited; and the responses were given by non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

The wearing of Catholic emblems by the rank and file is encouraged by many officers who understand human nature, and make allowance for what some of them, no doubt, would call its inherent weaknesses. The practice has been proved to have

on conduct a profound influence for good. It seems to incite and fortify the soldier's courage. Man's will and resolution often prove to be weak and fickle things, especially on the field of battle where they are put to the sternest and most searching of tests. Fear of death which, after all, is but a manifestation of the primal instinct of self-preservation, often militates against the efficiency of the soldier. It disorganizes his understanding ; it paralyses his power to carry out orders. Psychologists tell us, such is the influence of the body upon the mind, that whether a man shall act the hero or the coward in an emergency depends largely on his physical condition at the time. The body of the soldier must, as far as possible, be made subordinate to his mind. Religious sensibility and emotion, in whatever form it may manifest itself, tends to the exaltation of the mental mood ; and as good officers know they cannot afford to neglect any means which promises to steady their men, calm them, and give them confidence in action or under fire, they have enlisted this tremendous force on their side by favouring and promoting the Catholic custom of wearing holy objects.

Thus is the wearing of scapulars and medals in the Army welcomed as an aid to our arms, a reinforcement of our military power. It is the secret of much of the dash and gallantry of the Irish troops. Since the war broke out, 160 Victoria Crosses have been awarded. As many as thirty-two have been won by Irishmen, a percentage of the total greatly in excess of their proportionate numbers in the Army, and twenty of the thirty-two are Catholics. In order to appreciate adequately the significance of these figures it is necessary to remember the characteristics of the deed for which the Victoria Cross is given. The deed must be exceptionally daring, involving certain death in the event of failure ; it must be of special military value, or have led to the saving of life that seemed hopelessly lost. Above all, it must be done not under orders but as a spontaneous act on the soldier's own personal initiative. It is largely due to their religion and the emblems of their religion, and their views of fate and destiny, that Irish Catholic soldiers are so pre-eminently distinguished in the record of the highest and most noble acts of valour in war.

There is the significant saying of Sergeant Dwyer, V.C., an Irishman and a Catholic, at a recruiting meeting in Trafalgar Square. " I don't know what the young men are afraid of," said he. " If your name is not on a bullet or a bit of shrapnel, it won't reach you, any more than a letter that isn't addressed to you."

GLAMIS CASTLE AND ITS MYSTERY

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

THERE are few greater unsolved mysteries than that of the secret chamber of Glamis Castle, which is as great a mystery to-day as it was a hundred years ago. As in most of the ancient castles of Scotland, there is a room in Glamis supposed to be "haunted," and therefore shut up, but it is said there is also one hidden in the intricacies of the Castle, which if discovered would be found to present a scene far more weird and horrible than the simple horrors of a haunted chamber.

The ghost of Glamis has seldom been seen by mortal eye, though on stormy nights, when the wind whistles and wails around the ancient grey towers and gables of the enormous many-windowed building, the sounds of shrieks and cries, and blasphemous language (so it is alleged) are heard above the fury of the tempest. The tradition of Glamis is that the mystery commenced after the death of Alexander, Earl of Crawford, so notorious in Scottish history for his rebellion against James II.

This earl was known as the "wicked laird," and was popularly called Earl Beardie in Fife and Angus. According to Bishop Lesley he was "A verrey awful and rigorous man to all baronnes and gentlemen of the county, and keist down mony of their houses in Angus quha wald nocht assist him, quhair of sindry remains yet unbiggit again in this our dayis."

His end was tragic, mysterious, and fearful, and quite in accordance with his life. When playing cards late one night, he was warned to desist, as he was losing heavily; but instead of taking this wise advice in the kindly spirit that prompted it, he greatly resented the interference, and in a transport of fury, vowed that he would "play till the Day of Judgment." Whereupon a mysterious and terrible being appeared (who was said to be Lucifer himself), and the "wicked laird" disappeared in his company.

It is not known in which part of the great rambling castle this "lost room" is situated, but, according to this popular tradition, it is understood that Earl Beardie is still confined there playing, and playing to the end of all things. A. H. Millar,

in *Historical Castles of Scotland*, mentions a well-known tradition in Forfarshire to the effect that there is a mysterious chamber in Glamis, the entrance to which is known to only three persons at one time—the Earl, the heir-apparent, and the factor on the estate; and that Beardie—the Earl of Crawford—is confined within its walls, doomed to play dice to the Day of Judgment. The grandfather of the present Earl, who succeeded to the title in 1846 and died in 1865, was well aware of the locality of the secret chamber and the “Thing of Horror” that it contained, as in consequence of the weird and mysterious sights and sounds which he had both seen and heard there, he had a stone wall built across the entry. According to Dr. Lee, who was a visitor at Glamis at that period (and who vouched for the reality of the unearthly manifestations), the Earl of Strathmore determined to investigate the cause of the weird noises and other disturbances, and one night, when the noises were more violent than usual, he went to the haunted room and opened the door with a key, then gave a loud cry and dropped back senseless into the arms of friends who had accompanied him. He was ill for several days after, and nothing would induce him to open his lips on the subject again; and so great was his horror of the room that he had the thick stone wall built to block its entry.

About forty years ago an aged superannuated servant, who had long been in the service of the Strathmore family, related that on one occasion, when the family was away, some of the servants made an attempt to find the secret chamber, and went through every room in the castle and placed towels outside every window. When they saw that there was one window which had no towel, they concluded that it belonged to the mysterious room. When Lord Strathmore returned, and found out what they had done, he was excessively annoyed. The ringleaders were dismissed and the others bound over to perpetual secrecy; and to this day the exact position of the chamber is known to only three persons at one time.

Several structural curiosities at Glamis Castle have been recently discovered. A splendid fireplace in the drawing-room, which was not known to exist, was accidentally found, and a secret staircase which appears to have been built about 1660 and had been closed up, was re-opened when some alterations were in progress a few years ago. The principal renovator of the ancient Castle of Glamis was Patrick, first Earl of Strathmore, who was born in 1642 and died in 1695. He gives a full

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account of the work then carried on, in the *Book of Record*, published by the Scottish History Society in 1890. In an entry dated June 24, 1684, the following is recorded: "Agried with the four masons in Glammiss for digging down from the floor of the littil pantrey off the Lubbis, a closet designed within the charterhouse there, for wh. I am to give 50 lib. scotts and four bolls meali." This closet is referred to again in an entry dated July 25, and is as follows: "I did add to the work before mentioned of a closet in my charter-house severall thyngs of a considerable trouble, as the digging thorrow passages from the new work to the old, and thorrow that closet againe so that as now I have access off one floare from the east quarter of the house of Glammiss to the west syde of the house thorrow the low hall, and am to paye the masones, because of the uncertainty yr of dayes wages, and just so to the wright and plasterer."

It is evident from these entries that some kind of a secret chamber was built in 1684 by the first Lord Strathmore, but whether this is *the* secret chamber of uncanny repute it is hard to say.

The late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres (then Lord Lindsay), wrote about the secret chamber of Glamis and its weird horrors in his *Lives of the Lindsays*. The first *literary* reference to it is made in *The Picture of Scotland*, by Robert Chambers, published in Edinburgh in 1826. The place had been mentioned before by no less a person than Sir Walter Scott, who visited Glamis Castle in 1791, and describes his "eerie" feelings during the two nights he spent in the Castle, in his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, published in 1830.

Though visitors staying at Glamis have never come in contact with its principal mystery, they have at times had weird experiences from other sources. On one occasion a lady and her child were staying a few days at the Castle. The child was asleep in an adjoining dressing-room, and the lady, having gone to bed, lay awake for a while listening to the wind wailing and moaning around the turrets and pinnacles. Suddenly a cold blast swept across the room, like a breath from an ice house, and out went the night-light by her bedside, though the one in the dressing-room beyond, where the child had its cot, remained unaffected by it. By that dim light she saw a tall grim figure clad in a coat of mail pass into the dressing-room from the great chamber which she occupied. A minute later there was a shriek from the child, and putting aside her terror of the weird, she jumped out of bed and rushed into the dressing-room, where she found the

child in an agony of fear, having seen "a giant in armour standing by its bed and looking down with awful eyes."

No doubt the mystery of the secret chamber will remain as long as the Castle exists—especially as now the chamber has been blocked up, and investigation placed out of possibility.

THE WELCOME

BY GRACE HALL

THAT night in the church we were silent as the Funeral March
pealed forth,
And the sound of the organ's thunder seemed the guns of our
Fleet from the north.
By the lighted Altar the banners gleamed gorgeous with gold
and gem,
But we thought of our drownèd hero and the sea's deep requiem.

Then I dreamed of the joyous tumult, the sudden, the wild
surprise,
When Kitchener's soldier-spirit strode into Paradise.
For its fields are full of his armies, raised by his strong right hand,
Mad for the man who had made them to fight for the Motherland.

Boys who were gassed in the trenches, shattered by bomb and
shell,
Trooped from the brimming river and the meadows of asphodel.
And, under the blossoming branches, lit by a gentler star,
At peace from earth's grim battles—Roberts of Kandahar.

How met those warrior comrades, hand in hand, face to face !
While all the brave lads waited silent a little space.
Till, far-off, the choirs of Heaven ceased in their songs to hear
Roll through its golden arches the sound of a British cheer.

