

OCCULT REVIEW

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

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"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

FOR some considerable time past I have had it in my mind to write in my Notes of the Month on the subject of Apollonius of Tyana. I have dealt from time to time in this magazine with a number of the problems that present themselves in connection with the first and second centuries of the Christian era, the last of these studies treating of the position of Philo of Alexandria and his relation respectively to the old religion and the new. Of the gaps remaining to complete a coherent study of these times the most serious one still requiring to be filled concerns the life and activities of the Philosopher of Tyana.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA. The difficulty of treating such a subject lies in the fact that the story of Apollonius's life has been overlaid with legends of the miraculous on the one hand, and distorted by religious prejudices on the other; while the only authoritative life of this great religious reformer

is marred by the glaring deficiencies of the writer for the task which he had in hand, and his inability to appreciate the life work of the subject of his biography. Indeed he fills many pages with literary padding of the worst kind, while he fails to give us over and over again the very facts which it is of value and importance for us to know. Philostratus, the author of this life, was one of the literary coterie that gathered round the presiding genius of the Empress Julia Domna, the wife of Septimus Severus and mother of Caracalla. Julia Domna was a generous patroness of art and literature, and her husband Severus was devoted to the study of occult science. Gibbon, in his usual sceptical vein, observes that " he was passionately addicted to the vain studies of magic and divination, deeply versed in the interpretation of dreams and omens, and perfectly acquainted with the science of judicial astrology." The Empress, who was a daughter of the Priest of the Sun at Emesa in Syria, was an enthusiastic bibliophile and had collected, among her other literary treasures, the note-books of Damis, the companion and fellow traveller of Apollonius. These note-books or tablets contained the records of his journeys and other details concerning the life of Apollonius, who was as great a hero to Damis as ever Johnson was to Boswell. If these notes were as full of detail as Philostratus asserts, one can only regret that the biographer

THE NOTE-
BOOKS OF
DAMIS.

did not turn them to more useful account. Damis was a native of Ninus or Nineveh, and Philostratus speaks somewhat contemptuously of his defective Greek style. But it is probable that with all their grammatical errors the notebooks of Damis would have given us a truer portrait of the great philosopher than the more finished phrases and elaborate oratorical devices of Philostratus. The biographer had also access to a book written by Maximus of Ægæ, containing a record of Apollonius's doings at that place. It requires an acute critic to gauge how much of Philostratus's narrative is literary embellishment and interpolated matter, and how much is actually derived from the original records. Even the Gospels of the Evangelists hardly present a more difficult task to the critic anxious to discriminate between the original and the glosses with which it is overlaid.

The other difficulty from which the record of Apollonius's life and teachings has suffered is due to the religious disputes which arose through the rapid growth of Christianity and its conflict with the previously existing religions of the Roman world. We may argue legitimately enough that the power of working miracles

is no proof of the truth of the doctrines expounded by any religious teacher. But the fact remains that in proselytizing for Christianity the fullest use was made of the miracles recorded as accomplished by Jesus in the Gospels, in support of the contention in favour of the Divine origin of their worker, and of his work. Illogical though this argument may appear to the philosophic mind, it is not surprising that it should have carried great

weight, and indeed it must be admitted that it does so even at the present day. What more natural, then, than that one of the disputants on the other side should have produced a polemical pamphlet in which he attempted to show that such an argument was a two-edged weapon, and that in fact it was possible to produce better evidence in favour of the miracles attributed to the pagan philosopher Apollonius than for those of Jesus of Nazareth, and to argue that this being the case, even assuming the authenticity of the Gospel narrative, there was no more justification for regarding the Jewish prophet as a God than the Tyanian philosopher? Such a criticism of the claims of the Christians was in fact written by Hierocles, a philosopher of some note and successively governor of Palmyra, Bithynia, and Alexandria, about the first decade of the fourth century A.D., under the title of *Philalethes*, or *The Truth-lover*.

This pamphlet was not long in provoking a rejoinder from a leading light of the Christian community. This reply, the author of which was Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, is still extant, though Hierocles's contribution to the controversy was destroyed like much other evidence hostile to Christianity, by the ecclesiastical authorities, when the new religion finally became triumphant. Eusebius was able to show that Philostratus was not a reliable authority, and that his judgment, where the credibility of a narrative was in question, was clearly at fault. Though the criticisms of Eusebius might have been applied with equal force to much of the Gospel narrative, it is plain that his retort to Hierocles did not lack point, the veracity of Philostratus being obviously not above suspicion, and some of his records urgently calling for evidential corroboration, indeed, in certain cases, being mere legend or romance. This applies in especial to the account given of Apollonius's journey to India, which is interspersed with numerous fantastic stories which appear to be derived by Philostratus from other sources and interpolated in an unscrupulous manner, with the idea, presumably, of giving local colour. There are, however, a number of records given

which are clearly taken direct from the narrative of Damis, and the general accuracy of which there appears to be no adequate reason to call in question. One of these offers a parallel to the various accounts of the raising of the dead to life given in the Gospel story, as, for instance, the recalling to life of the son of the widow of Nain; the raising from the dead of Jairus's daughter, and last but not least, the case of Martha and Mary's brother Lazarus, which owing to the circumstances surrounding it has caught hold of the popular imagination to a greater extent than either of the others. The record of the incident referred to is given in Philostratus's life* as follows:—

Here too is a miracle which Apollonius worked: A girl had died just in the hour of her marriage, and the bridegroom was following her bier lamenting, as was natural, his marriage left unfulfilled, and the whole of Rome was mourning with him, for the maiden belonged to a consular family. Apollonius then witnessing their grief, said: "Put down the bier, for I will stay the tears that you are shedding for this maiden." And withal he asked what was her name. The crowd accordingly thought that he was about to deliver such an oration as is commonly delivered as much to grace the funeral as to stir up lamentation; but he did nothing of the kind, but merely touching her and whispering in secret some spell over her, at once woke up the maiden from her seeming death; and the girl spoke out loud, and returned to her father's house, just as Alcestis did when she was brought back to life by Hercules. And the relations of the maiden wanted to present him with the sum of 150,000 sesterces, but he said that he would freely present the money to the young lady by way of dowry. Now whether he detected some spark of life in her, which those who were nursing her had not noticed—for it is said that although it was raining at the time, a vapour went up from her face—or whether life was really extinct, and he restored it by the warmth of his touch, is a mysterious problem which neither I myself nor those who were present could decide.

The record of this incident is presumably taken direct from the notes of Damis, and is not, I think, to be too lightly set aside. Apollonius does not appear to have made any claim to supernatural power in the matter, nor need he be necessarily credited with anything beyond an intuitive capacity for divining the fact that life had not finally departed. Nor indeed are we bound to assume anything more than this intuitive capacity as regards the two first-mentioned miracles in the Gospel records—those of the son of the widow of Nain and Jairus's daughter. The raising

* Philostratus, Book IV, chapter xlv. I am indebted to Dr. Conybeare's translation, published by Messrs. Heinemann, for this and some other quotations. The book is a very useful one, the Greek and English being given side by side.

of Lazarus may be held to stand in a different category, but it is noteworthy as regards this that only one Evangelist records the incident and that his Gospel is the latest in date of the four. This has naturally not escaped the attention of the critics, as it is almost incredible that neither Matthew, Mark nor Luke should have alluded to so sensational an incident if they had any knowledge of its occurrence. On the other hand, so dramatic an event could hardly have failed to excite the greatest commotion at the time and must, one would naturally have supposed, inevitably have reached the ears of those who were writing biographies of the performer of the miracle. The incident, in short, is hardly one that could be placed even on the same evidential plane as the raising of the consul's daughter at Rome by Apollonius.

The problem as to whether life is, or is not, extinct in any specific instance has over and over again proved too difficult of solution for even the ablest of modern doctors, and in cases of trance, opinions of the medical profession can be freely cited that there is no apparent difference to be detected between the living and the dead. Numerous tests have been applied and failed in cases where the patient has eventually regained consciousness, and it is legitimate to suppose that a certain clairvoyant power is in some cases alone capable of determining the possibility of the spirit returning to reoccupy its mortal tenement. According to occult theory if the chord or magnetic link that unites the astral with the physical body has not been definitely severed, it is still possible for life to be restored. What more probable than that one gifted with abnormal psychical powers, such as either Jesus or Apollonius, might diagnose the presence of this connecting link, which was invisible to all around?

