

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"

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, 85 Duane Street, New York; The *Macey Publishing Company*, 45-49 John Street, New York; The *Curtiss Philosophic Book Co., Inc.*, 1731 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; The *Western News Company*, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from the *Theosophist Office*, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XXIV.

DECEMBER 1916

No. 6

NOTES OF THE MONTH

SINCE the appearance of Frederick Myers's comprehensive volume on *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, the contributions to the study of psychical phenomena and their elucidation have been remarkably numerous. But not one of them has attracted the same amount of attention as Myers's *magnum opus*, nor has any, so far as I am aware, dealt with the subjects concerned in so full and exhaustive a manner. The other books have rather taken up some specific standpoint or side line of investigation, or else dealt with experiences of some particular individual of greater or lesser note. There have been partial exceptions to this, notably among the publications of our neighbours across the Channel, as, for instance, the book on *Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena*, by Dr. Paul Joire of the Psycho-physiological Institute of France, which has recently been

"RAYMOND,
OR LIFE
AFTER
DEATH."

translated into English.* But generally speaking, the statement made holds good, and the latest work of Sir Oliver Lodge, *Raymond, or Life after Death*,† is no exception to this general rule. It is, in fact, rather an attempt to study the problem of life after death and communications from the other side in the light of one specific instance to which, for obvious reasons, exceptional value is attached by the writer. From the point of view of the general public there are advantages and disadvantages in a study of this kind. It is obvious that the author of the book must be in a better position to appreciate the value of much of the evidence given than any outsider, and the fact that he recognizes the undoubted *bona fides* of many of the communications will be taken accordingly by many readers as the best possible proof of their authenticity. Others, however, who are more inclined to lay stress on the arguments of the sceptic, will be disposed to maintain that the very desire itself to satisfy himself of the continued existence and happiness of his son may, not unnaturally, tend to warp a father's judgment in a case where dispassionate criticism is especially needful.

The book is divided into three parts and, as regards the first two, it is, as has already been specifically indicated, the study of a particular case. The first of these parts is not, except indirectly, of interest from the point of view of the psychical researcher. It merely aims, by means of letters from the front, and a short preliminary notice, at introducing the reading public to the character and personality of Raymond Lodge, in order that they may thus be in a better position to test the value of the evidence. The second and larger section of the book, comprising approximately 200 pp., is a record of the psychical evidences collected in relation to the case in question. These records contain messages through trance mediumship, through automatic writing, and through typtology or table turning. The third portion of the book, consisting of little more than half as much matter as the second, deals with Sir Oliver Lodge's personal attitude towards the problems of life and death, and will prove to many people the most controversial portion of the whole work. There is, almost inevitably, a considerable portion of the evidential section which is very like a great deal of other evidence that is perfectly familiar to every careful student of psychical re-

* *Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena*. By Dr. Paul Joire. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 10s. 6d. net.

† *Raymond, or Life and Death*. By Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 10s. 6d. net.

search. There are, however, among other records of a more ordinary character, two or three which strike one as being of a unique kind, and of special evidential value. There is first of all the "Faunus message," a record which may not, perhaps, make special appeal to the ordinary reader; but to the classical student, and especially to one who realizes how steeped in classical thought was the alleged communicator in his earth-life, will appear in the light of a singularly apposite and convincing piece of evidence. The alleged communicator in question was Frederick Myers. The communication antedated the death of Raymond Lodge by upwards of five weeks, and when first received, though appearing in the light of a warning, did not convey to Sir Oliver Lodge's mind the idea of the particular catastrophe that was actually imminent.

Sir Oliver received the warning from Miss Alta Piper, the daughter of Mrs. Piper, the well-known American medium. The sitting at which the communication occurred took place at Mrs. Piper's house, Greenfield, New Hampshire, on August 8, 1915. The sitting was held on behalf of a certain Miss Robbins who, it will be seen, was completely mystified by the reference it contained—a matter of small wonder. Richard Hodgson is controlling the medium, and it will be noticed addresses Sir Oliver as if he was really present. The report of the sitting sent to Sir Oliver Lodge is as follows (Dr. Hodgson, it will be seen, gives the message as from Frederick Myers):—

R. H. : Now, Lodge, while we are not here as of old, *i.e.*, not quite, we are here enough to take and give messages. Myers says you take the part of the poet, and he will act as Faunus. *Faunus*.

Miss R. : Faunus ?

R. H. : Yes. Myers. Protect. He will understand. What have you to say, Lodge ? Good work. Ask Verrall, she will also understand. Arthur says so (*i.e.* Dr. Arthur W. Verrall, deceased).

Some confusion follows this communication, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of Miss Robbins; but finally Dr. Hodgson, recurring to the Faunus allusion, observes: "Myers is straight about poet and Faunus." Sir Oliver Lodge, on receipt of this message, wrote a line as suggested by Dr. Hodgson, to Mrs. Verrall, asking her "Does the poet and Faunus mean anything to you? Did one protect the other?" Mrs. Verrall replied, September 8, referring Sir Oliver to Horace, Book 2, Ode xvii, and also to other references to the poet's accident through

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HORACE.

the falling of a tree. The principal reference, that in Ode 2, xvii., runs as follows:—

Me truncus illapsus cerebro
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
Dextra levasset, Mercurialium
Custos virorum.

(A trunk of a tree falling on my head would have finished me off, had not Faunus lightened the blow with his right hand—Faunus, the guardian of mercurial men.) “Mercurial men” in this verse is obviously an allusion on Horace’s part to the idea that poets and writers generally were held to be under the special rule of Mercury.

Raymond Lodge was killed near Ypres on September 14, 1915, and his family received the news on September 17. It was then recognized that the blow to which Myers had referred in his cryptic classical allusion had fallen. Some correspondence ensued, and Sir Oliver Lodge quotes a letter which he received in reference to the exact meaning of the passage from the Rev. M. A. Bayfield, ex-Headmaster of Eastbourne College. Mr. Bayfield wrote as follows:—

Horace does not, in any reference to his escape, say clearly whether the tree struck him, but I have always thought it did. He says Faunus lightened the blow; he does not say “turned it aside.” As bearing on your terrible loss, the meaning seems to be that the blow would fall but would not crush; it would be “lightened” by the assurance, conveyed afresh to you by a special message from the still living Myers, that your boy still lives.

I shall be interested to know what you think of this interpretation. The “protect” I take to mean protect from being overwhelmed by the blow, from losing faith and hope, as we are all in danger of doing when smitten by some crushing personal calamity. Many a man when so smitten, has, like Merlin, “lain as dead, and lost to life and use and name and fame.” That seems to me to give a sufficiently precise application to the word (on which Myers apparently insists) and the whole reference of Horace.

Elsewhere Horace describes himself, alluding to the same catastrophe, as “almost killed by a blow from a tree.” It is therefore, I think, perfectly obvious that there is no suggestion in the passage quoted that the blow was “turned aside,” and as a matter of fact the Latin is not susceptible of this construction. The accident evidently made a considerable impression on the poet himself, or he would not have alluded to it so many times. I think it was obviously a case of “touch-and-go.” Had the message been sent to Raymond Lodge it would plainly have

been inappropriate, as it would have implied that he would have been wounded, but would have escaped. As sent to the father it appears to convey the exact meaning intended. The communication could hardly be more characteristic of the sender. To use a colloquial phrase, it is "Myers all over."

The second piece of evidence to which I would draw special attention is that connected with a peacock owned by the Lodges, and which rejoiced in the name of Mr. Jackson. The sitting at which the incident occurred took place at Mrs. Osborne Leonard's house on Friday, March 3, 1916. Mrs. Osborne Leonard, as usual, went into a trance, and Feda, her control, took charge. Feda is apparently a young girl whose intelligence is not very highly developed, and who has a plentiful supply of childish prattle. Feda, in these séances, naturally plays the part of go-between, between Raymond Lodge and his father, or any other relative who happens to be present. To play the part of go-between, it may be well to add, frequently implies something a little more than this, almost amounting to the acting as interpreter by a person who does not much more than half understand the language. The object of the séance is to get evidence of the communicator's identity, and various questions are put with a view to inducing Raymond to show knowledge of his earth life. Suddenly a bright idea occurs to Sir Oliver. He will attempt to discover, he thinks, if his son remembers anything about the favourite peacock. The following conversation thereupon ensues :—

O. J. L. (*addressing his son*): Do you remember a bird in our garden ?

FEDA (*sotto voce*): Yes, hopping about ?

O. J. L. : No, Feda, a big bird.

FEDA : Of course not sparrows, he says ! Yes, he does. (*Sotto voce.*) Did he hop, Yajmond ? No, he says he could not call it a hop.

Feda was evidently bewildered, and tried to obtain from Raymond an idea of the nature of the bird in question, without much success. The inquiry seemed likely to lead no whither and Sir Oliver Lodge decided to start on another tack, evidently regretting that he ever suggested the idea of a bird, and anxious to remove the impression from Feda's mind before proceeding further.

O. J. L. : Well, we will go on to something else now. I don't want to bother him about birds. Ask him, does he remember Mr. Jackson ?

FEDA : Yes. Going away, going away, he says. He used to come to the door. (*FEDA, sotto voce, Do you know what he means ? Any one*

can come to the door!) He used to see him every day, he says, every day. (*Sotto voce*. What did he do, Yaymond?) He says nothing. (I can't make out what he says.) He's thinking. It's Feda's fault he says.

O. J. L. : Well, never mind. Report anything he says, whether it makes sense or not.

FEDA : He says he fell down. He's sure of that. He hurt himself. He builds up a letter T and he shows a gate, a small gate—looks like a footpath ; not one in the middle of the town. Pain in hands and arms.

O. J. L. : Was he a friend of the family ?

FEDA : No. No, he says no. He gives Feda a feeling of tumbling, again he gives a feeling as though—Feda thinks Yaymond's joking—he laughed. He was well known among us, he says, and yet, he says, not a friend of the family. Scarcely a day passed without his name being mentioned. He's joking, Feda feels sure. He's making fun of Feda.

O. J. L. : No, tell me all he says.

FEDA : He says, put him on a pedestal. No, that they put him on a pedestal. He was considered very wonderful. And he 'specs that he wouldn't have appreciated it if he had known ; but he didn't know, he says. Not sure if he ever will, he says. It sounds nonsense, what he says. Feda has got an impression that he's mixing him up with the bird, because he said something about a bird in the middle of it—just while he said something about Mr. Jackson, and then he pulled himself up, and changed it again. Just before he said " pedestal " he said " fine bird " and then stopped. In trying to answer the one he got both mixed up, both mixed up, Mr. Jackson and the bird.

O. J. L. : How absurd ! Perhaps he's getting tired.

FEDA : He won't say he got mixed up ! But he did ! Because he said " Fine bird," and then he started off about Mr. Jackson.

O. J. L. : What about the pedestal ?

FEDA : On a pedestal he said.

O. J. L. : Would he like him put on a pedestal ?

FEDA : No, he doesn't say nothing.

(Contemporary Note by Sir O. J. L.) : The episode of Mr. Jackson and the bird is a good one. Mr. Jackson is the comic name of our peacock. Within the last week he has died, partly, I fear, by the severe weather. But his legs have been rheumatic and troublesome for some time ; and in trying to walk he of late has tumbled down. He was found dead in a yard on a cold morning with his neck broken. One of the last people I saw before leaving home for this sitting was a man whom Lady Lodge had sent to take the bird's body and have it stuffed. She showed him a wooden pedestal on which she thought it might be placed, and tail feathers were being sent with it. Hence, the reference to the pedestal, if not telepathic from me, shows a curious knowledge of what was going on. And the jocular withholding from Feda of the real meaning of " Mr. Jackson " and the appropriate remarks made concerning him which puzzled Feda, were quite in Raymond's vein of humour.

Sir Oliver Lodge, it seems to me, is quite justified in saying that this is a good case. The bewilderment of Feda over the matter of the peacock is in fact almost parallel to the bewilderment

of Miss Robbins over the matter of the quotation from Horace. The evidence would have been stronger still if Sir Oliver had started on his second tack at first, and not alluded to a bird at all. Still, even as it is, it strikes one as being a very singular and unique piece of evidence. Feda evidently quite accepted the idea that the conversation had been changed, and could not understand why it should revert to the subject of birds. Those who attempt to discredit it will be compelled to assume that Mrs. Osborne Leonard had special and detailed knowledge with regard to Sir Oliver Lodge's peacock, and that she was capable of playing a very subtle and ingenious game of deception when apparently in a state of trance. One would like to know why it is, however, that so many mediums appear to be controlled by prattling and not very intelligent children. The amount of baby-talk that goes on in consequence is apt to impress the scientific mind none too favourably.

A third very successful test episode was the result of two simultaneous sittings, one in London and one at Edgbaston, Birmingham. Raymond's brother and sister, Lionel and Norah Lodge, had arranged, in passing through London, on Friday, May 26, 1916, to have a sitting with Mrs. Leonard at noon. The sitting was actually held from 11.55 till 1.30. Apparently it suddenly occurred to their brother, Alec, at Birmingham, to try for a correspondence test. He persuaded two of his sisters who were then at the Lady Mayoress's Depôt making surgical bandages, to go home with him to try a brief table-sitting. The object of this was to get in touch with Raymond through the table, and ask him to induce Feda, Mrs. Osborne Leonard's control in London, to say the word "Honolulu" at the sitting which they knew was being held there. They were apparently successful in getting in touch with Raymond, who vigorously accepted and acquiesced in the proposal; the sitting in question only lasting ten minutes, from 12.10 to 12.20. Having carried through this arrangement, they immediately proceeded to post a card as follows:

A WORD
IN SEASON.

MARIEMONT, *May 26, 12.29 p.m.*

Honour, Rosalynde, and Alec sitting in drawing-room at table. Knowing Lionel and Norah having Feda sitting in London simultaneously. Asked Raymond to give our love to Norah and Lionel and try and get Feda to say "Honolulu." Norah and

Lionel know nothing of this, as it was arranged by A. M. L. after 12 o'clock to-day.

(Signed) ALEC M. LODGE.
HONOR G. LODGE.
ROSALYNDE V. LODGE.

It is endorsed on the back in pencil "Posted at B'ham G.P.O. 12.43 p.m." and, in ink, "Received by me 7 p.m. : O. J. L. Opened and read and filed at once." The post mark bears the date 1 p.m., May 26, 1916. Naturally the sitters in London knew nothing of this arrangement, and did not in fact make a report of their sitting, which did not strike them as a particularly good one, until both had returned from Eastbourne a week later. The notes were then given to Sir Oliver to read to the family. The essential parts of the record run as follows :—

Sitting of Lionel and Norah with Mrs. Leonard in London, Friday, May 26, 1916, beginning 11.55 a.m.

Extracts from Report by L. L.

After referring to Raymond's married sister¹ and her husband, Feda suddenly ejaculated : How is Alec ?

L. L. : Oh, all right.

FEDA : He just wanted to know how he was, and send his love to him. He does not always see who is at the table ; he feels some more than others.

* * * * *

FEDA : Raymond has met another boy like Paul, a boy called Ralph. He likes him. There is what you call a set. People meet there who are interested in the same things. Ralph is a very decent sort of chap. (To Norah.) You could play ?

N. M. L. : Play what ?

FEDA : Not a game, a music.

N. M. L. : I am afraid I can't, Raymond.

FEDA (*sotto voce*) : She can't do that. He wanted to know whether you could play Hulu—Honolulu. Well, can't you try to ? He is rolling with laughter (meaning that he's pleased with something).

It will be noticed that Feda introduces the question about playing a tune in an entirely inapropos kind of manner, and drags in the word Honolulu by the horns, almost as if they had been playing a game of proverbs. The amusement of Raymond at the success of the stratagem and *their* failure to see the point of the sudden and unexpected inquiry is very natural. It may, indeed, as Sir Oliver Lodge suggests, be argued that this is pure telepathy. But how much does not telepathy of this character appear to imply ? And, after all, if it is telepathy pure and simple, how about the apparent appreciation by Raymond of the proposal

A
SUCCESSFUL
STRATAGEM.

by his brother in Birmingham, and the very pointed and dramatic way in which it was acquiesced in and carried out? Telepathy between the two sets of sitters can hardly be regarded as sufficient to explain the whole episode, even though it may be accepted as an adequate solution of the successful transferring of the word Honolulu from Birmingham to London. The more, indeed, this little incident is considered, the more valuable it appears evidentially.

