

THE
OCCULT REVIEW



EDITED
BY
RALPH SHIRLEY



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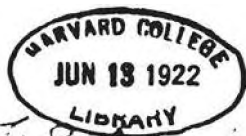


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OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT is a common belief that the presence of the psychic sense is evidence of the evolving of a higher and more spiritual race of mankind. The facts, however, as far as we have knowledge of them, do not in any way bear out this contention; rather they point to the fact that as man has through long and successive stages evolved his reasoning and intellectual faculties, he has gradually tended to eliminate from his organism such psychic powers as he once possessed. The psychic sense in savages is not unfrequently far keener than among civilized man. Among certain types of animals it is more strongly evolved than in any race of mankind, civilized or otherwise. The explanation of this is not, I think, very difficult to arrive at. At a certain stage of his evolution as an individual all other considerations give place to the development in man of his rationalistic faculty. The growth, through employment in the ordinary affairs of life,

of this reasoning power inevitably leads to the supersession of intuitive and instinctive action on the part of the individual. Instead of acting from instinct or under the guidance of long-established habit, he begins to ask himself before embarking on any course of action, why he should take this particular line rather than another. He begins, in fact, to demand a reason for whatever he does, and, unless he can see this, he is no longer satisfied that he is taking the wisest course. In this manner individuality is gradually evolved, and the human being ceases by degrees to be merely like one, as the phrase goes, of a flock of sheep. The process is a necessary one in the growth of the individual consciousness; but it none the less leads inevitably to a gradually increasing atrophy of the intuitional powers. Thus it comes about that in life progress is never attained except at a certain price, and this price always involves the loss of something of value in another direction. At every step we are called upon to assure ourselves that what we are giving up is of less value than what we are obtaining in exchange. If we can do this, the time will come when the dropped threads can be taken up once more, and when the possibilities of development which we have sacrificed for a time may be resumed by a more highly perfected individuality, and under more favourable conditions for their evolution.

The problem of instinct among animals and insects is analogous to the problem of intuition in the human race. An ingenious volume has been written treating of this question from the standpoint of the naturalist, under the title of *What is Instinct?* by Mr. C. Bingham Newland.* Mr. Newland sees in the instinctive actions of animals and of insects the omnipresent operation of the Universal Mind. He argues that it is impossible to predicate reason of insects in any real sense of the word, and considers the extraordinary intelligence which they appear to manifest as evidence of the fact that the life principle of the insect world is "a centre of sub-consciousness temporarily set apart, but ever in touch with the All-Conscious." "Life," says our author, "devoid of consciousness is the pure expression of Omniscience." It is to this he attributes the unerring character of the instinct which guides animals and insects in their life processes. "To say that the creatures act subconsciously implies mind, though mind of an impersonal nature. Purposeful acts cannot possibly eventuate without

* London, John Murray.

mind. Where, then, is the seat of this mentality? We can only assume that it is everywhere—omnipresent and therefore omniscient." Mr. Newland gives numerous instances of this extraordinary instinctive power. There is, for instance, the case of the processionary caterpillar.

The moth of this caterpillar, a common species in the South of France, deposits clusters of eggs on the needles of a pine tree. On hatching out, the young larvæ at once set to work and spin a web round and about the fir needles. In a short time the web assumes a globular form, which increases in size as the caterpillars grow. When not feeding, the creatures pack themselves away in the interior of the nest, where they are safely protected. After a while the branch to which the nest is attached is completely stripped of its needles. So destructive indeed are these larvæ that a large colony will practically defoliate the tree; it then becomes necessary to go elsewhere for food. I do not say they go in search of food, for, apparently, they know where to go and how to get there.

One might suppose the caterpillars have only to seek the nearest tree, but for reasons known to subconscious mind, some particular tree is essential. It may be the one affording a good site for the nest, or that the needles are young and therefore tender; but whatever the reason, the fact remains, they will quit not only the tree but sometimes leave the plantation and travel a considerable distance before arriving at their destination. Now, as it is absolutely necessary to the existence of the species that the larvæ keep in close company, it follows that when making a journey for the purpose of constructing a new home, an act which can only be accomplished by their combined efforts, they must on no account, so to speak, lose sight of one another. But, like all lepidopterous larvæ, these creatures are sightless, though probably sensitive to light. What is it that takes the place of sight? I believe it to be the clairvoyant faculty of subconscious mind. In any case the larvæ do not act blindly, but start off in single file, the head of one caterpillar close to but not touching the tail of the one in front. In this order they are seen to travel down the trunk of the tree and take the open ground, crossing dusty roads and surmounting such obstacles as chance to be in the way. No halt occurs, unless it be that the band of processionists is disrupted by some accident. Then the column is held up until the surviving members re-form, when the broken link being made good, the march continues as before.

The problem raised by this migration of the processional caterpillars is one that confronts us again and again if we study the habits of the various orders of insects and birds.

Another curious case showing the amazing instinctive powers of insects is cited by Mr. Bingham Newland. This story from the world of Natural History has relation to the life processes of ichneumons and saw-flies, and we get a glimpse in it of the less agreeable side of the struggle for existence of "Nature red in tooth and claw," as the poet phrases it. The *Rhyssa persuasoria* is a four-winged powerful fly of the ichneumon species. These

ichneumons in their larval stage are parasites and they live on the larvæ of other insects. The victim of this particular ichneumon fly is the larva of a large saw-fly, which bears some resemblance to a hornet, and rejoices in the Latin name of *Sirex gigas*.

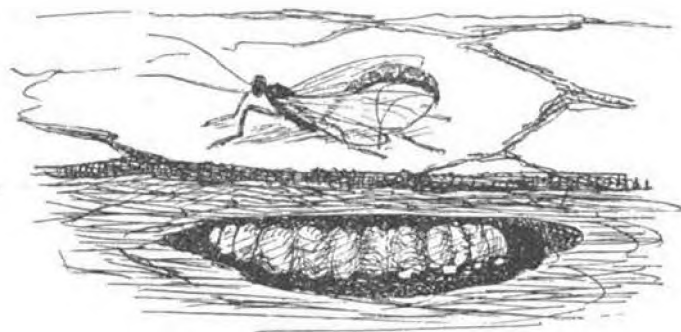
Both of these insects, illustrations of which I subjoin herewith, are furnished with ovipositors or egg-laying apparatuses of remarkable length. In order to lay its eggs the *Sirex gigas* utilizes this instrument for puncturing the bark of fir-trees, and deposits its egg on the living wood. When the egg is hatched, the grub eats its way into the tree, excavating a tunnel in the hard wood, upon which it feeds. Then, when it has reached a certain point, it turns again in an outward direction and bores at right angles until nothing but a thin partition remains between itself and the outmost section of the bark of the tree. The *Sirex* then ceases work and prepares for pupation or the chrysalis stage. Eventually, if all goes well, the saw-fly emerges and pushes its way through the thin layer of bark into the outer world. As intimated above, however, the *Sirex* larva has a deadly enemy in the *Persuasoria* (ichneumon). The larva of the *Sirex* is the only place in which the ichneumon can lay its eggs if these are to fructify. It is necessary, therefore, for the ichneumon to find this larva at all costs. In order to do this it alights on the trunk of a fir-tree, running actively up and down the bole, occasionally flying to a short distance and settling again to resume investigation.

During this search the insect's antennæ are seen to be in a state of tremulous agitation. Presently she is observed to come to a standstill, and drawing up her legs plants herself firmly on the surface of the bark. In this posture she remains motionless with the exception of the antennæ, which continue to beat the air. Now the ovipositor is directed backwards and bent round and over in a circular form until the extreme point rests on a spot immediately below the creature's abdomen. A drilling operation is then effected with the naked ovipositor, which, held in position by the tip of the sheath, begins to penetrate the wood, whilst the sheath, unaltered, preserves its curved form. The purpose of the divided sheath is now apparent, for as the ovipositor (drill)

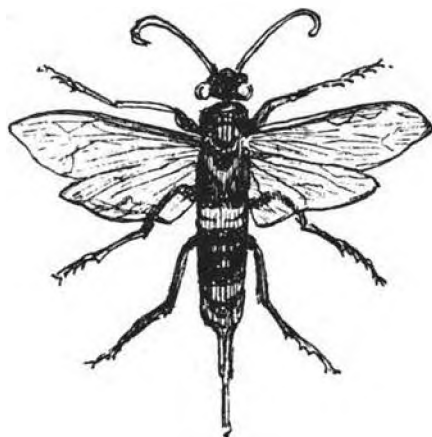
A TRAGEDY OF THE INSECT WORLD. sinks deeper into the substance of the wood, its upper portion is seen to come away in loop fashion from between the hair-like sections, and by degrees the whole length clears the sheath, passing, however, through the extreme tip, which holds it in place, horizontally into the tree. This explanation is necessary because the casual observer would be unlikely to notice any happenings from the time the fly first took up her position—the ovipositor to all appearance being just as it was; however, it is now an empty sheath. So sensitive is the ovipositor that at the moment it comes in contact with the larva,

the ichneumon is prompted to place her egg in the skin of the creature. When this is accomplished the ovipositor is withdrawn ; coming out in the same loop-form, it springs back into the sheath and the fly goes off in search of another victim.

Now is the *Sirex* doomed, though not to immediate destruction, for it must live to nurture the parasite during the latter's larval period. Thus, both grow together, the *Sirex* living on the wood of the tree, and the



RHYSSA PERSUASORIA DEPOSITING OVUM IN LARVA
OF SIREX GIGAS.



SIREX GIGAS.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

parasite deriving nourishment from the fatty tissues underlying the skin of its host. When both are full fed and the tunnelling operations have ceased, the *Sirex* larva pupates, including the parasite within its chrysalis. Whereupon the larva devours what remains of its host and itself undergoes the same metamorphosis. Eventually, instead of the saw-fly emerging, the ichneumon pushes through the sealed aperture.

How, we may ask, does the ichneumon succeed in localizing the larva of the *Sirex*? The work is unquestionably accom-

plished by means of its antennæ. But this does not explain to us how the antennæ are able to sense the presence of the larvæ. These antennæ apparently in the insect world involve a sense which is absent in the human race. Our author describes them as "highly specialized organs tuned to respond to etheric vibrations." He goes even further than this in affirming that they are what he calls "aëreals or physical media for the reception of transcendental impressions" whereby the material is linked up with the intangible. By this means the life principle or soul of the insect becomes a centre of sub-consciousness, individualized indeed, at least temporarily, but, as above stated, ever in touch with the All-conscious.

We infer from these parables from nature that the subliminal consciousness in the insect world is the source of their main activities in life. That, in short, the sub-conscious predominates entirely over the conscious. To put it in another form, insect activities are due to instinct and not to reason. This, at any rate, is our author's very plausible argument, and it will be noted at once that his point of view is in direct antithesis to that of Sir Oliver Lodge, alluded to in the last issue of this Magazine, who attributes free-will to flies. Even, however, accepting Mr. Newland's standpoint, some explanation is needed as to how this extraordinary sub-conscious instinct is evolved in the insect and animal races. Are we justified in attributing it to constant habit evolved through endless incarnations? This explanation is apparently accepted in a modified form by the author of the book in question; that is to say, while he would not admit the evolution of a permanent individuality in the insect world, he is disposed to accept the hypothesis of a "group-soul," taken, I imagine, from Mr. Carpenter's theory elaborated in his volume entitled *The Drama of Love and Death*. The sum total of insect activities at death is reabsorbed with all the life experience into the group-soul, which becomes the spiritual parent of a fresh progeny of insects. "A group-soul [he says] may be likened to a pool from which drops can be taken (individualized) and subsequently returned to be reabsorbed." Hence, he argues, the telepathy so frequently manifest among groups of animals, flies, and birds, swarms of bees, etc., "for, if the nature of the spirit principle is to blend when out of the body, it is possible for it to do so telepathically when incorporated." Mass consciousness, in short, of insect life in the psychic sphere facilitates

PSYCHIC
SENSE AMONG
INSECTS.

THE GROUP
SOUL AND
ANIMAL
TELEPATHY.

the waves of common emotion that pass through and actuate living communities of insects or birds in the aggregate. In a somewhat similar fashion the extraordinary sympathy manifested by twins may be accounted for by the community of their early foetal life. The author of *What is Instinct?* will not, I imagine, expect to have his views universally endorsed by the naturalists of to-day. But he has certainly advanced a very suggestive and interesting theory which is one evidence the more of the way in which recent investigations in the field of psychical research have permeated the whole thought of the present age. It would in any case be no bad thing if the self-satisfied pride of the human race could be brought down a peg or two by the realization of the fact that the so-called lower orders of animal and insect life have a kinship and community with the Universal Mind which has been lost to itself in the evolution of its much vaunted rationalistic and material progress.

It is very difficult in our present ignorance of the life history and nature of the insect and animal worlds to arrive at specific conclusions with regard to the extent to which they are dominated by intelligence on the one hand, or unreasoning intuitional powers on the other. The usual tendency seems to me to be to under- rather than over-estimate the intelligence both of insects and animals. This level of intelligence doubtless varies enormously according to the particular species considered. Nor does it appear to me that this variation is at all in proportion to the size of the creature. In these democratic days we are far too fond of judging things by quantity rather than by quality. I would suggest, in connection with the present problem, that the intelligence, for instance, of bees and ants, is immeasurably greater than the intelligence of ducks or of geese. In fact, the cases of both these classes of insects might perhaps be advanced as an argument, so far as it goes, against our author's theory, the actions of both bees and ants appearing to indicate intelligence of a very marked kind, rather than simply instinct or intuition. Thus the ants would seem to have developed all the vices of an advanced civilization. They go to war in the most approved fashion, and one race of ants will enslave another, with the consequence that having entirely abandoned the simple life, they lose all power of doing anything for themselves. One species, indeed, the *Polyergus rufescens*, has so given itself up to this luxurious form of existence that the individuals have even lost the power of feeding themselves, requiring the assistance of their slaves for this purpose and

ANTS AND
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dying in the midst of plenty when their slaves are not there to feed them. It appears, therefore, that however valid our author's hypothesis is in the main, it can hardly be regarded as universal in its applicability, and that there enters an element of pure reason even into the life of the insect world. Still, for all this, the broad fact stands out that the dominating factor throughout the lower orders of life is instinct and not reason, and it is on this account that Mr. Bingham Newland's theories with regard to the actual nature and meaning of this "instinct" are so exceptionally important.