Eusebius argues that the stories told of Apollonius's psychic powers detract from his credit as a philosopher. Such powers, he argues, only appertain to a divine being, and therefore while they may be justly credited in the case of Jesus they must be dismissed in that of Apollonius. Such arguments will hardly appeal to the unbiased critic of the present day. We must recognize, however, that it was Philostratus's methods of embellishing his narrative with fantastic oriental and other legends which gave a loophole for the attack of Eusebius. There was, indeed, a sufficiently serious sequel to this early passage of arms. The discussion as to whether or not Apollonius's miracles were entitled to be set in juxtaposition to those of the Prophet of

Nazareth, proved in the end to be a veritable red-herring drawn across the track of the whole story of Apollonius's life and labours. Though there is no recorded reference of Apollonius to Jesus or his teachings, he is made to appear in the light of subsequent controversies as the false prophet *par excellence*, and worker of pseudo-miracles, sent by the devil, according to one ingenious

commentator, to destroy the work of the Saviour by an attempt to imitate his miracles, and thus to disprove their unique character. When the printing press came into vogue and classical literature was widely disseminated by this means, Aldus hesitated to print the text of Philostratus's *Life of Apollonius*, and only did so finally with the text of Eusebius's treatise added as an appendix, so that, as he phrased it, "the antidote might accompany the poison." Later on, ingenious Continental commentators advanced the theory that the life of Apollonius was a myth, and that it had for its object the defence of classical philosophy as opposed to Christianity. This theory is as ingenious as it is unconvincing, and even the authority of its defenders, Baur and Zeller, have failed to secure it a serious hearing at the present day. It is obvious that the supposed antagonism between Jesus and Apollonius never really existed at all, and though probably they were born within twenty years of each other, there is no evidence to show that there was any connection of any kind between their respective lives and activities.

The tradition which credits Apollonius with being a worker of miracles and magician is widespread, but there is comparatively little that is narrated of him by Philostratus which is incredible, if assumed to have been performed by a man who had led a life such as that of the Sage of Tyana, and who was gifted with such psychic powers as we are familiar with at the present day. We shall probably be right in regarding most of these narratives of psychic incidents as taken direct from the tablets of Damis, and therefore probably authentic, even if the details are not in every case exact. A few instances will serve to illustrate the point of what I have said.

After Apollonius's visit to Athens, in which he was initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, he took ship for Egypt, stopping at Rhodes on the way. Arriving at Alexandria he found that his reputation had preceded him, and was met everywhere with reverence and respect. He took advantage of the friendly popular feeling towards him to intervene in a case of miscarriage of justice. A robbery had recently taken place in the town,

and twelve men had been condemned in connection with it. An innocent victim of the general sentence was revealed psychically to Apollonius. He thereupon called the procession to a halt as they were being led to execution, and instructed the guard to place the innocent man last of the twelve. The delay thus secured gave time for a horseman to ride up with a reprieve for the man in question, whose innocence had been established subsequently to the trial. It is not difficult to attribute such a case as this to psychic powers, but on the other hand it is quite open to us to assume that Apollonius had learned something by normal means as to the doubt hanging over the condemned man's implication in the crime.

Never, perhaps, has any possessor of noted psychic powers enjoyed the friendship or the hostility of so many great Emperors as did Apollonius. Vespasian and Titus were particularly intimate in their friendship, and sought the advice of the sage of Tyana on various notable occasions. It was, it appears, during this same visit to Alexandria that Vespasian arrived at the great Egyptian seaport and sought an interview with the sage. Vespasian explained to him his schemes, for he was already then aiming at the supreme power. Apollonius encouraged him, and to his great surprise informed him that it was his destiny to rebuild the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome. As a matter of fact the temple had just been burned down, but the news did not reach Egypt till some time later.

PSYCHIC INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE.
HIS RELATIONS WITH ROMAN EMPERORS.

What we call nowadays a telepathic wave had conveyed the incident to the knowledge of the seer. A similar instance of Apollonius's telepathic powers is narrated in connection with the death of Domitian.

Apollonius had previously been arrested by this Emperor on the ridiculous charge of sacrificing an Arcadian boy, in order, apparently, to discover the prospects of the succession of Nerva to the Empire. He was acquitted by the monster who was Nero's rival in cruelty without Nero's artistic talents, to the great surprise of all his friends. The story is that he vanished mysteriously from the court. We may, however, I think, without hesitation attribute this incident to Philostratus's love of the dramatic, especially as it seems clear that he had already been acquitted and that there was no apparent reason why he should not walk out as a free man like any ordinary mortal in similar circumstances. What strikes the dispassionate reader as really remarkable is the fact that though Apollonius was twice arrested,

once by Nero and again by Domitian, and though the philosophers of the day, being supposed to be hostile to the tyrants, met almost invariably with short shrift, the sage of Tyana was in each case acquitted and left the court, as we say to-day, "without a stain on his character." Why, if the Emperors had him arrested, knowing doubtless the value of the charges against him, did they not take steps to ensure his condemnation? The fact seems to be, without doubt, that they regarded him with fear. Whether this fear was due merely to his reputation as a worker of wonders, or to his actual psychic power exercised at their expense in the courts of justice, is an open question, and clearly admits of two opinions.

His own observations on this subject, as quoted by Philostratus, seem, however, to justify our accepting by preference the latter of the two views. Speaking to his friends about his intention to take ship for Rome in order to meet openly any charge that might be made against him rather than to lie low in some distant corner of the Empire as his disciples were anxious that he should do, he observed that he would not consider a man a coward because he had disappeared out of dread of Nero, but would hail as a philosopher any one who rose superior to such a fear. And he added, "Let not any one think it foolish so to venture along a path which many philosophers are fleeing from, for in the first place I do not esteem any human agency so formidable that a wise man can ever be terrified by it, and in the second place I would not urge upon you the pursuit of bravery unless it were attended with danger." After dwelling upon the ferocity and brutality of Nero, contrasting him with savage animals who could sometimes be tamed, and mollified by coaxing and flattery, whereas Nero was only roused to greater cruelty than before by those who stroked him, he continued in the following remarkable strain :—

ARGUMENTS
FOR BOLD-
NESS
TOWARDS
TYRANTS.

If, however, any one is disposed to dread Nero for these reasons, and is led abruptly to forsake philosophy, conceiving that it is not safe for him to thwart his evil temper, let him know that the quality of inspiring fear really belongs to those who are devoted to temperance and wisdom, because they are sure of Divine succour. But let him snap his fingers at the threats of the proud and insolent, as he would at those of drunken men, for we regard these surely as daft and senseless, but not as formidable.

We are accustomed to refer to Apollonius as a philosopher. While we are perfectly correct in so doing, it is well to observe what the term philosophy connotes when employed by the

Tyanian sage. It is not obviously a question merely of adopting a creed or view of life or a certain set of philosophical opinions, but implies in the fullest measure the life led in accordance with these opinions and inspired by the courage with which the knowledge of their truth endows the man who professes them. The keynote, indeed, to the whole of Apollonius's life lies in the fact that his so-called philosophy was an active and inspiring force which dominated his whole conduct.

I have alluded to the evidence of Apollonius's telepathic powers in connection with the death of Domitian. His passage of arms with this tyrant may have afforded the requisite psychic link. In any case the Tyanian was made aware of Domitian's assassination under sufficiently dramatic circumstances. He had returned to Ionia after a stay of two years in Greece, and was at the moment speaking at Ephesus. In the

HE SEES A
VISION OF
DOMITIAN'S
ASSASSINA-
TION.

midst of his discourse he seemed to lose the current of his words, and the audience noticed a troubled expression passing over his features. Suddenly breaking off any further attempt to continue his speech, he stepped forward three or four paces on the platform from which he was addressing the assembly, and cried out in loud tones, "Strike the tyrant! Strike!" The audience were naturally amazed at this sudden outburst, but soon coming to himself, Apollonius explained to them that Domitian had been slain at that hour, and that a vision from the gods had been granted to him at the moment of what actually took place. News arrived in due course confirming his statement. This story is narrated by Dion Cassius as well as by Philostratus.

Beyond these records there are several others of a sufficiently startling character, which it is not easy to take too literally. There is, for instance, the narrative of the rescue of a young Athenian from the clutches of a vampire. The youth, according to the story, mistook the vampire for a normal living woman, and being infatuated with her, was on the point of marrying her until Apollonius dispelled the illusion. Probably this was one

THE
VAMPIRE
AND THE
GHOST OF
ACHILLES.

of the many romances that had collected round the name of Apollonius between his death and the time of Philostratus, though there may possibly have been some small grain of truth at the bottom of it. Another story which may have had some basis in fact, has been so embroidered upon as to render it quite incredible in the form in which it is presented

by the biographer. This relates to the supposed interview of Apollonius with the ghost of Achilles, which was held to haunt the tomb of the Grecian hero. The reputation of Apollonius was so great and his supposed power as a worker of miracles had obtained so widespread a currency by the second century of our era that all sorts of miraculous happenings were readily credited by the ignorant public when ascribed to the Tyanian sage. Philostratus appears to have made use of certain of these floating stories.