The third portion of Sir Oliver Lodge's book is entitled "Life and Death," and deeply interesting as it is, it must frankly be admitted that it bristles with contentious matter. Sir Oliver says, indeed, in his introduction to this section, that he is under no delusion that every philosophical reader will agree with him. The presumption, I think, is very strong that very few philosophical readers will agree with him throughout, however much they may find to endorse here and there. The advanced scientific schools of the present day will doubtless find little to quarrel with in the author's postulate of "the real existence of some kind of vital energy or vivifying principle as a controlling and guiding entity in the cosmos," much as an earlier scientific school would have demurred to this view. It is when we come to Sir Oliver Lodge's ideas in regard to fate and determinism, and to the question of the appropriateness of such an expression as "contingency" in relation to the evolution of the universe, and to the chapters where the author's science impinges on theology, and where he attempts to erect a kind of scientific theology, on the basis of a transmogrified Christian orthodoxy, that he will find the deep thinker and the man of philosophical breadth of outlook shake their heads dubiously over a number of the propositions which he seeks, however tentatively, to advance.

"The doctrines of uniformity and determinism (he says) are supposed to be based upon experience; but experience includes experience of the actions of human beings, and some of them certainly appear to be of a capricious and undetermined character." It is only necessary to retort to this that if the reign of law and order is true in nature it is universal in its applicability; that is, it not only includes the action of nature's forces, but the apparently, yet only apparently, capricious actions of the human race. There was a time, not so very long ago, when men saw in the various agencies of nature the capricious intervention of one deity or another in the affairs of mankind. Sir Oliver

CON-
TENTIOUS
MATTER.

DETER-
MINISM
AND LAWS
OF NATURE.

Lodge apparently still sees in the activities of the animal kingdom no less than of the human race, this element of caprice which it has been the business of latter-day science to eliminate from the category of the actual and the real. "The simplest view [he says] of the orbits of a group of flies as they play, is that their activity is self-determined, and that they are flying about at their own will and turning when and where they choose. . . . Here we see freewill in its simplest form." Yes, this is indeed the simplest and most obvious view. It is the view which would inevitably impress a native of South Africa, or an aboriginal Australian; but have we not got beyond this in the second decade of the twentieth century? And if this is all that Sir Oliver Lodge means by freewill, surely the term must be taken to imply much less than the present-day thinker would include in its implications. "Contingency," Sir Oliver Lodge would have us believe, introduces an element of "risk" into the whole cosmic scheme. The Deity, though he does not say so in so many words, is presented to us, according to his theory, as an arch-speculator. Even the very flies, the whole of the insect tribe, and still more, the animal creation, could obviously upset, by their wilful and independent action, the entire cosmic plan. In so complicated a scheme it is surely obvious that the destruction of even one link in the chain might be fatal to the entire concept of its evolution.

THE DEITY
AS ARCH-
SPECULATOR. How much more so, then, if the human race itself "took the bit between its teeth," to use a colloquialism, and jibbed at the fulfilment of the Divine purposes! After the "grant to living creatures of freewill"—the phrase is Sir Oliver's own, though I am bound to say that it strikes one as glaringly unscientific—"things could go wrong. They might be kept right by main force, but that would not be playing the game." "Ultimate good was not guaranteed." Presumably, in short, the Deity was taking so big a risk that the Devil saw in it his great opportunity. This is surely dualism with a vengeance; and we are not surprised to find Sir Oliver Lodge observing in his introductory remarks: "In so far as the author's manner of statement is in terms of frank dualism, he regards that as inevitable for scientific purposes." It is true that he modifies this observation by stating that he does not suppose that any form of dualism can be the last word about the universe; but the effort to reconcile any idea of ultimate unity with a universe which has taken its destinies into its own hands may well result in mental paralysis.

To my thinking, I confess, freewill and determinism, like

Science and Religion, are but two aspects of the same truth, viewed from different positions. If the element of "risk" came into the universe with the arrival of the flies, if, that is, the evolution of the whole became subject to caprice or whim with the advent of voluntary action, even in the lowest organisms, is it not obvious that mankind would never have come into existence at all? Surely, too, if that "far off divine event" is not a certainty, but rather a more than dubious possibility, dependent upon the caprice of man, the consolation that Psychological Research can bring us is but a mockery after all!

If modern science and modern philosophy are likely to fall foul of Sir Oliver Lodge's conceptions of the cosmos, and the laws or caprices by which it is regulated, it is clear that he has thrown down another bone of contention in the views which he has advanced on the subject of the Godhead and the divinity of Jesus Christ. I confess I do not know whether either theology or science will be prepared to take them too seriously. There are those who will undoubtedly declare that Sir Oliver has attempted to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. And

SIR OLIVER'S
CONFESSION
OF FAITH.

yet, so far as such ideas are susceptible of expression in language, there may well be some not inconsiderable class of the community who will regard his opinions on this head with a much more sympathetic attention than the somewhat incoherent theories advanced with regard to the ordering of the universe. Sir Oliver's attitude towards the idea of a Divine Incarnation, as expressed in the Christian creed, will find many sympathisers. "Truly [he says] Christ was a planetary manifestation of Deity, a revelation to the human race, the highest and simplest it has yet had; a revelation in the only form accessible to man, a revelation in the full bodied form of humanity." He is, Sir Oliver appears to think, the special Deity in charge of our own world. He is not the "Cosmic Deity." This was an illusion of an earlier generation of mankind, to whom our present world appeared in the light of the whole inhabited universe. "Christ [he says again] is the human and practical and workaday aspect of God. Christ is the sunshine, that fraction of transcendental Cosmic Deity which suffices for the earth. Jesus of Nazareth is plainly a terrestrial heritage." I do not imagine that the author has any intention of dogmatizing on these very contentious matters. Presumably he puts forward these views as the nearest approximation he can express in words to what he believes to be the truth. Taken, however, just simply on this basis, they are

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certainly an amazing confession of faith to fall from the lips of a modern man of science.

One cannot read Sir Oliver Lodge's views in reference to Christ without associating them more or less directly with certain communications which have reached him in connection with the death of his son, and which are partly given, partly hinted at under the heading of "Unverifiable Matter" in the present volume. The full record of the most interesting of these communications is admittedly suppressed; but it is not difficult to read between the lines that he learnt in one of them that his son

RAYMOND
LODGE AND
THE
BEATIFIC
VISION.

had experienced what is generally termed "the beatific vision." This vision of the Christ figures, perhaps, in more records of deathbeds than is generally realized; and it is, of course, recorded of a number of the Christian saints. If, as we may be justified in supposing, this is an actual experience, and not a subjective illusion due to spiritual exaltation, it is surely permissible to ask Who it is of whom the vision is vouchsafed. Is it, indeed, of Jesus of Nazareth, or is it merely that the Christian naturally associates the idea of Jesus with this vision? If so, is not the interpretation of the vision regulated in accordance with the faith of the worshipper? It looks, at any rate, as if Sir Oliver had taken the vision, rightly or wrongly, at its face value.

SIMPLICITY
OR TRUTH.

In dealing with the question of the Deity Sir Oliver Lodge argues in favour of the "simplicity" of the Christian conception and appears to consider this in the nature of an advantage. "No matter [he writes] how complex and transcendently vast the reality must be, the Christian conception of God is humanly simple. It appeals to the unlettered and ignorant: it appeals to babes." And again: "Although there may be undue simplification of the complex there is an undue complication of the simple. The way, the truth, and the life are all one. Reality is always simple. It is concrete and real and expressible." . . . "And God's view, strange to say, must be more akin to that of the plain man than to that of the philosopher or statistician." "Undoubtedly [he continues], the Christian idea of God is a simple one. Overpoweringly and appallingly simple is the notion presented to us by the orthodox Christian Churches."

A babe born of poor parents, born in a stable among cattle because there was no room for them in the village inn—no room for them in the inn—what a master touch! Revealed to shepherds. Religious people

inattentive. Royalty ignorant, or bent on massacre. A glimmering perception, according to one noble legend, attained in the Far East, where also similar occurrences have been narrated. Then the child growing into a pleasant youth, brought up to a trade. At length a few years of itinerant preaching; flashes of miraculous power and insight. And then a swift end: set upon by the religious people; his followers overawed and scattered, himself tried as a blasphemer, flogged, and finally tortured to death.

Does not Sir Oliver Lodge realize that the whole power of this picture lies in the humanity of Jesus of Nazareth and not in his Godhead? If we once associate such a story with transcendental conceptions of the Deity, the whole human romance of the story is shattered on the spot. How much better to lay the emphasis on Jesus Christ's own account of himself and his own self-chosen name, which he reiterated so often, but apparently not often enough for the necessities of the case—*the Son of Man!* If Sir Oliver Lodge would have us believe that we can define the Deity in terms of orthodox Christianity, and that this, as he seems to suggest, is as legitimate a conception as any other, I confess I am totally unable to follow him in his ideas. The fact is, whatever Sir Oliver may say to the contrary, such conceptions are in no way simple, and cannot be expressed in simple terms.

PLOTINUS
VERSUS
MILTON.

Milton's account of the Creation and the Fall of mankind is simplicity itself, but it is this very simplicity that renders it so hopelessly grotesque. Plotinus is so abstruse that he cannot be followed by the man in the street, but is not Plotinus's conception an immeasurably truer one than Milton's? Nothing is simpler, in a sense, than the detailed explanations of the Athanasian Creed in regard to the characteristics of the Three Persons of the Trinity. Nothing, surely, has done more than this very Creed to lower the status of orthodox Christianity. The orthodox conception that the future life is divided into two "watertight"—or should I not say "fireproof?"—compartments, Heaven and Hell, to which the human race is allocated eternally after death, is simplicity itself. In that very simplicity lies its manifest absurdity. In short, Sir Oliver's appeal to the virtue of simplicity here and elsewhere in his third section seems to me to be singularly misplaced. The cause which we all have at heart cannot be advanced by pressing such an argument into the service of Christian evidences, as though Christianity were some "Drage's simple system of furnishing," the merits of which were too obvious to be overlooked.

Regrettable, too, is the almost patronizing attitude which Sir Oliver adopts towards a great mystic and poet such as Virgil, in the following passage :

But, indeed, the evidence in one form or another has been crudely before the human race from remote antiquity. Only it has been treated in ways more or less obfuscated by superstition. The same sort of occurrences as were known to Virgil and to many another seer are happening now in a scientific age and sometimes under scientific scrutiny.

There are doubtless many who will prefer Sir Oliver Lodge's cosmic conceptions to those of Virgil, but they will hardly be found among the ranks of the philosophers. Truly, the author might have taken a leaf out of the book of the late Frederick Myers, whose conceptions of this world and the next were assuredly the fuller and the richer from the fact that his mind was saturated through and through with Virgilian philosophy and Virgilian mysticism !

Sir Oliver Lodge has some apposite words with regard to what he calls the episode of bodily existence, and the value to the spirit of its incarnation in material form. "Matter [he says] cannot only be obstructive, even usefully obstructive—by which is meant the kind of obstruction which stimulates to effort and trains for power, like the hurdles in an obstacle race—it must be auxiliary too. Whatever may be the case with external matter, the body itself is certainly an auxiliary as long as it is in health and strength, and it gives opportunity for the development of the soul in new and unexpected ways—ways in which, but for earth-life, its practice would be deficient. This it is which makes calamity of too short a life." This side of the matter is vividly brought before us by the innumerable tragedies of the present war—but, as a matter of fact, the enormous infant mortality in ordinary everyday life might convey it to us equally well. Sir Oliver Lodge suggests that the "concentrated training and courageous facing of fate, which in most cases must have accompanied voluntary entry into a dangerous war, compensates in intensity what it lacks in duration." But this concentration, which even Sir Oliver himself regards as inadequate, is no help to us when we consider the question of infant mortality. Here, apparently, there is no compensation whatever, even of the kind indicated by the author. Even death in war he speaks of as "a bad and unnatural truncation of an important part of each individual career, a part which might have done much to develop faculties and enlarge experience."

It seems indeed strange at this point that the author fails even to touch incidentally on the all-important question of

reincarnation, in the acceptance of which alone we can discover any rational solution of the problems involved by the premature termination of the terrestrial life of the individual. It is still stranger than, in the vast ground he covers in the last section

of his book, dealing with such debatable problems as the individuality of the Christ, the nature of the Deity, and divine incarnation, he has no word to say, even when writing on the subject of the continuity of life after death, on the question whether life itself began for each individual in his present existence on the present earth; and whether, if so, having a beginning, it must not also, philosophically speaking, have an end. The difficulty, indeed the impossibility, of defending human immortality as a philosopher, unless pre-existence is admitted, was long since recognized by David Hume. He saw with perfect clearness that there were only two alternatives—the materialistic hypothesis, and what he called the system of metempsychosis. Beyond these there were systems, indeed, which had done duty as religions in all ages of the human race; but there was no other system “which philosophy could hearken to.” What, one wonders, would David Hume have said to the confession of faith of Sir Oliver Lodge? The fact is, Sir Olive-, in the third section of his fascinating book, has said both too little and too much. The problem of the after-life, if treated philosophically at all, demands inevitably a consideration of the problem of pre-existence. It is impossible, it seems to me, that its vital importance in connection with what he has written did not fail to strike the author. He has, indeed, at the head of one of his chapters, actually gone so far as to quote Edwin Arnold's well-known lines:—

Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never.

Yet this crux, upon which the whole question he is discussing inevitably hangs, is left severely alone. Can it be that Sir Oliver Lodge feared to throw down yet one more bone of contention? If so, why has he so gratuitously elaborated on his own pet theories of cosmic and non-cosmic deities? We are left to search in vain for an answer.

The author has provided for us in the present volume an admirable and invaluable study of the evidences in a special case of psychic investigation. He can hardly be said to have offered for the consideration of the critical or the philosophic thinker a coherent and intelligible confession of faith.

The death of the Austrian Emperor, whose life was evidently hanging by little more than a thread, has followed curiously

soon upon my remarks with regard to the evil aspects by which he was threatened, and he has at least been spared seeing the greater evils which were in store for him had he survived another four or five months. The assassination of the Austrian Premier, which corresponded with the stationary position of Uranus in sesquiquadrate with his ascendant, probably had the effect of hastening this. I cannot agree with the statements in the press that his decease is likely to have little or no effect on the political situation. I am inclined rather to associate the event with the dominant positions of Venus in the immediate future, to which I have already drawn attention, and which will surely serve to accelerate the peace movement on the Continent of Europe.

Readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will, I am sure, be sorry to hear of the death, whilst serving as a military surgeon at the Front, of Dr. Encausse, better known by his pen name of "Papus." The contributions of Papus to the study of Occult Science were very numerous. A biographical note dealing with his career will appear in the next issue of the magazine.

In last month's issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, under the heading of "Periodical Literature," a reference was made to an observation of Sir Joseph Compton Rickett's in relation to a speculative forecast of possible religious developments in the distant future. This forecast had obviously no reference whatever to Sir Joseph's personal views. The curtailment of the quotation in question unfortunately gave rise to an entirely false impression of what was actually stated. Any one who has any knowledge of Sir Joseph Compton Rickett's personal opinions will be aware that to attribute to him a proposal that "a philosophic form of Buddhism might become the established religion of the British Empire" is grotesquely absurd, and I can only express my sincere regret that a statement which was liable to this construction should have inadvertently appeared in these columns.

SIR JOSEPH
COMPTON
RICKETT.

WILHELM II AND THE WHITE LADY OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS*

By KATHARINE COX

A GREAT deal has been written and said concerning the various appearances of the famous White Lady of the Hohenzollerns. As long ago as the fifteenth century she was seen, for the first time, in the old Castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia, looking out at noon day from an upper window of an uninhabited turret of the castle, and numerous indeed are the stories of her appearances to various persons connected with the Royal House of Prussia, from that first one in the turret window down to the time of the death of the late Empress Augusta, which was, of course, of comparatively recent date. For some time after that event, she seems to have taken a rest ; and now, if rumour is to be credited, the apparition which displayed in the past so deep an interest in the fortunes—or perhaps one would be more correct in saying misfortunes—of the Hohenzollern family has been manifesting herself again !

The remarkable occurrences of which I am about to write were related by certain French persons of sound sense and unimpeachable veracity, who happened to be in Berlin a few weeks before the outbreak of the European War. The Kaiser, the most superstitious monarch who ever sat upon the Prussian throne, sternly forbade the circulation of the report of these happenings in his own country, but our gallant Allies across the Channel are, fortunately, not obliged to obey the despotic commands of Wilhelm II, and these persons, therefore, upon their return to France, related, to those interested in such matters, the following story of the great War Lord's three visitations from the dreaded ghost of the Hohenzollerns.

Early in the summer of 1914 it was rumoured, in Berlin, that the White Lady had made her re-appearance. The tale, whispered first of all at Court, spread gradually amongst the townspeople. The Court, alarmed, tried to suppress it, but it refused to be suppressed, and eventually there was scarcely a man, woman

* The writer desires to acknowledge her indebtedness for much of the information contained in this article to J. H. Lavour's "La Dame Blanche des Hohenzollern et Guillaume II" (Paris: 56 Rue d'Aboukir).

or child in the neighbourhood who did not say—irrespective of whether they believed it or not—that the White Lady, the shadowy spectre whose appearance always foreboded disaster to the Imperial House, had been recently seen, not once, but three times, and by no less a person than Kaiser Wilhelm himself!