The new Emperor of Austria was born at Persenbeug, Austria, approximately Lat. $48^{\circ}15'$ N., Long. 15° E., on August 17, 1887. Like his predecessor, he has the Sun in 24 degrees of Leo, and he has also, I believe, the same sign, Libra, rising at birth. If any of my astrological readers can confirm the exact moment of birth, of the official statement with regard to which I only retain a vague recollection, I should be much obliged if they would kindly communicate it. As far as my memory serves me, Uranus was very near the ascendant, and Jupiter occupied the first house. Mars, and the Moon and Saturn in conjunction were close to the Mid-heaven, and Mercury was also in the tenth house. It will be seen that the conjunction of the Moon and Saturn is a very close one, while Mars is only six degrees off. The horoscope bodes ill for any long retention of power, and the transits of Saturn in the immediate future are by no means encouraging. Mars, in this horoscope, it will be noticed, is on the ascendant of the German Emperor, and when Saturn at the end of March is stationary here, it afflicts not only the ascendant of Kaiser Wilhelm, but also the place of Mars in the horoscope of the new Austrian Emperor. The stationary position of Uranus at the end of May to which I alluded in connection with the old Emperor, also afflicts the Sun in the new Emperor's horoscope, thus emphasizing the threat of disaster which was so dramatically portrayed in the old Emperor's horoscope, had he survived to face it. June will witness a retransit of Saturn over the radical places of the Moon and Saturn in the Emperor Karl's horoscope, and this position curiously enough corresponds with the transit of Jupiter over the Tsar's Mid-heaven. A notable point in connection with the Austrian situation lies in the fact that Maximilian, the eldest son of the assassinated Archduke of Austria and his morganatic wife, has a far more favourable horoscope

HOROSCOPE
OF AUSTRIAN
EMPEROR.

than that of the new Emperor. According to the official statement, the latter degrees of Virgo were rising and the Sun occupied the ascendant in trine with Jupiter, while Venus had recently risen. A brilliant future and not improbably a crown may be in store for this boy of fourteen.

Those interested in such matters will have noted the exact coincidence of the recent great French victory at Verdun with the transit of the Dragon's Tail (Moon's South node) over the Kaiser's ascendant.

Of the rules governing the dominance of the signs of the zodiac over the various countries of Europe, there have been some curious confirmations, though we are still left in doubt with regard to very important points in this connection. The rule of Leo over Rumania (a Roman colony) is confirmed by the brief incursion of Saturn into this sign, while Mackensen's army overran the country. Twice over have we had confirmation of the rule of Libra over Austria—once when Mars transited this sign at the time of the brilliant victories of General Brusiloff, and a second time when the defeat of the Rumanian armies and their ejection from Austria-Hungary corresponded with the transit of Venus through the same sign. The rule of Capricorn over Greece has also been confirmed by the outbreak at Athens immediately following the entry of Mars into this sign. The transit of Jupiter through Aries (England's ruling sign) has coincided with the break-up of the "Wait and See" Government; but it is clear that the new Prime Minister has a grave crisis to face in the immediate future. His birthday in January shows the Sun in exact opposition to Saturn and in close square with Jupiter, while Mars is on his ascending degree. Under such circumstances things are hardly likely to go smoothly with him or his Government in the early months of 1917.

Seldom indeed has any one undertaken so great a task under such menacing planetary configurations. I gave the horoscope of the new Prime Minister three and a half years ago in this magazine, at a time when he was the victim of a wave of unpopularity. In re-reading my remarks I see little to modify in this not unsympathetic study. Mr. Lloyd George is one of those people with whom it is always a case of "Hosanna!" or "Crucify!" as far as the public voice is concerned. At the moment it is the fashion to hail him as a saviour in a time of grave public anxiety, and in consequence to credit him with qualities which he does

DAVID
LLOYD
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not possess. There was a craze not so long ago for blending the photographs of eminent men in order to judge of the effect of the composite picture. If the country had at the moment a blend of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George it might be no bad thing for the fortunes of the Empire. The defects of the one are indeed in a remarkable degree made good by the outstanding qualities of the other. Energy and enthusiasm are not the only qualities necessary to steer an empire through a grave crisis. Prudence and discretion are no less necessary, and it is to be feared that the new Prime Minister is not richly endowed with either of these. The gravest defect of the late Government lay in its foreign policy, and its hopeless misconduct in its earlier stages of the blockade of Germany. We have to thank Lord Grey of Falloden's weakness and incompetence for the fact that the enemy is still unbeaten. His action in connection with the Declaration of London before the war, and his nerveless handling of the vital questions under his control after the war had broken out, will be justly stigmatized by the historian of the future as the main obstacle to an earlier triumph of the arms of the Allies. It is clear that apart from the financial backing of the British Empire this cause would even now have little prospect of success. Mr. Lloyd George is warned by the financial positions in his horoscope to beware of stultifying Britain's great efforts of the past by killing the goose that lays the silver bullets.

As far as we can judge by the quarterly figures, a favourable turn of fortune's wheel appears to be in store for Russia, as Venus is just rising at the Winter Solstice at Petrograd and Jupiter is close to the horizon at the Vernal Ingress. The effects of the partial eclipse of the sun on January 23 should be carefully watched, as the position is a remarkable one. The Sun and Moon are rising in Western Europe (almost exactly so in Paris) and are in close opposition to Neptune, while the Moon is hastening to the conjunction of Mars. A great eclipse of the Sun in Aquarius was said by the old authors to portend "mighty winds, seditions, and pestilence." Neptune in opposition suggests submarine activities. The eclipse is more or less visible in France, Germany, Austria, Russia, etc.

I have already alluded to the remarkable series of afflictions by Neptune in Kaiser Wilhelm's horoscope during the coming year. The combination of the stationary position of Neptune in opposition to the Sun, its conjunction in primary direction with the Sun, and its opposition by primary direction to the

Moon in the same year, is a unique phenomenon. As Neptune is elevated above all the planets in the Kaiser's horoscope, this extraordinary series of influences is doubly emphasized. It seems hardly doubtful that revolution will run riot in Europe before the year 1917 is over. The first conjunction of Neptune with the Sun in the horoscope of Kaiser Wilhelm fell out exactly with the Austrian Emperor's death. This is, therefore, evidently a signpost on the road to great changes. The trine of the Sun to Saturn alluded to by me two months ago (probably assisted by a benefic parallel of Venus or Jupiter with the Mid-heaven) has already brought Kaiser Wilhelm a measure of transient success, and has, according to its nature, inclined his mind to prudence and compromise. The effect of the position of Venus at the winter solstice will be watched with interest.

THE MYSTICISM OF BRITTANY

By REGINALD B. SPAN

THE people of Brittany are of the same race as the Cornish, and quite different to the rest of the French nation. Amongst other points of resemblance, they have the same superstitions as the inhabitants of Cornwall, and are also profoundly religious. Their faith in ghosts, fairies and spiritual entities of all kinds, is too deep ever to be shaken by the sophistry of a more or less artificial civilization. They live close to nature, and therefore learn secrets which are hidden from the rest of their fellows who follow the customs and conventionalities of the world.

One of the most mystical places in Brittany—and indeed in France—is *Carnac*, in South-West Brittany, said to be the "mystic centre of the Celtic world." There is a cromlech at Carnac, similar in some respects to Stonehenge (on Salisbury Plain), but of much greater extent ; and there are other remains of a very ancient civilization dating back to the time of the Phœnicians.

There lives in the little hamlet of Kerlois, about a mile from Carnac, a Breton seeress, a woman who from childhood has been a seer of ghosts and visions, fairies and spirits—and the Unseen World generally. Her name is Eugénie Le Port, and she is now forty-seven years of age. One day, when she was walking along a road outside Carnac, she met a woman who had been dead eight days, and whom she herself had seen buried. It was a narrow lane, and the apparition stood still in the centre of the way, so that Madame Le Port was unable to pass. Madame asked the ghost very politely to stand aside and permit her to proceed upon her way, whereupon it at once vanished. This was at eleven o'clock in the morning. A few days later she met the ghost again, and inquired how she fared in the next world, to which query she received no reply. On the route from Plouharnel (near Carnac) she saw in the daytime the funeral of a woman who did not die until fifteen days afterwards, and she recognized perfectly all the persons who took part in it. Another time on the same road, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, she saw, *eight days before her death*, the funeral of a woman who was drowned.

M. Jean Couton, of Carnac, stated that all the natives of that region believe that the spirits of the dead live amongst them. The Breton Celt makes no distinction between the living and the dead, all alike inhabit this world, the one being visible, the other invisible.

One winter evening M. Couton was returning home from the funeral of a friend. He had as a companion, a niece of the man just buried. They travelled by train to Plouharnel, and then, having missed the *diligence*, they had about two kilometres to walk before reaching home. As they were going along there suddenly appeared to M. Couton's companion the dead relative they had seen interred that day. She asked M. Couton if he saw anything, the old man replied in the negative. "Touch me," she replied, "and you will see without doubt." He touched her, and then saw distinctly the man just dead, whom he clearly recognized. There is also this belief in Ireland, that a seer beholding a spirit or fairy, can cause a non-seer to witness it by taking that person's hand, or laying a hand on the shoulder.

The Breton peasant thinks of the dead as frequently as the Irishman thinks of fairies, and almost every man or woman one meets in rural Lower Brittany can tell stories of meetings with spirits of the dead. It is well known in Carnac that a "dead" man used constantly to visit the Church there seeking prayers for his soul, and this same apparition perpetually "haunted" a certain lane in the vicinity, restlessly pacing to and fro. There is a belief that if a mortal should happen to meet one of the "dead" in Brittany, and be induced to eat food which these spirits sometimes offer, he will never again be able to return among the living, for the effect would be the same as eating fairy food. (That spiritual beings *can* eat the food of mortals is evident from instances recorded in the Old Testament.)

The Breton dead, like the Scotch fairies described in Kirk's *Secret Commonwealth*, are able to make themselves visible or invisible at will, and like the fairies of Ireland, they guard hidden treasure. As in Ireland so in Brittany, the day belongs to the living and the night to the spirits and fairies, when it is safer to remain indoors, for after sunset the spirits who roam the countryside have power to strike down those mortals to whom they may happen to have an antipathy. Old Breton farmers after death often return to their farms, and even superintend the farming operations (*La Légende de la Mort*).

The Bretons take care not to speak slightly of the dead, for like the fairies they know all that is done by mortals and can

overhear what they say, and have it in their power to take revenge. In Ireland, a few of the ancient and noble families only have a banshee or death warning, in the Carnac region of the Morbihan nearly every family has some tradition of a warning coming before the death of one of its members.

These "warnings" may come by the fall of pictures and other inanimate objects, ghostly hands appearing in mid-air, crowing of cocks at midnight, death candles, phantom funerals and death coaches (as in Wales), magpies resting on a roof (as in Ireland) images in pools of water, and the wailing of the "*Ankou*" before the door of the doomed person. Professor Le Braz, in his work *La Légende de la Mort*, describes at length these Breton death-warnings, or *intersignes*. Carnac, with its strange monuments of an unknown people and time, and wrapped in its air of mystery, is a veritable "land of ghosts," where one can feel strange, vague, indefinable influences at work, at all times of the day and night, very similar to those experienced in some of the fairy-haunted glens of Erin. Beautiful and romantic, Brittany is a land of the Dead, with ancient Carnac as its centre, just as Ireland is Fairyland, with ancient Tara as its centre.

Brittany has its *fées* (or fairies), also a species of elf, called *corrigan*. M. Yvonne Daniel, a native of the Ile de Croix (off the coast near Carnac) related the following incident a few years ago. An aged man who had suffered long from leprosy and was certain to die soon, was visited by a little old woman of quaint and elfish appearance, who inquired the nature of his disease. On learning that it was leprosy, she advanced close to him and breathed over the sores, then offered up a prayer, and instantly disappeared at its termination. That evening the disease entirely left him and he became perfectly well in every respect, and preserved excellent health to the day of his death. The old and familiar belief in "fairy changelings" (so prevalent in Scotland) exists in Brittany to this day. M. Goulven Le Scour tells of a case which came under his personal notice and observation. He was acquainted with a woman of the village of Kergoff (Finistère) who had a strong and beautiful baby boy (which he had himself seen). One morning the mother found that her child had disappeared and in its stead there was a hideous infant, deformed, hunch-backed, crooked, and of a dirty yellow colour. The poor woman at once realized that some malignant *fée* had entered the house during the night and played her a trick. The changed infant grew up into a very evil man, possessing all the vices, and of horrible aspect. He has tried several times

to kill his mother, and is a regular demon. He has a habit of running abroad during the night, and no one knows where he goes to. He is still living, and the people call him the Little Corrigan, as they all believe he is more a "corrigan" than a human being.

As a rule the *fées* of Upper Brittany are described as young and very beautiful. Some, however, appear to be centuries old and are very ugly. It is the *corrigan* race which more than the *fées*, forms a large part of the invisible inhabitants of Brittany. They only show themselves at night or in the twilight, and no one knows where they pass the daytime. Their natural form is that of a little man dressed in green. Like the fairies in Britain and Ireland, the *corrigans* find their chief pastime in the circular dance, and when the moon is clear and bright they are sometimes seen near *menhirs*, *dolmen* and *tumuli* disporting themselves on the grass in merry dances; and they never miss an opportunity of enticing any human being, who may happen to pass that way, to join them in their revels. If he is good natured and complies in a genial way to their request, they treat him quite as a companion, and may even do him a good turn, but if he is not agreeable, they will certainly have their revenge in some way. Villemarqué, in his *Barzac Breiz*, describes *les korrigan* as very similar to the ordinary fairies. They are little beings not more than two feet high, and beautifully proportioned, with bodies aerial and transparent. They are able to travel hundreds of miles in a few seconds, can assume any animal form, love feasting and music (like all Celtic fairy folk), can foretell the future, and are given to stealing the children of mortals. They love fountains and mossy glens and present a very pretty spectacle dancing round the sparkling waters of some moonlit fountain, their beautiful little forms showing every hue of pearl and opal.

The general belief in the interior of Brittany is that *fées* once existed, but that they disappeared as the country became changed by civilization—fleeing to more remote solitudes from the noise of trains, motor-cars, and the ubiquitous tourist. The Bretons of to-day tell of their grandparents and parents having seen *fées*, but they seldom speak of having come across them themselves. M. Sébillot found only two who had. One was an old needlewoman of Saint Cast, who had several times seen *fées* in a field known as the *Couvent des Fées* and had such a fear of them that she used to take a circuitous route to avoid passing that spot. The other was an old woman of eighty-eight named Marié Chéhu. (*Traditions et superstitions de la Haute-Bretagne*, cf Sébillot.)