That the name of Apollonius was regarded with the greatest veneration during the centuries following his death is abundantly evident. Caracalla (Roman Emperor 211-216 A.D.) honoured his memory with a chapel or monument (*heroum*).¹ Alexander Severus (Emperor 225-235 A.D.) placed his statue in his *lararium* along with those of Christ, Abraham, and Orpheus. Aurelius is stated to have vowed a temple to the sage of Tyana, of whom he had seen a vision. Vopiscus at the end of the third century

GREAT
REPUTA-
TION OF
APOLLONIUS. speaks of him as "a sage of the most widespread renown and authority, an ancient philosopher and a true friend of the gods." "He it was," says Vopiscus, "who gave life to the dead. He it was who did and said so many things beyond the power of men." In the work entitled *Quaestiones et Responsiones ad Orthodoxos*, attributed (though apparently in error) to Justin Martyr, occurs among other of these "questions" the following: "If God is the maker and master of creation how do the *telesmata* of Apollonius have power in the orders of that creation? For as we see they check the fury of the waves and the power of the winds, and the inroads of vermin and attacks of wild beasts." These *telesmata* or talismans were articles that had been or were supposed to have been consecrated, or magnetized, with some religious ceremony, by Apollonius.*

We see then that around the name of this philosopher gathered, as time went on, a mass of more or less incredible miraculous tradition. And, as happens too often in such cases, the real work of this great religious reformer was lost sight of amid this accumulation of legend that impressed the popular eye, which was too dull to appreciate or understand the deeper significance of the life work and esoteric teaching of the sage. Orthodox religion in the Roman Empire had indeed at this time fallen into

* I am indebted to G. R. S. Mead's work, *Apollonius of Tyana, The Philosopher-Reformer of the First Century A.D.* (London: T. P. S.), for these particulars.

very much the same sort of discredit as orthodox Christianity has among ourselves to-day. Two definite attempts were made to resuscitate these old religions of Greece and Rome by reviving the understanding of the essential spiritual truths which they enshrined; the first by Apollonius of Tyana who was above all else a reformer of the ancient Greek religion from within, and the other, an abortive one three hundred years later, by Julian the so-called Apostate. These classical faiths were, however, too much overlaid with mythological stories of an unedifying character ever again to recover their ascendancy over the popular imagination, and the ascetic life and esoteric interpretation which appealed to the isolated religious communities which Apollonius visited in his extensive travels throughout the countries bordering the Mediterranean, and as far east as Persia and

CHRISTI-
ANITY
VERSUS
PAGANISM.

India, could not in their very nature make a popular appeal to the average man. We see now that the triumph of Christianity was due to the universality of its appeal, and that however uncertain the issue of the struggle of the contending faiths appeared at the time, that issue was never really in doubt. The ascetic philosopher worked for the little public to whom the life of self-denial and esoteric truth are all in all, and to whom the world and the pursuits of the ordinary citizen take a place of minor importance. The "friend of publicans and sinners," "who was in all things tempted like as we are," was able to "draw all men unto him" by a compelling force such as the austere discipline and profound philosophy of Apollonius could never command. Jesus of Nazareth, in short, triumphed—and there is a profound significance in this fact—because mankind in the realization of his true humanity forgot that he was accounted a god. The life of Apollonius was so far removed from anything the average man could comprehend that the world lost sight of the wisdom and deep spirituality of his teaching, in amazement at a worker of miracles so far beyond human ken that he came to be reckoned even a manifestation of Deity.

We are not, however, justified in supposing that it was primarily to his miracle-working powers that Apollonius owed his reputation among his contemporaries. It was rather as the wise man who had more knowledge and experience of the world than those around him, whose judgment was sounder and more unbiased by personal considerations than other men's, and whose high spirituality kept him aloof from all considerations of private gain or private interest, that Apollonius was regarded by the

men of his own day. Later tradition which invested him with all kinds of miraculous achievements served to dim the halo round a great name. The foremost men of his time in thought and action, the Emperors Vespasian, Titus, and many others, did not come to consult Apollonius because he was some master magician. We do not in effect ask advice of a man in our hour of need because he can do the vanishing trick in a court of law, or pull rabbits out of his hat when there are no rabbits to pull, or do any of the marvellous performances which strike the vulgar with amazement. We seek rather the advice of one whose judgment is saner and whose knowledge of the world is greater than that of his fellows. It was for this reason that the wisest of the Roman Emperors came to consult Apollonius with regard to the great task with which they were entrusted, when they had all the greatest intellects in the Roman Empire from which to choose.

The account of Titus's first meeting with Apollonius is of some interest, and not without its humorous side. Apollonius, who was already acquainted with his father, sent greetings to Titus, after the suppression of the Jewish insurrection, saying in characteristic manner, "Whereas you have refused to be proclaimed for success in war and for shedding the blood of your enemies, I myself assign to you the crown of temperance and moderation because you thoroughly understand what deeds really merit a crown." Titus thoroughly appreciated the compliment, and was not to be outdone by the other's courtesy. "On my own behalf," he replied, "I thank you no less than on behalf of my father, and I will not forget your kindness. For although I have captured Jerusalem, you have captured me." Our generals at the front could not have a better model for the occasions on which they exchange complimentary letters with each other and congratulations on the exploits of their respective armies.

After Titus had been appointed to share his father's responsibilities in the government of the Empire he did not forget Apollonius, and when he was in Tarsus wrote to the sage begging him to come and see him.

When he had arrived [says the narrative], Titus embraced him saying, "My father has told me by letter everything in respect of which he consulted you; and lo! here is his letter, in which you are described as his benefactor and the being to whom we owe all that we are. Now though I am only just thirty years of age, I am held worthy of the same privileges

REASON OF
HIS FAME
AMONG
CONTEM-
PORARIES.

AN EX-
CHANGE OF
COMPLI-
MENTS.

to which my father only attained at the age of sixty. I am called to the throne to rule, perhaps before I have learnt myself to obey, and I therefore dread lest I am undertaking a task beyond my powers." Thereupon Apollonius, after stroking his neck, said (for he had as stout a neck as any athlete in training), "And who will force so sturdy a bull-neck as yours under the yoke?" "He that from my youth up reared me as a calf," answered Titus, meaning his own father, and implying that he could only be controlled by the latter, who had accustomed him from childhood to obey himself. "I am delighted then," said Apollonius, "in the first place to see you prepared to subordinate yourself to your father, whom without being his natural children so many are delighted to obey, and next to see you rendering to his court homage in which others will associate yourself. When youth and age are paired in authority, is there any lyre or any flute that will produce so sweet a harmony and so nicely blended? For the qualities of old age will be associated with those of youth, with the result that old age will gain in strength and youth in discipline."

The records of Apollonius' pithy sayings are very numerous and give a better insight into the man's character than the startling achievements with which he is so commonly credited. Once, when staying at Smyrna, he complimented the inhabitants on their zeal for letters and philosophy and their numerous activities, urging them to take pride rather in themselves than in the beauty of their city, for "although they had the most beautiful of cities under the sun, and although they had a friendly sea at their doors, nevertheless it was more pleasing for the city to be crowned with men than with porticoes and pictures, or even with gold in excess of what they needed." "For," he said, "public edifices remain where they are and are nowhere seen except in that particular part of the earth where they exist, but good men are conspicuous everywhere and everywhere talked about, and so they can magnify the city the more to which they belong in proportion to the numbers in which they are able to visit any part of the earth." And again, when visiting the monument to Leonidas, the hero of Thermopylæ, he was enthusiastic in admiration for the Greek leader, and on coming to the mound where the Lacedæmonians were said to have been overwhelmed by the arrows which the enemy rained upon them, he heard his companions discussing with one another which was the loftiest peak in Hellas, the topic being suggested, apparently, by the sight of Mount Oeta which rose before their eyes. Accordingly ascending the mound he said, "I consider this the loftiest of all, for those who fell here in defence of freedom raised it to a level with Oeta and carried it to a height surpassing many mountains like Olympus." On another occasion when on arriving at

Athens, and meeting with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of the people, he proposed to be initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, the hierophant showed jealousy of Apollonius' great reputation, which he felt put his own into the shade, and was reluctant, accordingly, to admit so formidable a rival. He therefore made the excuse that Apollonius was a wizard and had dabbled in impure rites, and that he could not in consequence consent to initiate him. Apollonius, however, was fully equal to the occasion and retorted, "You have not yet mentioned the chief head of my offending, which is that knowing as I do more about the initiatory rite than you do yourself, I have nevertheless come for initiation to you as if you were wiser than I am." The attitude of the crowd was so hostile to the hierophant, on discovering his rejection of their honoured guest, that he found it advisable to change his tone. But Apollonius preferred to postpone his initiation till a later occasion, and, it is said, gave the name of the successor who was destined to initiate him four years after.