The first of these appearances, so rumour stated, took place one night at the end of June. The hour was late: the Court, which was then in residence at the palace of Potsdam, was wrapped in slumber; all was quiet. There was an almost death-like silence in the palace. In one wing were the apartments of the Empress, where she lay sleeping; in the opposite wing slept one of her sons; the other Princes were in Berlin. In an entirely different part of the royal residence, guarded by three sentinels in a spacious antechamber, sat the Emperor in his private study. He had been lately, greatly engrossed in weighty matters of State, and for some time past it had been his habit to work thus, far into the night. That same evening the Chancellor, von Bethman-Hollweg, had had a private audience of his Majesty, and had left the royal presence precisely at 11.30, carrying an enormous *dossier* under his arm. The Emperor had accompanied him as far as the door, shaken hands with him, then returned to his work at his writing-desk.

Midnight struck, and still the Emperor, without making the slightest sound, sat on within the room. The guards without began to grow slightly uneasy, for at midnight punctually—not a minute before, not a minute after—it was the Emperor's unfailing custom, when he was working late at night, to ring and order a light repast to be brought to him. Sometimes it used to be a cup of thick chocolate, with hot cakes; sometimes a few sandwiches of smoked ham with a glass of Munich or Pilsen beer—but, as this particular midnight hour struck the guards awaited the royal commands in vain. The Emperor had apparently forgotten to order his midnight meal!

One o'clock in the morning came, and still the Emperor's bell had not sounded. Within the study silence continued to reign—silence as profound indeed as that of the grave. The uneasiness of the three guards without increased; they glanced at each other with anxious faces. Was their royal master taken ill? All during the day he had seemed to be labouring under the influence of some strange, suppressed excitement, and as he had bidden good-bye to the Chancellor they had noticed that the expression of excitement on his face had increased. That something of grave import was in the air they, and indeed every one surround-

ing the Emperor, had long been aware, it was just possible that the strain of State affairs was becoming too much for him, and that he had been smitten with sudden indisposition. And yet, after all, he had probably only fallen asleep! Whichever it was, however, they were uncertain how to act. If they thrust ceremony aside and entered the study, they knew that very likely they would only expose themselves to the royal anger. The order was strict, "When the Emperor works in his study, no one may enter it without being bidden." Should they inform the Lord Chamberlain of the palace? But, if there was no sufficiently serious reason for such a step, they would incur *his* anger, almost as terrible to face as that of their royal master.

A little more time dragged by, and at last, deciding to risk the consequences, the guards approached the study. One of them, the most courageous of the three, lifted a heavy curtain, and slowly and cautiously opened the door. He gave one rapid glance into the room beyond, then, returning to his companions said in a low voice and with a terrified gesture towards the interior of the study:

"Look!"

The two guards obeyed him, and an alarming spectacle met their eyes. In the middle of the room, beside a big table littered with papers and military documents, lay the Emperor, stretched full length upon the thick velvet pile carpet, one hand, as if to hide something dreadful from view, across his face. He was quite unconscious, and while two of the guards endeavoured to revive him, the other ran for the doctor. Upon the doctor's arrival they carried him to his sleeping apartments, and after some time succeeded in reviving him. The Emperor then, in trembling accents, told his astounded listeners what had occurred.

Exactly at midnight, according to his custom, he had rung the bell which was the signal that he was ready for his repast. Curiously enough, neither of the guards, although they had been listening for it, had heard that bell.

He had rung quite mechanically, and also mechanically, had turned again to his writing desk directly he had done so. A few minutes later he had heard the door open and footsteps approach him across the soft carpet. Without raising his head from his work he had commenced to say:

"Bring me——"

Then he had raised his head, expecting to see the butler awaiting his orders. Instead his eyes fell upon a shadowy female

figure dressed in white, with a long, flowing black veil trailing behind her on the ground. He rose from his chair, terrified, and cried :

“ Who are you, and what do you want ? ”

At the same moment, instinctively, he placed his hand upon a service revolver which lay upon the desk. The white figure, however, did not move, and he advanced towards her. She gazed at him, retreating slowly backwards towards the end of the room, and finally disappeared through the door which gave access to the antechamber without. The door, however, had not opened, and the three guards stationed in the antechamber, as has been already stated, had neither seen nor heard anything of the apparition. At the moment of her disappearance the Emperor fell into a swoon, remaining in that condition until the guards and the doctor revived him.

Such was the story, gaining ground every day in Berlin, of the first of the three appearances of the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns to the Kaiser. The story of her second appearance to him, which occurred some two or three weeks later, is equally remarkable.

On this occasion she did not visit him at Potsdam, but at Berlin, and instead of the witching hour of midnight, she chose the broad, clear light of day. Indeed, during the whole of her career, the White Lady does not seem to have kept to the time-honoured traditions of most ghosts, and appeared to startled humanity chiefly at night time or in dim uncertain lights. She has never been afraid to face the honest daylight, and that, in my opinion, has always been a great factor in establishing her claim to genuineness. A ghost who is seen by sane people, in full daylight, cannot surely be a mere legendary myth !

It was an afternoon of bright summer—that fateful summer whose blue skies were so soon to be darkened by the sinister clouds of war ! The Royal Standard, intimating to the worthy citizens of Berlin the presence of their Emperor, floated gaily over the Imperial residence in the gentle breeze. The Emperor, wrapped in heavy thought—there was much for the mighty War Lord to think about during those last pregnant days before plunging Europe into an agony of tears and blood !—was pacing, alone, up and down a long gallery within the palace.

His walk was agitated ; there was a troubled frown upon his austere countenance. Every now and then he paused in his walk, and withdrew from his pocket a piece of paper, which he carefully read and re-read, and as he did so, angry, muttered

words broke from him, and his hand flew instinctively to his sword hilt. Occasionally he raised his eyes to the walls on either side of him, upon which hung numerous portraits of his distinguished ancestors. He studied them gravely, from Frederick I, Burgrave of Nuremburg, to that other Frederick, his own father, and husband of the fair English princess against whose country he was so shortly going to wage the most horrible warfare that has ever been waged in the whole history of the world!

Suddenly, from the other end of the long portrait gallery he perceived coming towards him a shadowy female figure, dressed entirely in white, and carrying a large bunch of keys in her hand. She was not, this time, wearing the long flowing black veil in which she had appeared to him a few weeks previously, but the Emperor instantly recognized her, and the blood froze in his veins. He stood rooted to the ground, unable to advance or to retreat, paralysed with horror, the hair rising on his head, beads of perspiration standing on his brow.

The figure continued to advance in his direction, slowly, noiselessly, appearing rather to glide than to walk over the floor. There was an expression of the deepest sadness upon her countenance, and as she drew near to the stricken man watching her, she held out her arms towards him, as if to enfold him. The Emperor, his horror increasing, made a violent effort to move, but in vain. He seemed indeed paralysed; his limbs, his muscles, refused to obey him.

Then suddenly, just as the apparition came close up to him and he felt, as on the former occasion when he had been visited by her, that he was going to faint, she turned abruptly and moved away in the direction of a small side door. This she opened with her uncanny bunch of keys and, without turning her head, disappeared.

At the exact moment of her disappearance the Emperor recovered his faculties. He was able to move, he was able to speak; his arms, legs, tongue, obeyed his autocratic will once more. He uttered a loud terrified cry, which resounded throughout the palace. Officers, chamberlains, guards, servants, came running to the gallery, white-faced, to see what had happened. They found their royal master in a state bordering on collapse. Yet, to the anxious questions which they put to him, he only replied incoherently and evasively; it was as if he knew something terrible, something dreadful, but did not wish to speak of it. Eventually he retired to his own apartments, but it was

not until several hours had passed that he returned to his normal condition of mind.

The same doctor who had been summoned on the occasion of Wilhelm's former encounter with the White Lady was in attendance on him, and he looked extremely grave when informed that the Emperor had again experienced a mysterious shock. He shut himself up alone with his royal patient, forbidding any one else access to the private apartments. However, in spite of all precautions, the story of what had really occurred in the picture gallery eventually leaked out—it is said through a maid of honour, who heard it from the Empress.

The third appearance of the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns to the Kaiser did not take place at either of the palaces, but strangely enough, in a forest, though exactly where situated has not been satisfactorily verified.

In the middle of the month of July, 1914, while the war-clouds were darkening every hour, the Emperor's movements were very unsettled. He was constantly travelling from place to place, and one day—so it was afterwards said in Berlin—while on a hunting expedition, he suddenly encountered a phantom female figure, dressed in white, who, springing apparently from nowhere, stopped in front of his horse and blew a shadowy horn, frightening the animal so much that its rider was nearly thrown to the ground. The phantom figure then disappeared, as mysteriously as it had come—but that it was the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns, come, perchance, to warn Wilhelm of some terrible future fate, there was little doubt in the minds of those who afterwards heard of the occurrence.

According to one version of the story of this third appearance, the phantom was also seen by two officers who were riding by the Emperor's side, but the general belief is that she manifested herself, as on the two former occasions, to Wilhelm alone.

There are many who will not believe in the story, no doubt, and there are also many who will. For my own part, I am inclined to think that, if the ghost of the Hohenzollerns was able to manifest herself so often on the eve of any tragedy befalling them in past, it would be strange indeed if she had not manifested herself on the eve of this greatest tragedy of all—the War!

MY ESCAPE FROM PARIS

SOME PERSONAL PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

By EDMUND RUSSELL

WHEN the moment really came I felt that I must turn back. With the war-lid off, Paris had become too interesting. The living cinema was beginning to buzz. I wanted to hear the beast snarl.

That night I had seen the *Commune* rise from its lair. The sharpened-toothed viper which had been scotched but not exterminated, lifted its head and shook its gory locks. All were not burned in the Hôtel de Ville or shot at Père Lachaise.

The cauldron of war stewed scum to the surface. Creatures the like of which I had never seen before. Leprous-spotted hags who had slept since 1870. Shrieking sisters with red caps on their heads and axes in their hands. Crowds lifting struggling soldiers in red trousers (because Napoleon did not like to see blood on their legs). Always shouting the same—"Aux Armes! Aux Armes!"

As I sat in my window thinking that after all the opening of war was rather dull, I heard the roar of the *Marseillaise* far off, and then such a band appeared, yelling like *peau-rouge* Indians, headed by a terrible virago of the Batignoïles with liberty-cap, waving the tri-coloured flag. I saw them batter and sack the German shops nearby, rolling the huge milk-cans into the streets and tossing the stock to the maddened crowd—then with cries of "Encore! Encore!" sweeping on to smash another. A man protesting, was struck down and nearly torn to pieces, only saved by the non-interfering policemen dragging him off, while the *cohue* shrieked—"À la Lanterne!—À la Lanterne!" in traditional style. The *Garde Républicaine*, with shining helmets and horse tails down their backs, would ride up and form in line, but only looked on and laughed.

For a week the atmosphere had been growing heavier every day. French people whispered in awe the word "*mobilization*," Americans only connected it with *mobilier*, which means furniture.

We began to plan indefinitely. Watching the lines at the provision-shops grow longer. Angered at all paper money being refused.

On the fatal Saturday (war was declared three days earlier in France than in England) I was standing with a crowd waiting for a bus. I thought I had never seen so many people waiting for a bus. An *ouvrier* came along and asked what we were waiting for?

"Don't you know war is declared—there are no busses."

That is *Conscription*, of which nothing seems to be understood here. A vehicle is stopped, officers take away driver and conductor, it is left standing in the street. A waiter carrying a *plateau* of food in a restaurant is commanded to report at the military bureau in fifteen minutes. He puts down the platter without serving the clients so he can run home to his mother and say good-bye.

Further on I chanced to meet the beautiful Polish *Maïapolska*, looking like a sibyl of ancient Rome in her trailing veils of violet and vermilion. She threw up her hands on seeing me:—

"My God! You here yet! Do you not know that it is too late? They have put up the notice on the walls. I stay as nurse."

I replied I had seen the declaration of war.

"No—not that—the proclamation to foreigners."

Then I read by the great green sheet another, telling that *every* stranger, without distinction of nationality, was ordered to get beyond the frontiers of France in twenty-four hours, or to report to the *préfet-de-police* he would remain till the end of the war—and why.

Paris feared another siege and did not want extra mouths to feed. There were not enough animals in the *Jardin d'Acclimatization*.

This notice brought a panic. All rushed to the railways. To be told there were no trains. The government had seized them for the soldiers. People wept, implored, threatened. What inconsistency!—told to get out and given no way of going. The only reply—*c'est la Guerre*.

No wonder French politeness went down in answering the same question a thousand times a minute. Scenes heartrending. Scenes ridiculous! Every moment baggage arriving, now piled mountain-high all down the platforms—most of it never to be seen again, yet all over the place notices posted to say no trunks would be taken, only what passengers could carry by hand.

I threw away rug, hat-box, paint-box, *attaché-case*—wore overcoat, two suits of clothes, three waistcoats, jeweled belt, and finally got down to two bags so heavy I could hardly stagger. No porters, no cabs, all accustomed service disappearing at once.

Gare du Nord was the worst, overflowing with such a crowd one might not even get into the yard though he had a ticket.

At *Saint Lazare* I found a seething mass of humanity. Of



EDMUND RUSSELL IN HIS STUDIO IN PARIS.

course the American girl in great evidence, brushing to the front in spite of cries from *la queue* waiting there for hours—"Keep in line—keep in line!" Dressed as for a ball, with the air that Paris belonged to her ("my Money done it") her *chapeau*

rue de La Paix often got what cash or curses could not buy. She reminded me of the Coronation Performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, where I heard a woman, reaching over the line at the box-office, say—"Your two best seats, please, I'm Mrs. Rubber-Trust Jones."

Ladies in all stages lay amidst shawls and valises, so exhausted they would not have moved had a trunk been thrown on them. Children bawled in every direction. For once wealth was beaten—that was the best of it. Money could not buy anything.

I saw a smartly-dressed man with his hand full of fifties and hundreds turn to the crowd and cry:—

"Is there any American here who will give me four *sous*—I can't change this damn bunch and haven't had anything to eat all day."

A beggar with banknotes!

Every train that went out was five times overladen, so many trying to jam in. I saw one woman pushed under the wheels, her head cut clean from her body.

Next day it was worse—the guards could but wave us back with:—

"No trains—no tickets—no money taken."

To London! was the only cry.

I must say that, finding it impossible to supply trains, the Government was obliged to lift the twenty-four hours' limit, and the following weeks people were allowed to go whenever cars could be spared. But that we did not know.

The situation seemed hopeless when suddenly I felt a vibration—a thrill which has come to me before in danger—an inner voice seemed to say:—"Be not afraid, you are going to be saved—nothing can be done in this mob by struggling—sit down!"

I had learnt from Madame Blavatsky that one of the greatest laws of spiritual growth is unquestioning obedience. So I sat down on a pile of trunks and waited—simply waited—watching the film.

After about two hours had passed a pleasant young man came up to me:—

"Are you trying to get away?"

"Yes, are you?"

"No—I live here—I've only come down for the sport—but I thought you looked as if you might like a tip. Don't try to buy a ticket for London—even in peace-time there is only courtesy-

relation between train and boat—but if some hundreds of English are sitting on the coast—England will send for them.”

I remembered hearing a clerk at the American express office the day before counsel a lady to take the longest Channel-passage, as every one would be rushing for Calais and Dover, so decided I would make for Havre with its dreadful night route.

There was a long line at the provincial *guichet*, and for over an hour and a half more I waited. I had one banknote and enough silver for my ticket. But if I gave up the silver, would have no way of attending to the incidentals. As I have said, paper money was worthless.

“A ticket to Havre”—slipping the note towards him.

“We cannot take that.”

What to do?—again the vibration came as I looked at him, and glancing right and left he covered it with his hand and pushed me the change.

“Please write on it what time the train leaves.”

Half-past three to-night.

Thinking best to have plenty of time I came down at two o'clock with an Oriental friend who helped me. All was dark, but the great arches are always open.

“No trains to-night, the few that could be sent went long ago!”

Nazim looked discouraged and suggested returning. I stood a moment in uncertainty, then felt the waves of vibration envelop and the still small voice:—

“There *is* a train and you will go on it—sit down!”

Always that peremptory—sit down!

We waited till three o'clock, something telling me not to move from the circle, then I asked Prince Nazim to make the tour again—once more he came back:—

“You are mad! The station is closed. A few old men ran some trains at irregular intervals hours ago.”

Again the sweep of invisible light, visible to me, again spoke the oracle—

“There is a half-past three train, and you are going on it.”

At twenty minutes past a General, *tout-chamarré* in French fashion with medals and decorations, came through the station—all saluted.

“Go ask him.”

— Prince Nazim came back radiant with delight

“Yes, there is, but it is a *secret* train and reserved for officers.”

"Tell him who I am and ask if I can go on it."

Again he returned beaming :—

"Yes, he will be delighted to take you, will himself show you through the lines."