A REMARKABLE CASE OF "SPIRIT-DRAWING"

BY AXEL DANE

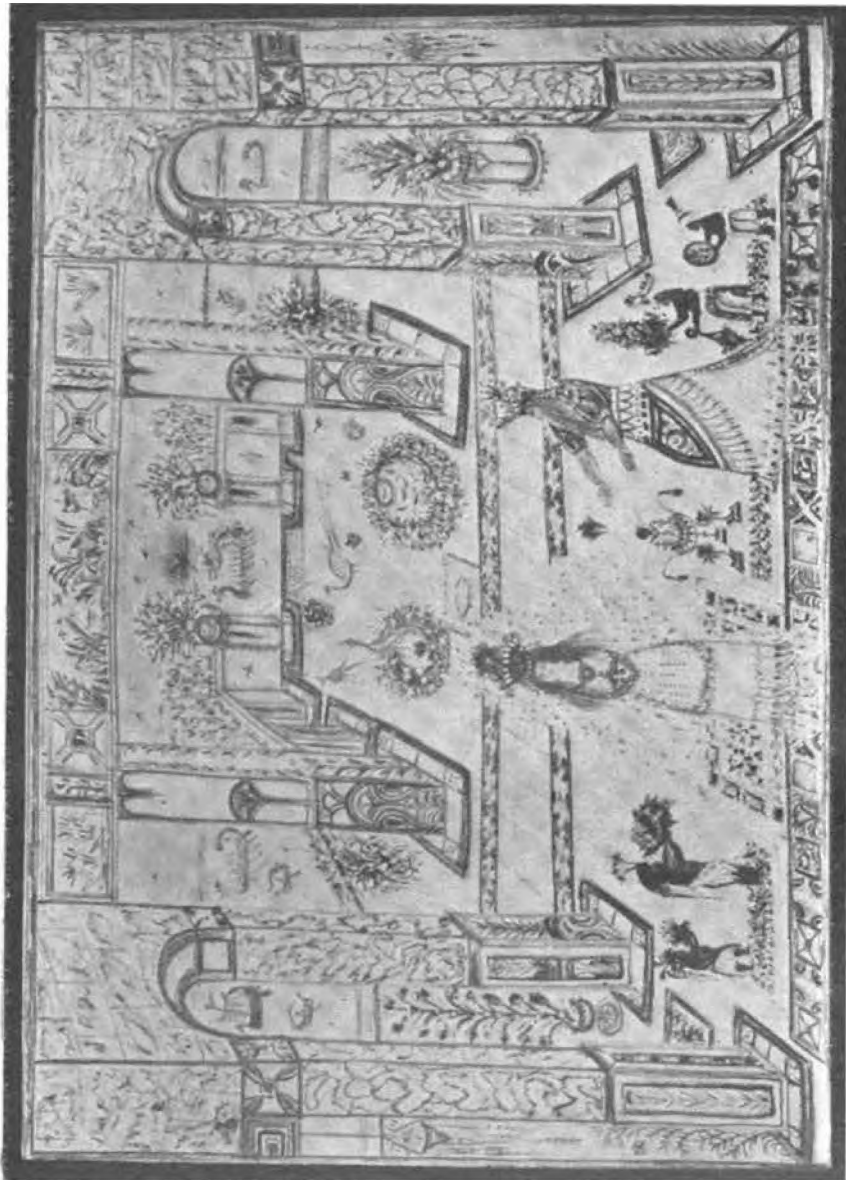
SOME years ago, while staying with friends in New Zealand, I had the good fortune to have the opportunity of investigating a very remarkable case of so-called "spirit-drawing." The artist—or medium—was a middle-aged labouring man, rough-mannered and uneducated, who was totally blind in one eye, and had a far advanced cataract in the other. (This was certified by a medical friend of my own.) The man was employed at the local gasworks, where a kind-hearted manager allowed him to do odd jobs which could be performed without the aid of eyesight. His little son had to take him to the works in the morning and fetch him at night, as the traffic in the streets was too dangerous for the blind man to walk alone. But in the evening, when seated in front of a drawing-board and "under control" his blindness seemed of no consequence and did not in any way interfere with his work.

I have seen about a dozen of his pictures of different sizes and all drawn in coloured crayon. Most of them represented Egyptian and Assyrian temples, both interiors and exteriors. The drawing was bold and firm, the colouring occasionally a little crude, but the whole effect very striking. The most remarkable feature of his work, however, was the wealth of detail in the ornamentation, some of the hieroglyphs and figures being so minute that they could only be seen clearly through a magnifying glass.

There were also three or four pictures of Mexican pyramids and temples and a cave temple from South America, these being drawn in quite a different manner, with broader touch, very little detail—the perspective less correct, the colouring flat—in fact, it was difficult to believe that they were drawn by the same hand.

Although I have always kept an open mind with regard to the possibility of occult phenomena, I must admit that as I glanced from these interesting pictures to the almost blind man by whose hand they were supposed to have been drawn, I simply could not believe it. However, I entered into conversation with him and tried to draw him out. At first he was reserved, but

suddenly changed and told me much about the spirits who drew the pictures. He said he was generally controlled by an Egyptian High Priest, who lived in Egypt and Assyria several centuries B.C., and who not only drew the pictures but sometimes told him



ROYAL COURT PALACE OF EONA ATMOS. 254 B.C.

about them in automatic writing. He wrote that some of the temples had disappeared altogether, but the ruins of a few were still in existence, covered up by sand and earth, and waiting to be discovered. One of them in particular would, when found,

throw a tremendous light on the history of ancient Egypt and Assyria, as whole records were engraved on the pillars.

One picture of the Great Pyramid showed a plan of the whole interior with its rooms and passages—only a few of which have as yet been discovered. A special drawing of one of the undiscovered rooms showed two sarcophagi and a sort of stone altar, the walls being covered with hieroglyphs. I asked if I might take a copy of the plan, but he shook his head and said he felt sure the High Priest would not allow that. But he would ask him the next time he was "controlled."

"How do you ask him questions?" I said.

"In my thoughts—then if he chooses to give me an answer he writes it through my hand."

Asked if it took him long to draw one of the larger pictures, 2 feet by 4 feet, he said it depended entirely upon who controlled him. The High Priest drew with great speed and in a peculiar way. For instance, to make a column, he would draw the first line from the top downwards, and the second from the bottom upwards. The same with two horizontal lines, one would be drawn in one dash from left to right, the other from right to left. Another Egyptian spirit, who occasionally controlled him, would draw a row of pillars in three or four sections, going quickly from one to another only drawing the top inch of each, and then would go back to the first and continue the line where he had left off, for another inch—and so on till all were finished.

"But doesn't that make the lines very ragged and uneven?" I asked.

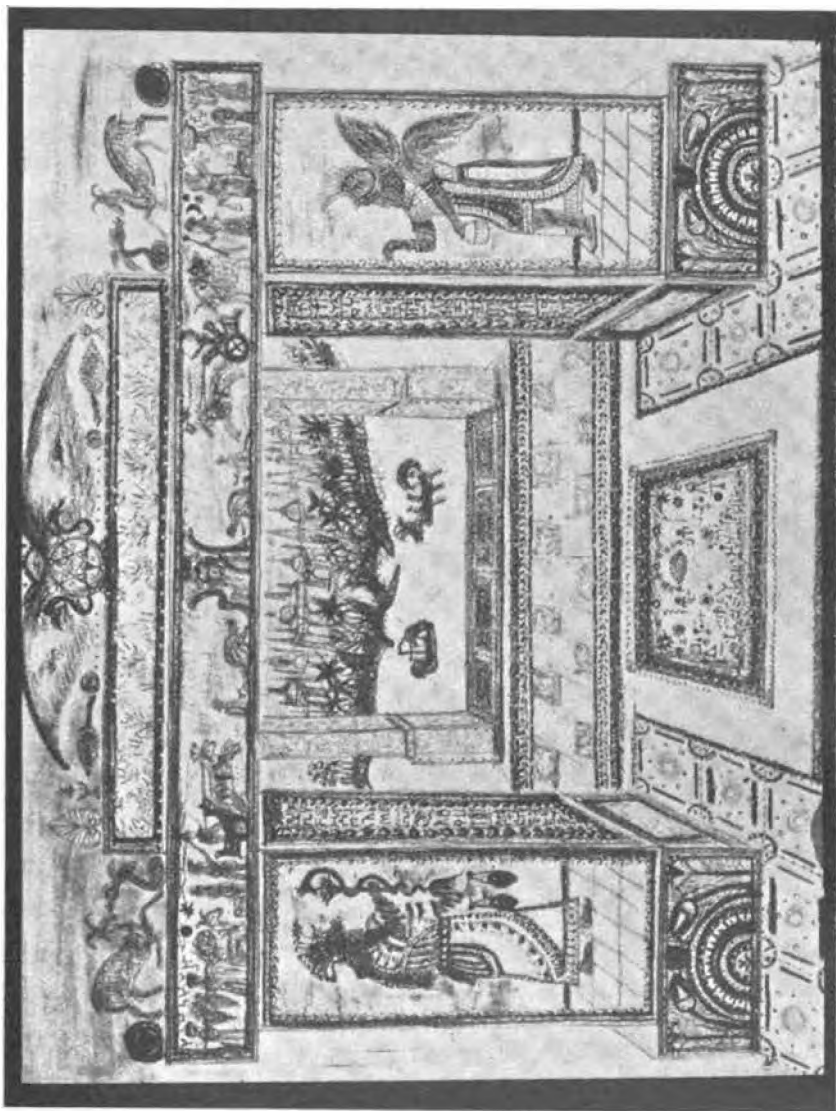
"You can see for yourself"—and he pointed to a row of columns, retreating in perspective. I examined them carefully, but only by aid of a magnifying glass could I see that they were drawn in the way he had described.

He told me that the people from Mexico and South America drew much slower and with a heavier hand, but strangely enough they tired and exhausted him much more than the quick Egyptians.

While gazing at these pictures a sudden idea flashed through my mind. On my way to New Zealand I spent some time in Egypt, and one day at the large Museum at Gizeh I fell in love with, and bought, a beautiful scarab. The man who that day happened to be in charge of the department could only tell me the age of the stone and that it had formed part of a necklace found on the mummy of an Egyptian princess. The inscription on the stone he could not decipher.

Arrived in New Zealand I consulted a friend whom I knew had a great knowledge of Egyptian matters and excellent books of reference, but he also was unable to help me.

"And if you cannot find it in my books," he said, "you will find it nowhere in New Zealand."



PORTAL, TEMPLE OF RENU LEVIS (?)

But here was my chance, either to confirm my suspicions that this "artist" was a fraud—or to get some information about the scarab, which had meanwhile been mounted as a ring.

"Do you think your Egyptian High Priest would tell me

the meaning of the hieroglyphs on this stone?" I asked. "I bought it in Egypt."

"I can ask him," the medium said, "and perhaps he will tell me. I have never before asked about anything except in connection with the pictures, but I will try."

I refused to leave the ring with him, but the following day sent him an exact drawing of the stone and the inscribed symbols, but gave him no further particulars in connection with it.

Two days later I was summoned by the small boy to come to his father, who had an important message for me. "You are in favour," the medium said when I arrived, "the High Priest has written a letter all about your ring."

He gave me the letter which, after a rather pompous beginning, proceeded to give me the information I had asked for—and more! First of all it told where I had bought the stone, what the man who sold it had explained about its age and having been part of a necklace belonging to an Egyptian princess. "That information was so far correct," the letter said, "but previously the scarab had belonged to a priestess in the Assyrian temple of Koris, and it was she who had given it to the princess. With regard to the inscription, or rather the symbols, they were in the Egyptian language as follows: 'Hemu, Het-ba, Ankh, Ra'—which translated into English would be: The steering of the barque, or boat, of life between the eyes of 'Ra' or sun and moon, to the 'Het-ba' or temple of the soul. It was not an altogether correct translation, but as good as he could give it in the harsh English language."

The same day a drawing of the scarab was sent to an official at the Museum at Cairo for explanation, and he described it as an "amulet," ensuring the aid of Hathor to attain a place in the boat of Ra when he makes his nocturnal journey through the lower world.

Acting on the suggestion of a friend, who was convinced that the man was a fraud, I asked him if he would allow me to be present one evening while he was drawing.

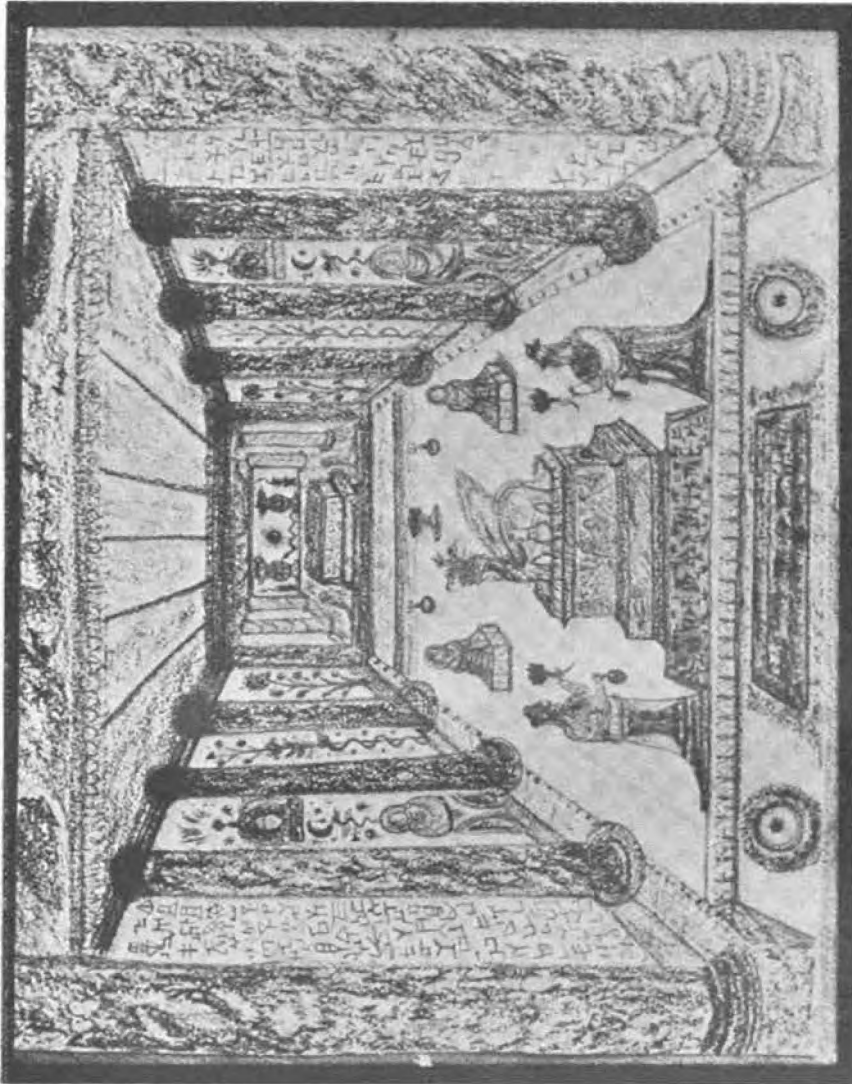
"Are you a spiritualist?" he asked. I told him I was not, in the generally accepted meaning of the word.

"But you are very psychic?" To which I confessed.

"Then I do not think the spirits will mind your being in the room for a few minutes while I am drawing. They seem to like you—they were very sympathetic and willing to give you information."

He then told me that he worked every evening in a small

front room. I could come any evening I chose, but unannounced, without knocking at the door and taking care not to make a noise nor to touch him. Perhaps the control would then continue drawing, at any rate long enough to enable me to see how it was done. For himself, he had not the slightest objection to



RECORD CHAMBER, TEMPLE OF KORIS.

my presence. This ready acquiescence rather startled me—it was not at all what I had expected.

One evening, about a week later, I entered his front room as softly and quietly as possible. It was a very small room with no furniture except a table, the chair on which the medium sat

and a second chair, half beside, half behind him, on which stood a box with different coloured crayons all mixed up. On the table were a lamp and a drawing board with paper attached. A few careful steps brought me close behind the man, who sat almost upright on his chair and whose right arm moved in bold, vigorous strokes across the board. I peeped over his shoulder and saw that he was drawing the outlines of roof and pillars—his “control” being evidently the High Priest, as the lines were drawn with a swiftness that almost made me gasp, and the parallel lines were done in the peculiar manner he had described.

Suddenly, and without turning his head, he flung his right hand behind him, dropped the crayon he was holding into the box, picked up another and began with great speed to ornament one of the pillars with little dots and criss-crosses—they looked like some form of shorthand; but when later I examined them through a magnifying glass I saw they represented tiny birds and flowers. I watched him for three or four minutes, then his hand suddenly stopped. But it was sufficient. The question was settled for me as to who drew the pictures.