A STRANGE SIAMESE CEREMONY

[The subjoined is a remarkable account of a strange Siamese ceremony which took place upon the coronation of the King in the latter half of the last century, and was witnessed, as a special favour, by an English doctor, who narrates his experience. The record will appeal to those who are interested in Oriental magic, and it will also be noted that the ceremony appears to have an allegorical side, and to be related, at least as regards the latter part of it, to the Solar Myth. It may be remembered by those among my readers who are classical scholars that it is stated in Herodotus that the Egyptians kept in the penetralia of their temples an image of an old man and another of a child, and that upon the birth of the new Sun the latter was exposed to view. The performance described inevitably recalls this tradition.—ED]

AN English surgeon having been successful in restoring one of the princesses to health, was permitted to witness on November 16 the performance of Tepada's royal troupe of jugglers, a performance given upon the coronation of the young King. Slightly abridged, the doctor's account is as follows:—

"Woun-Tajac called me very early, and he and his father's cousin, Soondatch-Tam-Bondar, set to work to prepare me for witnessing the performance in the great Pagoda. A white turban was wound around my head; my skin was stained the colour of new bronze; my moustache ruthlessly trimmed down, blacked, and waxed till it had the proper Malagan droop; my eyebrows blacked; native garments furnished me, over which I wore the long white robes which I was told were peculiar to the initiated. The Pagoda of Juthia is more celebrated for its sacredness than its size. It is situated without the city on a broad and commanding terrace, elevated considerably above the level of the river plains. It is approached from the city by a long brick-paved avenue, wide and imposing.

"Soondatch and Woun-Tajac, each holding me by an arm, now directed me towards one of the doorways of the Temple, which was guarded by two men with drawn swords, and very fierce aspect, who stood in front of a heavy drapery of red cloth that concealed the interior of the Temple from outside eyes. At a triple password these men admitted my companions, but crossed their swords before my breast; Soondatch whispered in the ear of the elder of the two; he started, gazed at me intently, but did not withdraw his barrier. Woun showed him a signet. He took it and reverently placed it upon his forehead; yet still he refused to admit me. There was a controversy between the doorkeeper and my companions, and at last the elder guardian whistled shrilly upon a bone pipe tied about his neck with a strand of silk. A tall man suddenly appeared. He was middle-aged, athletic, and had a most peculiar cunning, self-possessed look, and a very intelligent expression. 'Tepada!' exclaimed both my companions at once; but

the man, who was almost naked, took no notice of them, but put his hand heavily, but not unkindly, upon my breast, giving me a long piercing look, and said in French—'Are you a brave man?' I said, 'Try me.' Instantly without another word he bandaged my eyes with a part of the long white robe I wore; he snapped his fingers suddenly, whispering, 'Not a word for your life!' and the next moment I found myself seized in the hands of several strong men, and borne some distance along a devious way, ascending and descending several times. At last I was put down; the bandage was quietly removed, and I found myself squatted on a stone floor, between Soondatch and Woun-Tajac, who with bowed heads and faces partly shrouded in their white robes, squatted like statues of Buddha, their knees and shins close to the ground, their haunches resting upon their heels, their hands spread palms downward upon their knees, their eyes deflected, and a look of devout reverence and abstracted meditation in their countenances. The light was dim to my unaccustomed eyes, but all around, as far as I could see, were white-robed worshippers crouched in the same attitude of silent reverence.

"By degrees as my eyes grew used to the dim gloom I began to look about me. The place was a square vault, so lofty that I could not see the ceiling, and I should say not less than a hundred paces long and wide. All around the sides rose gigantic columns, carved into images of Buddha always, yet with a thousand variations from the central plan, a thousand freaks of fancy, through which shone the eternal calm, the stagnant, imperturbed ecstacy of apathy of Buddha's remarkable face, with great pendent ears, and the eyes looking out beyond you into the supreme wistfulness of Nieban—a face that once seen can never be forgotten. By degrees I came to see the plan of this evidently subterranean vault, and to look with wonder upon the simple grandeur of its massive architecture, which was severely plain except so far as the carving of the great columns went. At the farthest end of the Hall, resting against the columns, was a raised dais or platform covered with red cloth. This stage was raised between three and four feet above the floor of the vault, and was about thirty-five to forty feet deep, and 150 feet broad. Behind it a curtain of red cloth hung down from the capitals of the towering columns. In front of the stage, just about the spot where the pulpit of the orchestra in a Greek theatre would be, was a tripod-shaped altar, with a broad censer upon it, in which was burning a scented oil, mixed with gums and aromatic woods, that diffused through the whole vault a pungent sacramental odour.

'Suddenly there was a wild and startling crash of barbaric music from under the stage—gongs, drums, cymbals, and horns, and with wonderful alertness and a really indescribable effect, a band of naked men came out from behind the curtains, bearing each a scented torch in his hand, climbed the columns with the agility of monkeys, and lighted each a hundred lamps, strung from the base almost of the

columns right up to the apex of the vault, which I could now see rose into a lofty dome, that doubtless pierced far up into the interior of the Pagoda proper. The din of the horrible orchestra increased, and a band of old women came out from under the stage, singing the most diabolical chant that I ever heard. The red curtain fluttered a little, there was a dull thud; and there, right before us, alongside the censer, stood a very old man, wrinkled, with long hair and beard white as cotton fleece. His finger-nails were several inches long, and his sunken jaws were horribly diversified with two long teeth, yellow and ogreish. He was naked except for a breech-cloth, and his shrunken muscles shone with oil. He took the censer in his hands and blew his breath into it until the flames rose twenty feet high, red and furious. Then, with a sudden jerking motion, he tossed the burning oil amongst the crowd of squatting spectators. It shot towards them a broad sheet of terrible flame—it descended upon them a shower of roses and japonicas. Turning the censer bottom upwards, he spun it for a minute upon the point of his long thumb-nail, then flung it disdainfully away among the audience. It struck the pavement with a metallic clang, bounced, and rose with sudden expanse of wing, a shrieking eagle, frightened horribly, and seeking flight towards the summit of the dome. The old man gazed a moment upwards, then seizing the tripod upon which the censer had stood, he sent the legs apart with a nervous hand, straightened them against his knee, and hurled them, dart-like, towards the eagle. They glanced upwards with a gilded flash, and instantly the eagle came fluttering down to the pavement in our midst, dead, and three horrible cobras coiled about him, lifting their hooded heads defiantly, and flashing anger out of their glittering eyes. The music shrieked still more wildly, the snakes coiled and plaited themselves together in a rhythmic dance, lifting the dead eagle upon their heads, and—presto! there right in our midst stood the tripod again, with its flickering flame and its incense-savoured breath. A more perfect illusion never was seen.

“‘That is Norodom,’ whispered Woun-Tajac in my ear. Another actor now came upon the scene, whom I recognized to be the tall athletic Tepada. Behind him came a smaller man, whose name Woun-Tajac informed me was Minhman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsin-Ki. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. I am not going to provoke the incredulity of your readers by describing the majority of them. In one feat Tepada seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm’s length, and spun round with him until the old man’s legs were horizontal to the athlete’s shoulders; then, while they still spun with the fury of dervishes, Minhman sprung up, seized upon Norodom’s feet, and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient; and when Minhman was firmly established, the boy Tsin-Ki caught to his feet in like manner, and the tall athlete, every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human jointless

lever around. At last, slowly, slightly, Tepada drew in his arms until the old man's white beard touched his body ; there was a sudden strain, and the arms from being horizontal became perpendicular, Norodom's head resting atop of Tepada's, Minhman's head upon Norodom's feet, and Tsin-Ki's head upon Minhman's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and Tepada's head was on the ground, Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head, Tsin-Ki's feet on Minhman's head. Each had turned a summersault and the column was unbroken.

" One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down among the audience, and borrowing a robe from one cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe ; when the robe was lifted again a fox was in the place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage looking buffalo, which was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, who when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined his trunk around one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa-constrictor, and holding up Minhman upon his feet.

" During three hours the exhibition continued, feats of the sort I have described, each more wonderful than the one which preceded it, following one another in rapid succession. I shall content myself with describing the last and culminating wonder of the startling entertainment.

" A perfectly formed and most lovely Nautch girl sprang out upon the stage, and was hailed with universal acclamation of delight, every one calling out her name, Luan Prabana, as if it were a word of good omen. Her only dress was a short petticoat of variegated feather work, a wreath of rosebuds crowned her soft, short, black hair, and she wore a pearl necklace as well as broad gold armlets and anklets. With a brilliant smile she danced exquisitely for some minutes to the accompaniment of a single pipe, then she knelt and laid her head on old Norodom's knee. The boy fanned her with a fan made of sweet fern leaves. Minhman fetched a lotus-shaped golden goblet, and Tepada poured into it from a quaint looking flask a fluid of greenish hue. The old ogre-like Norodom took the goblet and blew his breath

upon the contents till it broke into a pale blue flame. This Tepada extinguished with his breath, when Norodom held the goblet to Luan Prabana's lips, and she drained the contents with a sigh. As if transfixed she suddenly sprang to her feet, her face strangely radiant, and began to spin giddily around in one spot. First the boy, then Minhman, then Tepada tried to arrest her, but they no sooner touched her than she repelled them with a shock, that thrilled them as if she had imparted an electric shock to them. Spinning constantly with a bewilderingly rapid motion, the girl now sprang off the stage, and down the hall, along by the foot of the columns, Tsin-Ki, Minhman, and Tepada in rapid pursuit. In and out among the crowd they spun, the three chasing. Tepada seized hold of the chaplet that crowned her; it broke, and, as she was whirled along, a spray of rosebuds was scattered from her brow in every direction. Anything more graceful never was seen. And now a greater wonder. At the extremity of the hall the three surrounded and would have seized her, when, still revolving, she rose slowly in the air, and floated gently over our heads towards the stage, scattering roses as she went. At the brink of the stage she paused in mid-air; then with a slight wing-like motion of her arms, mounted up—up towards the loftiest arch of the vault over our heads. Suddenly old Norodom seized bow and arrows and shot toward her. There was a wild shriek, a rushing sound, and the dancer fell with a crash to the flags of the floor, and lay there an apparently bloody mass. The music burst forth into a wild wail, and the chorus of old hags came tumultuously forth and bore her away in their arms.