Are there invisible presences who guide? Or is it that, awakened by unusual emotions, other senses not in ordinary domination arise and step-over to catch the vibrations that will one day be known to all? Marconi calls may sweep the seas and yet be only caught by the instrument tuned to receive them.

The pity of it all was that two hundred more could have gone on that train. I had a whole compartment to myself, yet could not have given it to one of those thousand women who wept and moaned outside—to one of the men who stormed and cursed. The soul must go on its path alone.

Would they have received the message had they been in tune? Yes, or some other according to their needs. The idea of special protection is absurd.

A Christian Scientist said to a friend :—"I asked God not to make you sea-sick."

God does not interest himself in saving *one* person. He is saved only by being within the law. Did the physical rhythms in which I try to live help?

Once in Madame Blavatsky's circle they were endeavouring to read messages from sealed envelopes held to their foreheads. The first words I could catch. The seeress with green eyes and woolly hair interrupted :—"No, don't ask him, if you want to touch the great circles you mustn't do tricks."

This was in the later years.

As I turned back to look at Paris for perhaps the last time, I saw it covered with a scarlet sky against which stood black in presage a forest of telegraph poles like sinister gibbets. Marianne had become Rizpah.

It was a brilliant ride, though it took over ten hours instead of four—salutations and cheers all along the line. The French did not want the war of 1870, and hid their sons in the haystacks. For this mothers brought them in full-count to the stations in triumph.

There were bands of weeping women—no, not many tears. More shed over the lost finery at *Gare Saint Lazare*. It seemed harder to lose a monkey-boa than a husband.

After waiting a whole day at Havre for the uncertain possibility of a boat, we finally sailed, so heavily loaded a rough sea could have tipped us over. Some stood up the entire way. All the staff let their rooms. One ancient *grande-dame* paid £100 for the captain's suite.

We passed Spithead, surrounded by a circle of mail-clad destroyers. Entered the Solent to find the Isle of Wight all tears and sunshine, enhaloed with the rainbows of a heavy storm, yet the sun pouring down. Again it seemed an omen. One-half the sky jet-black with heavy *cumuli*. The other a sheet of gold against which swam millions of tiny glittering clouds, as if chasing the hosts of darkness.

I had often discussed these warnings with Madame Blavatsky, from her heard that great sentence—"There are more undiscovered forces in man's body than in external nature—only as yet we have not our *Edison* of the body."

Some latent force, some deeper relation to the circling current, many are beginning to feel, all will possess in time.

As we are all built on the same structural plan of bones and muscles, so all have the same mental and emotional gamut—awakened, dormant or atrophied—the universal keyboard, however diverse the music we may make.

She said one should never disregard the message, trivial though it might seem—it *cannot* lead to wrong. Vibrations of evil clash and destroy themselves—are short-ranged and short-lived. The radiations of goodness fill all space, never cease and link-up with eternal harmonies.

~~One—with—the—universal—soul.~~

~~One—with—the—universal—mind.~~

~~One—with—the—universal—body.~~

Once developed we will be guided in the commonest things of life. Told at what shop to buy a pound of tea, what kind of tea to buy—only it will probably not be tea. The disfigurement of a beautiful city by the horrors of advertising will become unnecessary, fraud impossible.

I have had my feet almost twisted around and pointed another way—nothing happened—perhaps continuing, a brick might have fallen on my head. Have been walked for miles up this street and down that, to find just the person I wanted to see leaning over the parapet of a bridge.

Sometimes it is almost comic.

My arms full of Christmas parcels on the way to the Post-

office have argued with it! "This time I cannot go back. Don't you see how I am laden down."

"Very well, we have never led you wrong—do as you please."

Only some one I should not have liked to miss turning away from my studio door.

Even to the finding of a personal article amongst a pile of old magazines in a basement-bookshop.

Whence this impulse?

The summoning-vibration could not have come from that heap of old paper which had never touched me. It could not be classed with psychometry for the same reason. And why should "spirit-guides" bother about press notices? Some current from the nervo-electrical system thrilling the "highly-phosphorized fats" of the sympathetic *ganglia*, shall we say in scientific jargon to veil our ignorance?

I remember once being on Upper Fifth Avenue one summer afternoon, thinking to take the then only top-seated bus in New York which started some blocks away.

"If you do you will meet some one you do not like."

"I do not care, the day is too fine—I must not lose my ride."

Had just taken seat when the most tiresome person I knew climbed up to sit beside me.

Now when I got the message, that person was not anywhere near the bus, nor was I.

One cannot command these forces—cannot control or summon except in moments of extreme danger—when they always come. May not ask—they give according to their own judgments, not ours, and sometimes seem to save only to throw back into the struggle, but evidently know what is best. Their calm direction must be taken calmly. They do not appear to care much for personal endeavour.

We may not hinder in trying to solve. Not of the mental realm, no mental satisfaction will be given. Folded hands and "Thy will be done" seems to be all.

One can only rely on his belief in the sixth and seventh and one day all will sweep together, we shall grasp with universal vision, and that will be perceived which has always been with us—the far-off close-at-hand.

Some think it simple *clairvoyance*; I do not agree with that.

At the first and only "séance" I ever attended, the medium, after telling us of what celestial voices rang in her ears, of the celestial visions which swept before her eyes, offered to materialize them if—"that old man will lend me his handkerchief."

The old man fumbled in his pockets, and didn't have a handkerchief.

What few understand is, that all psychic powers are nearer the physical than the mental. They are more possessed by animals than by men. This we forget in the wide tangents of our mental search-lights.

It is hard to understand how some woman who "rushes the growler" in a foul-mouthed wrapper may know more of spiritual things than the president of a female college. She does not *know* more, but for that very reason may be more instinctively and sub-consciously awake; while the other has only wizened in her years of "brooding on the empty eggs of thought."

Another handkerchief story comes to me. Speaking of psychometry, the most remarkable example of that power I have heard of from personal account is Katherine Tingley.

Before she put on the robe of high-priestess she sometimes used to give demonstrations in New York.

One evening a friend of mine took a young girl who laid her handkerchief on the table.

"This is not your handkerchief. You belong to a family of sisters who are always using each others' pocket-handkerchiefs. You got this from your German great-grandmother."

"There she's off," thought my friend, "this girl is purest Mayflower New England."

On the way home they spoke of the *soirée*.

"I was disappointed with her this evening—she is usually so exact—you never had a German ancestor."

"Oh yes, I had, though we do not speak of it. One of my grandfathers ran away with a Bavarian countess."

On another occasion a friend was about to accompany Mrs. Tingley on her famous mission to Cuba.

The day before starting she noticed Mrs. Tingley cutting out some inscription as to go over a front door:—

"But why do you do that—it may not fit at all?"

"It will be all right."

Arriving at Cuba they had much trouble in finding a house. On the way to an agent Mrs. Tingley stopped the carriage and pointed to a man in the crowd:—

"He has the place we want."

Installed, as they came out on top of the balcony she bent over to place her banner in the space above the portal. It just fitted in the rectangle.

That night they could not sleep for the noise from a neighbouring soldiers' *caserne*.

"I will stop their dance for them!"

The sorceress rose from her couch of antelope skins and trailing her robes out on the balcony in the star-lit night, remained a few moments in concentration, the lights went out one by one, the music of the pianola ceased, all was silent.

I have often used this force on a tardy caller or boresome speaker. In my case it is done by imagining a New Zealand war-club—one of the kind with a spiked-knob at the end. Have had a man pitch right out of his seat, when it struck him on the back of the neck, with a—"Well, I think I must be going now," as he picked himself up.

Once I tried it at a public dinner the success of which I was responsible for. One of the toast-responders was a Shakespearian professor from Columbia University. He began with the usual—"It has been said that if a man has nothing to say he should say it and sit down," then kept on for hours. As the club hit him in the "highly phosphorized" part of the *cerebellum*, he stopped right in the middle of a sentence.

This may be called aboriginal-hypnosis perhaps, but of course has nothing to do with the guiding voices, which belong to some much higher realm.

One speaks of revelation as something given long ago.

Emerson says we talk as if God were dead.

Will the mystery that "continually unfolds, intelligently answering each question" give our progressive-desire the key? It will when we can hold it.

"The Mystery that continually opens out into Meaning," that "never pulls us up short with an anathema for our irreverence in daring to inquire into divine secrets."

I like the idea of Richard Jeffries when he speaks of our looking forward to the antitheses of immortality or annihilation, inquiring if there may not be something *infinitely preferable to either* of which we cannot even grasp the idea with present senses.

As Aurungzebe, the last of the Mogul emperors, lay dying in his tent of battle, he raised himself on his camp-bed and cried—

"Now I launch my desperate bark upon the wave!—Sail on!—Sail on!—Sail on!"

FATE

By BART KENNEDY

I

IT awaits us in the future, it looms ahead of us, and the question is as to whether or not we have the power within ourselves to shape it to our ends? Can we go in the direction that leads to the accomplishment of our designs, or can we avoid the direction that leads to failure? If a certain act will lead us to the scaffold can we forego it? Or can we of ourselves do that which will bring us happiness?

It undoubtedly looks at times as though forceful people were able to shape fate to what they feel to be their advantage. They arrive at the goal for which they strive. They become wealthy or famous. They accomplish things that are marvelous.

In the sense that one is apt to reap as one sows, you may attain accomplishment. If it be your will to walk to the end of a road, the chances are that you will get there. But again, you may not get there. Something may happen to prevent you. You may have a will as strong as the will of Napoleon, and still you may be deflected from the point towards which you are making.

You may sow and never reap. You may work towards an end with care and concentration. And still this end eludes you. Doubtless you have more chance of getting what you want if you strive for it. But this is not always so.

It may be that things will come your way if you sit absolutely still. The very effort that you—who possess force—are making may be your undoing. Some trifle light as air will upset everything. There are indeed times when it would have been better for you had you done nothing at all.

Still, in a general way, one sows as one reaps. The mistake that the aphorism makes is in putting itself forward as being absolute.

Aphorisms and proverbs have the bad habit of setting themselves up as being immutable.

There is only one thing that is immutable. And that—to use a paradox—is Change.

II

Fate is an unavoidable thing that lives in impenetrable darkness.

It must be admitted, however, that there have not been wanting those who professed to have the eyes to see it. But at best it looks as though these people made but shrewd guesses or gave forth but shadowy premonitions.

Fate, when its time of disclosing comes, is the actual and tangible thing itself.

To the minds that believe in an outside Intelligence, that orders and guides individual human affairs, fate is a thing that no power can deflect from its path or purpose. To such minds its move is as inevitable as the move of the worlds. Strive as they may, possess what power they will, they cannot escape what is mapped out for them. They cannot vary it by a hair's-breadth. They believe that for all human beings there exists an absolute ordainment as to the things that will happen to them in the future. Everything is marked out for them with mathematical precision. They must go along an exact line.

It is as if a traveller were going along a clearly defined path that ran into a dense darkness that was lifting from moment to moment.

III

Whether this is so or not, one is not to know. One who thinks, learns—in time—the difficult lesson of not denying what one does not understand. The fact that it seems inconceivable that an outside Intelligence should guide the separate and individual affairs of myriads of myriads of beings does not prove that the fatalist is wrong. It only proves that the human mind cannot understand how it could be done.

IV

It may be confessed that though it may be difficult to accept the point of view of the fatalist, it is also difficult to accept the point of view that the destinies of beings are at the mercy of utter and absolute chance. It must not be forgotten that we live in an ordered world which is itself part of an ordered Universe. Everything surrounding us goes on precise lines. Everything is balanced exactly. Balance is consonance, and consonance is order. Even dissonance is part of this order. Order is everywhere. Birth, life, death, decay, fruition, dissolving, growing,

all obey even absolute laws. The atom obeys law even as does a planet or a sun.

It can of course be said that there is no analogy between the movements of these things and the movements of human beings. It may well be said that the infinitely varied and the infinitely complicated movements of human beings cannot possibly obey a law in the sense that a world obeys a law as it circles around a sun. It may be said that the individual actions of human beings are, in their relation to the great scheme of things, of infinite trivialness. That they are of no more moment than the particular and individual way that a leaf falls.

All this may be said, and when it is said where are we ?

For, when a leaf falls, it acts in accordance with a law that guides it absolutely and exactly along the path that it is destined to go.

It might well be said that, in this sense, fate guides the fall of the leaf.

V

It could have fallen in no other way that it has fallen. True, had a gust of wind come as it was falling, it would have gone along another path. But that gust of wind did not come. And it therefore fell in the only way that it could possibly fall.

No one calls the actions of a human being irresponsible in the sense of their occurring without cause. The word irresponsible is only used to signify that these actions are not in accord with the conception of fitness that some one else possesses. That is the beginning and the end of all that is meant by irresponsibility. All actions are responsible inasmuch as are the outcome of some absolute cause or law. And their effect upon the actions of others is also the result of some absolute cause or law.

In the face of this fact it is difficult to say that the most trivial action of a human being means nothing.

It is difficult to say that it obeys no law. It is difficult to say that it bears no relation to the big scheme of things.

VI

To believe in fate, in the sense of its being an ordained guide through the darkness of the future, seems to be more logical than to believe in utter and absolute chance.

And as far as the trivial nature of happenings is concerned, it

need hardly be pointed out that such happenings often lead directly to the most terrible or the most momentous events. A turning no wider than the breadth of a hair may mean the destruction or the saving of an empire. The safety of a state may depend upon the idiosyncrasies of one man. And a happening, of no more apparent moment than the falling of a leaf, may take this man along a path that leads all to the abyss.

Happenings cannot be looked upon as meaning nothing because they appear trivial at the time of their consummation. It would seem at times as though all happenings, great or small, formed links in some infinitely complicated chain, the workings of which are beyond the power of our eyes to see.

If this be so, then of what avail is the power of will? Will is after all but an abstract notion that man has evolved from out his consciousness.

Whether it is the will of man that guides his own affairs, or whether he is led along by an outside Intelligence, or whether he is the sport of utter and absolute chance, are questions outside the power of the mightiest human mind to answer.

So far the evidence that human consciousness has gleaned seems to be on the side of those who believe in Fate.

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND THE OCCULT

By FREDERICK BARRETT

WHOEVER has read Boswell's famous *Life of Samuel Johnson*, can hardly have failed to notice the strong psychical trait in the character of that interesting and quaint personality. Like most geniuses he was a remarkable combination of eccentricities, prejudices, and commonsense, and when in the latter mood, showed himself to be kind, broad-minded, and tolerant. It is this peculiarity of temperament that accounts for the various opinions entertained regarding him. To Oliver Goldsmith, he possessed, notwithstanding his roughness of manner, "a more tender heart than any man alive." Even Boswell is sometimes obliged to tell us the particular mood his hero was in when expressing himself on important points, presumably that we may better appreciate the significance of the observations.

A High Churchman of the "high and dry school," he was usually vigorous in his condemnation of other faiths, whilst he had almost no kind word for infidelity. This was no doubt largely due to the peculiar spirit of the eighteenth century, an age notable for its scepticism, particularly in regard to revealed religion. Johnson is an excellent example of the bitter struggle of Churchmen against the growing materialism of that period. He realized the trend of events, and set himself firmly against it; partly, it would seem, through fear of being swept into the current that carried so many noble people into the stream of progress. Notwithstanding his obvious affection for Anglicanism, he had a tender spot in his heart for the Roman Church and the occult side of things.

It is difficult to determine exactly his views on many subjects, frequently though he may have dealt with them. Essentially a controversialist, he was ever ready to argue on the other side. But he clearly showed a leaning towards a more just view of the after-death state than Anglicanism allowed. That appears to have been the chief reason why he inclined to Rome. The doctrine of Purgatory, embodying as it does, the idea of purification after death, seemed to him more reasonable and just than the sharp line drawn by his own beloved Church between the believer and the unbeliever.

Boswell once asked him : " What do you think, Sir, of Purgatory as believed by the Roman Catholics ? " " Why, Sir," replied Johnson, " it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of the opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits ; and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, Sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this." Boswell : " But, Sir, their masses for the dead ? " Johnson : " Why, Sir, if it be once established that there are souls in Purgatory, it is as proper to pray for *them* as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life."

Whatever may have been his exact belief concerning the nature of the next life, we know sufficient to be sure it was unorthodox enough to reveal him as superior to his creed. He considered the happiness of disembodied spirits to consist in a consciousness of the favour of God, in the contemplation of truth, and in the possession of felicitating ideas. He believed there was no harm in endeavouring to fill up the great blank left by the Scriptures on this subject, for he realized that they say very little about a future state. What philosophy suggests on this topic he regarded as probable, and since philosophy inclines to a reasonable view of things, it is not surprising to find a great deal of common sense and humanness in Johnson's conception of the world of spirits.