For a few moments he sat still, looking quite dazed, then he turned his head.

“I thought so!” he said when he saw me. “Have you been here long?”

“Only a few minutes, but long enough to see you work.”

“I am glad of that,” he said. “I knew the spirits would not mind you; in fact, I know they wanted you to see it.”

The plan of the Great Pyramid I was not allowed to have, but later the man had a few of the most interesting pictures photographed, and of these I procured copies, amongst them one of the temple of Koris, from which my scarab was supposed to have come.

One of these photos was also sent to the official at the Museum in Cairo, who declared that there were no such places nor people as those mentioned—the temple of Koris* did not exist—in short, the medium was a fraud!

Whether the temple of Koris does—or does not—exist is a question I am not competent to judge. But I think that he is a bold man indeed, who will undertake to say with certainty what may or may not be hidden under the sands of Egypt and Assyria, and what records and ruins may not in time be brought to light by modern research and excavations. Statements about

* Too much stress should not be laid on the accuracy of the amanuensis in reproducing Egyptian names.

temples, as yet undiscovered, can neither be proved nor disproved, but two hard facts remain, the explanation of which I should be extremely interested to have from somebody who feels competent to give it :

1. An uneducated labourer, who could not speak his own language correctly, was able to give me a translation of an Egyptian inscription which had baffled the knowledge of a learned, highly-educated man, well versed in Egyptology and with access to the best books of reference on the subject.

2. A man, who by oculists was declared to be almost blind, was able to draw pictures of bold design and colouring, and with a wealth of minute detail.

How was it done ?

TO ENGLAND

BY JOCELYN UNDERHILL

IN the dread hour when all thy dead throng near,
Be tearless, thou, O Mother, head unbowed,
For in their deaths thy sons have thee proud,
Nor is there aught to cause one single tear,
To dim thy vision, or to check the clear
Calm sense of triumph—they, who gladly died
For thee, went onward shouting, starry-eyed,
Strong in thy strength, and loving there as here.

Nor when these cruel days be fully past,
And private grief demand its hour of pain
After the public triumph, must thou weep
For that glad sacrifice of all thy slain,
No sense of loss thy joy must overcast,
Nor any sigh disturb them where they sleep.

CAVE AND COMBE HAUNTINGS IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND

BY ELLIOT O'DONNELL

“ TO lay the lorn spirit you o'er it must pray,
And command it, at length,
To be gone far away,
And, in Wookey's deep Hole,
To be under control
For the space of seven years and a day !

“ If then it return, you must pray and command
By midnight,
By moonlight,
By Death's ebon wand,
That to Cheddar Cliffs
Now, it departeth in peace,
And another seven years its sore troubling will cease.

“ If it return still,
As, I warn you, it will,
To the Red Sea for ever
Command it, and never,
Or noise more or sound
In the House shall be found.”

So wrote Jennings in his *Mysteries of Mendip*, 1810, about Wookey Hole, one of the largest and most wildly picturesque of the many caverns whose yawning mouths stare at one so mysteriously from beneath their heavy fringing of ivy on the precipitous slopes of the Somerset Mendips. It was this poem of Jennings that led to my visiting the spot, one early autumn evening some twenty years ago, when I was on my way from Watchet to Bath. I picked up the volume in the hotel I was staying at in Wells, and laughingly commented on it to the landlord. To my surprise he looked grave.

“ I know that ghosts are a laughing matter with some folk, sir,” he said, “ but none of the old people, that is to say, none of my contemporaries—in and around Wookey talk jeeringly of Wookey Hole. I am a native of Wookey, sir, and I was brought

up with a very wholesome awe of Wookey Hole, which is about a mile and a half from Wookey."

"But what is the nature of the ghost?" I asked.

"There isn't one ghost there, sir," the landlord replied. "There are several. There's the witch, for instance. Have you never heard of the Wookey Hole witch?"

I shook my head. Prior to this visit of mine to Wells I had never even heard of Wookey Hole.

"Well, sir," he began, "hundreds of years ago there lived in Wookey Hole—in the cave itself—an old woman who was credited with being a witch. Indeed, there seems to have been very little doubt but what she was one. Tradition has it—or had it when I was a boy—that she held nightly communication with the devil, and that he loaned her nine of his imps as a protection. She had a special grudge against the people of Wookey, particularly the women, whose looks she envied, being so hideous herself, and she never missed an opportunity of trying to do them some injury through her spells. No tree or shrub is said to have ever grown within some hundred yards of the entrance of the cave, and every one who ventured within a certain radius was smitten with a disease. The dread of the witch spread far and wide, but no one dared bring her to book, till a stranger came to Wookey one day—some thought from Glastonbury—and hearing of her misdeeds, went to the Hole and sprinkled her with holy water, whereupon she was changed into a great block of stone, which you may still see there, guarding one of the inner entrances.

"That is the legend, sir, and her ghost is one of the many that Wookey people believed haunted the Hole when I was a boy. It was said that whoever she appeared to died before the year was out. Well, one afternoon in November, close about the time of Balaclava, I was out walking in the glen of the Axe, with my mother and little sister. We had passed the spot where Messrs. Hodgkinson's paper mills now stand, and were within sight of Wookey Hole, when my sister suddenly called out:

"'Mother, who is that queer old woman who keeps so close behind us?'

"Both my mother and I turned sharply round, and there at our very heels was an old woman in brown with a kind of hood pressed low over her face. I knew she was no one belonging either to Wookey Hole village or to Wookey, and there was something so strange about her that I felt afraid.

“ ‘ Who is she, mother ? ’ I whispered.

“ ‘ You children are dreaming,’ my mother replied, ‘ there ain’t no one. Why, how cold it’s suddenly grown ! ’

“ My sister persisted she saw some one, but I was too mystified to corroborate her. It was perfectly obvious that there was an old woman there, and equally obvious that for some very peculiar reason my mother could not see her. I believe I cried. Anyhow, my mother grew out of patience with us, and hurried us home.

“ While my mother was busy getting the supper, my sister told my father what had happened.

“ ‘ Good God, child ! ’ my father exclaimed, becoming very white, and breathing heavily. ‘ Did you see the old woman do anything ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, dad,’ my sister replied, ‘ she put out one of her hands and touched mother on the dress.’

“ ‘ You are sure ? ’ my father said.

“ ‘ Certain,’ was the reply, ‘ and Willie saw her, too.’

“ ‘ Did you, Willie ? ’ my father gasped, burying his face in his hands. ‘ Well, don’t say a word about it to any one, especially to your mother. Heaven help me, what shall I do without her ? ’

“ Well, within a week of that conversation, sir, I lost my mother. She was suddenly taken ill and died before the arrival of the doctor. On the day of her funeral my father, who was pretty nearly distracted, told me that the old woman we had seen in the glen was the spirit of the witch of Wookey Hole. ‘ She never appears saving before a death,’ he said, ‘ and to no one but a young Wookey or Wookey Hole woman whom she touches with her hand. The victim has never been known to see her.’ ”

“ And what are the other ghosts that haunt the Hole ? ” I asked.

“ Well, they do say,” the landlord responded, “ at least they did say, when I was a boy, that the spirits of those that die in and around Wookey go to Wookey Hole, and that some remain there for three days and nights only, and others—for ever ! ”

“ And have you had any proof of that ? ” I asked.

“ No direct evidence,” he answered, “ only what other folk told me they had experienced.”

“ A few venturesome youths and girls used from time to time to wander up the glen at night and sit on the rocks opposite the Hole and watch. I remember on one occasion, after the

death of an old woman named Saltburn, a party of watchers declared they had seen her peering out of the Hole at them, and they all came back very badly scared ; whilst on another occasion, after the funeral of a child whom no one liked as it was so ugly and troublesome, it was said it had been seen the very same night sitting on a great crag by one of the entrances of the Hole crying. Strange lights were often reported to be seen glowing in the cave, and those that passed by testified to all manner of unseemly noises.

" I heard them once myself, and can only compare them with the wailings of some one in very dire distress."

This was all the landlord told me then, but on the morrow he again referred to the subject, and went on to say that the weirdest animal forms had at times been encountered flitting to and from the Hole, some of the most terrifying description, and that the villagers firmly believed them to be the still earth-bound familiars of the notorious witch. I was so impressed by all this that I resolved to visit the Hole myself, and accordingly set out thither after a light luncheon, at which my interesting landlord was my guest.

The road to Wookey Hole is very beautiful, it stretches along the base of the great green Mendips, till it descends by stages into the valley of the ever sinuous, ever glittering Axe, but twenty years ago the local authorities were not quite so particular with regard to repairing of thoroughfares as they are now, and, consequently, I had to be so careful as to where I walked that I had little opportunity to study the scene. In due course of time, however, with my shoe leather very much worn, I managed to struggle to within sight of the Hole.

The afternoon was now very much on the wane, and the great, silent gorge behind me had begun to grow obscure in the momentarily deepening twilight. I had passed what is known as The " Hyæna Den," and was threading my way along the path skirting the stream, when I distinctly heard my name called, and, looking up the ravine in the direction of the voice, I saw some one standing at the base of a great cliff opposite me, gesticulating violently. Wondering who on earth it could be, I hurried my steps, and, on approaching some fifty or sixty yards nearer, I recognized to my surprise, my landlord, whom I fancied I had left behind at Wells. I called out ; there was no reply ; and, on my arriving at the spot, I could find no trace of him whatever. Unable to make out what had happened, and fearing lest he might have entered the cave, one of the several

entrances to which was immediately behind where he was standing, and met with some mishap, I ventured some little distance into the darkness and shouted. Being finally compelled to abandon my search, owing to the fact that I had no light of any kind with me, I retraced my steps to the inn with the intention of summoning assistance. On getting there I found the whole place in a great state of excitement—the landlord was dead. He had dropped down suddenly about an hour before my arrival—just about the time I had seen what I took to be himself standing near the entrance to Wookey Hole. He had, so I was informed, long been suffering with his heart, and, contrary to advice, had been helping to carry some heavy luggage upstairs.

This was my one and only experience with a Wookey Hole ghost. I subsequently made inquiries in Wookey, but could elicit very little from the inhabitants. I think in the depths of their hearts they all believed in the Wookey Hole hauntings, but they had been so often chaffed on the point that they were very difficult to draw out. All this happened, as I have said, twenty years ago, and the recent excavations may have done away with the ghosts. I sincerely hope they have—and that the spirit of my erstwhile landlord has met with some dryer and, I am sure, more congenial quarters.

There is near Lansdown, Bath, a small cave, where, many years ago, the body of a girl was found under exceptionally sensational circumstances.

It was surmised, and I think well surmised, that she had been murdered, but the miscreant was never brought to book, and the tragedy passed into the almost interminable category of unsolved mysteries. Several people subsequently declared to me the spot was haunted. I did not take down their evidence in writing, but as far as I can recollect their stories were as follows :

The first narrator was a stone-mason, whom I will designate Miller.

“No, I never heard tell the place was haunted,” he began, “nor can I say I ever laid much stress on ghosts until some months or so before they came upon that skeleton in the cave. It happened in this wise. I was coming home one evening across the downs, when, on passing close to the bushes that concealed the entrance to the hole, I lost my hat.

“A sudden current of air lifted it from my head and blew it right off. I ran after it, and tripped over some big object, falling violently to the ground. Getting up I looked to see what I had stumbled against, but could perceive nothing. The soil was

absolutely level there, not a stick nor stone. Then I recollected how still the evening was, not a breath of wind anywhere. I am not a nervous man, by any means, but I admit I felt frightened when I stood there and tried to puzzle the thing out. That sudden gust and that large obstacle on the ground. How could they be accounted for? Of course you might suggest I was dreaming or had taken a little too much to drink. But I can assure you it was no such thing. I am a very practical, hard-headed chap, the reverse of a dreamer, and—well, I had drunk nothing since my dinner, which was six hours before, and I had only had one glass of cider then. The following evening, at exactly the same hour the same thing happened, and, convinced then that something was wrong with the spot, I gave it a wide berth, and have never been near there since."

The other case came to me from an old sailor called Stokes, who was for a time engaged as a navvy on the Bath to Bristol line. "My mates never went past that cave," he informed me, "they always declared it was haunted. But as they were all local fellows, and Somersetshire folk are known to be very superstitious, I attributed their fears to mere moonshine. One evening, however, some six months or so before the body of that poor girl was found there, I was strolling by the place, carrying the basin in which my dinner had been brought me tied up in a handkerchief in one hand, and a stick I had cut from an ash tree in the other, when something came over me to look round, and I saw, bending down a few yards away, as if in the act of searching for something, a young girl in a green coloured dress of very soft material. I could not see her face at first, as her attitude and the hat she was wearing hid it from me, but on her suddenly looking up I caught a full glimpse of her. She was very dark and handsome. I never saw such fine eyes, though the expression in them, one of mingled guilt and fear, was none too pleasant. She seemed about to speak, but, checking herself abruptly, she bent down and was beginning to resume her search when some one shouted—a sharp, hoarse shout—whereupon she took to her heels and made a frantic rush for the clump of bushes close to the hole. I put the things I was carrying down and prepared to take the girl's part, for I felt it was downright rough on her to be so scared, but no one came, and when I went to look for her in those bushes there was no one there, nor could I discover a trace of her, though I searched the place pretty thoroughly. I wish now, however, I had looked a little closer as I might have discovered that cave and the body in it.

“Unable to make out where the girl had gone, I at length came away and did not visit the spot for another week. On this second occasion I had a little wire-haired terrier with me, ‘Scout’ I used to call him. Well, when we got close to those bushes Scout stopped, his hair ruffled all over him, and he began to bark and whine in the most extraordinary fashion. I tried to coax him, to go on but he would not, and at last I lost my temper and was about to give him a clout with my stick, when a young girl, the same girl I had seen before, suddenly came out from the bushes and walked swiftly past me. I was so taken aback that I did nothing but gape at her at first, until curiosity overcoming me, I determined to catch her up and inquire what had happened the other night to alarm her so. In spite of my age, for I am turned sixty, I am a pretty fair runner, but run as I would I could not overtake her, though she never seemed to hasten her steps, and when she had gone about a hundred yards or so she suddenly vanished, melted into thin air right in front of me. I then knew that what I had seen was a ghost and felt thoroughly frightened. Now the odd part about it—at least what I think is so odd—is that the girl I saw did not in the least answer to the description of the girl whose remains were subsequently found in that cave.

“She was of a different height and colouring, and what is more of an entirely different race and class. The girl whose body was found was just an ordinary English servant, but the girl I saw was an Oriental, some one, I should say, of the very highest rank and caste. I told my mates, and as most of them only laughed, I never said a word about it to any one else. . Now sir, can you explain what it was I saw ? ”

Of course I could not. I could only tell the old man that what he had seen was doubtless an apparition ; perhaps of some one who had been murdered there : perhaps of some one who had committed a murder ; perhaps, again, of some one who had never been there at all in her material form, only projected herself thither ; and perhaps—but there are no end to the perhaps, so why attempt to enumerate them. After all the question—as indeed are, and must be, all questions appertaining to the other world or worlds—is one of mere speculation. We are none of us so wise yet as some of us would pretend to be.