"Now, from behind the red curtains came a dozen strong men, bearing on their shoulders a great leaden box, which they laid upon the front part of the stage. As they retired the old women came out bringing a low couch decorated with flowers and gold-embroidered drapery, upon which lay Luan Prabana, decked forth in bridal garments and sleeping sweetly. The couch with its sleeper was put quietly down in front of the stage, and left there, while Norodom and Tepada went to the leaden box, and, with hot irons, attempted to unseal it. 'That is Stung-Iring's coffin,' whispered Woun to me, 'the old saint has been dead more than half a millenium.'

"Quickly—eagerly it seemed to me, the two men broke open the fastenings of the coffin, until the side next the audience falling out at last, a teak box was discovered. This was prized open with a small crowbar, and what seemed a great bundle of nankeen taken out. Tepada and Norodom commenced to unwind the wrapping, which was very tight. Yard after yard was unwound and folded away by Minhman, and at last, after at least 100 yards of wrapping had been taken off, the dry shrivelled mummy of a small old man was visible, eyes closed, flesh dry and hard—dead and dry as a smoked herring. Norodom tapped the corpse with a crowbar, and it gave a dull, wooden sound. Tepada tossed it up and caught it, it was still as a log. Then

he placed the mummy on Norodom's knees, and fetched a flask of oil, a flask of wine, and a censer burning with some pungent incense. Norodom took from his hair a little box of unguent, and prizing open the mouth of the mummy with a cold chisel, showed that the dry tongue could rattle like a chip against the dry fauces. He filled the mouth with unguent and closed it, and anointed the eyelids, nostrils and ears. Then he and Trepada mixed the wine and oil and carefully rubbed every part of the body with it. Then laying it down in a reclining position, they put the burning censer upon the chest and withdrew a space, while the drums, and gongs, and cymbals clashed and clattered, and the shrill cackling treble of the chorus of old women rose hideously.

"A breathless pause ensued, and the mummy sneezed—sneezed thrice so violently as to extinguish the flame of the censer. A moment later the thing sat up and stared blinking and vacant out around the vault—an old wrinkled man, with mumbling chops, a shrivelled breast and belly, and little tufts of white hair upon his chin and forehead. Trepada approached him reverently upon his knees, bringing a salver with wine and wafer cake. The old man did not notice him, but ate, drank, and tottered to his feet, the feeblest decrepid old dotard that ever walked. In another moment he saw the Nautch girl slumbering upon her couch, he shuffled feebly to her, and, mumbling, stooped as if to help his dim eyes to see her better. With a glad cry the maiden awoke, clasped him in her arms, and to her breast, and kissed him. Incomprehensible magic? He was no longer a nonagenarian dotard, but a full-veined fiery youth, who gave her kiss for kiss. How the transformation was wrought I have no idea, but there it was before our very eyes. The music grew soft and passionate, the chorus of the old women came out, and with strange phallic songs and dances bore the two away—a bridal pair. I never expect again to behold a sight so wonderful as that whole transformation, which I may mention, my learned Jesuit friend to whom I described it, regards as a piece of pure symbolism. His explanation is too long and too learned to quote, but he connects the ceremony with the world-old myth of Venus and Adonis, and claims that it is all a form of sun worship.

"The show went on for some time longer with many curious feats. At the end of an hour the phallic procession returned, but this time the Bayadere led it, a strange triumph in her eyes, while the youth lay upon the couch sleeping. The Phallic chorus sank into a dirge, the youth faded visibly; he was again the shrivelled dotard; he sighed—then breathed no more. Luan Prabana retired sorrowfully, Norodom and Trepada wrapped the corpse again in its interminable shrouds, restored it to the coffin and it was borne away again. The attendants climbed up and extinguished the lights. I was blindfolded and borne away. I found myself once more at the doorway of the Temple, in the broad sunshine with my friends—and the Mystic Ceremonies of the great Temple of Juthia were over, it may be for many years."

TELEPATHY AND SURVIVAL

BY J. ARTHUR HILL

CONFRONTED with *prima facie* evidence for survival, such as an apparition of a person who, though not known to be ill or in danger, did as a matter of fact die at or about the time of the experience, it is fashionable to say that if it was not chance coincidence it was probably "telepathy." And, unlike many fashionable things, the suggestion is sensible. Such incidents, when their veridical (truth-telling) quality is not due to chance, are certainly due to "telepathy." So are many mediumistic communications. I have never met an investigator of any experience who has not come across mediumistic phenomena which require some further explanation than the medium's normal knowledge. Therefore telepathy is invoked.

But what do we mean by the word? Those who wish to avoid "spirits" evidently mean telepathy *from incarnate* minds—ordinary living people. This is what the "rationalists" mean by it. Mr. Joseph McCabe, departing from the orthodox unbelief of his German master, Professor Haeckel, and his co-"rationalist," Sir E. Ray Lankester,* makes the remarkable admission (no doubt perceiving that he is between the devil of telepathy and the deep sea of spirits, and preferring the former) that he considers the evidence for telepathy "satisfactory." (*Literary Guide and Rationalist Review*, March, 1916.) He means thought-transference by unknown means *between incarnate persons*. But he ought to have said so. What he does say, leaves him open to the gravest suspicion of harbouring spiritistic views; for telepathy may be thought-transference from the dead. It is not an alternative theory to spiritualism. The word is used in that sense only by people who use words loosely. Let us try to clear up this point.

The coiner of a word has a right to define it. Huxley coined and defined "Agnosticism"; F. W. H. Myers coined and defined "Telepathy." And this is what he meant by it: "the communication of impressions of any kind from one mind to another, independently of the recognized channels of sense" (*Human*

* "Modern biologists (I am glad to be able to affirm) do not accept the hypothesis of 'telepathy'."—*The Kingdom of Man*, p. 65.

Personality, vol. i. p. xxii.) Observe, it is "from one mind to another"; the definition specifies nothing about the condition of the minds, incarnate or discarnate. They may be either, or there may be one in each of the two conditions. Say to a spiritualist that his messages from *soi-disant* spirits are due to telepathy, and he may reply with equanimity: "Precisely; telepathy from the so-called dead, to the living." And it is now admitted by even so cautious an investigator as Mrs. Sidgwick that a supposition of this kind is required to explain some of the evidence. Mrs. Sidgwick asserts that communication from the dead is a justified hypothesis; calling it "telepathy" gives it the respectability associated with the Greek-derived coinage of a scholar, and may therefore render the idea rather more acceptable to the sceptic, but it definitely concedes the main claim of the spiritualist, and we may as well admit it frankly.

Having shown that the word "telepathy" does not mean anything that negates the spiritualistic theory, we may turn back to consider the idea which it is sometimes improperly used to convey, viz., telepathy between the "living" (incarnate) only, which is what is meant, by Mr. McCabe.

For my part, I think the evidence for this thought-transference between incarnate minds is satisfactory, and am glad to find myself in agreement with Mr. McCabe. If he quarrels with his fellow-rationalists about it, I shall be glad to back him up. And I think it was wise to work "telepathy from the living" for all it was worth, in considering mediumistic phenomena, before going on to the serious consideration of more unorthodox hypotheses. Moreover, it happened that the contemporaneous discovery of wireless telegraphy made it easy to believe—though as a matter of fact we know of no brain waves in the ether, or anything of the kind, and the analogy may be misleading—so we believed without requiring any large body of evidence. Evidence there is, of course; the experiments of Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, and others, had indicated that ideas of diagrams and the like could be communicated from mind to mind by means other than the known sensory channels. But we accepted this very easily. Then, when apparitions and mediumistic "communications" came along, we had our explanation of them ready. It was "telepathy." If any fact given by a spirit is known to any living person, the explanation is telepathy from that person; if I see an apparition of my soldier-brother, who afterwards turns out to have been killed a few minutes or hours before, it

is either accidental coincidence—my “ subjective hallucination ” being due to natural anxiety—or it is telepathy from the living, i.e., in Mr. McCabe’s sense ; my relative’s mind having turned to me on being wounded, sending out a pulse which either was some time in reaching me or—reaching me—remained a little while subconscious and latent.

It may be so. But it is time to question whether it is so. Telepathy from the living, I suspect, has been overworked. It is time to be more critical. If telepathy may be either between incarnate and incarnate or between incarnate and discarnate, we must differentiate. If the materialist says there are no discarnate minds, we ask how he knows. We demand his proof—which is not forthcoming. We admit, however, that the antecedent probability or improbability of survival falls to be considered. Therefore a word on this point.

It can hardly be denied that though individual survival of bodily death remains part of the supposed belief of Christian churches, it has ceased to be part of the living faith of the average religious man. It is rarely preached about or written about. Clergymen shy at discussing it ; they have no vital belief in it themselves. I am aware that this is a risky generalization, and no doubt there are exceptions. Some clergymen have such vital belief, intuitionally. But, generally speaking, the religious man for the last half century has been able to do no more than stretch “ lame hands of faith.” “ We have but faith, we cannot know.” Tennyson typified his generation, and the one following it. The great advance in natural science had resulted in the material world filling all our field of vision. It is now receding into its proper perspective. We are beginning to remember that Spirit is the primary thing. Humanly-caused events take place first in the human mind, before they are manifested on the material plane. The Forth Bridge, the first Dreadnought, the aeroplane, were created in the builders’ minds before they took visible form in matter and could be perceived by others. And, analogically, events not humanly caused must have their source in another Mind, as Berkeley and all the Idealists have taught. In other words, there is a spiritual world behind the material one, and the former is the more real. The seen things are temporal, the unseen things eternal.

And if there is any sense in this philosophy, survival of the human spirit is more likely than its extinction. Mind is not caused by, and dependent on, body, but the other way round. Body is merely part of the mind’s experience—a necessary part

on the present plane, an engine or vehicle of its manifestation ; but a part that can be dropped like a suit of old clothes when the time comes for us to "go up higher."