Boswell, who had a liking for discussing psychic subjects and frequently raised the question of ghosts, once asked the doctor whether he did not think that " One of the most pleasing thoughts is, that we shall see our friends again." " Yes, Sir," replied Johnson, " but you must consider, that when we are become purely rational, many of our friendships will be cut off. Many friendships are formed by a community of sensual pleasures : all these will be cut off. We form many friendships with bad men because they have agreeable qualities, and they can be useful to us ; but after death they can no longer be useful to us. We form many friendships by mistake, imagining people to be different from what they really are. After death we shall see every one in a true light. Then, Sir, they talk of our meeting our relations : but then all relationship is dissolved : and we have no regard for one person more than another, but for their real value. However, we shall either have the satisfaction of meeting our friends, or be satisfied without meeting them." The note of

uncertainty with which the passage ends, is characteristic of the doctor when in "a very good humour"; in other words, when allowing his reason and not his emotions to guide him. The moodiness of this great man should never be forgotten when he is discussing religion; to him it was the most important of all subjects. It is only on those occasions when his intellect and not his passions are aroused, that we get a glimpse of the true believer.

From the above remarks we can gather more than a mere philosophical observation on relationship after death. It is, in the light of modern occultism, a very correct explanation of the truth; and it is doubtless to his extreme sensitiveness, from a psychical standpoint, that he owed it. We have more than one instance of a psychic experience befalling him. It is reported that he once saw the spirit of his deceased wife, whilst he believed in what he designated being "called," i.e., hearing the voice of a spirit or of a living person a great way off. He declared he once heard his mother call him by name, although she was at Lichfield and he at Oxford. An acquaintance on whose veracity he could depend told him that, walking home one evening to Kilmarnock, he heard himself called from a wood by the voice of his brother, who had gone to America, and the next packet brought him news of that brother's death. Perhaps, too, it was owing to his psychic temperament that he was so extremely erratic. It is a well-known fact that such people are extremely susceptible to various circumstances, particularly the influence of environment, visible and invisible.

Although to believe in ghosts was much more unpopular then than now, Johnson never hesitated to express himself in favour of the belief. At the same time his opinions on the subject were thoroughly well-balanced. So far was he from being credulous that he refused to consider seriously any claims put forward as to the occurrence of supernatural happenings, unless the circumstances would allow of no other explanation. He was asked his opinion regarding the belief of John Wesley that a spirit had appeared to a girl in Newcastle and imparted to her certain information regarding some property. The attorney, according to the ghost, would do nothing in the matter, which proved to be a fact. Johnson thought this insufficient evidence of a spiritual agency, as attorneys are well-known sometimes to do nothing! He thought the whole affair might have been a coincidence. Boswell assures us that the doctor never entered upon the subject of ghosts voluntarily, although he appears to have been always

ready to discuss it. He realized the delusive nature of the human mind, and made full allowance for it. His position is clearly indicated in his own words :

“ I make a difference between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination and what his imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think I saw a form and heard a voice cry, ‘ Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you shall certainly perish,’ my own unworthiness is so impressed upon my mind that I might imagine that I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made me. But if a form should appear and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place and particulars hour, a fact that I had no apprehension of nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should in that case be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me.”

His refusal to believe in the famous story of the appearance of Mrs. Veal after her death, prefixed to *Drelincourt on Death*, because it was reported that it had been invented by Daniel Defoe, and added to the second edition of the English translation of Drelincourt’s work to make it sell, is quite characteristic of Johnson’s attitude ; he would tolerate no doubt on such a matter. On the other hand, he was equally prepared to accept the testimony of reliable witnesses. He did not hesitate to believe old Mr. Cave, the printer, when he told him he had seen a ghost, because he knew him to be an honest and sensible man. “ He said Mr. Cave did not like to talk about it, and seemed to be in great horror whenever it was mentioned.” Boswell : “ Pray, Sir, what did he say was the appearance ? ” Johnson : “ Why, Sir, something like a shadowy being.”

The doctor mentioned this instance on more than one occasion, and seemed never to doubt the testimony of his old friend. Once, when he mentioned it at the renowned “ Literary Club,” it resulted in extracting quite a number of stories of a similar nature from some of the illustrious members present. Goldsmith, for instance, assured the company that his brother, a Christian minister, confessed to having seen a spirit. General Oglethorpe stated that an officer in the Duke of Marlborough’s army, named Prendergast, had mentioned to many of his friends that he had learnt in a supernatural way that he should die on that particular day. Upon that day a battle took place with the French ; and after it was over, and Prendergast was still alive, his brother

officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him, what of his prophecy. Prendergast gravely assured them that he would die, notwithstanding what they saw. Soon afterwards there came a shot from a French battery, which the orders to cease fire had not reached, and he was instantly killed.

Johnson was interested in the well-known Cock Lane ghost, and was one of a company of important personages who investigated the phenomena. That he was regarded by the public as a believer in the spiritual origin of the knockings, by means of which some remarkable information was imparted, is shown by the fact that Boswell felt it necessary to defend his friend from ridicule. He gives Johnson's own account of the inquiry, which came to an unsatisfactory conclusion. Although Boswell would have us believe that the doctor regarded the whole affair as a fraud, Johnson's own words give the impression that he was unconvinced but puzzled, as any reasonable individual must have been in view of the circumstances.

On several occasions he expressed his wonderment at the illusive nature of the subject, that thousands of years had elapsed and it was still undecided whether the spirit of any person appeared after death. "All argument is against it," he said, "but all belief is for it." A total disbelief in ghosts he regarded as adverse to a belief in the existence of a soul between death and the last day. "The question simply is, whether departed spirits ever have the power of making themselves perceptible to us."

In the wide province of his conversation he included witches. In Johnson's time (the eighteenth century) the tide of reaction set strongly against persecution for witchcraft, and along with the denunciation of the cruelties practised by law against these unfortunate suspects, had come a disbelief in the existence of such beings. The doctor does not seem to have shared this scepticism, although he said little upon the subject, and was non-committal. Asked what the word "witches" properly meant, he replied, "Why, Sir, they properly mean those who make use of the aid of evil spirits." He quotes the definition of James I, "the wisest fool in Europe," who states in his quaint book, *Dæmonology*, "Magicians command the devils; witches are their servants."

Boswell confessed before the "Literary Club," that he believed in "second sight" while Dr. Johnson "is willing to believe." It is almost amusing to notice how carefully Johnson dealt with this subject, showing that, though not prepared to commit him-

self about what he had not personally experienced, he could not lightly dismiss it. On several occasions he referred to the vast amount of testimony in support of this strange "faculty," for he says it cannot properly be called a "power." Boswell writes: "I introduced the subject of second sight and other mysterious manifestations, the fulfilment of which, I suggested, might happen by chance." Johnson: "Yes, Sir, but they have happened so often that mankind have agreed to think them not fortuitous." In his *Journey to the Hebrides*, Johnson points out that what is thus local to the Hebrides is a faculty nowhere totally unknown.

"Second sight," he writes, "is an impression made either by the mind upon the eye, or the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future events are perceived, and seen as if they were present."

During his stay in the western islands of Scotland he had the opportunity of talking with some of the seers personally. The general opinion then prevalent that only members of the lower social order possessed the faculty, Johnson states, was not correct, as he knew educated people who had it. The opinion was formed without due regard to the circumstances, for the doctor reminds those who hold it that education was not rare in the Highlands. A gentleman told him that once when he was far from his own land, one of his labourers predicted his return, and the livery his attendant would wear. The prediction was perfectly correct, although he had never seen the livery. The gift, he remarks, "is neither voluntary nor constant," and was regarded sometimes as an affliction. "The foresight of the seers is not always prescience: they are impressed with images, of which events only show them the meaning." The seer usually told his friends what he had seen, and thus verification was obtained. He regarded the gift as "a breach of the common order of things, without any visible reason or perceptible benefit."

He denied the popular idea that second sight was merely morbid, always predicting misfortune. His view is undoubtedly the correct one, as marriages and births, for example, figure frequently among the many predictions thus made.

It is not difficult to see in the undoubted sympathy Dr. Johnson felt for the occult, at a time and among a class by whom any such belief was regarded as merely superstitious, the promptings of an intuitional nature. Since then the mystery of the next world has become less deep, and we now know the scientific possibility of many strange occurrences that would in his

day have raised a smile of incredulity, or called forth a severe rebuke as being contrary to orthodox religious opinion. Such sympathy might be easily accounted for on the assumption that this impetuous, moody man was of a psychic temperament and very impressionable. Like most psychics he felt deeply, and his feelings compelled him to speak. May not these feelings have sometimes risen from the depth of that phase of consciousness that touches the border of the spiritual world and is susceptible to inspiration from spiritual beings?

This fact may also account for the positiveness with which he so often dealt with the survival of death. Although he had no absolute evidence of it, no one could have written or spoken with greater certainty about it than he did; nor could they have hated materialism with a strength more intense than his. It arose from an assurance of its erroneousness as fixed as if he knew it by demonstration.

This quaint personality, with his rusty brown clothes, black worsted stockings ill-drawn up, unbuckled shoes, and small powdered wig perched perilously on the top of his head, loud voice with slow and deliberate utterance, and laugh like a "rhinoceros," seems to have ever lived in view of the hidden future attained only by passing through the portal of death. He was an occultist in a very real sense, for all his narrow sectarianism. We get the true man in those broad utterances about religion that were made when his mind was free from the bias of passion or emotion, and when he was not simply arguing for its own sake. It is to be regretted that he did not have the advantage of the results of psychical investigation such as we possess to-day. Had he possessed them, we may be sure that the horror of death that cast such a gloom over his long life, would not have existed.

PHANTOMS OF THE DESERT

By ETHEL C. HARGROVE, F.R.G.S.

VAST tracts of sand, limitless spaces of heaving dry sea unbounded save for the steely horizon touch the Infinite. Free and untrammelled by Man's conventions, they are nearer Heaven than the heart of primeval forest or even the close turf on the crest of a wind swept down.

There supernatural happenings seem in touch with the environment, and could the countless grains of sand speak mortal tongue, they would unceasingly tell the traveller of strange sounds stored in the sultry atmosphere, and scenes of long ago stamped indelibly where the brownish yellow undulations skirt Eternity.

Thomas de Quincey, in *The Last Days of Immanuel Kant and other Writings*, page 326, mentions a section of the desert well known to his own countrymen as part of the wilderness of Zin between Palestine and the Red Sea, where sweet bells are heard daily pealing for matins and vespers from some phantom convent that no search of Christian or Bedouin Arab has ever been able to discover. These bells have sounded since the Crusades, and it will be interesting to note if any of our present-day khaki-clad soldiers share the experiences of their remote ancestors.

Such phantom music and the ringing of church bells are not limited to the Desert. I have elsewhere in the OCCULT REVIEW related two personal experiences at Knighton Gorges near Newchurch, Isle of Wight. Sir Harry Johnstone heard the whole of a Pentecostal service enacted when he was living at a country house on the site of a mediæval chapel. Archdeacon Wilberforce once informed me in the course of a very interesting conversation that unaccountable music was of frequent occurrence at a country seat belonging to his own family. In a somewhat similar manner Henry IV of France endured agony of mind from the constant sound of funeral knells in his ears before his assassination, and from a far distance he could hear "those stealthy steps, which even then were seeking him throughout the streets of Paris."

Other sounds, trumpets, the alala of armies, etc., are heard

in other regions of the desert. Forms also, are seen of more people than have any right to be walking in human paths : sometimes forms of avowed terror, which is a case of far more danger, appearances that mimic the shapes of men, and even of friends or comrades. This is a fact much dwelt on by the old travellers, and which throws a gloom over the spirits of all Bedouins, and of every cafila or caravan . . . Sounds and visual appearances are supposed likewise to beset and seduce all isolated travellers. Exactly the same belief as to the perils of the phantom-hunted prevails amongst the Arabs from Bagdad to Suez and Cairo—from Rosetta to Tunis—Tunis to Timbuctoo or Mequinez. Marco Polo * says the same of sands and barren mountains beyond the City of Lop :—

. . . There is a marvellous thing related of this desert which is that when travellers are on the moor by night, and one of them chances to be behind or to fall asleep or the like, when he tries to gain his company again he will hear spirits talking and will suppose them to be his comrades. Sometimes the spirits will call him by name and thus shall a traveller oftentimes be led astray so that he never finds his party. And in this way very many have perished. Sometimes the stray travellers will hear as it were the tramp and hum of a great cavalcade of people away from the real line of road, and taking this to be their own company they will follow the sound ; and when day breaks they find that a cheat has been put on them, and that they are in an ill plight. Even in the daytime one hears those spirits talking. And sometimes you shall hear the sound of a variety of instruments and still more commonly the sound of drums. Hence in rushing the journey 'tis customary for travellers to keep close together, all the animals to have bells at their necks so that they cannot easily get astray, and at sleeping time a signal is put up to show the direction of the next march.

An Arab was once beckoned to by three men, one of whom was apparently his greatest friend. Had not the *real friend* simultaneously called him, to return to his company, he would undoubtedly have been spirited away by the trio.

These false guides not only delude human beings, but Lapland dogs are thus lured away by spectre wolves.

Arabs regard desert phantoms as forerunners of misfortune and death. To again quote de Quincey, " To see them or to hear them even where the traveller is careful to refuse their lures, entails the certainty of death in no long time."

A curious case in this connection is that of Mr. William Wardlaw Ramsay, the companion (and I believe relative of Lord

* See Book of Sir Marco Polo, translated by Colonel Sir Henry Yule. Murray, London, 1903. Vol I. p. 197, *The Great Desert*.

Lindsay), a man whose honourable character and whose intellectual accomplishments speak for themselves. In the posthumous memorabilia of his travels published by Lord Lindsay, it is stated that Mr. Ramsay witnessed one of these illusory visions of the desert. During the absence from home of an Arab sheikh, who had been hired as a conductor of Lord Lindsay's party, a hostile tribe of Fellaheen had assaulted and pillaged his tents. Report of this had reached the English travelling party; it was known that the Fellaheen were still in motion, and for some days a hostile encounter was looked for. At length in crossing the well-known valley of the Wady Araba, that most ancient channel of communication between the Red Sea and Judea, Mr. Ramsay *saw* to his own entire conviction, a party of horse moving amongst some sand-hills. Afterwards it became certain from accurate information that this must have been an ocular illusion, as it was established that no horseman *could* have been in that neighbourhood at that time. Lord Lindsay records the case as an illustration of "that spiritualized tone the imagination naturally assumes in scenes presenting so little sympathy with the ordinary feelings of humanity"; and he reports the case in these pointed terms: "Mr. Ramsay, a man of remarkably strong sight, and by no means disposed to superstitious credulity, *distinctly saw* a party of horse moving among the sand-hills, and I do not believe he was ever able to divest himself of that impression." No—and according to Arab interpretation very naturally so; for, as they would have maintained, he really *had* seen the horsemen; phantom horsemen certainly, but still objects of sight. The sequel remains to be told. By the Arabian hypothesis, Mr. Ramsay had but a short time to live—he was under a secret summons to the next world; and in fact in a few weeks after this, whilst Lord Lindsay had gone to visit Palmyra, Mr. Ramsay died at Damascus.

This is a case exactly corresponding to the Pagan nympholepsis—he had seen beings whom it is not lawful to see and live.

REALIZATION

By FREDERICK JAMES

LORD of my soul ! I sought thee day by day
And in the dark mysterious realms of night,
Blind with desire, and knowing not the way
Till pain and sorrow deepened into sight
And I was taught the sacred mystic rite
Where faith transcends and miracles are wrought—
Thus have I found the lover that I sought.

Through maze of pleasures pain finds no surcease,
Incessant longing, need of every hour,
Till great despair brings desolated peace,
And from the stillness of the heart, a power.
Now, Friend Divine, my spirit dare not cower ;
I claim my right to seek thee where thou art,
O Prince of Love ! The Sun within my Heart !

Light of my life ! by right of love I dare,
In passive moments of intense desire,
Desert the temple by a mantric prayer
And reach thee by a bridge of living fire.
Transfigured into beauty, I aspire
To touch thy radiant form and to thee say :
“ Beloved, I have sought thee—found the way.”

In perfumed damask gardens of thy sphere,
I entered through the moon-veiled starry way,
Treading celestial flames without a fear,
To greet the lover who would bid me stay,
And on thy breast in weariness I lay
To realize the joy of perfect love,
Foreshadowed by the symbol of the dove.

Prince of my waking hours—Lord of my dreams !
I live in thee with love beyond compare ;
My body faints with happiness that seems
Too great for earthly tenement to bear :
It is the consummation angels share.
God of the heavens can grant no more than this,
For I have known the rapture of thy kiss !

PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATION IN FRANCE

By EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "Stead, The Man," etc.

"PSYCHICAL Research," said Mr. Gladstone, "is by far the most important of all studies." The term, of course, in its widest sense means all that throws light upon the complex and mysterious workings of "the ghost that dwells in each of us."

It is refreshing to turn to the work of a scientist who, while convinced that mental suggestion and telepathy may account for many statements made by sensitives, yet has the courage frankly to declare:—

We have not, in fact, any repugnance to admitting that a spirit separated from any physical body can enter into communication with us. It is rather those who will not recognize the possibility of the existence of entities independent of the body who are the dupes of a singular illusion.