The limestone regions of Clifton, Cheddar, Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, and other places south of the Severn have an atmosphere peculiarly suggestive of hauntings, and as these places are close to sites in which innumerable remains of pre-

historic man and beast have been found, it is assuredly an idea worthy of consideration that these remains are to some degree, at least, accountable for the suggestion of the close proximity of the super-physical.

In my wanderings in Somersetshire, years ago, I once chanced to stay the night in Hutton, near Weston-super-Mare, where I learned from my landlady that a cave in an ochre pit near the village was reputed to be haunted, the ghost taking the form of an animal; half dog and half bear. She introduced me to a very old man who told me he had seen the apparition in his youth, and from his description of it, I gathered it might easily be that of some pre-historic creature, possibly one that flourished in the Pleistocene Period, as the bones of so many creatures of that age had been found in and around the Mendips. He said he was passing the pit early one morning on his way to the harvest field, when he heard a strange noise, not unlike the shrill crying of a child, and, on climbing down into the pit and approaching the mouth of a cavern hewn in one of the holes, he was immeasurably startled at seeing a huge, ungainly animal with two very fierce eyes suddenly spring up and bound towards him. Shouting for help, he threw up his hands to ward it off, when, to his astonishment, it abruptly vanished and he found himself standing there quite alone.

He related the incident to some of his fellow harvesters, several of whom bore testimony to having undergone a similar experience in the same place. There was one old woman alive in the village at that time, he said, who declared she and her mother had both seen the figure of an unusually tall and ferocious-looking man, carrying a big club in his hand, which he shook menacingly at them, cross the ground in front of them and vanish over the brink of the pit.

Thinking he must have fallen and been seriously injured, for the side of the pit was very steep at that front, they ran to the edge to look, but to their astonishment could see no trace of him—he had completely disappeared. A panic then seized them, and they never ceased running till they reached home. I could not obtain any evidence in the village that anything had been seen of recent years near the pit and cave, the residents were quite as reticent on the subject of ghosts as had been the inhabitants of Wookey. I think the Somersetshire natives are peculiarly sensitive to ridicule—perhaps more so than the natives of any other English county.

The Combes of Somerse tare eerie places. Brockley Combe,

near Bristol, has a wide local reputation for being haunted, one of the ghosts rumoured to be occasionally met with on the high-road through the Combe being described as a tall, thin form of indefinite sex, most probably an elemental, that bounds along the thoroughfare and disappears in a high hedge; whilst other spectres, reported to have been encountered, include a coach driven by a coachman clad in the costume of the eighteenth century and containing no passengers. The coach approaches one noiselessly, though the driver is seen to be cracking his whip, and vanishes as mysteriously as it comes. Those that declare they have seen it have never been able to trace whence it comes or what is its destination. Another idiosyncrasy of the Combe would appear to be the number of accidents that occur in and near it. According to a local paper two cyclists have, within a few weeks of each other, recently been found lying on the ground in the Combe, injured, whilst I can testify to having met with two motor mishaps when within a comparatively short distance of the spot.

Burrington Combe in the same county has not quite such a bad record, though I once met a farmer who assured me he had seen a ghost at the mouth of "The Goat's Hole," and that his grandparents had often told him that the cave was haunted. The ghost the farmer stated he saw was that of an animal, also like a bear, that suddenly rose as it were from the ground and barred his way, but vanished immediately he called for help. Not far from one of these Mendip caves is, or was, a farm-house the grounds of which were long reputed to be haunted by a big blue dog that used to be encountered also in the neighbouring lanes, and which I always believed owed its origin to one of the excavations in the adjacent hills. Though the Cheddar Caves have been the resting places of so many animal remains I have never come across any authentic stories of their being haunted. But assuredly all caves should be haunted, for there can be but few of them that have not in the far-gone ages witnessed many a grim tragedy. Man has been cornered there by man or beast, and done to death in the most grim and cruel of fashions, victims caught in the free vales and woods outside have been brought within to be lacerated and eaten at leisure.

THE SOUL'S CRY AT MORNING

By EVA MARTIN

MUST I take the dreaded leap
From the shining plains of sleep?
Must I go, despairing, back
To that body warm and slack—
Cage to hold a heavenly bird,
Clod by heaven's breath unstirred?
Earth-retreating angel-bands
Pause and reach to me your hands,
Lift me up and set me free
From this dark mortality!
Swing me far across the skies,
Light me with your burning eyes;
'Neath your wings I'll hide my face
For the dizzy rush through space;
To your flying feet I'll cling
While the cosmic breezes sing
In your hair and through your robes . . .
O, the ever-wheeling globes!
Meteors like golden rain,
Comet's incandescent train,
Suns and moons and planets fair
Floating in the lucent air!
Here a meadow white with stars,
There the ruddy fires of Mars,
Saturn gleaming silver-pale,
Venus in her dewy veil—
Let your voices, one and all,
Drown the waking body's call!
Hear me, hold me, set me free
From this dark mortality!

PAPUS: A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE War has removed one of the most interesting and notable personalities from the occult circles of Paris. Dr. Gérard Encausse, more familiarly and indeed universally known as "M. le docteur Papus," this being his pen-name, has died in Paris from a contagious disease contracted in hospital, where he was serving as a military surgeon. For more ample biographical particulars we may have to wait a considerable time, owing to the suspension of practically all the French periodicals which represented his particular field of activity. So far as it extends, much of our present knowledge is referable to M. Henri Durville's *Psychic Magazine*, which in one of its recent issues has a sketch of *le maître occultiste*. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know, as we can no longer count him among us, that the indefatigable occultist has passed away in the service of humanity and in the sacred cause of his country. Biographical facts concerning him have always been curiously scarce, considering his general repute, and the few words which can be hazarded upon this side of the subject may call for correction later on. He was born at La Corogne in Spain on July 13, 1865, his father being a French chemist—Louis Encausse—and his mother a Spanish lady. After graduating in medicine and surgery, his attraction to the psychical and occult side of things was shown by a passing connexion with the Theosophical Society in Paris. In a brief note—autobiographical in respect of ideas—appended to the fifth edition of his *Traité Élémentaire de Science Occulte*, he tells us that under the materialistic influence of the medical *École de Paris* he became an ardent evolutionist, but discovered very soon the incompleteness of this doctrine, which preached the law of struggle for existence but knew nothing of a law of sacrifice. In the opinion of Papus, this latter dominates all phenomena. The idea concerning it seems to have reached him independently, but he found it subsequently in the writings of Louis Lucas, in old Hermetic texts, the religious traditions of India, and in the Hebrew Kabalah. He found also the doctrine of correspondences, which became for him—as for many others like him—a general key, not only to the mysteries of philosophy and religion but to those of science, and to the inter-relation of all sciences by means of a common synthesis. Very curiously also, as it will seem to many, he found much to his purpose in the rituals

of old grimoires, and this led him to the general literature of magic, as well as to a sympathy with its claims and practices. He left the Theosophical Society for reasons which he explains in his *Traité Méthodique de Science Occulte* and which do not concern us, especially at this date. It was not long before he began to establish independent groups, in collaboration with others whose names are also well known. They represented what he calls the Resurrection of Occult Science. There was a *Groupe Indépendant d'Études Esotériques*, and above all there was the *Ordre Martiniste*, which made use of a simple ritual, arranged in three degrees, modestly conceived and well arranged. Out of these there grew ultimately a *Faculté des Sciences Hermétiques*, which issued diplomas to students, and occasionally *causâ honoris*, to persons who had attained distinction as mystic or occult writers in France and some foreign countries.

The Martinist Order was extremely successful and the Supreme Council of France, with Papus as its president, had branches over the whole world—in Italy, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, England, Belgium, Spain, Denmark, Holland, Austria, even in Russia and Rumania, Egypt and Indo-China. There was also a vast membership in America, both North and South, but the Lodges of the Northern Jurisdiction broke away from the Paris Supreme Council, partly over questions of Masonic procedure and partly on other grounds which are too complex and controversial for enumeration here. It is desirable to mention one point, at least, in favour of the Martinist Order. Unlike so many organizations which assume in modern days a Masonic or kindred origin, it did not make false and fantastic claims regarding its sources. Papus never concealed the fact that he and no other was the author and fount of its rituals. He connected it indeed with the name of L. C. de Saint-Martin as a sort of traditional founder, but not—so far as can be seen—in a direct way. It was rather an attempt to carry on in an incorporated form the work which the French mystic is supposed to have done individually among his admirers and disciples.

The foundation of this group, moreover, represented what must have been not only an early interest but also a dedication of Papus to the saintly personality, wide influence and philosophical illumination of Saint-Martin. His understanding of the philosophy in particular differs from our own in England, and—in accordance with French romantic tradition, which has no base in history—he regarded Saint-Martin as a reformer of High Grades in Masonry, and the inventor of a Rite of his own. But these

things are accidents, comparatively speaking at least. One important result was that the interest led to personal research and that this brought Papus into relation with persons and things belonging to Martinist tradition. Valuable documents came into his hands, so that he was able to throw great light, in a work devoted to Martinism, on the mystical and occult schools of Lyons, on the life of Martines de Pasqually, the first master of Saint-Martin, and to some extent on the mystic himself. In this manner the Order of Martinism justifies itself by the subsequent work of its founder, whose literary history, were it only in this connexion, is honourable to himself and of lasting value to students.

Papus was also a friend and perhaps at first a guide of the Marquis Stanislas de Guaita, another light of occultism in Paris at the end of the nineteenth century. De Guaita founded a Kabalistic Order of the Rosy Cross, which was carried on in great secrecy, and when he died at an early age it is said that its direction passed over to Papus. It neither had nor claimed any connexions with the old mysterious Fraternity, but seems to have been quite sincere in its motives. Some valuable texts have been published from time to time under its auspices. Outside these activities, Papus took a hand in exposing the Leo Taxil conspiracy against Masonry and the Latin Church. When the star of peace again shines over the life of France, and when the occult circles reassemble, the pleasant personality of Papus is certain to be missed, and it is difficult to say precisely how his vacant place will be filled at the head of the various groups.

Though he appears to have broken away alike from the tradition and practice of the orthodox medical school, earning the usual consequences in its open and secret hostility, he was a successful and popular physician, and his clinic in the Rue Rodier is said to have been crowded. The little monograph in the *Psychic Magazine* affirms that he died for his country, literally worn out by his exertions on behalf of the wounded. The claim is therefore true, and of him it may be said that death crowned his life. Personally I shall always remember our pleasant communications during his two brief visits to London, now many years ago.

As it is customary for French occultists to acknowledge masters, it may be desirable to mention those to whom Papus more especially deferred. They were *Éliphas Lévi* in the philosophy of magic, *Lacuria* in the mystery of numbers, and *Hœne Wronski* in the doctrine of synthesis, applied to a projected "reform of all the sciences."

THE INVALID GENTLEMAN

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

NO one ever knew his real name, but all called him the Invalid Gentleman. Nothing has remained of him since his sudden disappearance except his unforgettable smile and a portrait by Sebastian del Piombo, which pictures him hidden in the soft shadow of a fur, with gloved hand which hangs listlessly at his side like that of a sleeper. Some who cared more for him—and I was one of the few—also remember his singular complexion of a transparent pallor, the almost feminine softness of his footsteps, and the habitual wandering of his eyes. He liked to talk, but no one understood all that he tried to say, and I know of some who did not wish to understand because the things which he said were too horrible.

He was truly a *sower of terror*. His presence gave a fantastic colour to the simplest things. When his hand touched some object it seemed to enter into the world of dreams. His eyes did not reflect present things, but things unknown and far away, which those who were with him could not see. No one ever asked him what his malady was, or why it had never been cured. He walked continually, and took no rest day or night. No one ever knew his father or brothers. He appeared one day in the city and another day some years later he disappeared.

Early in the morning of the day before his disappearance when the sky had scarcely begun to lighten, he came to wake me in my room. I felt the soft touch of his glove on my forehead and I saw him in front of me wrapped in his fur, a faint smile playing as always around his mouth and his eyes more wandering than usual. I perceived the redness of his eyelids which bore witness to his having watched all night, and he must have awaited the dawn with great impatience, for his hands trembled and his whole body seemed to be shaken with fever.

“What is the matter?” I asked. “Is your malady troubling you more than usual?”

“My malady?” he replied. “My malady? You, then, believe like every one else that I have a malady? That there is a malady which is mine? Why not say that I, I myself, am a malady? There is nothing which is mine—do you understand?”

There is nothing which belongs to me. But I am some one's—there is some one to whom I belong."

I was accustomed to his weird conversation and therefore I did not reply. I continued to look at him, and my look must have been very gentle, for he came still closer to my bed and touched my brow again with his soft glove.

"You have no trace of fever," he proceeded, "you are perfectly collected and quiet. Your blood flows calmly in your veins. I can tell you therefore something which perhaps will terrify you. I can tell you who I am. Listen to me carefully, I beg of you, because perhaps I cannot repeat the same thing twice, yet it is at the same time necessary that I should say it at least once."

Saying this, he threw himself into a dark-red armchair beside my bed and continued in a louder tone :

"I am not a real man. I am not a man like others, a man of bone and muscle, a man begotten by men. I have not been born like your companions. No one ever rocked my cradle, or watched over my youth. I have never known restless adolescence or the sweetness of the ties of blood. I am—and I will say it even at the risk of not being believed—I am nothing but the figure of a dream. A phrase of Shakespeare's has become for me literally and tragically true: 'I am such stuff as dreams are made of.' I exist because there is some one who sleeps and dreams and sees me act and live and move, and at this moment is dreaming that I say all this. When this some one began to dream I began to exist ; when he wakes I shall cease to exist. I am an imagination of his, a creation of his, a being of his long nocturnal fantasy. The dream of this *some one* is so forcible and intense that I have become visible even to men awake. But the world of the awake, the world of concrete reality, is not mine. I feel myself ill at ease in the midst of the vulgar solidity of your existence ! My true life is that which passes slowly through the mind of my sleeping creator. . . .

"Do not believe that I speak enigmatically or symbolically. What I say is the truth ; the simple and terrible truth. Let your eyes, then, cease to dilate in stupor. Do not look at me with that air of charitable terror !

"It is not the fact of being the actor of a dream which torments me most. There are poets who have said that men's lives are but the shadow of a dream, and there are philosophers who have suggested that all reality is only an hallucination. I am instead persecuted by another idea : Who is the person who

dreams me? Who is this *some one*, this unknown being of whom I am the property, who has caused me to appear all of a sudden from the obscure places of his weary brain and who at his awakening will snuff me out as a flame is extinguished by an unexpected breath? Oh! how many days have I thought of my sleeping master, of my creator occupied with the course of my ephemeral life! Certainly he must be a great and powerful being to whom our years are as moments and who can live the whole life of a man in one of his hours, and the history of humanity in one of his nights. His dreams must be marvellously vital, strong, and profound in order to call forth the images in such a way as to make them appear real. Perhaps the entire world is nothing but the perpetually varying product of a web of dreams dreamed by similar beings. But I do not wish to generalize too much. Let us leave metaphysics to the imprudent! Enough for me is the tremendous knowledge of being myself the imaginary creation of a master dreamer.