It is not necessary for us, then, if this philosophy is sustainable, to cringe to the materialist, humbly begging his tolerant examination of our evidence. We have been too patient. It is time to take our rightful position. Survival is at least as likely as extinction, to put it at its very lowest ; and, if so, and if we have evidence claiming to support survival, it is for our opponents to prove that it does not, or confess themselves beaten. If it is "telepathy" (from the living) let them prove it. Let them produce experimental telepathic results—provably telepathic and without spirit help—of the same kind as the evidence in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, which claims to be due to the action of discarnate minds. It has not been done. Let Sir Ray Lankester and his friends do it, and we will accept telepathy from the living as a possible and reasonable explanation. But until it is done there is no scientific basis for the belief that telepathy between living minds can produce results even remotely approaching those in question.

Now further ; this telepathy from or between the living is used loosely to cover two entirely different things. For clearness' sake there ought to be two terms ; one meaning the *experimental*, or at most the *inferribly-willed* transmission of thought, this latter including cases in which, for example, a veridical apparition is seen of a relative or friend who may reasonably be presumed to have directed his mind to the percipient at or about the time : the other meaning the kind of thing that happens so frequently in mediumistic communications, when details are given which are unknown to the medium but which are known to the sitter who, however, did not happen to be thinking about them, or which are known to some distant person who, again, is not—so far as reasonable inference goes—thinking about them or "willing" their transmission. There is a great difference between the experimental telepathy effected by hard voluntary concentration, and this supposititious reading of a mind which is not concentrating on the subject at all. For example, in a sitting with Mrs. Piper, a message came, purporting to be from the son of a man slightly known to the sitters, who were Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. Thompson. The message was to be given to the ostensible sender's father, and this was judiciously done. The details, which referred to matters totally unknown to the sitters, turned out true. The father neither knew nor was known to Mrs.

Piper, and the same was true of his deceased son. If this was telepathy from the living, it means a reading of the mind of a distant person whose existence was unknown to the medium, plus elaborate make-believe to represent the message as coming from the son. If Mr. McCabe or any other so-called "rationalist" can believe in such "telepathy" as that, great indeed is their faith! I confess that my credulity cannot stretch so far. I must remain sceptical. (See *Survival of Man*, p. 219.)

And even when the knowledge is possessed by some person present at the sitting, it is by no means certain that the explanation is a reading of that person's mind. In my own investigations I have particularly noticed that the communications are not what I should expect, on a mind-reading theory. They come very often from people I have not been thinking of for months or even years; sometimes from people whose very existence I had almost forgotten: sometimes from people whom I am sure I had never heard of. In this last case it usually appears that some other spirit, known to me—name given—has "brought him," apparently to get round the telepathy-theory; and on inquiry I find that the person did exist, and was a friend of the man who "brought" him. And I repeat that even when the facts are known to me, they do not seem to be associated in the same way as they are associated in my own mind. If the process were some sort of fishing among my recollections, we should expect certain groups to be fished out together: we should recognize in the mediumistic communications a resemblance in grouping and articulation and emphasis, to the arrangement and prominence of recollections in our own minds. I have never found this to be the case, but quite the reverse. The grouping of the details, as well as the details themselves, suggests some mind other than my own, and other than the medium's. I do not say that mind-reading is disproved or absurd. It is a tenable hypothesis as a guess. But the facts in my opinion are heavily against it. They tell much more strongly in favour of the actual presence of the minds which are purporting to communicate.

Lest the sceptical reader should think I have overlooked a point, I must explicitly guard myself against being thought to hold that my evidence* proves the activity of all the alleged spirits who ostensibly communicate, or who are described at my sittings with clairvoyants. I do not claim that they are neces-

* In my book, *New Evidences in Psychological Research*, and in a volume which is now in preparation.

sarily all here. One mind may create many thought-forms visible to a clairvoyant, and may give information about the people concerned. I say it may; I do not know whether it can or not. The evidence indicating the presence or activity of different spirits would be proof of their survival and presence, in the strict sense, only if it contained true information characteristic of themselves, but unknown to all incarnate people and to *all the other communicating spirits who knew the men in question*. If my grandfather and grandmother are named and described, with identifying details, it does not follow that both are here; it may suffice if one of them is, or indeed any spirit who knew the facts given; though if we say so, we are making the assumption that one spirit can produce a form, visible to a clairvoyant, of another spirit; and assumptions are dangerous. There is experimental proof that a living person may produce an apparition of himself, but none that he can produce an apparition of some one else; and to say that a spirit can do it, is no more than a guess.

I admit, therefore, that though in the strictest sense there is no proof of the presence of each and all of a number of communicators who in life were known to each other, I am nevertheless disposed to accept the supposition as reasonable that all the minds suggested are probably more or less concerned. It is somewhat the same as the wider question of whether *all* human beings survive death: we cannot prove it, but if we can prove (or obtain good evidence for the hypothesis) that some do, most of us will be willing to admit, at least provisionally, that the attribute extends to the whole species. I am not at all sure that it does; some may be melted down again, as the Button-moulder wanted to melt down Peer Gynt; but the hypothesis is, at least, good enough and reasonable enough as a temporary supposition.

To sum up, then (1) "Telepathy" means communication of impressions of any kind from one mind to another, independently of the recognized channels of sense, and this definition will cover and include communications from minds no longer in fleshly bodies. (2) It is rash to assume, in cases of veridical apparitions after the death of the supposed agent, that the cause was a thought sent out by the latter before death, this thought remaining latent for some time in the percipient's mind. There is little basis of fact for such a guess. In many cases it seems far more probable that the communication is the result of post-mortem activity—telepathy from the dead. (3)

Philosophically, survival of human personality is as likely as, or more likely than, its extinction: there is, therefore, no need to apologize for the evidence or to cling too timorously to materialistic or quasi-materialistic explanations—telepathy from the living, and the like. (4) Telepathy, either from the living or the dead, is a doubtfully admissible supposition unless it is reasonable to infer that the communication is willed by some mind. In experimental cases it is so willed: in many mediumistic phenomena no willing of the kind on the part of living people is known of or reasonably to be inferred. The willing, if any, then, is on the part of some discarnate mind, human or non-human. And in many cases I believe this to be a fact. As Miss Alice Johnson has said,* some of the evidence points to intelligence, will, and initiative, on the other side. To call this evidence "telepathic" is now not sufficiently descriptive. If Mr. Myers were still with us he would no doubt coin a word for the telepathy which has for agent a mind that is not incarnate but discarnate. It would promote clearness if some scholar would do this for us.

* *Proceedings*, Society for Psychical Research, vol. **xxi**, p. 377, etc.

PASTORAL

By TERESA HOOLEY

WHAT flocks have I guarded,
 On what dewy steep,
 That here on the hill-side
 Alone with the sheep,
 A memory shakes me
 Out of the deep?

In the skins of a shepherd
 I sit once again
 On a green hill-side, playing
 An ancient refrain,
 With my ewes round me, piping
 My love and my pain.

THE METAPHYSICAL OUTLOOK IN JEWISH MYSTICISM

AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY

By SIJIL ABDUL-ALI

HIGH above every view-point that has been reached in the comparative study of speculation, there stands, I suppose, an altitude from which all the products of thought would appear at their real worth ; and it seems desirable that before undertaking the consideration of any particular philosophic system, we should endeavour to see in what direction this ideal position lies, even though we be forced to acknowledge that it is beyond attainment. "Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history," says Emerson, and one might add that therefore he is not really explicable at all. The same is true of his creeds. None has ever beheld in true perspective all or any of the edifices which the mind has raised. Every system of belief, containing, inevitably, elements of truth and falsehood, is important in respect of its contribution, whether direct or indirect, to the advancement of knowledge. It has a particular importance in relation to its own place and epoch, and a general importance in relation to the entire history of thought. Thus the aspirations of man, his dreams, religion, art, philosophy and science, can be understood only in view of that majestic sweep of the ages which bears him ceremoniously from the chaos of primeval night.

The more earnestly we strive to approach the ideal height suggested, the more numerous become the avenues and vistas opening to us at every step ; for the field is infinite, and we are seeking, perhaps vainly, a pinnacle that commands in solitude the panorama and horizon of time. It is there that thousands of birds sing, without ceasing, of the beauty which they alone behold ; and of the song of one or another of these we catch from time to time a fragment, and treasure it in the heart, knowing that it tells of an eternal procession and harmony of thought which in its fulness we are not yet permitted to discern.

In addition to this, which we may call for convenience the *objective* aspect of the problem, there is also an aspect which we will term *subjective*, because it relates primarily to the inevitable

conditions and modes under which the act of reflection occurs. I do not mean to suggest that these difficulties are really separable, and hence they are referred to as aspects of a problem rather than as two problems ; but it is convenient (and, I think, legitimate) to separate them for the purposes of an initial inquiry. Now clearly the process of thinking, whether deductively or inductively, is not an arbitrary one : in other words, it does not depend entirely upon any single finite will. Given certain premises, the mind is compelled, if it reasons about them at all, to move along certain channels towards certain conclusions. This is evident from the fact that one mind can accept the deductions of another, either by going through a similar process of reasoning or by finding the results applicable to its own experience. Thus for example a man who accepts the postulates of Euclid is almost certain to assent to his propositions. Of course, in all cases of deduction the truth of the premises may remain open to question ; but the important point is that having accepted the premises, whether absolutely or contingently, the rational mind is not able to draw from them any conclusion that it may desire. Similar considerations apply to induction, or the process of inferring universal propositions from experiential data, and this statement may be verified by reference to the manifest applications of scientific concepts. If there were no rules of inductive logic, natural science would be impossible ; but experience shows that natural science is not possible merely, but actual, its works being as evident to the senses as the ordinary works of nature.