Of many men who have led a deeply spiritual life and sacrificed everything for the sake of the pursuit of a spiritual ideal, it is recorded that they were wild and profligate in youth. Such was the case with St. Francis of Assisi, and Apollonius's contemporary, the zealous Saul of Tarsus, led a changed life from the moment of his conversion. Indeed it has been said, referring doubtless to such instances, that "the greater the sinner the greater the saint." This saying, however, is by no means applicable to Apollonius. From his earliest days his choice was made clear. He came of a family which was at once wealthy and well-connected, and in addition to this was endowed by nature with exceptional abilities and a remarkable memory, while the beauty of his person excited universal admiration. Every temptation, therefore, which fortune could offer, might, one would have thought, have led him to choose the path of worldly success. From the age of fourteen, however, he abandoned all idea of the pursuit of pleasure and devoted himself to discovering among the numerous Greek philosophies of the day some school of thought which would enable him to live up to his own ideals. Finally he adopted the system of Pythagoras, but was not content to receive it in the sense of accepting its doctrines and not living the life, after the manner of his teacher, Euxenus. Accordingly when Euxenus asked him how he would begin his new mode of life, he replied, "As doctors purge their patients." "Hence" (says G. R. S. Mead, in his Biography), "he refused to touch anything that had animal life in it, on the

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ground that it densified the mind and rendered it impure. He considered that the only pure form of food was what the earth produced, fruits and vegetables. He also abstained from wine, for, though it was made from fruit, it rendered turbid the ether in the soul, and destroyed the composure of the mind." In addition to this, he went barefoot, let his hair grow long, and wore nothing but linen.

On the death of his father, when he was twenty years of age, he inherited a considerable fortune, which was left to him to share with his elder brother, a dissolute young man of three-and-twenty. When his brother had run through his share of the patrimony, he endeavoured (successfully as it appears) to rescue him from his vicious life, and made over to him half his own share of his inheritance. Having distributed the major part of the remainder among his relatives, he merely retained for himself a bare pittance.

Before starting on his missionary activities—he was probably by far the greatest traveller of his time—he took the vow of silence for five years. After this, he travelled from place to place making the acquaintance of temple priests and heads of the religious communities, endeavouring always to bring back the public cults to the purity of their ancient traditions and to suggest improvements in the practices of the private brotherhoods, the most important part of his work being devoted to those who were followers of the inner life. *Public* instruction in ethics and practical life he never gave until after the middle of the day, "for," he said, "those who live the inner life should on day's dawning enter the presence of the gods, spending the time till midday in giving and receiving instructions in holy things." His Indian expedition, from which his friends and disciples endeavoured to dissuade him, he undertook, as he stated, on the advice of his inner monitor, starting his perilous undertaking entirely alone, and so continuing until he made the acquaintance of Damis at Nineveh.

There is some doubt as to the date of Apollonius's birth, but an allusion by Philostratus makes it appear that he was quite a young man at the time of his Indian expedition, and as he apparently did not commence his five years' vow of silence till after he came

of age, we must assume that he was somewhere between twenty-six and thirty at the commencement of this undertaking. Treadwell dates the Indian travels as from 41 to 54 A.D. If this is approximately accurate we may assign his birth-date to the second decade of the first century of the Christian era. Assuming this to be the

PROBABLE
DATE OF
BIRTH.

case, he was presumably over eighty years old at the time of his death, which occurred about 98 A.D. Damis had been his almost inseparable companion from the time when he first met him at Nineveh. It seems to have been a case of something akin to "love at first sight," for the Assyrian was seized at once with an enthusiasm for the nobility of Apollonius's character, which was blent with a natural and even dog-like affection. At the last, however, his companion was not with him, and there is some mystery as to the exact place and occasion of his death. He sent Damis away when the expected time approached, on the pretext of entrusting him with a confidential letter to the Emperor Nerva, so that it may be said of him as it was of Moses, "No man knoweth his burial place unto this day."

Apollonius had never reason to regret his Indian travels. He became deeply imbued with the metaphysical ideas of the Brahmins, and was in the habit ever after of extolling their spiritual philosophy as the fountain head of all the profounder truths of Western religion. As to Damis' record of Apollonius's sojourn with the Indian philosophers, we have only Philostratus's garbled account to guide us, and the quotation of Apollonius's cryptic observation, "I saw men dwelling on the earth and yet not on it; defended on all sides, without any defence; and yet possessed of nothing but what all possessed." It may be well to quote the interpretation of this saying given by Mr. Mead. "They were on the earth but not of the earth, for their minds were set on things above. They were protected by their innate spiritual power, of which we have so many instances in Indian literature. And yet they possessed nothing but what all men possessed if they would but develop the spiritual part of their being." There are a good many references in the conversations with Apollonius to the belief in Reincarnation, which was of course an essential tenet of Pythagorean philosophy, and he himself averred that in his previous life he was a man of no consequence, to wit, a ship's pilot. A letter ascribed to him, whether rightly or wrongly, has some interesting observations on this subject.

"Why has this false notion," he asks, "of birth and death" (i.e., that they are real and not illusory in character)—"why has this false notion remained so long without being refuted? Some think that what has happened through them they have themselves brought about. They are ignorant that the individual is brought to birth *through* parents, not *by* parents. Just as a thing produced through the earth is not produced from it. The change which comes to the individual is nothing that is caused by his visible surroundings, but rather a change in the one thing which is in every man."

My readers will not fail to appreciate the bearing of these observations on a recent discussion in the pages of this magazine.

The portrait of Apollonius which has been handed down through many generations has become blurred and disfigured beyond recognition, and it seemed well to give, even if in but a brief outline, such a sketch as might convey a juster idea of the philosopher whose friendship the greatest men of his day considered it their highest honour to enjoy, the man who chose the path of sanctity at a time of life when others choose "the primrose path of dalliance," who chose Wisdom for her own sake and Truth for the sake of Truth.

The world holds no record of a long life lived more nobly, of a more undaunted courage in confronting the tyrant, of a more unflinching tenacity of purpose, of a more single-minded devotion to a high ideal. His boyhood's choice, the inspiration of his manhood, the beacon-light of his latest years—to follow in the footsteps of that Form, so austere in the simplicity of her loveliness, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace." *

The celebrated French seeress Mme. de Thèbes, to whom allusion has been made several times in the pages of this magazine, passed away almost simultaneously with the appearance of the fifteenth annual edition of her almanack. Her death occurred on Christmas Eve at her little country seat of Clan, near Meung-sur-Loire. I had only a few days before received my last letter from her promising to send me her new almanack. The previous almanack, that for 1916, appeared very late owing to a sad domestic bereavement, from which she never fully recovered. In that almanack she wrote expressing dread of the coming year which she longed to see past. Possibly she may have had some prevision of the fatality which menaced her own life. The 1916 almanack, owing doubtless to the circumstances in which it was published, was neither so full nor so clear and definite in its predictions as previous issues, MADAME DE THÈBES. She certainly made one prediction in it, which merits passing note, in indicating "the disappearance of one of the principal authors responsible for the scourge of war," adding the words, "His end will bring with it a change in all things." It was almost universally assumed by the daily press at the time of the old Emperor's

* "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom. Length of days is in her right hand and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace" (Prov. iii. 13, 16, 17).

death that the new Emperor was a man of no character, and that politically things would go on much as before, in spite of the change in the head of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. I pointed out at the time that this was undoubtedly a radical error, in the words, "I cannot agree with the statements in the press that his decease is likely to have little or no effect on the political situation," and added that "it will surely serve to accelerate the peace movement on the Continent of Europe." An article in the issue of the *Daily Telegraph* for January 15 draws attention to the enormous changes that the new Emperor Karl has already brought about. The *Telegraph* correspondent referred to writes as follows:—

That some strong disturbing influence has come to birth in the triangular relations between Germany and Austria and Hungary is clear; and it is worth while to recall the series of events which have recently betrayed its importance. The death of the Emperor Francis Joseph was almost universally regarded as the elimination of a negligible factor in Europe. It was not expected that it would also mean the introduction of a new character capable of combating fearlessly and immediately the almost traditional Austro-Hungarian subservience to Berlin. Yet it seems that, against all expectation, the new Emperor Karl possesses such a personality. These events have been:

(a) The dismissal of Koerber, the Austrian Prime
CHANGES IN Minister.