"Who is this person then? This is the question which has agitated me for a long time, ever since I discovered the substance of which I was made. You can easily understand the importance of this problem for me. On the reply hangs all my destiny. The personages of dreams enjoy rather a large amount of liberty, and so my life was not entirely shaped by my origin, but was to a great measure its arbiter. But I needed to know who my dreamer was, in order to choose the manner of my life. At first I was terrified by the thought that the least thing might suffice to waken him, and thus cause my annihilation. A cry, a noise, a breath even, might plunge me into nothingness. I loved life at that time and therefore vainly tortured myself in order to guess what might be the tastes and passions of my unknown possessor so that I might form my existence in such a way as to please him. I trembled at every instant at the idea of doing something which might offend or frighten him and thus cause him to awake. For some time I imagined that he was a kind of occult, evangelical divinity, and I tried to lead the most virtuous life in the world. Other days I thought, on the contrary, that he was some pagan hero, and then I would crown myself with immense ivy leaves, and sing drunken hymns, and dance with the cold nymphs in the forest glades. Once I even believed that I was a part of the dreams of some sublime and eternal sage who lived in a higher, spiritual world, and I passed long nights poring over the numbers of the stars, the measurements of the globe, and the composition of human beings.

“ But at last I became weary and humiliated at the thought of having to serve as spectacle to this unknown and unknowable master. I came to the conclusion that this pretence of life was not worth so much baseness and cowardice. I then began to ardently desire what had at first filled me with horror, namely, his awakening. I tried to crowd my life with things so horrible as to wake him and fill him with terror. And I have attempted everything in order to gain the repose of annihilation. I have done everything in order to interrupt this wretched comedy of my apparent existence, to destroy this ridiculous larva of life which makes me similar to other men !

“ No crime has been alien to me, no enormity unknown. I have drawn back from no terror. I killed innocent old people with the very refinement of torture. I poisoned the waters of entire cities ; set on fire, at the same instant, the hair of a crowd of young women, tore to pieces with my teeth the children whom I found in my path. I was rendered savage by the desire of annihilation. At night I sought the company of gigantic black witch-like monsters about whom men do not know any more ; I took part in incredible undertakings with gnomes, goblins and spirits. I precipitated myself from the top of a mountain into a bare and tortuous valley filled with whitening bones, and the magicians taught me those howls of desolate beasts which in the night make the strong men shiver. It seemed as if he who dreamed me had no fear of what would make you other men tremble. He either takes pleasure in the most horrible sights or else they are a matter of indifference to him and he knows no fear. Up to the present moment I have not succeeded in awaking him and must still continue to drag out this ignoble, servile and unreal existence.

“ Who then will free me from my dreamer ? When will the dawn break which shall summon him to his work ? When will the bell ring, the cock crow, the voice resound, which must awaken him ? I have waited so long for my liberation. I still await with great longing the end of this stupid dream in which I play such a monotonous part.

“ What I am doing at this moment is the last tentative. I am saying to my dreamer that I am a dream. I wish him to dream that he dreams. It is a thing which happens to men, is it not ? And then they awake when they know that they are dreaming. For this reason I have come to you, and for this reason I have said all that I have said and I hope that he who has created me will know now that I do not exist as a real man,

and in that same instant of his knowledge I shall cease to exist as an unreal image. Do you believe that I shall succeed? Do you believe that by repeating and crying it, I shall awake my invisible proprietor?"

Saying these words the Invalid Gentleman raised himself in his armchair and drawing on his left-hand glove he looked at me with eyes ever more wandering. It seems as if he were waiting momentarily for something marvellous and fearful to happen. His face bore the look of a dying person. From time to time he examined himself as if he expected to find that he was dissolving, and he nervously stroked his damp brow.

"You do believe that all this is true?" he continued. "You feel that I do not lie? But why am I not able to disappear? Why am I not free to end? Am I perhaps part of a dream which will never finish—the dream of an eternal sleeper, of an eternal dreamer? Oh, drive from me this horrible idea! Comfort me a little, suggest some scheme or stratagem, some scheme, some fraud which will suppress me! I beg it of you with all my soul! Have you no pity for this weary and worn spirit?"

And as I continued to be silent, he looked at me again and then rose to his feet. He seemed a good deal taller than before and I observed again his almost diaphanous skin. It was evident that he was suffering fearfully. His body shook like an animal trying to free itself from a net. The soft gloved hands clasped mine for the last time. Murmuring something in a low voice he left my room, and **ONLY ONE** has seen him since that hour.

PREMONITIONS OF THE WAR

BY NORAH ROWAN HAMILTON

BEFORE the coming of any tremendous happening a whisper of it reaches the souls of those destined to participate in it. The warning comes through symbol, through intuition, but not always are these heralds of Destiny understood by the sentient mind, though the soul knows, for has she not made her choice, accepting with pride and courage her share in the coming Passion.

It was so before the raising of the curtain on this great Cosmic drama that we call "War," and many amongst us caught, in some form or other, a faint echo of its invocation.

To me it came in vision, uncomprehended at the time, but that since has lit with a wonderful internal radiance the bitterness of pain and death.

I was passing one day down a crowded thoroughfare of the City when a low door, set within a pointed archway, opened suddenly, and the sound of antiphonal chanting came to me. Some one held the door back for me to enter, and in another moment I found myself groping down a few worn steps into one of those old, half-forgotten churches that abound in London.

There had evidently been some kind of service. Two or three people were rising from their knees. A verger was extinguishing the lights, leaving only two, which hung low on either side of the small stone altar, looking like stars burning uncertainly in the murky November gloom.

The voices died away in the distance, and as I knelt down I could hear the retreating feet of the congregation, then . . . silence. An extraordinary sense of peace passed over me. All outward sounds and sensations had retreated, and it was as if I were waiting in some empty place for something to happen, something to come to me.

With every moment the calm grew deeper, the void, which yet was no emptiness, more profound. Then . . . I seemed to hear a voice saying: "This is the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Look well, for one day you will stand under the shadow, you, and those who with you will make the sacrifice, will offer the supreme gift. In the bitterness of its silence you and they will hear the living word, forged in the fires of renunciation."

I looked, and I saw a deep valley, strangely still. Within its grey gloom was neither shape nor form. Nothing to hold.

Nothing to cling to. From it came no sound, yet its silence was no mere absence of outward commotion. It was a living silence. And as I looked there floated towards me a wonderful, flame-like object that divided, creating as it did so, colour, form, sound, the three undivisible harmonies of Divine Unity.

And the voice said: "These are the souls of two who love. The Great Shadow beats unceasingly on their hearts. The shadow of love and death. But when the sacrifice has been consummated, the great Gift made, nothing again can separate them, for Love, and Death, and Life are One in the Eternal Now. Look, and remember."

* * * * *

Presently self-consciousness surged back to me and I was once more on the surface of life.

I looked round the little church. It was quiet and empty. Nothing had changed. The two lights flickered low on either side of the altar, scarcely piercing the austere dignity of the sanctuary. As I went home through the gathered gloom I wondered what had been meant by the "Gift." What had we that was great to offer out of our petty lives? What was there worthy of the name of Renunciation in lives that held, for the most part, no great passion, no capacity for deep emotion? And yet it is through Passion that illumination is transmitted to substance, through the depth and force of our emotions that we respond to the vibrations of the world's Over-Soul, and enter into union with the great Forces within and outside man. But so few of us had cultivated a true caring for and understanding of life. We had been too indifferent, or too self-engrossed, or perhaps too cowardly to love very profoundly, or enjoy life ardently. Our Puritan forefathers had left us a legacy of mistrust of joy, which they too often confounded with pleasure. Yet to deny joy in sentient and material things is not the true way of detachment. To live in the Eternal sense we must stake all, both spiritual and physical, chance all in that divine spirit of recklessness that is above mere personal consideration. Only through possessing all can we relinquish all and attain that mystical union without which no being can "come of age" so to speak, and be a "Person" in the eyes of the Great Law.

But we . . . ? I asked myself. How were we to make a supreme gift, and know Love, and Death and Life as one?

And then . . . a few months later came the summons to Death and to Life. Out of what had been mere existence sprang

a great opportunity. An immense, an awful choice was put before us, and the words I had heard in the dim, deserted church bore strange and glorious significance. From that moment we have none of us lived so easily on the surface of life. We have known its rare ecstasies and its profound, torturing despair. The waters of bitterness have closed over our heads and almost engulfed us, yet . . . at last we have woven the three strands of love, joy and sorrow, into a gift worthy of humanity, and raised a ladder from Time into Eternity. Suffering alone could not have raised us, eagerly though many just now are preaching the efficacy of pain. Suffering is not the only, nor even the best road to Illumination, except, perhaps, for those of us who are so dull that only the stiletto can goad them into realization, who can seek their God only in the dark night of tribulation, and know nothing of the sunrise worship of Joy, nor the noon-tide sacrament of Love. Who are too stupid to learn through happiness, and need the lash of pain to quicken our perceptions. But let us beware of not being able to suffer. Not being able to enjoy. Not being able to give ourselves to the great emotions. If this Crisis that the world is passing through is to be for us a great Opportunity, a great Spiritual Adventure, let us give ourselves to it, proud that we, the young and the happy of our generation, should have been asked, out of all the generations, for this supreme gift. The old could have given it perhaps more easily. The very young more carelessly. Earlier generations, so much less highly organized, would have made their gift less consciously. But it is just we, who had more to give, who can make the great contribution towards the world's rebirth, and as we pass down through our grief into that hushed valley, where the three fates, Love, Joy and Sorrow await us with tender, smiling eyes, let us not deny our tears, for as they fall they will sound the living word, since they are the price we gladly pay for redemption.

Again, as on the plain of Golgotha, blood and water is the outward and visible sign of the oblation, the blood of our men poured out on the plains of Europe, and the no less precious tears of our women. In this world, the world of reflection, we are enacting in our own persons the Passion and Crucifixion. Will the Resurrection of the world also follow? Perhaps it may, if we can allow ourselves to be used for it not merely willingly, but gladly, believing that the ladder which we have thrown consciously between Time and Eternity will fuse the worlds into one, and allow the Ideal to become the Real.

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.*]

ANOTHER DREAM OF THE "TITANIC."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing Mr. E. A. Bryant's "Dream of the *Titanic*" in the December number of the OCCULT REVIEW makes me think that my dream of the same thing, although not so circumstantial as to name, etc., may be of interest. I went to bed at the usual time on the Sunday night and had a most vivid dream that I was on a huge steamer, but could not see much, as it seemed to me to be dark, or rather that there was a mist round me that I found it hard to see through. I was trying my best to get to some one in a cabin (I knew no one on board) but could not find them, and as I could hardly see, I had to find my way about as best I could by feeling. The vessel gradually got to such an angle that I could not find foothold. It was then that I got a feeling of panic, and although I could see no people, only vague shapes, I could hear cries and shouts, and a terrible noise of rushing water. When I awoke I was shaking with fright and very cold, but looked at my watch and it was ten minutes to three. All this was terribly vivid, and I can remember it as if it was yesterday. I told my dream the first thing when I came down to breakfast, but I remember there was nothing in the morning papers about the catastrophe. In the afternoon I went into the town and saw in the telegrams "Liner struck an iceberg." I felt quite sure even then, although I did not see the name in my dream, that it was the *Titanic* I had seen.

Yours faithfully,
ELSIE BLAIR.

DRUMPARK MAINS,
DUMFRIES.

PSYCHIC HAPPENINGS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. E. A. Bryant's letter telling you of his dream concerning the *Titanic* moves me to write this letter.

One evening this week I was smoking and chatting at my Club, when the conversation turned to the story of a miracle worker which had appeared in one of the London papers. That led to the telling of two other stories, relating to incidents which happened fifteen or twenty years ago.

The first related to the death of an old postman in Derby. Two

people, one was the narrator, were passing the postman's house when they noticed that a venetian shutter had been closed over a portion of the lower window. One of the two remarked, "I suppose the old postman is gone at last?" The other, who had cast his eyes up to the bedroom above, replied, "No, I've just seen him looking out of the window!" Time 2.10 p.m. on a summer day. Later on, the man who saw the vision ascertained that the postman had died exactly at two o'clock, his daughter remarking that she knew that was the time, because she heard the station "bull" going. Moreover, her father had not been out of bed for several days.

This brought in the second story, told by a well-known Midland Railway official and a prominent man in the football world.

"I can tell you something as strange as that," he said. "Some years ago, one Sunday morning, my wife remarked at breakfast that I had been spending a restless night. I said I had—I had been dreaming that my uncle's shop was broken into, and that property and money to the value of £800 had been taken. That Sunday evening my uncle went to church as usual. On coming out he looked in at his shop, which he had seen to be all right before going to church, and found that a robbery had taken place and that his losses amounted to the value I stated. More than that. The thief was not discovered for some time, and, when he was, he turned out to be the man I had seen in my dream!"

"How do you account," asked the narrator, "for my dreaming this dream some eighteen hours or so before the thing happened, and in a town some fifty or sixty miles distant?"

Like Mr. Bryant I ask, does this interest you? The first experience is my own—my one and only ghost story.

Yours faithfully,

W. P. EDWARDS.

DERBY.

A STRANGE DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Perhaps the following account of a very strange dream would interest your readers. It occurred to me some time ago, when I was fighting against particularly powerful Black Magic, and was my first (but by no means my last) experience of an attack during sleep. The lady who took conscious part in it—Madame M—— G——, is known to you and to many of your readers as a seeress of uncommon gifts.

In my dream I entered a large garden, accompanied by my sister who walked beside me on my right, while on my left was some one of whose presence I was conscious, but of whose identity (in the curious manner of dreams) I was unaware. The garden had a drive leading up to a low broad white house, and was surrounded by masses of trees and bushes which were particularly dense on the side of the

house farthest from us. It was late evening, and they looked gloomy and full of dark shadows in the failing light.

Suddenly, out from where the trees were thickest, crept a huge black cat—a fearful object—with its fur and ears standing up straight, its eyes flashing fire, its limbs crouching for the spring. It came across the grass plot, making straight for me, and the unknown person on my left seized my arm and spoke warningly—

“Oh, my dear Miss——, do take care of that cat!”

Immediately the truth flashed upon me.

“L——” I said to my sister, “that is not a real cat. Stand still while I send it away.”

The cat wheeled round and round and seemed to lose itself in masses of flames, which then vanished.

My sister and I went on to the house. I opened the door, and we entered a long narrow hall, entirely panelled with oak. There was a door on each side of the entrance, and at the far end was a cross passage, the side of which, facing the hall, was all hung with a long thick black curtain or curtains. A lamp was suspended from the oaken ceiling. It gave a reddish light.

Then I became aware of a dreadful black cat creeping stealthily out from behind the black curtain. It was much bigger and more terrible than the first one. Its eyes blazed red flames. Its very hairs seemed to shoot them out in all directions. I caught my sister’s arm.

“Look!” I said.

We stopped, and I spoke to the cat; but this one was much more powerful than the other, it hesitated—advanced, hesitated again—then came straight on as before. I realized it was no ordinary struggle and again spoke to the cat. Like the other it twisted round and round into a fearful whirling mass of flames and sparks. Finally it turned to dense black smoke and vanished.

Just then, the door on our left opened and a man came out—tall, thin, terrible-looking, with a face of intense pallor and great sunken black eyes, in which glowed red fires. He was dressed in a long black gown like a priest, but the look of concentrated hatred and fury that he gave me was a flash of revelation. He disappeared behind the black curtain.

“L——” I whispered, “that man was not a priest. He is a black magician. Come out of this house, it is an evil place.”