Clearly, then, since thought itself is subject to law, we may suppose that the mind is under certain limitations, or, what amounts, for our present purpose, to the same thing, that it is possessed of certain essential qualities, which are likely to predetermine, whether rightly or wrongly, its conclusions upon ultimate problems ; and since it is with ultimate problems that we shall be concerned in this survey of Jewish mysticism, the need arises of observing, so far as it is possible, in what direction, if any, philosophic reflection must be barren, or beyond what limits its results must remain undemonstrable as to validity. By a consideration of this, the *subjective* aspect of what may be called the problem of comparative speculation, let us endeavour to interpret the principal kabalistic doctrines in terms of the more general thought of mankind ; and perhaps, incidentally, we may be able to draw a little nearer the ideal to which allusion has been made.

The history of speculation may be regarded as the history

of the mind set over against and initially in opposition to the objective world, which it is ever striving to resolve into its own elements. Of these efforts the results appear at first sight to be infinitely varied, but a closer examination shows that they may be classified to some extent, and I believe that ultimately, within or beneath them all, we may discern certain common principles of faith and purpose. Of course, many a cloud has come upon the soul and obscured its vision, but only for a period. No gloom can arrest the indomitable spirit, whose very zeal, so to speak, would devour it if it faltered for ever or admitted defeat; and the primitive beauty of its first resolve shines through every cloud and covering of error. Now the article of faith essential to all efforts towards a comprehension of the Universe is the belief, whether expressed or implied, that the Universe is somehow in the likeness of man, or, alternatively, that man is an image and symbol of Creation. This hypothesis, in one form or another, is inevitable: it is implicit in the postulate that the Universe is knowable, which of necessity underlies all constructive speculation. Every philosophic system is an attempt to resolve the external world into the elements of consciousness, involving, of course, the presupposition that such resolution is possible. The undertaking is arduous, and, for a long time, fruitless. The soul's faith alone assures it of final success. Nature seems capricious: her characteristic variety, movement, and infinitude of detail are opposed to the tendency of the mind, which is towards unity, repose, wholeness. But the soul triumphs: nature must yield; and each victory signifies that thought and its object are not absolutely disparate, and that at the heart of the Universe is something akin to the human spirit. This, however, is only another way of saying that man is made in the likeness of the Creator, and of justifying, in at least one sense, the term *Microcosm* respecting him.

All philosophic thought, then, considered historically, represents the movement of the soul outwards to comprise the world, and to find therein, under the last veil, the presence of a being akin to itself. The faith thus passing into expression pre-existed in a tendency, and in essence is coetaneous with the reflective mind. It is planted in the breast of the idol-worshipping savage, it underlies the earliest dreams of prophet and seer, it gives birth to the first scientific concepts, and, indeed, not all the despair and failure of the ages can avail to exterminate or quench its zeal. Sown in darkness, in the night of the mind, it puts forth flowers of ever-increasing beauty as the day proceeds. But the

growth is not without strange aberrations : there is not a truth unmixed with error. Probably also the very ardour of man's desire for knowledge, engendering impatience, urged and still urges him to unreliable conclusions.

Thus the hypothesis of speculation is that the Universe exists to be known ; but we must also recognize that it can never be completely known, because complete knowledge would mean knowledge of the All, and the All must be an infinity which no finite mind can ever comprehend. Moreover, that which *knows* the All must, in an ultimate sense, *be* the All, for otherwise there would be an All as knowing and an All as known, that is, two Infinities, and this statement would involve a contradiction in terms. As Moses of Cordova, a famous Kabbalist of the sixteenth century, remarks : " The Creator is himself knowledge, knowing, and the known object. His knowledge does not consist in the fact that he directs his thoughts to things without him, since in comprehending and knowing himself, he comprehends and knows everything which exists. There is nothing which is not united with him, and which he does not find in his own substance." Hence, so far as we are concerned, there must remain for ever, beyond all speculation, the Unknowable. But this should not discourage us, because what we really need is not a direct and comprehensive knowledge of the Infinite, but rather a knowledge of our relation thereto—or, what amounts to the same thing, a knowledge of the attitude of the Infinite towards us. Only in this attitude or relation does Reality become knowable, and it is apprehended under the mode of Personality. In this sense God is a Person, and of his Personality the manifest Universe is an expression and a type : it would be difficult to conclude otherwise from the intelligibility of nature. If the world is resolvable into the elements of consciousness, we must suppose that it is made of those elements. We may say that the ego projects itself ; but its power to do so signifies, in a manner, that the non-ego is not unremittingly hostile. The self moves victoriously outwards to the apparent boundaries of knowledge. As it moves, the boundaries recede, and the Universe seems to conform to its design. The data of its experience are set as signs in the infinite, abounding darkness ; and thereon and thereunder, far into the night, the soul builds precious tokens of the home it seeks. Yet although the boundaries would appear to be capable of indefinite recession, they never vanish : the unknown, like the darkness, remains, and we are led to conjecture that in ultimate essence it is impenetrable. In every thought and in

every object of thought is the supreme mystery which we cannot evade. But, as M. Maeterlinck says, "there are degrees in our ignorance of the unknowable, and each of those degrees marks a triumph of the intelligence." We look, of necessity, for the ultimate triumph, when that ignorance shall pass away, but we cannot assert finality in the quest—cannot, in strictness, even think of it.

On the very threshold of our inquiry, then, arises a strange contradiction. It is a contradiction which, regarded historically, seems to develop with time, and in proportion as the philosophic insight intensifies and deepens in the exercise of its penetrative faculty. Essentially it is in the nature of thought, and even the savage is not altogether unconscious of it when he bows before the idol that he almost feels, perhaps, is not in reality what he dreads or worships. The known is held to symbolize the unknown, and the tenet, which makes for progress, is a confession of sublime and mystic faith; but we are conscious that the faith can never pass into perfect vision. On the one hand we are emboldened to affirm that the Universe, being intelligible, is made after the same pattern and of the same substance as man: on the other (and almost, as it were, by an extension of the same line of thought) we are led to posit, as the sole condition of progressive speculation and the eternity of mind, that the Real is neither known, nor in the last degree knowable.

If this fundamental contradiction were unrecognized in Jewish mysticism, we might perhaps be justified in regarding the entire system as metaphysically worthless. It happens, however, that the point is not only recognized, but insisted upon. The Kabbalah inculcates that the Absolute is, in its very essence and withdrawal, unknowable; and in order to explain the intelligibility of the manifest world, it posits a group of Emanations, which, proceeding from the Absolute, make known its existence, and constitute together the Primordial or Heavenly Man. It is these Emanations alone that are the ultimate objects of knowledge, and even they in their entirety are withdrawn and well-nigh inscrutable. Thus the Universe as known or knowable, is, by hypothesis, in the likeness of man, but in respect of ultimate Being it is *Ain Soph*, the Limitless, which is beyond all possibility of knowledge, and therefore, in the strictest sense, outside even the predicate of existence.* Evidently this doctrine involves

* It is, of course, also nameless; "for that which is known and named, is known and named, not from its substance, but from its limitations." See W. B. Greene, *The Blazing Star*, 1872, pp. 48 and 49.

a confession of inability to solve the root-problem of creation and of knowledge, but it is at least a sign that the Kabalists recognized, in their own manner, the peculiar difficulty of the task to which they had addressed themselves.

From this position it is an easy step to the central thesis concerning man, whom the Zohar declares to be "the synthesis of Jehovah and Elohim." It is said also that "Man was created on the sixth day at the moment when the Throne became complete . . . for it was he who should have mounted upon the Throne. The creation of man made all perfect, for he is the synthesis of that which is above and below."* Evidently man, the rational and reflective being, stands between two worlds, and, by virtue of his unique position, holds mysterious intercourse with both. It will be seen further that the doctrine has a kinship with the first postulate of Hermetic science, and in fact, as might be expected, we find the Zohar expressly stating that "God created the world here below on the model of the world above; for below is found the image of all that is above; similarly in the ocean is found the equivalent of all that which exists upon the earth; for the whole is one."† These are fairly clear intimations, and their importance, for the moment, lies in the implied claim to a direct and independent knowledge of Jehovah and Elohim and "the world above." Apart from the fact that an important aspect of the alleged truth is exemplified by a falsehood,‡ the claim is one which can hardly be allowed to-day—at any rate in its most obvious sense—and an easy initial explanation is that which has already been suggested, namely, that the Kabalists are really putting forward a theory of the Universe by reference to, and analogically with, the constitution and functions of the ego, which is assumed to be the world in miniature. If the primary axiom concerning man were thought to be established, the supposed nature of the "world below" would presumably follow from the mere fact of its intelligibility; for, man being the image of the Creator, and the manifest world being in some degree conformable to reason and design, the conclusion seems inevitable that the Universe as the object of consciousness is at least as intimately related to the Creator as it is to that finited atom of

* Zohar III, 48a. See SEPPER HA-ZOHAR, *Le Livre de la Splendeur*, traduit sur le texte chaldaique par Jean de Pauly, Paris, 1906, etc. Vol. V, p. 134.

† Zohar II, 20a. See *Ibid*, Vol. III, p. 97.

‡ It has been suggested that the terms "ocean" and "earth" do not bear their face-meaning in the quotation given above; but the point is one which, even if we suppose it determinable, need not concern us here.

spirit which is the Creator's express type and image. In other words, if the Universe is intelligible to the human mind, it must be an expression of the Divine Mind.