I quote these words from *Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena*,* a comprehensive work by Dr. Paul Joire, the eminent President of the Société Universelle d'Études Psychiques. And I offer them by way of comfort to those timorous souls who are afraid to accept the evidence of their own senses unless backed by the weight of "scientific opinion."

It is noteworthy that Dr. Joire regards the table as a valuable means of psychic experimentation. He says: "We have found nothing better than the table. . . . It very frequently happens that it is by means of the table, that the first effects of the psychic force are manifested." A remarkable case quoted by him, is the following story of the mysterious disappearance of a young doctor, Harold Munch Petersen, of the Frederiks Hospital, Copenhagen, son of a professor of medicine in that city. Dr. Petersen arrived at an hotel in Aix-les-Bains in October, 1904. Next morning he stated his intention of going to the Mont-du-Chat, "one of the most dangerous mountains of the district."

* *Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena: their Observation and Experimentation*. By Dr. Paul Joire, Professor at the Psycho-Physiological Institute of France, President of the Société Universelle d'Étude Psychique. Translated by Dudley Wright. With twenty-two illustrations. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Demy 8vo. 643 pp. Price 10s. 6d. net.

He never returned. The news of his disappearance spread like wildfire. His relatives came from Copenhagen and made the most extensive inquiries, aided by gendarmes and foresters of the neighbourhood. Every likely and unlikely spot on the mountains was extensively searched, but not a trace was found of the missing man. A short time later, the police of Aix-les-Bains received an anonymous letter saying that the doctor "died on a perpendicular precipice of the *Revard*, under an overhanging rock, near a house which is used as a shelter for sheep when overtaken by storms." The Brigadier of Gendarmerie sent his men next day to the slopes of the *Revard*, and the summit of the mountain was also thoroughly explored. These efforts were likewise fruitless, and as the paths were beginning to be covered with snow, further search was deferred till the following season. It next transpired that the writer of the anonymous letter was a lady, Madame Vuagniaux by name, an ardent spiritualist, well-known and respected in Aix-les-Bains, as was also her artist-husband. This lady was not at all acquainted with Dr. Petersen, but like every one else had been greatly concerned as to his mysterious fate. One day she remarked to some acquaintances that as the spirits knew many things they should let her know what had become of the doctor. Later, at an evening meeting with a couple of friends—ladies—"they made the table 'talk,' " leaving it to make its own unaided assertions, which it did as follows :—

The doctor died in a cave with perpendicular sides at *Revard*. You can give the information or find him yourselves.

You should see the Commissioner, and tell him that you know that the doctor died on the *Revard* in a rock cavity on a precipice close to a house which serves as a shelter for the flocks of sheep when they are overtaken by rain. . . .

Other communications were received by Madame Vuagniaux, through impressional writing, from her guardian spirit, giving such additional details as :—

The doctor, in order to climb the *Revard*, passed by *Roche du Roi* and *Mouxy* ; in the last place he was seen by some persons. His body is at the bottom of a ravine, a little distance from the sheep-fold. He fell twice, first of all at the foot of a perpendicular wall, then lower down into a chasm under an overhanging rock. That is all ; there is nothing to alter.

Another communication received by the same lady asserted :—

The doctor is dead ; his spirit is still in trouble. He will be found from the information given.

It must be stated that the prevailing idea in the neighbourhood was that Dr. Petersen had been assassinated, as but a short time before his disappearance there had been a peculiarly dreadful murder in the locality. It must also be noted that while Dr. Petersen had stated his intention of going to the Mont-du-Chat, the messages were unanimous in declaring he had met his death *on the Revard, by accident*. So insistent were the spirits, that "on May 5, after a special séance," Monsieur Vuagniaux and a member of the Alpine Club, decided to recommence the search. This plan was forestalled, however, by the sudden announcement which electrified the neighbourhood, that a farmer of Mouxy, Monsieur Antoine Jacquin, had accidentally discovered in a coppice beneath a precipice at Mont Revard, the skeleton of a man whose only clothing was a pair of leather gaiters. The following is Monsieur Jacquin's own account of his gruesome find, which confirms in every detail the spirit communications received by Madame Vuagniaux and her friends.

I own a property situated on the western slope of Mont Revard, about 4,500 feet above the sea-level, called the *Bois Noir*, but better known as the *Gorge des Chérassons*.

This property is on a steep slope; at the top there is a rock thirty feet high, formed of two vertical portions of equal dimensions, separated by a small platform. This rock, which cannot be climbed, is consequently a barrier to the ascent of the Revard.

The Alpine Club path which leads to the top of the Revard on the west side passes nearly two hundred yards below my land.

I only come to this place once in three or four years on account of the difficulty of getting to it. It takes two hours of difficult walking and the ground is almost valueless, with only a few fir trees on it.

On the afternoon of May 9, I went up to my property, the Gorge des Chérassons. About one hundred and fifty yards from the base of the rock I have mentioned, I found some fragments of grey clothing. Greatly surprised I went higher, and at various points I saw other pieces of the same material. About forty yards from the base of the rock I came across a dead body, or rather a skeleton, seated and bent forward.

I saw other pieces of material close to the body. Higher up I found a small knife, a watch, and further on, the chain. About twenty yards from the base of the rock I discovered the remains of a shirt, a circular railway ticket, and a wallet containing some foreign bank-notes.

Lower down, about a hundred yards away from the body, I found a black leather purse, containing a ten-franc and a five-franc piece, and some foreign coins of small value. I also found an eye-glass.

This body could only have been discovered by me. Every two or three years I go up to this place, which is my property. It is absolutely deserted and dangerous; no tourist or huntsman ever ventures to make the ascent.

To make a long story short, it was indubitably proved that the

body found was that of Dr. Petersen. That he had met his death by accident, having evidently taken the wrong path on returning over the Revard, and had fallen over a sheer precipice, striking a rocky platform in his descent, and falling thence near a cave into which he must have crawled to die. Thus the spirit-communications were absolutely verified, even to the châlet for the shelter of sheep during storms. The local Commissioner of Police, Monsieur Gauthier, took special pains to confirm these details, and the whole affair created a most profound sensation.

The question may be asked : If the spirits could tell Madame Vuagniaux and her friends where Dr. Petersen's body would be found, why did they not warn the doctor himself and so prevent the accident ? The answer is : Dr. Petersen may not have been at all "psychic," whereas Madame Vuagniaux was a highly-developed sensitive. Or, again, the doctor may have received, but disregarded, a warning of danger. That such warnings have been given and sometimes acted upon, is a fact as well-established as any other fact in human experience. The memorable episode of Lady Warwick and her motor-car accident is a case in point. Though the warning in this instance was received by Lady Warwick too late to do other than serve as a remarkable proof of spirit-intervention.*

My own personal experience does not lead me to agree with the statement in Dr. Joire's book that suggestion plays a large part in replies received through the table. It is too much to say, as he does, that if a sitter calls out a name or a word, the table *always* agrees. Time and again I have been present at private séances, when it has been most amusing to see the obstinacy with which the little table raised itself on one leg and rapped a negative to any suggested word or name it had evidently not intended to give.

Examples of what Spiritualists term "soul-projection" are always interesting because they help to throw light on the as yet only dimly suspected powers latent in humanity. This power of projection of the "etheric" body is one of great moment, for it foreshadows its power to function in other conditions as an individuality and a personality, when the physical body, like an old glove, has been cast aside.

While comparatively few of us are happy enough to remember where the spirit-body travels during the sleep of its physical envelope,—that coarser covering suited to the earth-plane,—still fewer can send their soul a-journeing while the physical body

* *Stead, the Man*, pp. 162-169.

is consciously awake. A most gifted being in this respect was the late Vincent Turvey, of Bournemouth,* who often visited his friends at a distance without his corporeal counterpart. More interesting still was what he called his "phone-voyance," by which he could see into distant rooms and describe their contents. He could also see persons in the rooms and hear their conversation. During these phases of phone-voyance Mr. Turvey was wide awake, and perfectly conscious, as he expressed it, of "being in two places at once."

Dr. Joire cites several remarkable instances of the power to see at a distance, but the cases he quotes are mostly those of hypnotized subjects, a condition which he describes in true scientific parlance as "lucidity in deep somnambulism." What was a normal faculty in Mr. Turvey was an artificially induced manifestation in "Theresa," a young girl of eighteen, servant in the house of Monsieur Cuisinier de Lisle. When in the magnetic sleep Theresa became clairvoyant and was able to describe *distant* scenes. Monsieur de Lisle had staying in his house a friend named Lorgeril, who on one occasion went to the distant town of Hyères to pay his addresses to a lady "with a view to matrimony." Curious to know how his friend's courtship was progressing, Monsieur de Lisle hypnotized the willing Theresa, and, in the presence of Madame Festand, who sent an account of it afterwards to the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, the following dialogue took place, Theresa having found her way to Hyères, and minutely described the house and its surroundings. She went upstairs into a room where Monsieur Lorgeril and the lady of his choice were seated at table. Obediently answering Monsieur de Lisle's questions, she said :—

"I do not think the marriage will take place." Then, still fast asleep she went on : "I see them getting up from the table, they have finished eating. . . . They have eaten some ragout of lamb, also some orange salad. I also see on the mantelpiece of the room three oranges which Lorgeril has bought, and which he will bring to Toulon to-morrow to give to your three children. Lorgeril will leave there to-morrow, and will reach here at four o'clock in the afternoon."

"It is not likely," said Monsieur de Lisle to the clairvoyante, "that if Lorgeril is here to-morrow, it should be at four o'clock in the afternoon, because he has work in the port, and in order to go to his work he would have to arrive here in the morning."

"No, sir, no; I tell you that he will get here at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

The following day, as the young woman had predicted, as four

* *Beginnings of Seer-ship*, by Vincent Turvey.

PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATION IN FRANCE 363

o'clock struck, Lorgeril returned. Monsieur de Lisle, who was waiting for him, said to him, as he entered the garden :—

" Well, my poor Lorgeril, so your love affair has turned out badly. That is a pity ; you were, however, well looked after—ragout of lamb, orange salad. . . ."

Lorgeril opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

" Sir, sir—how, how——"

Finally, Monsieur de Lisle raised his wonderment to the highest pitch by saying to him : " Come, Lorgeril, put your hand in your pocket and give me those three oranges you have brought for the children."

Lorgeril then threw the three oranges on the sandy path of the garden, fled precipitately to his own room, quite frightened, saying, " Ah, Monsieur de Lisle, you have dealings with the devil."

How far it is permissible to pry into the movements of others without their sanction for the experiment, is a question of ethics which does not appear to trouble the scientific conscience ! And why the devil should be credited by the popular mind with all the clever things that happen in the psychic realm, is another puzzle.

For Dr. Joire hypnotism is the first link in a chain of super-normal faculties, each development of which reveals the possibility of some yet greater development. The sequence leads to what he considers the greatest mystery of all, that which is known as Materialization. The doctor devotes a section of his work to Sir William Crookes's famous experiments with the psychic, Miss Florence Cook.

I have had the privilege of personal confirmation from Sir William Crookes himself, of his never-to-be-forgotten experiences, not only with Florence Cook, but with D. D. Home also, of whom Dr. Joire has much to say. Lady Crookes also told me how at a séance in their own house, when one of their sons was an infant three weeks old, Katie King asked to be allowed to see the baby. It was brought into the séance room and placed in Katie's arms, who, after holding it in the most natural way for a short time, smilingly gave it back again. " I do not suppose," added Lady Crookes, " many babies have had such an experience. . . ."

Dr. Joire's book sparkles with numerous psychic episodes, for he leaves no clue unfollowed, that may throw light upon the mystery of being. It is for every reader to think out for himself a possible solution. Each builder may add his grain of sand ; each delver find " some gem of purest ray serene." And in years not far away, Science may tardily discover what poets and little children have always known.

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.*]

A CHARM AGAINST DANGERS IN WAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The article on the Wearing of Religious Emblems at the Front appearing in the November number of OCCULT REVIEW should serve the purpose of bringing to light many instances of a belief in the protection afforded by the Heavenly powers to those who invoke them with confidence. The essence of Ancient Magic undoubtedly lay in processes similar to the recital of the Litany of the Sacred Heart described by Michael Macdonagh. It may be of interest to recall the following charm against drowning and dangers in war which is taken from *Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, by John Gregorson Campbell, who relates that a native of the Island of Coll who served in the British Army throughout the Peninsular and Continental Wars attributed his safe return from the wars in some measure to having learned this charm in his youth :—

The charm Mary put round her son,
And Bridget put in her banners,
And Michael put in his shield,
And the Son of God before His throne of clouds ;
A charm art thou against arrow,
A charm art thou against sword,
A charm against the red-tracked bullet,
An island art thou in the sea,
A rock art thou on land,
And greater be the fear these have
Of the body round which the charm goes
In presence of Colum-Kil
With his mantle round thee.

The same author relates further that a smith from the Isle of Mull received a charm of this kind from his father. He enlisted and was in thirty battles. On coming home without a wound, he said he had often wished he was dead, rather than be bruised as he was by bullets. They struck him but could not pierce him because of the charm.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,
FLAXIUS.

THE WEARING OF RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS IN WAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The common wearing of religious emblems at the front forms a most interesting phenomenon, accentuating under the stress of war emotions the back swing of the pendulum after a period of materialism.

There is an aspect of this question which does not fall really under the scope of this review, belonging rather to the department of religious psychology.

There are clear or hidden religious convictions to explain the use of such devotional articles even amongst non-Catholics, as rosary, Agnus Dei, scapulars, medals, etc. Antique devotions have been revived in the trenches; medals of Our Lady, St. Joseph, the Guardian Angel, are worn as well as emblems of the national saints, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. Margaret of Scotland, also of St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Edward the Confessor. Military saints, St. George, St. Mauritius, St. Michael make a special appeal, as well as St. Sebastian, behind whom we can discern still the pagan arrows of Apollo. St. Barbara extends her protection from artillery to munition making.

St. Christopher has become the patron saint of airmen as well as motor drivers, on account of the antique legend that after looking at a representation of the saint one is protected from all danger of death for the rest of the day. St. Donatian and St. Lawrence, the protectors against thunder, are now extending their protection against aerial bombardments.

There are scores of such devotions belonging to the class of orthodox religious practices. But such a religious upheaval is bound to bring up also some froth and mud, and along with these devotional emblems a crop of pseudo-religious superstitions have appeared.

The oriental Svastika, and the Ankh or ansated cross, the Copto-Egyptian emblem of life were already worn before the war as mascots and have little religious meaning for the generality. I have not come across sure evidence yet of the use of religious phylacters as talismans amongst our men, but I fancy that it is only because they are less easily traceable; but many of these pseudo prayers have been found on German wounded or prisoners. Some of these talismans show the clearest connection with the gnostic phylacters.

The large number of crucifixes which have escaped destruction while the shells have destroyed all around them form quite a remarkable fact which has struck the imagination of our soldiers. By a connection often met when studying popular superstitions, small crosses are cut out of splinters of these crucifixes and worn as talismans. I have even heard of a finger cut off one of these crucifixes, carried as mascot by a soldier who attributes to it some marvellous escapes. It is even possible that some similar idea may have been the origin of the bits of church stained glass inserted as bezel into aluminium finger rings, made in the trenches. Copies of antique

gnostic gems or seals are in great demand. There is a Catholic medal (known as the medal of St. Benedict), which is ornamented by letters drawing a cross and border all round, these letters being the initials of the letters of Latin inscriptions. This medal seems to have gained some kind of occult reputation, perhaps on account only of its incomprehensibility.

I have come across finger rings, which I fancy fall under the class of articles I am describing, and for which I cannot find any satisfactory explanation.

As bezel there is a Latin cross ; on the left of it a circle with a dot in centre (Greek theta ?) then a triangle (Greek delta ?), then the word AMEN (sometimes written in Greek AMHN). Following this there is a sign not quite clear ; it looks like the English cursive letter m, with the end lengthened under ; or it represents perhaps the zodiacal sign of the scorpion, then a capital omega (or zodiacal sign of the lion ?), which brings us back to the central cross. It is considered as a religious ring by its wearers, but nobody seems to be able to give an explanation of it (if there is one).

It does not seem to correspond with any known examples of Catholic or gnostic inscription. Can any of your readers, versed in Kabbalistic, Masonic or Occult Science, suggest any explanation.

In these times of great mental and moral stress human nature drops many of the conventional veils under which it is generally hiding itself, and interesting information is brought back from the trenches by those who can keep their eyes open and their mind receptive during these hard times.

With all good wishes, I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

C. BILLAUX.

THE FOUR COSMIC ELEMENTS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the September number of the OCCULT REVIEW Mr. C. G. Sander, F.R.P.S., in his article on "The Four Cosmic Elements" makes the following statement under the sub-heading "Attraction."