But even as I spoke, a great swarm of wasps came like a thick cloud from behind the curtain. It floated out into the hall towards us, filling every inch of space.

“Wait a moment,” I said to my sister, who had moved quickly to the door, “I must send these away before I go.”

I knew it would be the hardest struggle of all—this awful buzzing cloud that was slowly floating to enshroud us. I drew myself up for a supreme effort, and with the solemn words of adjuration and

command on my lips, awoke, feeling curiously tired and exhausted, but elated by my victory. In the morning I related the dream to my sister, whose rest had not been disturbed by any of the experiences which, in my dream, she had shared with me.

A few days afterwards, I went to see Madame G——. Not knowing that she was a regular subscriber to the OCCULT REVIEW, I brought her my copy.

"Madame G——" I said, "there is an article in this number on 'Black Magic in Serbia,' that will interest you. And by the way, some one was trying to 'Black Magic' me badly the other night. I had a dreadful time."

"I knew it, my dear, I knew it," said Madame G——, "and I was sent to warn you in that garden when that dreadful cat came."

"Was it you?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yes, yes," said Madame. "I said to you, 'Oh my dear Miss ——, do take care of that cat!' Didn't you know that?"

"I knew *somebody* who was walking on my left side said that, but I didn't know *you* were the person."

"Yes," said Madame, "I saw you and some one else." ("L——," I interrupted.) "Was it L——?" she asked. "I didn't know. Well, I saw you and the other person going to the garden, and I was sent to go with you in case you weren't on your guard and wouldn't realize the danger of that cat."

"And did you come into the house with us?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "My work was done, but I saw you go into it. However, I knew you were awake to danger, but it was a horrid place. Tell me what happened when I left you."

Thereupon I related to her all our experiences in the house. We have often talked of this strange occurrence since, and of the wonderful way in which the Higher Powers sent her to help me.

Yours faithfully,

ASTRA.

A TELEPATHIC DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your Notes of the Month, and the Correspondence in the OCCULT REVIEW with regard to dreams, the following might perhaps be of interest:—

In January and February, 1915, I was with my ship at Simonstown, Cape of Good Hope. During the second week in January I wrote to my mother's old nurse, R——, whose birthday was on January 31. On February 5 I dreamed that my mother was moving house and that I was helping her with some of her belongings. I came to a certain clock and noticed that it had stopped. I asked my mother if anything had happened to it, and she replied, "That's very strange, R—— always said that it would last out her time."

I had not known at the time that R—— was ill, but the impression

was so strong that I came to the conclusion that she had passed over and wrote to my wife about the dream. I actually received news of her death by letter, some weeks later, but did not find out the date—which was February 1—until a few months ago. The reasons for the date of the dream and its details I have not yet been able to ascertain, as it is difficult to do so by letter without influencing replies, but possible reasons suggest themselves.

Yours faithfully,
J. L. C.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE (?)

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your issue of December contains an article in which a Christian Scientist is supposed to have said to a friend, "I asked God not to make you seasick." Why the person was called a Christian Scientist it is hard to imagine, for such a declaration would certainly not be made by any one who had the least knowledge of the subject.

Christian Science teaches that God is infinite good, and cannot be the source of sin, disease or death. To consider divine Principle, God, as capable of producing seasickness, would be as wide of the mark as to consider the principle of mathematics capable of causing a student to make mistakes.

Yours truly,
CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

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

THE BADGE OF THE SACRED HEART.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The article on "Religious Emblems at the Front:" appearing in your last issue has interested me very much. I can tell you many more wonderful things of the Badge of the Sacred Heart. Perhaps your readers may not quite understand its meaning. It is the symbol of the love of the Christ, the human personality of God made man, who had human feelings like our own. The Heart is that symbol. I do not give the Apostleship of Prayer Badge so much to soldiers as another which has the full figure of the Divine Second Person of the Trinity. I send you one to see. Its history is, that some centuries ago a banner carried through Marseilles stayed a terrible plague. The device has this lith: "Cease; the Heart of Jesus is with me." This powerful invocation has been known to stay infection and diseases, and now seems to be a *coat of mail* against bullets. Protestants may think it superstition, but all the empire carries crosses on their flags, which were the symbols of the *protectors of their countries*. St. George appeared to Richard Cœur de Lion before a battle during the Crusades. He is a great saint in the East. The King of England took his cross

(known to all as the Red Cross now) as his standard. St. Andrew, the White Cross on a blue ground (an \times rather than a $+$) for Scotland (called Saltire), and lastly, Ireland's red \times Saltire Cross on a white ground. These three united *are the Union Jack*. How little do those disloyal Irish, who raised rebellion and trampled on the *Union Jack*, think that they are insulting *three great saints*, even *their own St. Patrick*. Let our loyal, brave poor Irishmen dying at the Front remember that when the Union Jack is upon their coffins they are under the protection of their own St. Patrick. What is a green flag or a sunburst or any other flag compared to St. Patrick's cross-flag?

I have wandered away from my subject, the Sacred Heart Badge. Remember when it is worn you are declaring yourself under the protection of *Jesus Christ*, and you throw in the face of your enemies the invocation, "Cease, the Heart of Jesus is *with me*." I give to our boys this badge, a medal with Jesus also on one side, and the Blessed Virgin on the other, and a medal of the Angel of War, St. Michael. Why should the spiritual powers be different now? He was the Angel of the Lord's Host that defied the Persians in the Old Testament history. He fought for the Jews. Joan of Arc declared he appeared to her. St. Mihiel, that great fort, is called after him, and on his feast day, September 29, 1914, the English won a victory. In going to the war I pinned a Sacred Heart Badge in a young boy's cap inside, and gave him a crucifix shield made of cardboard with the Divine Figure in colours on it. He first got a bullet right through his cap. It went across his cap. The least bit lower and he would have been killed. Then he got a heavy blow. His comrade said, "You are hit." "No," he said. And on examination his tunic was burnt inside and a bullet lodged in the crucifix which he had doubled up in his wallet on his left breast.

Two of my near relatives wore these badges and medals. They are Protestants. One never got a bullet in the Dardanelles, and the other left a spot where he was with twelve men for a minute, to return to find a shell had fallen and killed eight and wounded two others. I could tell you things without number, but one of the most strange is that I have sent 147 parcels to prisoners of war from our town and not one was lost. *I put the Sacred Heart Badge in every parcel*. All are acknowledged as in good condition from Bulgaria and four or five German camps. It often surprises me that this devotion to the badge is not universal, as we may say: Who is like unto God; if we have Him with us who can be against us? I have known many miracles through this device. I do not know why, but it seems in this present time nothing touches *God's Heart* like this symbol of His love.

MOUNTMELICK,

IRELAND.

Yours truly,

F. H. F. B.

It may interest you to know that an officer told me yesterday that

his servant saw the Angels at Mons, and to-day my sister writes that a clergyman has told her he knew a soldier who saw them also, but I do not personally know the men. One of ours at Mons told me he saw a thick black curtain of clouds which completely hid their retreat.

A PACK OF CARDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Knowing that I am interested in fortune telling by cards, a friend recently lent me a manuscript book brought (I believe) from Mexico, and as I can get no information about the cards it deals with. Perhaps some reader of the OCCULT REVIEW may know of them. There are thirty-five cards, called :—

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. The Peacock. | 20. Grasshopper. |
| 2. Butterflies and Flowers. | 21. Basket. |
| 3. Slipper and Wedding Favour. | 22. Open Gate. |
| 4. An Eye. | 23. Palette: Pen and Ink. |
| 5. A Footman. | 24. Tea-Cup. |
| 6. A Ship. | 25. Stirrup. |
| 7. A Dark Man. | 26. The Devil. |
| 8. A Dark Lady. | 27. Jack in the Box. |
| 9. A Fair Man. | 28. Bottle and Glass. |
| 10. A Fair Lady. | 29. Dagger. |
| 11. The Sun. | 30. Heart. |
| 12. Mountains. | 31. Lantern. |
| 13. A Fish and Icebergs. | 32. Handkerchief. |
| 14. A Snake. | 33. Volcano. |
| 15. Fireside. | 34. Let'er. |
| 16. A Fan. | 35. A blank card representing |
| 17. Child and Pitcher. | the person of either sex |
| 18. Money. | as consultant. |
| 19. Laurel Crown. | |

Are they Spanish, Italian, Portuguese?

Sincerely,

9 MEADOW STUDIOS,
BUSHEY, HERTS.

A. W. NOYES-LEWIS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am wondering whether any reader of the OCCULT REVIEW can give any reason why members of the Gipsy fraternity will never burn elder wood? Kind regards and thanks.

Yours sincerely,

TAU.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE BUILDER has completed its second volume, and a glance at the admirable index, compiled in ample form, gives a summary idea of its record during 1916. It is of course first of all, and indeed above all, a "journal for the Masonic student," as the sub-title states, but it covers in reality a much wider field: the Instituted Mysteries in all places and times; the by-ways of religious history, as e.g. the Essenes; the philosophy of mysticism; the antiquities of Mexico and Peru; the orders and development of architecture. An illustrated article on "evidences of symbolism in the land of the Incas" demands particular mention, for it is the result of knowledge obtained at first hand by the author, Dr. Hiram Bingham, who led the Yale-Peruvian Expedition into those "remote fastnesses of the Andes" where the last Inca sought refuge. They are described as "the most inaccessible in all the highland country of South America." This paper appears in the last issue, which contains also Professor Hamilton's second article on the Knights Templar and their suppression. As regards the secret continuation of the Order and its reappearance in the eighteenth century under the guise of Templar Masonry, of which there have been several forms, the conclusion reached by the writer is negative to all such claims, though the soul of the Order may have survived in its ideals, aspirations, traditions, and even its secrets—supposing that it had any except in a merely technical sense. Our personal impression is that the last word has not yet been said on either side of this fascinating but obscure question. When the Rite of the Strict Observance first put the claim forward evidence was certainly wanting, and yet the history of this German Masonic Order leaves the impartial student with awkward feelings of uncertainty. That the French Order of the Temple was a purely modern invention seems, on the other hand, very nearly beyond question at this day. Conversely, the Military and Religious Order of the Temple and Holy Sepulchre—a large and flourishing body both here and in America—is so much without father or mother as regards known origin that it is very difficult to pronounce upon it. Unfortunately several of the Masonic Orders of Christian Chivalry are founded on mendacious legends. *The Freemason* gives an interesting account of an annual meeting of the North and East Yorkshire division of the Red Cross of Constantine, which lays claim on the fourth century, but belongs actually to the year 1860, or thereabouts.

That remarkable veteran Dr. J. M. Peebles comes forward in *The International Psychic Gazette* with his personal views on the question whether soul or spirit is the immortal ego, and decides in favour of spirit, quoting Job, Marcus Aurelius and Andrew Jackson Davis. This may seem at first sight to be merely a debate on words, but an

important issue is involved—namely, whether man is tripartite, consisting of body, soul and spirit, or whether he is dual only, that is to say, an immortal part—however denominated—united to a physical body in this life. The term soul, as used by those who adopt the former view, is the equivalent of psychic or spiritual body. It is the vesture of the ego and seems usually regarded as immortal like that. Eastern mysticism recognizes, however, that there are changes of the inward vesture as of the outward. Latin theology on the other hand, and indeed Latin mysticism, knows nothing of a spiritual body, to postulate which interferes with the unhappy doctrine concerning a physical resurrection. All psychological research and all spiritualism is of course on the side of Dr. Peebles, though his quotation of Davis is not altogether convincing, for Davis changed his ground, using soul and spirit indifferently—to denominate the immortal part of man—when he wrote *Nature's Divine Revelations*, but adopting a tripartite classification in *The Great Harmonia*, after the advent of spiritualism.

Speaking of this movement brings us to our contemporary *Light*, one of whose contributors recurs to the old debate as to whether spiritualism is a religion. It has been revived recently, by implication and otherwise, in papers of Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Barrett. The present writer, Mr. Henry Fox, remarks cogently that the terms of the controversy must be defined. Unfortunately, in respect of religion he says only that its foundation, like that of spiritualism, is the spirit of life, especially in the human race. Obviously, that is no definition. As regards spiritualism, "it is the unity which underlies religions" and the cult and study of their spirit. The statement appears unacceptable, as expressed, but it might have been put differently. The bond between religion and spiritualism is that the first postulates the continued life of the soul after the death of the body, while the second is a study of facts which are held to demonstrate experimentally that the soul does survive. The idea of religion is not contained, however, within the simple postulate, for *ex hypothesi* it is a congeries of experimental practices aided by which the soul returns to God. The admitted business of spiritualism being to demonstrate the life of the soul after death, if it does succeed in this, it is a priceless adjunct to religion, but it is not religion itself, the concern of which is not evidence of immortality but evidence that there is a possible and attainable state of union between man and God. It is true that spiritualism claims further to give proofs of a reasonable and conceivable life of the soul after death, but it is not the life of the union.

The essential meaning attaching to the word religion is not misconceived more frequently than the significance of the term mysticism, as this is used by those who are mystics. In the one case there are the difficulties of an uncertain etymology and in the other of a word which does not correspond adequately to the way in which it is applied.

A writer in *Divine Life*, and in fact the lady under whose editorship it appears, gives a curious article on the Seal of the United States and its symbolism, hazarding the opinion that Thomas Paine originated the design on the reverse. That is interesting within its own measures, supposing that it is true, but it is outside our subject. She goes on, however, to affirm that Thomas Paine was a mystic, and the question arises as to the sense in which it is possible to apply such a designation to the author of *The Age of Reason*, more especially when he is celebrated as the champion of progress against religion, regarded as its enemy. Perhaps after all, for the better understanding of vital views and ends, it would be well if real mystics could devise a more adequate title for themselves and their subject than a word which signifies secrecy; but meanwhile Paine was a singularly open and outspoken person and the last to whom the term mystic could be applied, either in its narrowest or widest sense.

Lady Emily Lutzens writes on the sacramental life in *The Theosophist*, but her consideration is restricted to Baptism and the Lord's Supper, being the two sacraments recognized in the Anglican Church, as by law established. She looks upon the first as embodying a counsel to leave the lower world and to enter that in which the Masters dwell, while the second instructs us to live the life of Him Who instituted the Eucharist. This is good, so far as it goes; but because of that immeasurable realm of realization which lies behind the doctrine of sacramental life it cannot be termed adequate. The truth is that—for those qualified to receive them consciously—the sacraments are about us everywhere, and all things are sacramental. . . . An Indian writer in *Reincarnation*, which reaches us from Chicago, mentions that the evolution of life on this earth is in the hands of the Logos of the solar system, who is apparently also the Demiourgos, having formed the sun and planets out of "primordial matter" and having endued them with his own life. At the same time he does not always deal directly with the worlds of his making, for intermediary between him and them is a great hierarchy of spiritual beings. . . . *Theosophy in Scotland* reappears in a reduced form, but still under the editorship of Mr. D. Graham Pole. It is now necessarily confined to the activities of Scottish Theosophy. But at a more auspicious time it may be possible to resume the wider field of interest which it covered previously.

Our friend Mr. Dudley Wright deals in the *Islamic Review* with the ever-recurring question of the Fall of Man and of Original Sin. He points out that the doctrine is rejected by Islam and that the voice on the subject is uncertain among the early fathers of the Christian Church. He says that Cyril of Jerusalem regarded men as born in a state of innocence and that there is no trace of the counter-dogma in Tertullian. In his own opinion, the story of the Fall is symbolical, but he does not enter into the meaning which lies behind it.