Having thus seen something of the kind of necessity under which speculation labours, we may perhaps be able to frame a rough and purely tentative canon which will protect us, on the one hand from too ardent a credulity, and on the other from too harsh a criticism, respecting the tenets of Kabalism. The truth is, that if we believe in the possibility of knowledge, we must admit, so to speak, a pre-established and eternal harmony between thought and its object, between the great world which we call the Universe, and the little world which is the mind of man. It follows that in ultimate analysis the substance of the not-self, considered as the object of knowledge, is identical with the substance of the self, and also that the two are cast in the same mould or built upon the same principle. As already indicated, it is impossible to hold that the finite mind will ever attain to complete knowledge, for in so doing it would become infinite. Therefore we must admit an unknowable element in the Universe, a THAT from which all things depend, but which, in relation to the highest dream and destiny of man, is adorned with the features of humanity. It may perhaps be considered metaphysically as the timeless substratum of divine and human ideation—or as corresponding, let us say, to the insoluble residuum always remaining in the alembic of thought. Yet It is that of which no quality, no state, is predicable, and to speak of It involves contradiction. Thus of "the Eternal of the Eternal Ones, the Ancient of the Ancient Ones, the Concealed of the Concealed Ones," it is said that "in His symbols He is knowable although He is unknowable. White are His garments, and His appearance is as a Face, vast and terrible in its vastness."

Of this nature, then, is the necessity which, in a remote sense, must predetermine all speculation concerning the Absolute. It is not important, however, that we should dwell upon the difficulty. Moreover, there is no cause for despair. The very necessity represents, as it were, a law or principle in the Universe, and as such it betokens an undeniable aspect of reality. Yet, too, this human mind which can, however dimly, recognize its limitations, has in a measure transcended them. At least, it need not fear defeat. Already it has overcome the initial obstacles which bar its progress in the mystery of knowledge, and we may believe that it will pass onwards, victoriously, for ever.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE TAMING OF HORSES BY OCCULT MEANS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have known a few men and women, Irish in every instance, who, merely by the voice—the use of a spoken language which worked like magic on the most vicious animals—could tame and train horses held to be unmanageable by professional trainers. When a boy, living in County Westmeath, I witnessed an aunt of mine training a “spirited” filly to the saddle and to the harness without any whip or physical corrective—but merely by the use of certain words spoken in what I take to have been the Irish language. I regret now that I was not then interested in occultism, and that aunt has long since departed to a higher sphere, taking her secret with her.

Last May, a paragraph appeared in the *Daily Record and Mail*—I forget the exact date—referring to a Scottish Court trial of some young Scotsmen of the farming class in Perthshire, who were arraigned for complicity in some “secret society” which had for its main object the taming and training of vicious horses by occult means, a certain secret spoken language being the prime factor in the process. The paragraph referred to was very vague indeed.

And George Borrow, in his vivid description of his first ride on an Irish cob, incidentally testifies to the existence of such a language which can be used by man to affect the horse either for good or for bad, which tempts me to trespass on your space by quoting:

“Can you do this, agra?” said the smith; and he uttered a word which I had never heard before, in a sharp, pungent tone. The effect upon myself was somewhat extraordinary: a strange thrill ran through me; but with regard to the cob it was terrible; the animal forthwith became like one mad, and reared and kicked with the utmost desperation. . . . “Go between his legs, agra,” said the smith—“his hinder legs”; and he again showed his fang. “I dare not,” said I; “he would kill me.” “He would kill ye! And how do ye know that, agra?” “I feel he would,” said I; “something tells me so.” “And it tells ye truth, agra; but it’s a fine beast, and it’s a pity to see him in such a state. *Is a gam an’t leigeus*” *—and here he uttered another word in a voice singularly modified, but

* “I have the remedy.”

sweet and almost plaintive. The effect of it was as instantaneous as that of the other, but how different! The animal lost all its fury, and became at once calm and gentle. The smith went up to it, coaxed and patted it, making use of various sounds of equal endearment.

My object in writing is to inquire, through the medium of your racy review, whether any of your readers could kindly throw light on this useful, though reserved, side of occultism.

Thanking you, I am, yours sincerely,

MORAYVILLE,

EDWARD WALLACE.

BATHGATE, LINLITHGOWSHIRE.

TELEPATHY IN RELATION TO ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I take in the OCCULT REVIEW regularly and read it with much interest. You may like to hear of two cases of telepathy relating to animals.

My great-niece, a little girl of four years old, has a tortoise as a pet. The tortoise is not at all an interesting creature. We are all kind to it, but it shows scarcely any intelligence; it certainly does not know any one of us from the rest.

One evening my niece, Mrs. —, was possessed with the feeling something was wrong with the tortoise. So strongly was she impressed that though the doors and garden gate were locked, and it was nearly dark, she got the keys and went out. She found the tortoise on his back in misery. He could not have turned himself, and would have had a terrible night had she not gone to him. He had been turned by an Aberdeen terrier in play. Later we saw the dog do this.

The strange thing is the influence the tortoise had on the mind of one of the family.

The other instance is this:—

Our friend, Mrs. —, has a beautiful little parakeet, a great pet. One morning she woke very early and felt impelled to get up and go down to the bird. So strong was her feeling that she did not delay, but rushed downstairs. In the drawing-room she found that the bird and cage were on the floor and a large strange cat was trying to get at the bird. Had she delayed, the bird must have been killed. She was too far away to have heard any noise from the drawing-room. The servants were not up, and the cat had got in at a window which had been left open. Mrs. — said she felt the bird wanted her.

I am giving you the names, but if you print the two accounts I have no authority for the names to be published.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

J. CONNOLLY.

40 SELBORNE ROAD,
HOVE.

A SYMBOLICAL DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I should be more than delighted if amongst your numerous readers you could find some one able and willing to interpret dreams, and in particular a dream I had lately and which I feel has some significance. My dreams often appear to me to be symbolical and capable of interpretation, but I evidently do not possess the necessary gift. The following dream is a case in point :—

I, along with a rather large number of people, all of whom were strangers to me, with the exception of a sister and a gentleman friend, were in a small wooden hut in a garden (such a place is quite unknown to me). There was a small window near the roof. My friend was sitting comfortably in a chair with his back to the window ; I was sitting on a bench at his side with a view of the window ; my sister and the others were standing. In looking up I noticed a large snake writhing its head outside at the window, but felt it prudent not to mention what I saw ; then I became aware of a large worm at my feet on the floor. I jumped down from my seat, and pushed it into the garden with my foot. My sister and the others vanished. The snake broke through the window and came to where I had been sitting. In alarm I called the attention of my friend to it ; he jumped from his chair, threw his arms around me to protect me, and I awoke.

I should be much obliged, if you consider this of any general interest, if you would kindly insert it in the OCCULT REVIEW.

With all good wishes, thanking you in anticipation,

Very sincerely yours,

SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

A VISION OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In the first flush of the War, when our men were joining the colours, from the sublime motive of Chivalry, and Conscriptio had not even cast its shadow on the land, while staying in a small hamlet near the sea, in Cornwall, on a wild and stormy night in November, 1914., there came to me a vision so real and impressive that I knew it for other than a passing dream.

About two o'clock, the rain, stabbing into the soft clay soil of the garden like bullets, the darkness inky black, and from the shore below coming the monotonous music of the thunder of the waves, I awoke and sat up in bed, apprehensive, frightened. Immediately to the left, and passing me silently, four abreast, in khaki, came a British company, breast high, and enveloped in a luminous, brownish mist, their faces, all turned towards me, showed pale, weary, with such a look of beseeching—

Like the look of one, who, dying,
Cannot voice his wish.

Especially did one face, youthful, clear-cut, delicate and yet strong in its mouldings, turn to me with insistency of regard ; and this same face I can sketch from memory now.

"Oh, what do you want of me, living or dead ? " I called aloud ; my night-clothes by this time were damp with the moisture called forth by fear. Were not these men Irish, blue-eyed and well-knit—from the wild West, and akin in blood and spirit to me, a Celt ?

The vision passed, swiftly as it came, but for many months it held me in a sort of bondage—as of one who has a debt and defers payment ; until, in July of last year (1915), I asked a priest in a Sussex church to offer Mass for the repose of the souls of the soldiers of my vision, and from that time to this moment I have never been troubled in the same way—and even should I try to conjure up those faces, with one exception it is an impossibility, for they have passed by me, into God's keeping.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
CARTHULA.

" WATER-DIVINING BY N.Z. : A PROTEST."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the " Protest " by Mr. F. C. Constable, in the September number of the OCCULT REVIEW, with considerable interest ; and, perhaps, there is some measure of justification for his " Protest."

But I think that it—as regards the anonymity—may be disposed of by the fact, stated in the REVIEW, p. 134—that you have the names of persons and location concerned in your possession ; also by the fact that, if Mr. Constable will write me (c/o yourself) agreeing not to make these details public without my consent I will give him the full names and location, as desired—which, at present, I am not authorized to publish.

Apparently the movement of the stick—in the manner I have described—*absolutely precluding*, as it does, " muscular action for immediate cause "—is so new to your correspondent that it appears utterly incredible. Nevertheless, it is a *fact* to which three (and probably more) eye-witnesses could be produced.

Mr. Constable suggests I should repeat my " experiment." To this allow me to point out that it was not *my* experiment : I merely record, as an eye-witness, the experiment of Mr. A. ; and were he in England, I would at once request him to repeat it in the presence of Mr. Constable and any other gentlemen who may wish to be present.

Pending this, I am afraid my word only must be taken for it.