AUSTRIA. (b) The attempt by Spitzmueller to form a Ministry.

(c) The formation by Count Clam-Martinitz of a Ministry.

(d) The appointment of Count Czernin as Foreign Minister.

(e) The appointment to the Order of the Golden Fleece of Counts Apponyi and Andrassy.

(f) The dismissal of Macchio, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and his colleague.

(g) The resignation of Dr. Sylvester, the President of the Austrian Parliament.

(h) The dismissal of two Food Dictators and the appointment of Hoefler.

Before his accession the new Emperor had been regarded both by his own relations and by those in Austria and Germany who pulled the strings of Central Europe as a *quantité négligeable*. This was due, of course, to the only two things that were believed of him—that in political affairs he had neither capacity nor interest to count, and that such little as he had was identified with, and, of course, entirely overshadowed by, the far more considerable personality of his uncle, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. It seems possible that the intriguers of the Central Powers were right in their latter assumption and wrong in the other.

I made some observations in my last issue relative to the new Emperor's horoscope, stating that I had seen the official record with regard to this, and that my recollection was that he was born with the same sign rising as his predecessor. The figure has now

been given by the Editor of *Modern Astrology*, and I find that the recorded time of birth is 8.30 a.m., August 17, 1887, at Persenbeug, Austria. The ascendant is the very beginning of the sign Libra, the sign already referred to, and the degree is almost identical with that of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Venus and Uranus are rising, Venus being on the ascending degree and Mars, the Moon, Saturn and Mercury occupy the Midheaven. In spite of the brilliant position of Venus, which is just rising in her own house, the culmination of the Moon, besieged by Mars and Saturn, is menacing in the extreme, and seems to suggest a danger of assassination. In any case a very brief reign is to be anticipated. There is little indication of happiness in the domestic life, and the wife is likely to prove an obstacle to her husband's ambitions.

Of Mme. de Thèbes' life-story I have already written in a previous issue. Alexandre Dumas (fils) the celebrated novelist, was the cause of her entering upon her career as a clairvoyante, and I gather that a novel which he had in hand at the time led to her adoption of the soubriquet of Mme. de Thèbes—her real name was Anna Victorine Savigny. India always made a great appeal to her imagination, and her salon at Paris was profusely adorned with elephants such as figured on the cover of her almanack. Her predictions were to a great extent guided by her knowledge of palmistry, and it must be remembered in this connection that she had seen at one time or another the hands of many of the greatest celebrities in Europe. She had a way of generalizing the destinies of nations from the hands which she read. With regard to England, she wrote before the outbreak of the war that she had been much struck by the numerous signs of death and wounds by sword and fire in the English hands that she had read. "What," she asked, "may signify these signs among so many Englishmen who have no connection or relationship with each other? Can they refer to deaths in war?" She also added that she had observed as well an extraordinary number of indications of deaths by drowning, and these suggested to her some great devastation by a flood. Subsequent developments have provided a different clue to the indications which she observed. In her present almanack she states that she regrets to observe similar signs multiplying in the hands of Americans. "Not only," she remarks, "have I seen these in the case of those Americans whom I have had the opportunity of interviewing, but my pupils who have had fuller opportunities than myself in this direction have confirmed my own observations and misgivings."

THE EM-
PEROR KARL

A MENACE
TO
AMERICA.

With regard to the present European situation she sums up in a series of questions and answers as follows :—

Who will be the conquerors ? The Allies unquestionably.

What will be the nature of their victory ? Almost complete, although different from that which they are actually anticipating.

What will be the fate of Germany ? The end of Germany as a nation ; the return to the Germanies. The most fearful punishment bringing in its train misery and internal dissensions.

What will become of the Hohenzollerns ? They will cease to exist.

What will be the fate of Austria ? She will escape as a nation, but will become separated from Hungary. The ancient Austro-Hungarian Empire will form a new confederation.

What will become of the Hapsburgs ? They will no longer be spoken of.

And Ferdinand of Bulgaria ? His life is gravely menaced.

And Turkey ? Her destiny is outside the map of Europe.

Madame de Thèbes anticipates that the war will end about the last days of Spring or the beginning of the Summer.

In conclusion I may say that I have had a few copies of the almanack on sale at this office. These are now exhausted, but I am expecting some more almost immediately. Copies will be sent post free to those desirous of purchasing them for 1s. 10d.

Speculation was rife among astrologers as to what form of disaster the violent aspects from January 17 to 20, briefly alluded to by me in connection with the Prime Minister's horoscope, might portend ; but none, as far as I am aware, predicted the violent explosion at the munition factory which actually occurred. It will be noticed by reference to the ephemeris that not only did the Sun form the exact opposition of Saturn and the exact square of Jupiter, within a few hours of each other, but this was followed by the mutual square of Jupiter and Saturn to each other, which was practically exact at the moment of the explosion, and this again within twenty-four hours by the opposition of Mercury to Saturn, and its square to Jupiter.

THE
MUNITIONS
EXPLOSION. Mars at the time was within a degree of the Prime Minister's ascendant, and also the same distance approximately from the mid-heaven of London which curiously enough corresponds with the ascendant of Mr. Lloyd George. It will be noted that the previous Full Moon of January 8 was an eclipse, partly visible at Greenwich, and was only preceded by two days by the opposition of Mars and Saturn. Proclus wrote, rather vaguely, that such an eclipse threatened " mortality among women, and public misfortunes." The relation of these positions to Mr. Lloyd George's horoscope arises of

course from the fact that his birthday happens to coincide with the date of their occurrence. According to astrological theory the birthday or revolutionary figure bears the same relation to the following year of life as the radical or natal figure does to the life as a whole. Planetary directions may modify or accentuate the indications in such a figure according as they are propitious or the reverse, and must always be considered of importance in judging the course of events.

For some time past I have watched the activities of the censorship with mingled admiration and amusement. A friend of mine, a journalist from America, found it necessary recently to cross the Atlantic, leaving his little daughter behind on the other side. In due course he received a letter from her with a postscript severely censored. What, wondered her father, was the grave secret of State which the censorial scissors had so mercilessly obliterated. He pictured to himself some emissary of Count Bernstorff intercepting this innocent communication

THE
CENSOR.

on its way to the post, and inserting compromising information which might lay him open to the charge of acting as a German spy. Eventually his daughter came to England, and with her the solution of the mysterious message. It was, after all, but a long line of crosses! The fond parent knew well how to interpret these familiar hieroglyphics. Not so the censor, who read into them I know not what treasonable communication! Doubtless he was an austere bachelor who had never known the innocent manner in which an affectionate daughter will communicate the tokens of her affection to the parental heart.

I think this gentleman must have been the same censor who eliminated an essential portion of the address from three parcels of books which I was requested to send to a reader of this magazine serving with H.M. Expeditionary Force in Egypt. The three parcels duly arrived in the land of the Pyramids, and also duly returned with the fact indicated that the address was insufficient! I am still left in doubt why the censor did not eliminate the whole of the address or leave all of it standing. Surely in the present distressful times no advantage is to be gained by adding to the freight carried by our already overtaxed mercantile marine!

I incline to think that it was this gentleman also who eliminated a portion of a quotation from one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's most famous poems, and was in consequence, I regretted to see, called opprobrious names in the House of Commons. For

myself I am filled with admiration for the efficient manner in which the Censor's Department discharges its multifarious duties. I could not myself hope to emulate the neat way in which the opened envelopes are carefully sealed down again, nor the terse and pithy observations which are occasionally added to the original contents! It is, therefore, in no mood of carping criticism that I draw attention to the temporary mental aberration of this lone bachelor, which has caused embarrassment and anxiety to my correspondent. I see him in my mind's eye as a man of rigid austerity and rectitude of conduct, who probably sets so high a value on the pearls which drop from Mr. Rudyard Kipling's pen that he detects a breach of copyright even in the full quotation of a single line, and would prefer to dole out the precious words in broken morsels to those who are too niggardly to purchase the complete volume! Such a man is not one from whom an author at any rate can afford to turn in indifference or contempt. Such conscientiousness and such high principles are rare to-day, and we may be glad indeed when contemplating them to overlook any trifling or temporary inconvenience which may be inflicted by their owner upon our correspondents or ourselves.