REVIEWS

THE LAW OF SUCCESS. By Bruce MacLelland. [New York: R. F. Fenno and Company, 18 East 17 Street.] Price \$1.00 net.

THIS is a good book. What more need be said? It is not published by an English house, but it can easily be procured through Mr. A. F. Bird, of 22 Bedford Street, Strand. The very first description, at the head of the "Introduction," makes its definite appeal to the man and woman who are looking for other things than wealth in this life. "Wealth does not bring contentment," says Mr. MacLelland. It is the keynote of his very thoughtful work. *The Law of Success* is theoretical, proceeding to the practical; but it does not even stop there. In careful language, in which is profound thought, Mr. Bruce MacLelland shows, simply and in understandable phrase, just *how* we are to apply the advice which he gives us. One thing the book should do: it should set every reader thinking. And, after all is said and done, if a book, which is also a message, accomplishes so much, it has assuredly accomplished all. Providing the mind which takes up this work is prepared to be receptive, nay is receptive, ready to be directed, and willing to accept the guiding thought, the gain to be obtained from Mr. MacLelland's instruction is immeasurable. X.

RUSSIAN MEMORIES. By Madame Olga Novikoff, "O.K." With an Introduction by Stephen Graham, and fifteen Illustrations. London: Herbert Jenkins, Limited, 12 Arundel Place, Haymarket, S.W. Price 10s. 6d.

It is not always an advantage to have the reputation of being a humourist, as Mark Twain learnt when he wrote a perfectly serious article on "Table-turning," and found himself obliged to publish it anonymously, because, otherwise, as he explained afterwards, people would take it as a joke! "O.K." relates this story in her delightful book, *Russian Memories*. She numbered the famous American wit among her vast circle of brilliant friends, a circle which included most of the political, literary, and social luminaries of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Madame Novikoff's "Memories" deal with most interesting characters and circumstances. Particularly interesting, indeed, now that the consummation of her noble work is attained—the Anglo-Russian Alliance. . . . "I am neither a clairvoyante nor a prophet," declares Madame Novikoff, but often her absorbing pages reveal her as both. She frequently, for instance, presaged that her friend, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, would one day be Prime Minister. And on many another occasion her intuition has proved correct. "O.K." recalls a touching episode in the last earthly hours of Sir Henry:—

"People who were allowed to watch round his bed heard the dying man speak from time to time, as of old, to the life-long companion of his joys and sorrows, his beloved wife, as if she were present before him and he would soon rejoin her in the land of another life. . . . Tennyson had the same experience with his son Lionel."

Russian Memories serves as a reminder, in the midst of the present terrible strife, of the Peace and Goodwill which Madame Olga Novikoff has herself so greatly helped to promote between two mighty nations. The beautiful frontispiece representing Queen Alexandra and her sister Empress Marie of Russia, expresses in the Queen's handwriting the sentiments of both: "*Les sœurs et les pays unis.*" EDITH K. HARPER.

SEA MAGIC. By E. Hallam Moorhouse. With an Introduction by Arnold White. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. Price 2s. net.

NAMES that stand high in the annals of "our rough island story" glow afresh in these charming pages, but it goes without saying that honours are divided between Drake and Nelson.

Miss Moorhouse's concluding sketch, "The Nelson Touch," is intense in its appeal, in its sympathetic estimate of "The Man of Destiny on whom Genius had laid her Awful Hand . . ." In "Drake and the Elizabethan Navy" we almost see the sturdy figure of the "Little Pirate" standing before us. Needless to say Miss Moorhouse refers to the legend of which one has heard so much in these days—the legend of "Drake's Drum."

"No wonder that those who had known him and those who only heard of him in later generations felt . . . that his watchdog spirit must still guard England . . . and would not fail to come again should his battle drum—which still hangs in the house of his descendants—be beaten." We all know Henry Newbolt's stirring lines, with which the author ends her eulogy:

"Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware and wakin',
As they found him long ago!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

A CALL TO BAPTISMAL REFORM. A Bible and Prayer Book Study. By "Archippus." London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., Ruskin House, Museum Street, W.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS writer, who calls himself Archippus, is an excellent special pleader. The National Mission of Repentance and Hope, of which we hear so much at present, has inspired him to complete a half-finished work which he began some years ago as an academic thesis. He analyses from a strictly theological point of view the Sacrament of Holy Baptism, and he appeals urgently for a more rigid method of carrying out the ceremony, which he considers should be a public rite, as it was in apostolic times. The author, writing from his own standpoint, has presented his views with clearness and evident sincerity, and no doubt the entirely orthodox will see eye to eye with him. But many can see in this rite of baptism *merely* a symbol, though a symbol of the deepest occult significance; and to such persons so rigid an enforcement of ecclesiastical rule of thumb is repellent. It is difficult to understand—even from the point of view of discipline—why a public baptism should be so much more commendable than a private one.

The author carefully analyses the various Baptismal Services peculiar to different forms of religion, in particular that of the Church of England. . . . With all due respect to the dignity and discipline of ritual, one cannot but be forcibly struck by the extent to which dogma and formalism have gathered round the simplicity of the Master's message to mankind. All this elaborate ceremonial seems to send the Man of Nazareth so far away from the every-day life of this stricken world, removing Him as far from us as is the song of the skylark from "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

CONSOLATION: FROM THE EAST TO THE WEST. By Kedar Nath Das Gupta. Published by the "Union of the East and West," 59 Egerton Gardens, London, S.W. 1916.

MR. K. N. DAS GUPTA, the able and energetic organizer of the "Indian Art and Dramatic Society," has compiled a charming brochure of Ancient Indian Stories, culled from the treasury of our great common inheritance. "Consolation" includes Selections from such familiar classics as the "Mahabharata," the "Bhagavad-Gita," the "Life of Buddha," and the "Katha Upanishad," all expressing that profound belief in the immortality of the soul which is an absolute tenet of the Aryan faith. No Hindu says a man is dead; but only "he has left his body."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE COASTER AT HOME. By J. M. Stuart-Young. Crown 8vo. Pp. 404. London: Arthur H. Stoddart.

I HAVE no theory to offer on the very natural question whether this instalment of autobiography by a "palm oil ruffian and trader man of the River Niger" has been printed, as claimed in a foreword, "without any serious alterations," from papers found among the effects of one Jack O'Dazi, now deceased, or whether it is simply bodied forth from the imaginings of Mr. Stuart-Young, aided by Nigerian memories. It is a living piece of work in either case and should make a strong appeal to those who know at first-hand—as coasters, oilers and what not on the evil shores of West Africa. Its naked realism somehow reminds me of Prentice Mulford's story of his own life, which is realistic also and vital; but the "palm oil ruffian"—or the man in the mask behind him—writes better. The memorials of both ring true, so far as memories are concerned, for both are dealers in actuality. I must confess, on my own part, that I have read the coaster chiefly for some queer bits of West African folk-lore which are interleaved there and here. One account of a witch and her doings is quite priceless in its details, while the chapter called *Murder and Spirit Return* is striking after another manner. I suppose that the sordid horrors of the Manchester slum life which went before that of Nigeria are not without their value, but they are indescribably distressing—like other aspects of the nightmare literature which is commonly termed "true to life."

A. E. WAITE.

THE BOOK OF OLD SUNDIALS AND THEIR MOTTOES. By Launcelot Cross. T. N. Foulis. Price 3s. 6d.

Is aught more mystical to dreamer and nature-lover than the sundial, that ancient clock and priest unto the sun-god watching the radiant

courses of his flame-wheeled chariot? As one of these old mottoes declares: "The sundial stood as the garden-god of Christian gardens. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasure not protracted after sunset." It is almost like Swinburne's "eyes of the garden-god at us, sharp o'er the fig-leaves."

Nothing could be more truly delightful than this book, daintily illustrated as it is by Mr. Alfred Rawlinson and Mr. Warrington Hogg, and it is full of the philosophy of these stone sun-worshippers. "Thine action now may weigh down the scales of Fate," says one Karmic dial; "Time is but a shadow," teaches another. "Time flies, lines rise and shadows fall. Let it pass by. Love reigns for ever over all." It is all a medley of joy and wisdom.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE PURPOSE OF GOD. By the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. With Photogravure Portrait and Memoir by the Rev. H. Mayne Young, M.A. Elliot Stock, London. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 2s. net.

FOUR recent sermons by the late Archdeacon Wilberforce, and a sympathetic notice of the author's life and work by the Vicar of Sevenoaks. The frontispiece portrait is an excellent one.

PHILOSOPHY AND WAR. By Emile Boutroux. London: Constable. Price 4s. 6d. net.

HERE we have a series of Essays on Philosophy in relation to the present stupendous European struggle by an eminent member of the Académie Française, whose views on German aims are of special interest to us at this juncture of the world's history. In the nine chapters contained in this volume he contrasts the Teutonic ideals with the wide and liberal French conception of nationality. He shows how brute force is the sole basis of German culture, that the awful conflict now in progress is but the inevitable result of military successes in 1870, which brought about that nation's spiritual downfall. Materialism, arrogance, self-worship and entire suppression of all *feeling* having led to the utterly inhuman conduct evinced by the German nation to-day.

The Germans themselves hold that they have not changed their characteristics, but the author states that before 1870 a Frenchman could live in the Fatherland without insult. It will be difficult, he says, to know how to deal hereafter with a nation whose written word is merely "a scrap of paper." The temptation to revenge herself will, nevertheless, be resisted by the resolute, enlightened France of to-day.

The author is justly proud of the men and women of his country, of their endurance, courage, calm, unity, and heroic self-sacrifice.

In defending her own beautiful land from the barbarian, France fights the cause of all smaller nations. The defeat of the Allies would involve annihilation of all those peoples too weak to defend themselves. He utters a solemn warning that we must not regard this war as an episode merely, but "continue watchful and ready for action for years, even centuries, to come," because we can never again trust a nation so quick to return to the manners and horrors of primeval man. ¶

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

MAZZINI'S FORESHADOWINGS OF THE COMING FAITH. By E. A. Venture. London: Theosophical Publishing Society. Pp. 31. Price 6d.

THIS is an interesting little pamphlet, dealing with a subject which is familiar, probably, to very few people. Many will be surprised to learn that the great Italian, who died in 1872, had expressed so forcibly beliefs and ideas which are only now becoming to any extent widespread. His teaching, summed up shortly, is to the effect that though *religions* are many, Religion is one and eternal; and that mankind is intended to evolve, not through a passive acceptance of the principles of liberty and brotherhood, but through an active and ardent association and co-operation of individuals one with another. In these quotations from his writings are voiced many of the hopes and ideals which to-day inspire those who long to build up a new and happier world out of the ruins of the old, when the war-fever has had its way and done its work of perhaps necessary destruction. All who cherish such hopes, all who believe "not only in progress, but in man's *solidarity* in progress," will obtain new strength of mind and heart from a study of the many wise sayings of this great man, for whom, we are told, "politics were—as some day they will generally become—religion in action," and whose every act "was the expression of a truth inwardly realized." E. M. M.

THE REAL EARTH. By W. W. L. London: The Path Publishing Company. Pp. 56. Price 2s. net.

THE ten short essays here grouped together deal with inner states of mind and soul, with thoughts and feelings that are not easily expressed in words. For purposes of meditation they would probably be very helpful, for the author has the art of suggesting more than he actually says, and so leads the mind along many beautiful, even if devious, paths. Occasionally he falls into obscurity, but he can also be direct and explicit. "When men proclaim a truth, they have not found Truth." "When we live in the past of human actions or desires we repeat history and move in a circle. This is what many civilizations have done." "Do you think you will enter into Life through the pin-hole of a particular person or a creed?" These are samples of his thought, taken at random, and readers who feel inclined to search further will not go unrewarded. E. M. M.

TALES OF WONDER. By Lord Dunsany. London: Elkin Matthews. Pp. xii + 187 + 6 illustrations by S. H. Sime. Price 5s. net.

AT his best Lord Dunsany combines perfections of style and anecdote; and of these nineteen stories I gladly say that they include six which will cause the conscribed reader to straighten himself into a note of admiration and the unconscribed to forget his despised age or frailty in a dream of the immortality of good art. The stories which no one, acquainted with the average English short story as published by our most popular magazines, can fail to admire as well-cut jewels are, "The Three Infernal Jokes," "The Exiles' Club," "The Three Sailors' Gambit," "The Bureau and Échange de Manx," and "Thirteen at Table." In each of these tales the author's inventiveness has an effect of sudden light upon a novel pattern. If you want to know how awkward it would be to be so

humorous as to make people die of laughing, read the first of the above stories : if you want to know how to lay the ghosts of ladies, read the last.

Irony is like a Muse to Lord Dunsany. I remember that, when I was younger and drudging in a typical office in the district known as E.C., it amused me to direct a lad to the Manager's lath and glass den as if his way lay down marble staircases balustraded by gold, through a majestic forest of pillars, linked by arches supporting a roof of lapis lazuli. Lord Dunsany causes a story teller to describe London to a sultan with similar materialistic mendacity. "The city as Mallington Moor" is a beautiful story of temporary transference to a non-materialistic plane ; and "Why the Milkman Shudders when He Perceives the Dawn" has the charm of the daintiest trifling.

Lord Dunsany's sense of humour is very keen, and has a delicacy which makes even drunkenness funny in an elegant manner. The curiously inapplicable preface is perhaps an example of his less successful irony. His book as a whole is a veritable literary treasure which no preface could spoil.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CIRCLE AND THE CROSS. By Frances Swiney.
Open Road Publishing Co. Sq. 12mo, pp. 73

THE thesis is that all mysteries prove to be very simple truths when they come to be investigated—and, therefore, it will be seen, even before they come to be unfolded. Of these, the mystery of sex is one, and the writer of this brochure proceeds to interpret it, for which there is an obvious necessity, since we are told that "why there is maleness and femaleness is known to but few." Because of many misconceptions, the experiment is, however, "a large order." If we can get to understand that the ovoid circle, and not the straight line, is the figure of unity and its "primitive sign" that this is the "emblem of the mother"; and if we can grasp the rigid deduction which follows therefrom, we shall enter into the hidden truth, recognized by primeval man, that in the beginning the God who created heaven and earth was a feminine God ; while if ever a time should come for us to have a true version of Genesis, it will read *Supernal Mother* in place of *Elohim*. The explanation is that life is feminine, that there is only one sex, and that this is the female. The male must be regarded "with the gravest suspicions." In the great old times, he was not even connected with the "reproduction of the species," and his sign is "the cross of negation." The straight line as a symbol of unity is the result of "sex-bias, self-conceit and self-obsession." Primitive symbolism represents "the full development of the male to the standard of the female," and this is the great truth ; that is to say, "the absorption of the male into the female," so that the woman shall be all in all. The term is that "the mother of the human race shall become once more the Virgin," and self-procreative. There is symbolism, and there is high symbolism ; there is also something which in other circles is termed biology ; and beyond these there is the great mystery, which is of love apart from the body of desire. It is not to be understood by speculations of this kind, which—apart from the absurdities of their form—have their being on the physical plane—for sex also is a mystery of grace, and it is understood in holiness.

A. E. WAITE.