Yours faithfully,

N. Z.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT seems to be an open question whether Bergson, whose sudden and world-wide vogue was perhaps without a precedent in the history of thought, will not ultimately be comparable among philosophers to the extinct Churchill among poets—one who “blazed the comet of a season.” *The Quest* gives all the prominence of its first pages to a study on Bergson's idea of God, by the assistant professor of philosophy at the Presidency College of Madras, Mr. S. Radhakrishnan, M.A. He begins—drastically enough—by proposing that the brilliant Frenchman is a typical product of democracy, of which France is the home, that he appeals to the *demos* and laymen, while the trained and the expert stand apart, a little puzzled at the enthusiasm, but unconvinced and beyond conviction. Whether it is altogether just is another question. Satisfactorily or not, Bergson represents an eirenicon of some kind between religion and science, and his phenomenal popularity among laymen and amateurs is an indication that the mind of the age demands a *modus vivendi* at least between those great concerns. By Bergson or another, that demand will have to be satisfied; and until it is the philosophies and their makers will come and go, however they may be dressed in brief authority for a day or a season. The need of the thinking *demos* is the need of the age and the world: it is out of democracies that experts come; it is thereby they stand or fall. The “specialists” in their class-rooms and their studies may continue to wonder at this or that “faëry tale of speculation,” and they may be right or wrong in any specific instance; but unless they can find and forge the bond which will weld together religion and science, their end will be in the limbus of forgotten things. Whether the finding and forging will ever be done by philosophers is also another question, and in this case the whole matter will pass over to a different court of judgment, where the specialists and experts will not even be called as witnesses. If religion is primarily and essentially of that subject which we call life, and if its realizations are of living experience, we have so far made our appeals to a wrong committee of investigation. We must have recourse to those who are trained in the life of the religious subject or in that aspect of life which is religion—and not for the purposes of debate, for the “great argument about it and about,” but for the way of realization in the life. Meanwhile, Professor Radhakrishnan—whose study as an essay in criticism deserves its place of honour—comes to the conclusion that Bergson's idea of God is “inadequate to the needs of the religious soul” and “likely to repel rather than attract religious people.” If so, like Whitman, “we have heard the quail and beheld the honey-bee, and sadly prepare to depart.” But it may be that there is another way, outside philosophy, which shall lead us to the high temple and the holy hill.

The Quest is a notable number in several respects. The current issue gives the conclusion of Mr. Waldron's *Modernist's Diary*. The priest has left the sanctuary and the lamp of it does not even shine behind him, unless indeed under deep veils in certain moments of inexpressible regret. He has paid the price of mental liberation and enters no plea that he has gained more than this. "I rise upon the crest and go down into the trough as the world about me does"; but he has not been led anywhere. He is in the state of the "open mind," which of course is the state of drifting on an open sea. He feels that truth is "forever varying with the shifting of our vision and the change of our mentality," but he has vague hopes for to-morrow. So there is something to be said after all for being a door-keeper in the House of the Lord: only it has been made rather difficult by the custodians of the word of the Lord. It is interesting to check the graphic history of Mr. Waldron's *apologia* by that of another writer of personal confessions in *The Quest* who has passed over from evangelical Christianity to the religion of Buddhism, and after ten years is still able to say that here is the religion for him. As a character study, the "Bikkhu's" memorial is not so arresting as that of the Dominican friar-priest, but it is also sincere in its way, while the note of joy and satisfaction with which one has found a harbour, offers the contrast to be expected with the dejected patience and the somewhat forlorn hopes of the other personal document. After all, the harbours of the mind may bring greater freedom than its wind-tossed seas. . . . A philosopher "in quest of the ideal" looking for the Absolute Reality, Mr. Mead says many good things and some things that are pregnant in the course of a long paper on varieties and aspects of the search after God. A word must also be said on Mrs. Weston's *Ruined Temple*, not that it is of note as a piece of imaginative writing, but because it suggests that she may be a trifle weary of her vegetation gods and other idols of the folk-lore societies.

The periodicals which are exponents of eastern religions and their connexions are, if anything, more interesting and a little more varied than usual. A good study of Muhammad as a personality and a force appears in *The Islamic Review*. The note of devotion is extraordinary, indeed a little overdone from our western standpoint, but the prophet of Islam is treated as an ideal of perfect humanity and a driving power for good. *The Kalpaka* has an aphoristic paper on the eternal wisdom, the practice of truth and the religion of the spirit. It maintains an unity of principle at the heart of all the creeds. *The Vedanta Kesari*, in addition to its serial articles—which we have referred to on previous occasions—considers work in its relation to life and affirms that those who are fixed "in the heart and centre of things" do the greatest service to humanity. *Self Culture* gives space at some length to the inspirations of a western writer on the Cosmic Secret. It is the work of a woman who interweaves Masonic symbolism, alchemy, the Hebrew alphabet, Kundalini and a few frantic etymologies to show that the

secret is sex and that woman is the sacred altar. In *The Wednesday Review* Sir J. Compton Rickett considers the question whether patriotism can replace religion, and decides properly in the negative. But he goes on to propose that a philosophic form of Buddhism might become the established religion of the British Empire, which seems impossible rather than Utopian and as little desirable as likely. *United India* gives in a brief compass a clear account of Swami Dayananda and the foundation of the Arya Samaj.

Among theosophical publications, *The Vahan* has a quarterly supplement, under the editorship of Mr. D. N. Dunlop, which contains several interesting articles, including one on the religion of the Incas. It tells of new light obtained on the subject from manuscripts preserved in Spanish archives and now in course of publication by Spanish and South American scholars. They are said to indicate the recognition in ancient Peru, of an unknown God, the giver of life to the universe, a kind of spiritual sun, represented in manifest Nature by the material sun, his child and his minister. This Supreme Being stood in the same relation to the universe as the soul of a man stands in its relation to his body. The account is in all respects remarkable; it is to be hoped that the research will continue and may be taken up by English students, or at least by competent translators of the results reached by Spanish writers. One prayer of an Inca quoted by *The Vahan* is of extraordinary spiritual value . . . A writer in *The Theosophist* borrows a remarkable story concerning a visit to England made by a Master Mason "of the highest order"—whatever that expression may mean—for the purpose of exhibiting a set of celestial charts to the Duke of Sussex, then Grand Master, and to the Grand Master of Denmark. They were examined by Dr. Crucifix "and other high brethren," but proved beyond their comprehension. About the same time, 1820, the charts were published in a school celestial atlas, and in 1850 the author of *Veritas* tried to trace the originals, but failed. The theosophical writer thinks that they were one of the Keys to the Mysteries. We have consulted *Veritas*, and find that the unknown Mason is called the French Grand Master, and that he left England without seeing the Duke of Sussex, who is said to have regretted the fact afterwards.

We have mentioned on a previous occasion the growing interest in questions of colour symbolism and the want of concurrence as to ascriptions and meanings. *Rays from the Rosy Cross* gives the colours attributed to planets according to one system, but there is no canon on the subject. Mercury is in correspondence with violet, but according to another scheme it is connected with yellow, and we have met with yet further variations, as, e.g. opal and blended colours. Mars is usually red, but it may be crimson, scarlet or carmine, according to the authority who is followed. The sun in old-world lore may be orange, yellow, golden or brilliant white, while the moon is sometimes green and sometimes blue, white or iridescent pearl. Venus is often green, but it may be rose, pale blue or even red.

B B

REVIEWS

TIGER-WOLVES. By Frank Hamel. Crown 8vo. Pp. vi. + 328.
London: Grafton & Co. Price 5s. net.

THOSE who are acquainted with Miss Hamel's interesting folk-lore book on *Human Animals*, and who may have seen my review of it in the January issue of this magazine, may mistake for a moment the character of her latest volume. It suggests another study in old-world lore; but *Tiger-Wolves* is a novel of South African life, though the title scarcely suggests it. There is, however, another element within it, which accounts for its coming into my hands, seeing that I am not a general reader of stories later than the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Of its merits as a work of fiction I must speak briefly and almost tentatively. To the lover of books of adventure it can scarcely fail to appeal, for the adventures are what is called breathless. To the more serious reader of novels—as of things which hold up a mirror to life as it is—I conceive that it will appeal also, since it is a grouping of living characters. Finally, Miss Hamel—judged by such tests as I can put—has an intimate first-hand acquaintance with English life in South Africa, though it must be now somewhat back in the past, having regard to the extent of her literary work in England. Here is another direction in which it should command an audience; and the fact that one like myself, who has no interest in colonial life and literature, has read it from cover to cover must show, I think, that it is a particularly readable book—which is enough on this part of the subject. And now as to the element within it. Setting aside what belongs to the draperies of fiction, there is firstly a very graphic indication of Kaffir secret societies, of the occult and magical kind, with a hint at their objects, being the extraction of a living virtue from the flesh and blood of animals and human beings, for which purpose they are mutilated and then left to die. In the rites practised the forms of animals are assumed in a kind of masquerade, which is partly inherent in the demoniacal proceedings and for the rest serves as a safeguard by the terror which it inspires. There is nothing overt in the narrative from which one can infer that the rites are efficacious in any occult sense: it is rather a question of the simulation of things supernatural to attain the end in view—being the virtue obtained by the mutilation of living creatures. Presumably Miss Hamel can throw very little light on the central interest, which is the effect presumed to follow from the use of the ghastly unguents containing the virtue. But in the second place her story, by means of some striking episodes, and also by her statements otherwise, suggests that within experience of her own there is enough to create a presumption that strange things occur in the ceremonies, or otherwise follow therefrom, and that African legends concerning human animals are not mere superstitions, but afford a glimpse of a very terrible opening into an abyss of psychism. *Tiger-Wolves* is therefore a remarkable work, and is well worth reading, both as a story and otherwise.

A. E. WAITE.

THE WRACK OF THE STORM. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Crown 8vo. Cloth. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, W.C. Price 5s. net.