I am glad to see that the *Daily Mail* is at least logical in following up its violent attack on clairvoyants and mediums with a long review of Sir Oliver Lodge's new book, *Raymond, or Life and Death*, which it characterizes succinctly as "half a guinea's worth of rubbish." "Of one thing," "THE DAILY MAIL" it observes, "there is no doubt; Sir Oliver Lodge professes to have held communication with the dead, on no better evidence than the chatter of mediums and the tilting of a table." After these profound observations we shall know exactly how much value to attach to the campaign inaugurated by this enterprising paper against modern psychical research; for the *Daily Mail* has now shown its hand, and this is precisely what the campaign amounts to. Those London magistrates who, like Mr. Francis, are called upon to try cases, and are anxious to dissociate themselves from such anti-scientific activities, would do well to take note of the *Daily Mail* review and its implication, and to differentiate between an assault on recent psychical investigation and one on fraudulent mediumship.

I should be obliged if the correspondent signing herself F. H. F. B. would be good enough to communicate with me, as I have received several letters for her and have mislaid her name.

THE FINDING OF THE JEWEL

SOME PERSONAL PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES*

By EDMUND RUSSELL

"Every man's words, who speaks from that life, must sound vain to those who do not dwell in the same thought on their own part. I dare not speak for it. My words do not carry its august sense: they fall short and cold. Only itself can inspire whom it will. . . . Yet I desire even by profane words, if sacred I may not use, to indicate the heaven of this deity, and to report what hints I have collected of the transcendent simplicity and energy of the Highest Law."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

I WAS then living in Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau near the Louvre.

One Saturday afternoon it was important for me to send a letter to Rodin in reply to a communication received from him that morning, so I wrote a *carte-pneumatique*, one of the kind they despatch so quickly by vacuum-tubes in Paris; but giving it to Augustine the *concierge* found there was no tube to Meudon, where Rodin had built his country studio and sculpture gallery.

Deciding then it would be better to go myself I hurried first to the barber's, then back to dress.

As I passed the Palais-Royal I felt an absurd desire to look around the now almost-deserted jewel shops under the long arcades—but at such an inopportune moment I fancied it was because I had seen something I wanted to buy the day before—so bravely shunned the entrance and proceeded towards my hotel.

"Go back! Go back!" The voice came—this time obedience seemed impossible, for it only told me to look at some enamels I could see every day.

"We have never led you wrong."

I still rushed on, but my feet were nearly turned around, so I entered the quadrangle much ashamed at yielding, and loitered with little interest from shop to shop; when, in front of the very *devanture* where my scarf-slide reposed, I heard the sound of a mallet and there stood the great sculptor, chisel in hand, putting the finishing touches to his statue of Victor Hugo.

* Continued from the article by Edmund Russell entitled "My Escape from Paris," in the issue of the month before last.

It was Mrs. Van Renssalaer Cruger who first introduced Russia to New York society. She had just returned from her pilgrimage to the land where palaces are built of malachite and lapis-lazuli, and at a dinner-party given in her honour was holding forth on the beauty of Russian women, the dash of Russian men: "Such lovers! There never were such lovers! With them it is either surrender or death!" A voice from the far end of the table piped: "We are all so glad our dear Mrs. Cruger didn't die."

Then Prince Serge Wolkonsky with his folk-tale of the old woman and her carrot, which made him famous and all fell down before him.

He had just been telling me in a Chicago *café* about that carrot, and how it came near emptying hell of all its sinners!

It seems St. Peter, with his sapphire tears of compassion, felt there might be many in agony who were yet worthy of being saved. One good deed should count more than an overweight of sins. So he went down himself. He commenced with one old creature called the worst woman in hell—probably something like that Exhibit A Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances Willard used to carry about, Jane Cakebread by name, labelled "The wickedest woman of London."

Peter asked if she could not possibly remember a single good deed in all her lurid life. At length she recalled having once given a beggar a carrot.

"That carrot can save you." Somehow the carrot was there. The old woman took hold of one end, St. Peter the other, as he began to draw her out of the mire; but the next sinner caught hold of her legs, the next grabbed on to his, and soon in a long wavering line all the wretches were being lifted out of hell. But the old woman had no thought of saving others, she began to kick and scream: "It's *mine*! It's *mine*!" The carrot broke, and all then fell back into damnation again.

As we stepped out into the air after dinner the first snow of autumn had turned to drizzling rain, white ground under foot all slush and mud. We spent the evening with Swami Vivekananda, then took the same tram, living near together. We were both in evening dress. After leaving the car and walking a couple of blocks I suddenly put up my hand and exclaimed: "My stud! I've lost my stud!"

It was a small diamond *fleur-de-lys* tipped with pear-shaped pearl.

We retraced our steps to where we had left the car, for I

remembered having it on getting off, but at night and in such weather nothing could be found.



*a mouse
Edm Russell
T Rodie*

“It was only a button after all—I cannot understand how you think so much of jewels,” said the Prince.

"To me they are more than buttons," I replied; "they are *taratmas*—the great personalities, the princes, the poets of primal worlds who will become star-souls of future existences—the Bernhardtts, the Gorkis, the d'Annunzios—one day the world will know them and love them—I know and love them now."

I left him at his door: "What are you going to do?"—"Go down town to advertise for it in the papers."

Jewels possess a peculiar attraction to me. They hold even more than people. In a room I always gravitate to the woman who wears the most splendid gems. I seem to attract them, too—this time I summoned—suddenly stopped—cried: "Find it for me!"

The light came—my feet moved swiftly forward—once under the circle of a lamp I bent—

"No human eye could see—why do you not trust?"

I straightened, moved on looking neither up nor down, right nor left till I heard—"Now!" and stooping picked the jewel from the mud.

In the case of "Mr. Isaacs" (*né* Jacobs) the warnings come in visible form.

When in Haiderabad I saw much of that interesting hero of Marion Crawford's romance, who probably combines more oriental mystery with occidental "horse-sense" than any one in the world to-day. His conversation is not made up, as too often the case, of spiritual flapdoodle or encyclopedic repetition, but of real knowledge and well-grasped philosophy. His slightest *bat-chit* gives some sentence so wise or so startlingly original that it remains for ever engraved on the tablets of one's memory.

As before said, the Mahatmas never make one step for personal profit or for the material advancement of their disciples—they cannot—their work is purely spiritual, they either do not possess our earthly senses or take no note of our sense-life—albeit that their apprehension of material danger is far keener than ours. Then only may they interfere in a material way.

Ram Lal had saved Mr. Isaacs' life three times, at the time I knew him, not counting the cloud of mist which enveloped the expedition to the Afghan frontier. "That was not danger," Mr. Jacobs said.

The first, one day when our hero was riding round the hill called Jako at Simla. A superb horseman, he was mounted on an Arab steed. Suddenly the horse stopped and refused to move. He coaxed and caressed. Still it would do nothing. It

was his custom never to strike—but after trying everything he lost his temper, always too hasty, at its stubbornness, and reaching-over gave it a sharp slap behind the ear. Still the splendid animal did not stir, when Ram Lal appeared out of nothing (not his real name—the one Crawford was permitted to use) and said: “Why do you beat the beast who knows more than you? You must turn back.”

“I will not turn back—I am in a hurry,” said Mr. Jacobs.

“You *must* turn back—at least twenty yards—then may proceed if you will.” Sullenly and reluctantly he pulled the rein while the horse went with perfect willingness.

Scarcely had they reached that distance when a huge boulder as large as a house crashed down on the very spot where an instant before they were standing.

The second time, he had spent the evening with the Nizam of Haiderabad who ordered his purse-bearer to pay him a vast sum for some jewels. There had been much delay in counting it out. When he was ready to go it was nearly two o'clock at night. Indian money is very bulky, it half-filled the carriage. He had just come out of the time-streaked rose-coloured palace gates when a hand was laid on the bridle of his horse. Ram Lal stood in the shadow: “You must not go—send the money in this carriage—it will be safe—you yourself must take another.”

Knowing well enough never to doubt, Mr. Jacobs merely threw a blanket over the *lakhs* and *lakhs* of rupees and told the *gariwan* to wait for him in the compound of his own house, then knocked up the keeper of the royal stables who only dared lend him a team of mules.

Half-a-mile from the palace they were stopped and a voice said: “Where is the money?”—“What money?”—“The money the Nizam has just given you.”—“*Soor-ka-bucha!* Do you think I would carry a cart full of gold at this time of night?” No need to search. Such a sum could not be concealed. He was allowed to go on his way to the disappointed bandit's curses.