"Attraction not only functions between the smallest units of matter, such as electrons and atoms, but also between Suns and their Planets and between Stellar Systems. . . . Such modes of attraction are cohesion, gravitation, magnetism and chemical affinity."

May I carry this exposition a step further and make the following inquiry :—

Given that Attraction functions in the modes stated above, may I conclude :—

(1) That the most important result of this element, "Attraction," is the control of movements of matter subjected to an initial energy ?

(2) The movements of Planetary and Stellar Systems having been found to be governed according to certain laws, of which,

I assume, the most important are those of Kepler and Newton, may I further conclude that such laws apply equally to the movements of the smallest units of matter, i.e., such as electrons and atoms ?

I am, sir, yours truly,

A. B. R.

A DREAM OF A MOTHER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have often been very worried over the following dream, which I have dreamt many times, always on the same cause. As my mother never left me, I cannot understand what it can *mean* !

I dream my mother (who was a great invalid from paralysis) often goes away with a nurse, and they go where I cannot find them.

But it leaks out, through strangers, of an invalid lady being badly treated by her nurse, either half starved, or put to sleep in somewhat damp sheets ; the nurse *feels* relations don't know, so does as she pleases. And one time I dream she has my mother in what was a boat house, and in some way I hear of this and try to get there by water, which looks very black and ominous ; wading through this I hear my mother's cry. I recognize it, but cannot get to her !

I have wondered if this meant anything, and have felt miserable when waking.

Faithfully yours,

V. FRANCIS.

ASTRAL TRAVELLING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you so much for your courtesy in printing my letter, and I shall be much interested to see if other readers have the same power. It is curious you should have put it as you have at the end of your article on "Ghosts." The only time I have been seen and spoken to was as follows, the account of which I sent to the Psychical Research Society. I was living in London while studying at the London University, but went down to Surbiton for a week-end in November. All the Saturday I was curiously oppressed and worried about a great friend who lives in Bristol. My last thought was, "How I wish I knew if she is all right before falling asleep." I was called early next morning after a good night, as I was going to Early Service, and the moment I sat up in bed after the maid had gone, I was overcome by a strong smell of chloroform. I jumped out of bed hastily, thinking the maid must have upset a bottle on the washhand stand, as I was sleeping in a dressing-room belonging to an absent member of the family, but could find nothing. I got back and lay down and again smelt it, and then with a rush I remembered going the night before to my friend's room in Bristol to find it empty ; but something prompted me to open the spare room door and there she was, lying propped up high in bed looking ghastly. I hurried to the bedside and as I bent over her she said, "Don't kiss

me, dear, I smell of chloroform." It was all so vivid I dressed hurriedly and before going to church wrote down what I remembered and sent her a postcard merely saying: "Are you all right, I must know." A few days later I heard from her. She had had an operation on the Saturday, which she had not let me know about, thinking I should worry. "And," she added, "such an odd thing happened about 10 p.m. I was half conscious, and mother was sitting by the fire while nurse got ready for the night, when the door opened and you came in; but I said, 'Don't kiss me, dear, I smell of chloroform,' and mother asked who I was talking to, as there was no one in the room."

That was the first time I ever went down the tunnel, but found I could always do it after that. I wonder if Mr. Carrington would admit my appearance as real, but I am certain that strong thought is creative, and often so-called haunted houses can be explained by that. If our individuality survives Death, what more natural than some one whose whole life has been centred on some house and garden should still think of the joys felt there, and *when* they think intensely it makes a vibration of the ether which materializes. If in this life we can by intense desire or love make ourselves felt and seen when separated from the object of our love, surely it must be still easier when unhampered by the flesh.

Perhaps you will remember in Mr. Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, how when the children visit their grandparents, the latter tell them they have not been for a long time, and when the children, astonished, say they have *never* been, their grandmother explains that they visit them every time they think of them. I hope the present and coming generations will learn the value of thought, as the key to most knowledge.

STOKE FLEMING,
S. DEVON.

Yours faithfully,
HERMIONE PARRY OKEDEN.

THE TROUBLES OF A PSYCHIC.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—My friend Mrs. S—— and I came to my mother's house to stay a few days, and were put to sleep in a room that Mrs. S—— had not slept in before. Some little time after we had gone to bed she said in a strained voice, "I don't like this room—there are 'things' in it." I quickly turned up the light and found her lying stiff and rigid in her bed—stone cold—and her eyes positively *sticking* out of her head. She was terrified of the experience which she had just had: A weeping woman had come to her bedside and leaned on her and one of her tears had dropped on to Mrs. S——'s cheek. I comforted her as best I could and we eventually went to sleep with the light on. But she was quite exhausted next day. It so happens that about ten years ago a woman slept in that room for a week, and wept her heart out over a personal tragedy, and more recently another woman slept there and also did a good deal of weeping. My friend, Mrs. S——, had no means whatever of knowing this before, though I have told her now.

I am writing to you, as Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW, to know if you have any counsel, comfort or advice to give me to help my friend, Mrs. S——. She is frequently having experiences of the kind, and they frighten her beyond control.

She often sees herself or her "Ka" sitting in a chair, and watches with paralysed fascination the movements of "herself." Then again "things" come and *touch* her on the shoulder, and frighten her nearly to death. She always goes cold and stiff and her eyes look "unseeing" and change colour, and when she recovers she is quite exhausted for hours after.

She very definitely "sensed" the disaster of the sinking of H.M.S. *Defence* and numerous other things.

Trusting that you or your readers will be able to help me with some solution of the problem so that in future I can reassure her and help her not to be afraid of these visitations and experiences.

Yours faithfully,

BABETTE.

[There are special dangers to the psychic temperament owing to its abnormal receptivity. Great care should therefore be exercised by such people in avoiding harmful conditions. It is, however, well to remember that the laws of nature are all-embracing, and a sound occult philosophy is probably the greatest protection possible against the terrors of the unseen world, which frighten mainly because of the atmosphere of mystery attached to them by those ignorant of occult laws.—ED.]

A DREAM OF THE "TITANIC."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago your representative called here in the ordinary way of business to show your publications for me to order copies for stock. Incidentally I happened to open a copy of, I believe, *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, in which reference was made to the sinking of the *Lusitania*. This brought to mind an experience of my own which I mentioned to your representative. He asked me if I would write you, as he thought the matter might interest you. My experience concerned the *Titanic* when she struck an iceberg in the Atlantic.

On the particular Sunday evening I retired to bed in the ordinary way. Some time during the night, or rather it was in the early morning, I was violently agitated by a dream. The dream was as follows (and this was the way I told it before I knew anything about the *Titanic* disaster):—

"I received an invitation to take a passage upon a steamer. When I arrived to go on board, I saw it was the *Titanic*. (I put this name to the boat straight away; although I had not actually seen the *Titanic*, I knew the colouring of the White Star Line funnels.) I accordingly

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went on board, and for some reason, it was necessary for the vessel to drift across the river to pick up some luggage, as I thought. While drifting across, the vessel turned over on its side with the funnels sticking out horizontally. My feeling was that another wave and she would turn turtle. The vessel, however, righted itself and got to the other side. The landing stage was deserted. I jumped off, feeling that the vessel was bound to go down on getting into the open sea. On my jumping off, the vessel drifted away again, and the feeling was, that I should be one of those individuals who had a presentiment and would not go. By some means or other I was missed on board, and a man came back for me in a small boat which was not like an ordinary rowing boat, but was turned up at the ends like a gondola. I have been informed since that it would be a surf boat. (I mention this as I had not attached the idea of a surf boat to this craft before.) I informed the man on his entreating me to look sharp, that I would come next time, and I watched the *Titanic* drift down the river, still feeling in my mind that as soon as she reached the open sea she would go down to the bottom."

This ended the actual dream, and I awoke, feeling the vivid force of the mental picture. I lay four or five minutes thinking the matter out, and then got up, looked at my watch casually, wondering what the time was, with no idea of associating the time with the dream; took a sip of water, and retired to rest again. The time I looked at my watch was five minutes past three. My moving about disturbed my wife whom I told that I had been dreaming about the *Titanic*, but would tell her the details later, which I did. Later in the morning while at business a friend of mine in conversation happened to remark about a strained look in my eyes. As an excuse for the strained look I told him about the dream. This was on the Monday morning. He said: "Have you seen the newspaper placards?" and as I had not, I answered, "No." He said it was reported that the *Titanic* was sinking. This was the first intimation I had of the disaster.

On arriving home to mid-day lunch, no word had got out into the suburbs, and I queried my wife as to what boat I had dreamt about the previous evening. She instantly said: "The *Titanic*." She knew nothing about the disaster until I told her. I immediately became interested and said at once that my dream took place at three o'clock in the morning.

All sorts of rumours were afloat during Monday and Tuesday. One was that she was being towed to port. Finally, when I got my usual morning paper, the *Daily Chronicle*, on the Wednesday, the first words that met my eyes at the commencement of the left-hand column on the front page were, "At three o'clock (English time) Monday morning the *Titanic* sank," etc.

Does this interest you at all?

Yours faithfully,

E. A. BRYANT.

PSYCHIC RECORDS FROM THE TRENCHES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As a student of the occult, I would like to ask your opinion of the two instances of spirit manifestation recorded in Mr. Sydney A. Moseley's intensely interesting book on the much-discussed Gallipoli expedition, *The Truth about the Dardanelles*.

Under the heading, "A Strange Episode," he narrates the story of a dying soldier to whom a loved sister appears. This appearance might well have seemed a hallucination of the wounded man's brain, except for the fact that the writer of the book saw it also.

The other story, "A Trench Romance," is not so realistic, but it is as strange. In this, the soldier's fiancé had given her young brother into his charge, telling him not to return to her without him. The brother is shot, and at the very moment that he receives his fatal wound the sister appears in the trench. So real was her appearance that her fiancé went mad on the spot, failed to charge when the order came, and was removed in a state of coma to the hospital, where he died.

No doubt these wonderful occult episodes have already been brought to your attention. Are these stories merely good journalism or are they true? Perhaps the author of *The Truth about the Dardanelles* will let us know. There have been such cases I know, but these seem to be so much out of the ordinary. Other less realistic stories have been given by the soldiers themselves, of the spirit appearance of loved ones, either at a moment of crisis, or of death. It would be useful to get other authenticated instances which would serve as evidence in a question which is of vital interest at the present moment, viz. : Will communication ever be established between this and the spirit world? and the OCCULT REVIEW suggested itself to me as a good medium for the collection of this material.

Yours very truly,

MONA BAIRD.

16 PALMEIRA AVENUE,
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.

[I am forwarding a copy of the Review to the author of *The Truth about the Dardanelles*, drawing attention to this letter.—ED.]

Further Correspondence is unavoidably held over.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE CHANNEL in its new issue opens the second volume and discusses many subjects, while continuing to affirm that it is not in official connection with any sect, society or creed, but is dedicated to the spiritual philosophy of life and "the science of superphysical facts" in the widest possible sense. It is certainly the most interesting review which comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic, though the mystic realm of philosophy and religion, and the science of experience therein—as these are understood among us—find no place in its pages. Miss Stead contributes an interesting account of the Borderland Bureau, the circumstances which led to its foundation, and why it was connected from the beginning with the name of "Julia," now so familiar among us. The editor gives a further instalment of her studies in the "science of occult healing," dealing on the present occasion with results obtained in the clairvoyant analysis of hypnotism. When examined in this manner, she states that experiments in the disintegration of a subject's personality offer very startling phenomena. The research "lays bare the objectionable features of hypnotism" and furnishes strong evidence in favour of suggestion as a substitute. We have mentioned on a previous occasion the remarkable communications of "Patience Worth" which are literally pouring through her medium, Mrs. John Curran. Some further specimens are given by *The Channel*, and are still characterized by freshness and beauty of thought, expressed unfortunately in an almost gibberish dialect, which—so far as we can see—seems one of pure invention. Lovers of the marvellous will be attracted by a sensational account of experiences in the investigation of fourth dimensional mysteries, told by a friend to Dr. Carl Ramus. They are followed by particulars received in dream, or vision, of a promised abrupt conclusion to the war, as a result of intervention on the part of the world of spirits. Finally, a theosophical writer discusses Francis Bacon from the standpoint that he was not only the real personality concealed behind the mask of Shakespeare, but (a) "the son of Queen Elizabeth and her unacknowledged husband, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester," and (b) the founder of the Rosicrucian Society. Of these things we have heard previously, and the writer dwells much on the importance of a supposed cipher discovered in the plays and partly published by a certain Dr. Orville Owen. We possess the first volume of his collection, wherein Bacon decodes into bad nineteenth century English, complicated by American peculiarities. These things and some others do not make for wisdom, but they render *The Channel* entertaining reading, apart from its serious sections.

After *The Open Court* has devoted more than thirty pages—from the pen of an unknown woman—to the consideration of an alleged "secret alliance" between Britain and America, for the furtherance of the world-policy attributed to Cecil Rhodes, it turns to the Leibniz

Bicentenary, but only for the purpose of reviewing, or rather advertising, the papers in another periodical under the same editorship. The third article in the issue before us is one of considerable interest within its own measures, but our short analysis of contents is given under all reserves in respect of accuracy and therefore of final values. It is entitled *The Precursor, the Prophet and the Pope*, and is described otherwise as a contribution to the history of the Bahai movement. The writer is Mr. A. P. Richardson, with whom we are unacquainted, but he seems to have written on the same subject more than twelve months ago. His criticism was hostile then and is exceedingly hostile now. It begins by specifying all and sundry accusations which have been made against the movement in the absence of sufficient evidence to support them, and it claims to set them aside. But the very fact of their enumeration at marked length is calculated to produce the kind of impression in a reader which may lead him to prejudge the case, and it is a common device of the partisan. So also in the statements brought forward as things beyond dispute, from the author's standpoint, it is difficult in many cases to speculate as to their source or proceed to their verification. It is inexcusable to publish a sheaf of accusations apart from proper references. The proposition is to show that the Bahai movement, even from its inception in the days of the Bab=Gate or Precursor, was an insurgent sect for which the looting of unbelievers was a religious duty and that Babi teachings "resulted in a recrudescence of religious fanaticism." It is further to show that after the death of Baha'u'llah—described as "the latest manifestation of the Deity"—in 1892, there was not merely a schism among the faithful—which seems to be matter of history—but that the two camps, under the respective headship of Abbas Effendi and his half-brother, Mohammed Ali, pour out all vials of abuse and accusation one upon another. It is to show finally that Abbas Effendi claims, "under the name of infallibility, the right to direct the daily life of the faithful," and after what manner this is exercised and under what threats maintained. Many distressing details are omitted from this summary, and it is on the charges taken as a whole that we base our view that they demand the disclosure of every source of information from which they are presumably derived. It remains to add that Mr. Richardson does furnish certain quotations from sacred writings of the sect but without advising us whether and where they are available outside the guarded circle of "the Holy Family."

Le Théosophe tells us that a French Mason, who is also a theosophist, having the regeneration of Freemasonry at heart, has published a book entitled *The Temple of Truth*, which is meant to recall the Brotherhood to a realization of its true doctrine. The point of view seems to be that the philosophers of the middle ages were workers belonging to occult centres and that they embodied in rich symbolism the plan of the Supreme Architect for the building of the edifice of man, advancing towards initiation. . . . *The New Age* considers Freemasonry in its connexion with the Mithraic Mysteries, and suggests

that the study of these will reward those brethren who look upon their Order "as something more than an empty form." In another issue our contemporary mentions the philosophy of Masonry and points out with considerable truth that the Symbolical Art and Craft is ceasing to be regarded as merely a system of morality. The ethical teachings are held now to rise out of a philosophical system which lies at the root of the institution. The nature of this philosophy is not, however, stated; but we know that it has many aspects, or perhaps more correctly, that it can be unfolded in many directions. . . . In the last issue of *The Builder* we have been much impressed by a brief address at the initiation of a foreigner, extracted from an edition of *The Book of Constitutions*, as prepared under the authority of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in the year 1798. Whether it is still used in that Masonic district does not appear; but, as remarked by the editor of *The Builder*, it still "rings true in this year 1916," and we venture to express the opinion that it should be of universal adoption in the cases to which it refers. . . . *The Freemason* gives account of two Lodge Meetings held under memorable circumstances, some two miles from the German front line. The scene was a farm-house, shelled a short time previously, and the business "was transacted to the music of big gun fire, the hum of aeroplanes, and the bursting of Hun shells." The brethren were armed and equipped with gas helmets.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, writing in the columns of *Light*, affirms in regard to the phenomena of "spirit intercourse" that we are at the close of the stage of investigation and at the opening of that which he terms "religious construction." Spiritistic and psychic researches are no longer "a debatable scientific novelty," and should become the basis of a definite system of thought. They are confirmatory of moral laws, of life after death, and the "unhappy results of sin"; confirmatory also as to the existence of higher beings, and of that place and state which was called the Summer Land by A. J. Davis and others. Here, it is said, are ample elements for the construction of a religious scheme, and it is perhaps in this direction that we are to look for the expected religious revival after the war. In a sympathetic letter arising out of this article, Sir Oliver Lodge refers to the opinion of Sir William Barrett that the evidences of psychical research are not evidences of immortality and that they cannot take the place of religion. With the letter of this he agrees, but he distinguishes between immortality and survival, and adds appositely that while the evidences cannot certainly take the place of religion they may yet have a bearing thereon, and "bring back to it those who would otherwise have become skeptics." Finally, Sir Oliver Lodge protests against attempts to "discountenance every form of Christianity" in the name of psychical experience. Sir William Barrett dwells himself upon these points and says with great insight that "the psychical order is not the spiritual order, but a stepping-stone in the ascent of the soul to its own self-apprehension." Mr. Marriott Watson also expresses concurrence with his brother-novelist.