THE sixteen essays and three speeches contained in this volume are the contribution to the mass of war literature of a writer who has already gained a large audience among reflective readers. Though such a collection does not command the same attention as a cohesive and connected work, much that is of real value and much that is inspiring and consoling is to be gleaned from its pages. The implacable horror of war is overshadowed and even eclipsed by the nobility evoked by this same horror. We are content to believe with Maeterlinck that what the soldier is doing is "good work." "Beyond a doubt," he writes, "somewhere on high, in the heart of the unknown powers that rule us, there is being piled up at this moment the most wonderful treasure of immaterial forces that man has ever possessed, one upon which he will draw until the end of time." This is the note which is constantly struck throughout the book. The heaps of slain men become a mount of vision for mankind; the dead do not die. "All those forces of wisdom, patience, honour and self-sacrifice which increase day by day and which we ourselves, who are far from the field of danger, feel rising within us without knowing whence they come, are nothing but the souls of the heroes gathered and absorbed by our own souls." As to the fate of those who have fallen in battle, "is it open to us," he asks, "to give a consoling gleam of light that shall not be mere mockery and delusion?" and in reply he says, "I venture to declare, without for a moment losing sight of the respect due to grief, that we possess a strange but real source of information and comfort." This source is to be found in the "strange and incredible faculty" of the medium, and the suggestive examination of this faculty in the chapter entitled "The Supernatural in War-Time," will be of especial interest to the readers of this Review. Although much has been already written and much more will be of a certainty yet written on, "When the War is Over," the few pages devoted to this subject will hardly be bettered; nor among the many "Books" issued by committees detailing the atrocities committed by the enemy is there any which more vividly accentuates the cruelty, injustice and hideousness of the thing than the quasi-prophetic vision of the author in the sketch *The Massacre of The Innocents*. Truly, as Maurice Maeterlinck writes in his preface, "There are crimes that obliterate the past and close the future." *The Wrack of the Storm* is full of vital and earnest writing by a master hand. P. S. WELBY.

NEVER AGAIN! By Edward Carpenter. Demy 8vo. Paper. Pp. 24. London: Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 6d. net.

SURELY the fire of prophecy illuminates the mind of Edward Carpenter as he pens this "protest and warning addressed to the peoples of Europe," adjuring them by all that is best and noblest in humanity; by all the heroism and self-sacrifice called forth in these terrible days of war, to see to it that it shall never again occur! To France in particular—France who has borne the brunt of the conflict, while her allies were preparing to take their stand by her side; to the France that has "emerged from the war a changed nation, serious and resolute," he sounds the clarion call to

"the great work which she has before her—of building the great first Democratic State of Europe and becoming the corner-stone of the future European Confederation." They must be pessimists indeed who, in reading, fail to catch the echo of the great hope that sounds throughout the pages of this arresting essay.

H. J. S.

PSYCHIC FORCE: An Experimental Investigation of a Little Known Power. By Gambier Bolton, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., Author of "A Book of Beasts and Birds," "Ghosts in Solid Form," etc. Published by the Spiritualists' National Union, Ltd., 30 Glen Terrace, Clover Hill, Halifax, Yorks. Price 1s.

IN this painstaking and comprehensive manual Mr. Gambier Bolton, late President of the London Psychological Society and author of *Ghosts in Solid Form*, has more than skimmed the surface of the results of researches by many eminent scientists, particularly those of Sir William Crookes, and Professors A. Russel Wallace and Zöllner. Following in these classic footsteps Mr. Gambier Bolton's own exhaustive experiments have provided him with ample personal proof of the existence of that mysterious energy termed "psychic force." The author gives the fullest instructions for the formation of experimental groups of sitters, and the general conditions under which such investigations should be carried out to ensure success. He also very rightly emphasizes the absolute importance of selecting experimenters with great care; for, as he says, the sitters should bear "the same relation to one another that the strings of a musical instrument do, and all must strive to vibrate in unison," and "just as one discord will mar a whole selection, so one discordant person present at any experimental meeting will assuredly disarrange the harmonious conditions that should prevail." Mr. Gambier Bolton inclines to the old axiom of alternate male and female sitters, but concedes that the real need is the alternation of positive and negative temperaments. He does not specially limit the number of experimenters in the circle, but one would imagine that, on the principle of the musical scale, seven would be the *perfect* number, with the sensitive as octave or key-note. I warmly commend this little book as a safe guide through the intricacies of the psychic labyrinth.

EDITH K. HARPER.

A WORLD EXPECTANT. The Study of a Great Possibility. By E. A. Wodehouse, M.A. Star Publishing Trust, 240 Hope Street, Glasgow. Price 2s. 6d. net.

It is rather difficult within the scope of a short review to do full justice to the enormous interest of this intensely absorbing book. This author's mind is, as it were, a crucible into which have been cast thoughts concerning every question of vital moment to humanity, past, present, and to come. This does not leave much for Shakespeare, the Myriad-minded, I admit, but every sympathetic reader will doubtless see my point. . . . In tracing the forces which are everywhere at work, "ever remoulding life, and so throwing up continually new problems for solution," the author has grouped his conclusions under two large generalizations, one of which he calls "The New Vitalism"—a tendency everywhere the same, whether in Religion, Science, Philosophy, Art, Education, Medicine, Politics, or the

simplifications and complexities of everyday life. The other is "The New Organization," a force which tends toward the deepening of national life, yet withal to a closer linking together of all nations into an organic whole. Mr. Wodehouse reads in these two vast tendencies "a sign that we are on the eve of a great reconstruction of the world, and that the time is coming for the Spirit to build for Itself a new mansion upon earth." He believes, as so many now believe, that the time is near at hand for the appearance of another Great Teacher, who will gather together all these tangled threads and blend them into a harmonious whole, in a manner best adapted to the needs of the New Civilization that will be born out of the terrible world-agony through which we are now passing. In his two concluding chapters, the author briefly foreshadows the new order of things, on a spiritual basis, that will come into being with the reign of "sweeter manners, purer laws." The continuity of life after so-called "death" will be an acknowledged scientific fact, beyond discussion. This certitude will, of course, absolutely revolutionize existence. Think, also, of the further possibilities of inspiration in Art and Healing, by the extension of sight and hearing into realms of finer vibrations! With this quickening of spiritual faculties will come a return of Reverence, and "an ever-increasing Kindliness," "bringing refreshment to men, like the coming of Spring."

Two beautiful sonnets, "Looking Eastward" and "Envoi," express the world's present sorrow and its future hope. . . . Such an evangel as this book is a fitting forerunner of the coming new expressions of the old, the only Wisdom.

EDITH K. HARPER.

VITALISM: BEING TEN LESSONS IN SPIRITUAL HEALING AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By Paul Vyner. London: L. N. Fowler and Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE Greek philosopher said that a happy life could only be obtained by freedom from pain and care; and he added sadly that no wealth could safeguard a man against these. Mr. Vyner, with a more liberal interpretation of the word *wealth*, does not hesitate to declare that happiness is possible, and within the reach of all sorts and conditions of men.

Yet, withal, he is no fierce and system-ridden optimist, to whom the ills of life appear as delusive mists, to be easily and promptly scattered by a fruitarian diet, deep breathing, or hygienic underwear. Indeed, he discourages the theory that any drastic outward change in habit or occupation is necessary to spiritual healing.

His Gospel is, rather, to be expressed in Stevenson's words:—

"The world is so full of a number of things!"

It is in this infinite wealth, these inexhaustible cosmic riches which lie around us, and from which our own individuality was, in the first instance, derived, that he would have each soul seek for its way of salvation; the widening of its powers, and pleasures, the cure for its sicknesses, languors, and old age.

The aim of every man should be to establish a correspondence between the Infinite Energy, and the centre of kindred energy in himself.

How this may be brought about, Mr. Vyner's "Ten Chapters" set forth with a lucidity and brevity none too common in handbooks of the kind.

The chapters entitled "Body Building" and "Realization" are

especially fresh and helpful. They will go far towards providing that food for thought on which the writer insists as the one essential for spiritual growth, and for the arrest of mental decay. G. M. H.

ANCIENT MYSTERY TOWERS. By Samuel Smallwood. Hitchin: William Carling and Co., Printers. Price 1s. ; 1s. 3d. post free.

IN various parts of England there remain some extremely interesting survivals of mediæval times known as Mystery Towers. They are built of stone, bearing evidences of great age, and are so named because they were originally built as open air theatres for the representation of those scenes from the Old and New Testaments known as "Mystery Plays," which formed so great a part of the religious education of our forefathers. Mr. Samuel Smallwood has compiled a brief but most interesting account of the origin of those sacred dramas, and gives minute descriptions of the curious structures in which they were performed. After such a strenuous mode of "suggestion" as the presentation of Hell, its tailed and hooped caretakers, and the torments of their shrieking victims, one wonders that there should be a spark of Original Sin left in the world to-day! The author has also a short chapter on the Crusades—those buccaneering expeditions of the Middle Ages from which so much that is beautiful in religious tradition has come down to us. The great "infidel" Sultan of Syria, Salah-ed-Din, whom we call Saladin, has left a record of mercy towards his Christian foes for which in the crusading annals of those times we seek in vain a Christian parallel. But I refer readers to Mr. Smallwood's all-too short work, which, though it makes no pretensions to literary "style," never fails in interest, and must stimulate further inquiry into an ever-fascinating theme. EDITH K. HARPER.

THE PENITENT OF BRENT. By Michael Wood. Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London. Price 4s. 6d.

"To heal by punishment" is the theme of this extraordinary story, which exhibiting no special literary merit, yet contains interest and charm and is out of the general run of novels.

It relates how the youth, Jesse Cameron, goaded into madness by the treatment of a harsh and unjust parent, falls into an "infernal ecstasy" of hatred before the Altar and invokes the aid of a Higher Power to help him kill his father. Though another man actually fires the shot and is hanged for the deed, the horrified and conscience-stricken lad holds himself morally responsible in that he by the force of will and prayer projected the idea into the real murderer's mind—a sin for which no law could hold him accountable. After the trial he confesses to a priest, imploring punishment. His life-long repentance and penance in consequence make terrible reading to English minds.

It is to be regretted that so finely conceived an idea should not have been better executed, the story is hurried and lacking in plot and incident, yet there are many fragrant passages, and we confess to being immensely attracted to the unfortunate boy, a fine character moulded and chastened by discipline and obedience.

The book may be safely recommended to all those interested in spiritual matters and familiar with strict Catholic methods in dealing with souls.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.