The third time was when in the service of some great *Maharajah*. A religious festival took place on the lake, such as one often reads of at Oudeypore. The king and nobles of his court in superb robes and jewels filled two long slender lacquered gem-studded boats, between which stretched a platform on which stood the figure of Shri-Krishna surrounded by swaying *nautchmis*. This gorgeous procession moved slowly around the lake whilst the glory of the god was chanted to the music of *vina* and *ditruba*

and celebrated in the strange writhings and posturings of the East.

Just before the boats started the mystic *yogi* appeared to say in usual peremptory fashion: "You must not go." The Prime Minister interfered: "This invitation cannot be refused—it is from the king—His Highness will be disappointed and angry—it might cost you your position."

Still Ram Lal whipered: "*You must not go.*"

At last Jacobs, remembering the Diwan-Sahib was very religious, said:—"It is a case where my scruples will not allow me to actually unite with such a festival. I am a Catholic, and must not take part in the ceremony."

In the middle of the lake the planks gave way. Thirty were drowned. Amongst them the king's brother. The Maharajah just escaped with his life, but lost his favourite diamond sword, which had cost a lakh-and-a-half of rupees.

Many speak of the figures they see around them and say this earth is inhabited two and three times over. A lady doctor I know tells me that whenever she walks in the street she is accompanied by troops of spirit-children. I asked her what happened when tram or taxi cut one of them in two. "Oh, that doesn't matter, they unite again, just like worms," was her medical but rather unpleasant reply.

Children have visions which drop away when brain begins to separate from being. They talk with unseen playmates, and some live quite in a world of their own. One lovely little girl said: "Mamma, don't you remember when you gave me three prunes and I had a tea-party with God and two angels?"—"Who ate the prunes?"—"Me and the angels."—"And what did you give God?"—"We gave Him the stones"—with such seriousness of truth one could not doubt.

Once in joke I had an experience which is difficult to explain. I was spending the evening with a very remarkable journalist in New York, who still recalls all the details. A bright but matter-of-fact woman sat by, making a dress. Conversation happening to stray in that direction, she asked me whether I thought spirits seen by mediums were pictured on the inside or the outside of the psychic—if they were existences or projections. I replied I thought there was more inside than outside to such phenomena—that, for instance, I might say I saw an old man standing behind her chair; then carrying on the mental-picture continued, "making up as I went along": "He is very tall

and thin, with watery eyes and yellow-white hair which rolls under, the ends rather brownish as if stained with tobacco-juice."

I saw her suddenly clutch Miss Sheridan: "Oh, Mattie! that is Mr. —, the details are exact." I went on—"His clothes sag round him snuff-coloured too—a long old-fashioned coat with bulging pockets——"

"Yes, they were always full, he used to bring home pie in them."

"His voice seems very feeble, as he has long tried to reach you——"

"He was eighty-six when he died."

The description was perfect, though all the time I had been "faking," as I supposed.

Could it be that the sub-conscious was serious while the conscious was not serious?

That the inside saw what the outside could not see?

A *clairvoyante* has since told me that had I tried I probably could not have seen, my not-believing kept my mind away from interfering with the real psychic vision, which is in no way mental.

It is this *double-consciousness* that marks the difference between the actor and the amateur.

Fanny Kemble speaks of the tears falling down when she was swept away by the passion of Juliet, she thinking at the same time of what her mother would say if she spotted her new white satin gown.

The emotion may pour forth in vibrant truth while the mind amuses itself with noting trivial things in the audience—as we give a child something to play with to keep it out of mischief. Whole volumes have been written on this paradox. Irving and Coquelin joined in the discussion: Does the actor feel or not feel? The answer is: *He does both, and at the same time.*

Mary A. Livermore, known as one of our leading platform orators in America, was yet very conventional, as properly of New England whence she came. She did not join in with the audacities of Victoria Woodhall and Tennie C. Claflin, or even participate in the milder divergencies of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, but lectured on less gauntlet-throwing subjects from Maine to California, and, *apropos* of a present controversy, often preached from the pulpit itself.

She once confessed to me that she was strangely troubled by psychic warnings and apparitions.

Speaking in a great theatre, she suddenly became aware of a beautiful head all blue suspended between herself and her audience. Fixing marvellous eyes like jewels upon her, it grew and grew until it filled the whole auditorium. She clung to the chair beside her in terror, but being a woman of great poise, her discourse one known to her, was able to continue by strength of will till the vision passed away. At that time she had never heard of the nine incarnations of Vishnu, or that Krishna is always represented as blue—*le dieu bleu*.

As a child I often had visions, and remember one night when I was supposed to be dying of scarlet-fever seeing a barge of weeping queens, as in *Morte d'Arthur*, waiting for me at the further end of the room. Sometimes I woke in the middle of the night to find my chamber flooded with light and some one standing there gazing upon me. One night an Indian prince all jewels and gold was stretched beside me. I said to myself: "This time I must not move to frighten him." He stayed what seemed a long while, but as my questioning mentality asserted itself faded gradually away.

Evangeline Adams is our greatest astrologer. Occupying for years that family caravanserai, the old *Windsor Hotel* on Fifth Avenue, New York, where every one used to meet in the salons in the evening as in a home, she astonished guests and irritated proprietor by announcing she was going to leave, that she had cast the hotel's horoscope, and it would be burnt to the ground on a certain day. No one else changed domicile, and she was voted a crank. On the afternoon of the day announced (a Monday, I think) the director happened to pass her new quarters, so dropped in to say:—

"Well, Miss Adams, you see your great prediction did not come true after all." As he spoke a fire-engine dashed by. It was on its way to the *Windsor Hotel*—hundreds were burnt—his own wife and children lost in the flames.

That made Miss Adams the rage. Recently in New York a test case was on trial. In separating from the various palmists, crystal-gazers and fortune-tellers the Judge said: "Your work is evidently quite different from these others. Astrology seems an exact science—though yet in its infancy" (*sic*) Infancy!—a good word for knowledge older than the pyramids.

One evening between two parties I stepped in to her apart-

ment with its hundreds of elephants, rivalling even the celebrated collection of Madame de Thèbes. As I rose to go to the second she said: "Let me see what the stars say about it—well, you can go if you like—it does not matter much one way or the other—but if you do, at half-past one you will say something to a friend you will be sorry for."

I returned home and went to bed. Many have said they would have gone on just to see if her prediction came true.

I have no doubt. I have no curiosity. Obedience is one of the first laws. What is the use of owning a tutelary divinity if you do not believe in him?

Usually psychic predictions are not very exact as to dates or figures. Sometimes events do not take place till years after they were foretold. I knew an inventor who consulted a *diseuse de bonne aventure*: "Cold!—so cold!—millions!" He invented a refrigerator-car, the idea was stolen from him, some one else made the millions.

Sometimes in inexplicable fashion one person is mistaken for another by a resemblance. Once I had a strange experience: "Tell me *who* this time," and in letters of fire appeared the name of a person I had never seen. The next morning as I stood on the kerb-stone a carriage drove up and I was introduced to that person, whom I never saw again, but the opportunity I wished came to me much later through some one who *looked like* and was often taken for the one whose name I read.

Of course it is only a *façon-à-dire* to say: "Does not see with earthly senses"—part of the stock jargon. The higher must be plus, not minus. Curiously enough "it" or "they" seem to take interest in very minor matters. Sometimes I can pause in painting and hear: "A little more raw sienna, a touch of cobalt green," and however contrary to the colour effect I had planned, it is always right.

We are but at the beginning of creation's unfoldment—on the threshold of our own god-power.

Flammarion says, so Loietà Fuller tells me, that, relatively speaking, this earth is only four years old! In proportion to his possibilities of growth and attainment man surely then is only tumbling round in infancy.

"A thousand years but as a day in thy sight."

There is an ancient painting of the real Pre-Raphaelite school where God is watching an angel mould in clay a sort of rough sketch of a man, which the Almighty is criticizing.

People only imagine pleasure or idleness in heaven, they do not dream of the real arts, the delightful tasks we may be set to do—the peopling of new worlds—designing moths'-wings or gilding buttercups.

“ With the yet-rudimentary powers of us men and women of to-day we come into conscious relation with this higher part of us only occasionally. Yet even in the crudest, the still small voice makes itself audible; impressing upon the earthly consciousness its existence and claims in a manner not to be gainsaid.”

“ To those who feel the first indications of the awakening of the Spirit, I say: Carry the thought with you and it will unfold like the lotus, naturally and gradually. Truth once recognized cannot be lost—there is no standing still!”