REVIEWS

THE BROOK KERITH. By George Moore. London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. pp. viii + 471. Price 7s. 6d. net.

WHEN one thinks of the countless atrocities which have been piously committed, not merely in defence of dogmatic Christianity, but to maintain the dignity of the rite of baptism, one is prepared to admire the irony which presided at the publication of Mr. Moore's latest and most remarkable novel. Stories have been written before (e.g. Mr. Frank Harris's *The Miracle of the Stigmata*) to show that the Resurrection of Jesus Christ was a myth resulting from His removal from the cross before death; but Mr. Moore's massive novel (called "beautiful" and "wonderful" by its worthy publishers) is quite the most elaborate work of destructive reconstruction to which the Gospels have hitherto tempted an English novelist.

The three principal characters are Jesus of Nazareth, Paul, and Joseph of Arimathea. Joseph's boyhood is imagined with the vigour of a practised realist. His truancy at a cocking match inspires some excellent writing, and his attractive character as son, hero worshipper and friend, is presented at such generous expense of acceptable words that it is a shock to the reader to receive abruptly the news of his assassinataion by zealots.

In the case of Jesus the imagination of the novelist boldly combines thaumaturgist with a megalomaniac and supposes the extinction of both in the ordeal of Calvary, whence emerges a humble deeply conscientious altruist whose doom is to encounter in Paul a formidable propagandist of the Messianic error. In this encounter Jesus shows nobility of soul, and the reader, to whom all stories are like guttapercha images that can be moulded out of their original shape without sin by the playful artist, must admit that Anti-Christ might do worse with the "old, old story" than Mr. Moore has done.

For this calm, rational, wide-eyed soul that signs itself George Moore, while strangely limited in industrious curiosity, determines to see humanity neither as enthusiast nor misanthrope. Horrifying as it must be to many readers to see Jesus not only deprived of His divinity, but made to utter the prosaic indecencies of the breeder (vide p. 269), it is a fact that if one mentally dissociates the Jesus of Mr. Moore from the Founder of Christianity, Mr. Moore's Jesus takes rank as a lovable saint qualified by golden goodness for the friendship of such as can see the heart's core. It may be remarked that Mr. Moore takes no liberties with the austerity, from a sexual point of view, of the great altruist's life; moreover he shows considerable refinement in his handling of the terrible penal incidents of Roman rule. This novel may be regarded as a serious work of philosophy and (by implication) a challenge to the multitude who rest in the Lord alive, whatever they may do when they are dead. I do not recall that any one prior to Mr. Moore has attempted by dialogue to empty the mentality of the Essenes before the reader of fiction.

In conclusion, it is true that, if we fire from the arsenal of this book such a bullet as this: "To be without sin we must be without God," the voice of Mr. Moore sounds like that of the meditative old serpent of the knowledge tree; but then it is also true that this book witnesses to a lively appreciation of goodness for which, in Hope's vocabulary, God is only another name.

W. H. CHESSON.

JUDAS OF SALT LAKE. By Winifred Graham. London: Eveleigh Nash.
Price 5s. net.

ADMIRERS of *Esra the Mormon*—an earlier chronicle by Miss Graham of the villainies of Salt Lake-ites!—will need no recommendation to this volume, which again gives them their fill of horrors and adventures. From the first meeting of Elder Joseph Free—"the clerical gentleman" who, in the words of Ada, the maid of all work, "looks so grand to come down the area!"—with Ivy Bentley, the wealthy South Tottenham upholsterer's daughter, to her dramatic rescue from his harem on a Utah farm, and his own revolting exit from the world, there is no pause in the break-neck pace of Miss Graham's extraordinary narrative. Murder, abduction, polygamy, sacrificial knives and "blood atonements," together with dialogues of surprising candour and violence, make up a tale which only in the final chapters condescends to a softer tone, and to a picture of matrimonial happiness for the heroine and her faithful Ada.

Characterization and literary style are no part of the book's equipment; and the Occult element is conspicuous by its absence; or, rather, by its misrepresentation in the absurd and filthy pretensions of the wretched Joseph to "supernatural aid." Nor, though Mormonism has undoubtedly been responsible for much of criminality and degradation, should we be prepared to vouch for Miss Graham's alleged "facts" of its case, or to take her Mormon-group as typical of the majority. But her narrative will excite interest in the class of reader for whom it was doubtless written; and with whose approval Miss Graham will, probably, be content.

G. M. H.

THE COMRADE IN WHITE. By the Rev. W. H. Leatham, M.A., author of "The House with the Two Gardens." London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd., Racquet Court, 114 Fleet Street, E.C.
Price 6d. net.

THIS booklet is one of the "Heart and Life" series, an edition which includes many well-known devotional manuals, and others less familiar. The Rev. W. H. Leatham explains that the four stories of his little volume aim at putting "the great realities of our faith, and especially our assurance of the presence of Christ, into a form that may minister comfort to those who think of their dear ones as lying alone and uncared for on the field of battle. . . ." The story of the boys' "Prayer Circle" is exquisitely beautiful, and essentially true in its intense possibilities of drawing round the one for whom special intercession is made, divine protection amid the deadliest peril.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THEOPHANIES: A Book of Verses. By Evelyn Underhill. Sq. 8vo, pp. x + 118. London: Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MR. W. B. YEATS explains in one of his prefaces that he has tried, or was concerned once upon a time in trying, many ways. Miss Underhill has also tried many during her literary life. She was of consideration and repute as a novelist and—as the saying is—was exceedingly "well read." She was diverted thereafter into paths of mysticism, and at least one of her books—that which was entitled *Mysticism*—was very good and useful. Whether or not it could be called "a study in the nature and development

of man's spiritual consciousness," it was in great demand, and deserved it. Of more recent days she has sought a channel of expression in verse; but I have not seen the volume entitled *Immanence*. After various manners she shows forth Divine things in the present collection, taking as her text the dictum of John the Scot, that "every visible and invisible creature is a theophany or appearance of God." The same text is probably illustrated in *Immanence*, and its truth is with us in all our ways. Even the toads in my garden—a great colony—have jewelled eyes which are outward signs of a grace that is somewhere to be found within, and the new black kitten on the hearth has a spirit of divine mischief, as in some wise also an "annihilative" divine power. However this may be, *Theophanies* is suggestive reading. It is good to hear of the music of March winds as

"Noblest of the processionals of earth,"

and to see with Miss Underhill in the glorious springtide pageant

"The great Vexilla Regis of the King."

She tells us in another mood that thought is a strange land and that she is "a gipsy therein," going leisurely upon highways, trying lanes and trespassing in copses. But this mood is passing, and in the end she emerges and speaks of a marsh far off, giving upon a great sea, where—as "on the fringes of thought"—she will wait for the incoming tide. I think that some of these verses were written in such a marsh, or waiting on such a margin. If I may be permitted to set aside certain things which are motived by the present war, there are poems in this slender volume which are worth all that Miss Underhill has written in prose on the mystic way. They do bring occasionally "authentic news of Paradise." Many spiritual minds will find herein much that is kindred to their own intimations of the loving mysteries which encompass us in the world without.

A. E. WAITE.

WILLIE HARPER'S TWO LIVES. Second Edition, Illustrated. New Church Press, Ltd. London: 1 Bloomsbury Street, W.C. Price 1s. 6d., prepaid U.K., 1s. 8d. abroad.

Will there come a time, one wonders, when even the fairy-tales of our childhood will be out of date, because they do not touch upon the Other Side, but on the earth-life alone? or is not fairy-land only the Other Side under another name? Certainly the experiences of "Willie" when he became free from his weary, suffering earth-body, and awoke to find a beautiful Angel bending over him, were very much like one's old ideas of elf-land. Perhaps in such a charming book, intended mainly for children, it might have been desirable to dwell less upon the painful details of the little boy's long illness. "Willie's" after-death experiences are not only entirely material and lovely, they *are true*; and I hope, indeed, that many Rachels mourning for their children may read this book and be comforted. It expresses some of the simplest and most exquisite of Swedenborg's teaching on the subject of the Many Mansions. . . . Every page is adorned with marginal drawings of such delicate workmanship that one cannot but wonder what angel fingers guided the artist's hand.

EDITH K. HARPER.

SPIRITUALISM: THE BASIC FACT OF RELIGION, SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. By Felicia R. Scatcherd, "Felix Rudolph."
UNSEEN INFLUENCES. By Hanson G. Hey. Published by The Spiritualists' National Union, Ltd., 30 Glen Terrace, Clover Hill, Halifax. Price 2d. Post Free 2½d.

THE S.N.U. is extremely energetic in propagandist work, and the various addresses which from time to time are made to its large and appreciative audiences are sent broadcast, in pamphlet form, to do their work of seed-sowing in divers kinds of ground, stony and otherwise. The present pamphlet consists of an address by Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd, and a shorter one by Mr. Hanson G. Hey. Miss Scatcherd's paper is rich in definitions. She traces very clearly beneath religion, science and philosophy, the fundamental truth of spiritualism, without being apologetic for the frank use of that much misused term. Mr. Hey speaks of the invisible forces which everywhere radiate through space, and of which we form a more or less unconscious focus for good or ill.

EDITH K. HARPER.

MYTH AND LEGEND IN THE BIBLE. By Keighley Snowden. Crown 8vo. Pp. viii + 200. London: Watts & Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Snowden explains in a preface that his book is for "ordinary readers" and that it is the work of a journalist who has tried to make its story plain. The title-page is explanatory after another manner, stating that the volume is issued for the Rationalist Press Association. It may be described concisely as a study of the history and literature of Israel, as preserved in the Bible, recast popularly from an ultra-rationalistic standpoint. As it neither is nor pretends to be the work of a scholar, so it is one which cannot be taken for a guide by persons who may wish to know the authoritative results of higher criticism and its connections. Outside any class of beginners the book has of course no appeal at all. For the rest, it seems written honestly after its own manner. Were it possible for any one to read the pages apart from all knowledge of the Jewish Scriptures themselves, it would never be imagined that the criticism purports to deal with one of the greatest literary as well as religious memorials which the world has seen. There is no indication that the writer is conscious of this fact. But then Mr. Snowden is a journalist.

A. E. WAITE.

EDWARD CARPENTER, HIS IDEAS AND IDEALS. By A. H. Moncur Sime. With a Photogravure Portrait of Edward Carpenter, by Lena Connell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

WITH Edward Carpenter's own story of his life—"My Days and Dreams"—still fresh in the mind of the reading public, Mr. Moncur Sime's modest volume makes a timely appearance as an introduction to "the sociology and philosophy of the most influential, non-professional, non-academic thinker of the present generation," especially for the many who have not leisure fully to study the works of the poet-philosopher for themselves. In the twelve chapters of his little book Mr. Sime touches in a popular way on the manifold aspects of Edward Carpenter's teaching, as socialist, idealist, and mystic. . . . Of haunting beauty are the verses entitled

"The Trysting," quoted from "Towards Democracy"—a tender picture of a son at his mother's graveside, which should be as a tocsin to those heart-broken ones who may chance to read it in these appalling days; a tocsin calling the mourner to look above and beyond the clods of brown earth covering the cast-off mortal body. The flowers her son had gathered to lay on his mother's grave she, in her spirit form, takes from his hand, touching him, and in eloquent silence she "looks in his eyes, and touches him again." . . .

In the chapter, "Intermediate Types," the author dwells on Edward Carpenter's lofty ideal of Friendship which he himself feels to be so beautifully expressed in Walt Whitman's words, as: "The marvellous and mysterious process by which the soul, the very inner being, of one person passes over and transfuses that of another."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE BLACK DWARF OF VIENNA. By Princess Catherine Radziwill.
London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 1916. Price 1s.

HERE we have a really excellent volume of ghost stories, Russian, Polish, Italian, Swedish and German, possessing the additional merit of authenticity, and vouched for by the authoress, who has either witnessed the apparitions herself or has had tales relating to their appearance told her by members of those royal families in whose castles they appear.

To us at this time, when Prussian ambitions have turned the world upside down, not the least interesting among these legends is the story of the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns who haunts the Castle of Berlin and appears only when a member of that family is about to die. Now there have been many legends and many white ladies, but the unhappy Countess Gertrude Orlamunde, who murdered her two sons because they proved an obstacle between her and her lover, is the person whose appearance is so much dreaded and disliked by the Prussian royal family.

It seems that the House of Hapsburg is also blessed or cursed? by an attendant spirit—the Black Dwarf of Vienna—who comes to warn its members when death or disaster will be their fate. It is reported that he has been frequently seen of late, bent and aged, as if carrying a burden too heavy to bear.

To all lovers of the supernatural this enthralling little volume will make its sure appeal, and as none of us are overburdened with wealth this Christmas, by reason of its cheapness should make a very suitable and acceptable gift.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

REVELATION ON REVELATION. By Rachel T. Fox. Crown 8vo.
Pp. xxvi + 413. London: Kegan Paul. Price 4s. 6d. net.

It may be explained for the sake of perspicuity that Revelation A comes through automatic writing, for mediumship of which kind Miss Fox has a particular gift, and it has been illustrated on other occasions by books of a similar kind. Revelation B is the Apocalypse. The communications comprised in the present volume extended over a period of twelve months, and are arranged in the order of subject-matter, not in that of their reception. Moreover, they have been carefully annotated in an intelligent and helpful manner. While it is to be feared that comparatively few persons will be found to emulate in their capacity for reading the great patience shown by Miss Fox in editing and arranging what has come

to her, I feel certain that no one will proceed very far without being convinced—as I am—of her perfect sincerity. To the extent that her narrative is personal, it is among the most artless and straightforward that can be found within its special province. The purport of the communications themselves is peculiar, even to a high degree. Under circumstances which need not be specified, Miss Fox had been drawn, rather sceptically, to a little cursory reading of and about Joanna Southcott—her life and her writings—and she had got to think that the mysterious sealed box, of which every one has heard in these days, might prove to contain previsions respecting the present war. It is a very obvious speculation, and here the matter might have ended, as only the bench of bishops can break the seals of the box, and the box cannot move the bench. But it came about that Miss Fox began to receive automatic communications on the case of Joanna, and this *Revelation on Revelation* is, by its hypothesis, a commentary from the realm of spirits, elucidating the claims of the prophetess in the light of St. John's vision. Let those suffer it who can: I am concerned only with the fact, which places this volume among curiosities of literature. There is no grave reason to suppose that the personality of Joanna Southcott is behind the automatic communications, which appear to have arrived anonymously. To say that they are unconvincing is to speak with much reserve, but having regard to their origin, the minute examination and comparison of Scripture prophecies leave a curious impression behind them. I am sorry to add that the "revelation" maintains the connection between the English-speaking people and the lost ten tribes of Israel, as well as the identity of the mind behind Joanna's utterances with that which spoke through the Old and New Testaments. It appears also that Joanna was "so named at her birth because she was . . . to receive the interpretation of the writings of the prophet John."

A. E. WAITE.

THE ROSE IMMORTAL. By A. Bothwell-Gosse. 5½ by 4½ in., 64 pp. Parchment. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

ALTHOUGH it is well known to the Rosicrucian student that the mysteries of the Rosy Cross form a philosophy of themselves, it is not specifically from this point of view that this little work is written. The Rose, to the heart of the mystic, speaks with a charm perennial; and the message of the flower of flowers is one, be it heard in the East or West. It speaks of the Path and the Goal, of Love and Suffering, of Illusion and Reality. The author, herself a mystic, approaches her subject with deep feeling and keen insight, tracing the evolution of the beautiful symbol among the different faiths of mankind, and the modifications of its interpretation according to the colour of the flower, be it the Red Rose of Sorrow or the White Rose of Joy. The publishers, too, have admirably succeeded in providing a setting worthy of the subject, the little book being beautifully printed and charmingly bound in a chastely designed parchment cover. The writer of the Foreword (the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW) expresses the wish that this "unique little contribution to the library of the Mystic may meet with the appreciation and friendly reception of that limited but discriminating public to which all such writings are addressed." Whilst echoing this, we would supplement it with the further hope that it may find friends in a still wider circle, and may not pass unnoticed by any lover of good books.

H. J. S.