THE MYSTICISM OF IRELAND

By REGINALD B. SPAN

IRELAND is one of the most mystical countries in the world. In the eyes of all true Irishmen, Erin is as much the " Magic Island of the Gods " now as it was when the Sacred Fires flashed from the heather-crowned hill-tops and mysterious round towers in the days of old ; and the " Greater Mysteries " drew to its pagan shrines the seers, prophets, mystics, saints and poets from the West, as well as from India and Egypt ; and still to-day the mystics of Ireland await the time when the Fires shall be relighted, and the ancient Druidic Mysteries restored. In Ireland there are all sorts and conditions of supernatural entities, ghosts, fairies, banshees, pixies, and the *Sidhe*. The latter are described as a race of majestic mien and marvellous beauty, human in form, but divine in nature. They resemble the " gods " of the ancient Greeks, and the " angels " of the Hebrews. The educated Irish seers say that these highest faëry races which still inhabit Erin are the " immortals " known to the ancient philosophers of Ireland as the *Tuatha De Danann*. They are blessed with everlasting youth and beauty. A well-known Irish artist has many drawings and paintings in oil of these *Sidhe* people as he has seen them in various parts of Ireland.

A Mr. D——, an Oxford graduate and a native Irishman of County Kerry, who is a natural seer, states that shortly before Christmas, 1911, he and a friend were riding home from Limerick one dark night, when near Listowel they noticed a light some distance ahead. At first they thought it was a light in a window, but as they came nearer they noticed that it was moving up and down, and to and fro, and constantly changing in size. Suddenly another light appeared about twenty yards from the first one, and joined it, the two lights moving along side by side. These lights expanded into luminous flames about six feet high and four feet broad, and in each they saw distinctly appear a radiant being having a human form. Their bodies were formed of a pure brilliant light, white like the radiance of the sun, and much brighter than the yellow 'aura surrounding them. So dazzling was the " glory " emanating from them, that

the seers were unable to distinguish their faces, though their heads were clearly outlined, because the radiance seemed to concentrate chiefly on the head of each.

As they rode along, a house intervened between them and the strange apparitions, and they saw no more of them. They were too astounded to stop and investigate, but rode home as quickly as their horses would go. Mr. D——'s brother, a doctor, who was very sceptical about such matters, later saw near his house at Listowel similar lights containing spiritual beings, and was obliged to believe the evidence of his senses.

Irish seers declare that the *Sidhe* people are to be seen, and their wonderful music heard, in the Rosses Point country, chiefly on the hills, and at Greenlands (a great expanse of grassy treeless country), also on the strand at Lower Rosses Point—often called Wren Point by the country folk. Fairies in Ireland are generally called the "gentry." An Irishman who has often seen them, said: "The folk are the grandest I have ever seen, they are far superior to us, and that is why they are called the 'gentry.'" They live inside the mountains in beautiful castles, are of an aristocratic class, tall and noble looking. Their headquarters are said to be in the Wicklow Mountains, near Dublin. They take much interest in the affairs of men, and always uphold justice and right. They have a silvery voice, soft and sweet, and the music they play is most beautiful. On the ancient Hill of Tara, where the High Kings once ruled all Ireland, and the sacred fires flamed at the annual resurrection of the sun (at Eastertide), and where the "shining hosts of the *Tuatha De Danann* were wont to appear at the feast of *Samain*, to-day the fairy folk of modern times hold their midnight revels, and often on the calm air of summer evenings wondrous music may be heard on its deserted slopes, and bands of spirits may be seen passing in processions around the grass-grown raths. On that sacred hill still lies, guarded by fairies, the coronation stone on which the Kings of Ireland were crowned. A fine old Irishman named John Graham, now eighty years of age, who has lived at Tara all his life, declares that he has heard the fairy-music frequently in a wood on the north-west slope of the Hill of Tara, and west of the banquet hall, also at the Rath of Ringlestown on warm summer evenings, and in the Wood of Tara. It was no earthly music, but grand and beautiful beyond expression. Sometimes on warm summer nights, he had stayed out listening most of the night. It always ended with the first streaks of dawn. John Boylin, an old man of seventy, who

lives at Kilmessan, two miles from the Hill of Tara, states that he has seen the fairy folk many a time on the western slope of Tara; some of them were dressed in the ancient Irish costumes. He had seen numbers of them going round the "kings chair" (where the kings of Tara used to be crowned), appearing in dress and manner like soldiers of ancient Ireland on guard.

An Irish mystic, who is a seer, states that the whole west coast of Ireland from Donegal to Kerry is charged with magical power, and he finds it easiest to "see" when he is there, especially while close to ancient monuments like New Grange and Dowth, which he considers are naturally charged with psychic force, and were for that reason made use of in olden times as sacred places. In speaking of the *Sidhe*, (or "shining beings" as he calls them) he relates his first experience. It was a warm calm evening in June, and he was alone on a hillside in County Sligo, lying on the grass beneath some firs listening to mysterious strains of music, and what seemed to be the sound of bells, and wondering what could cause it, as there were no human beings within miles, when suddenly the dusky fir copse grew luminous, and looking round to ascertain the cause, he saw several beings of stately appearance, clothed in light, pass through the wood. Their bodies were apparently formed of opalescent air, and throughout each ran a radiant electrical fire to which the heart seemed the centre. Around their heads, and through their waving hair, which was blown about their shoulders like living strands of gold, there appeared shining wing-like auras. They passed further into the wood and were lost to view. The effect of this vision on him was a feeling of extraordinary joyousness.

In the Biblical records we read of spiritual beings appearing in robes of dazzling light; and others very much like human beings of a superior order, who ate and drank and conversed with mortals. Such apparitions were not considered very extraordinary, but were taken as a matter of course. In modern times the appearance of spiritual beings would not be believed by the mass of mankind, and such accounts would be treated generally with extreme scepticism and ridicule. The gates of Fairyland are open to poets, mystics and children, and those whose finer senses and insight have not been dulled by the sophistry of the world. To become as a little child, said the Master, was one of the ways to the kingdom of heaven. Tennyson used to say what a blessing it was that the belief in fairies still existed—at any rate for the sake of the children. It is said that when

Christianity came to Ireland the people had no *definite* idea of heaven. Previously, their doctrines of the other world were vague. But the older ideas of the spirit world remained side by side with the Christian ones, and thus the fairy world was evolved.

Mr. William B. Yeats, the well-known poet and mystic, in a letter to Mr. Evans Wentz concerning the Celtic Fairyland, states: "I am certain that it exists, and will some day be studied as it was studied by Kirk" (i.e. Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, author of *The Secret Commonwealth*). A member of the Royal Irish Academy and the wife of a well-known Irish historian both testify to having seen the *Sidhe*, or "shining beings," in Ireland. The Rev. Father N——, a professor in a Catholic college in West Ireland, tells how one of his cousins, who resides in County Sligo, firmly believes that his sister was "taken" by fairies on her wedding night, and later appeared to her mother as an apparition. She wanted to speak, but the mother was so frightened that she buried her head under the blankets. The good lady is convinced that she saw this apparition, and thinks if only she had been able to face it, she might have saved her daughter. There are several stories of children having been taken by fairies and appearing to their relations afterwards as apparitions. Mr. Patrick Waters, living in Cloontiprucklish, mentions the case of a girl he knew, who died on her wedding night while dancing, and who appeared to her husband soon after, and said: "I'm not dead at all, but I'm put away from you for a time. It may be a long time or a short time, I cannot tell. I am not badly off, and am quite happy. If you want to get me back you must stand at the gap by the house and catch me as I go by, for I live near here, and can see you, but you do not see me." He was anxious to "get her back" and lost no time in following her directions. However, when she appeared, he found, to his dismay, that he was unable to move hand or foot, or to utter a word, until she had passed by and vanished. The man believes he will find her some day, and refuses to marry again. Mr. Waters also tells of an "enchanted island" which is generally invisible, being seen only once in seven years. It lies between Innismurray and the mainland opposite. He had seen this island himself, and so had several others who were with him.

A boatman named Carr, from Sligo, took two strange men in a boat to land on the island, but when they got near, a mist covered the water and the island, and in the thick denseness of

the fog the two men disappeared from the boat, and were considered to be drowned. Carr saw one of these men in Connolly (County Donegal) six months afterwards, and with great surprise said to him: "Will ye tell me the wonders of the world? Is it you who was drowned near Innismurray?" "Shure, an' it is," he replied, "and can ye see me at all?" "Yes," said Carr, "I see ye as plain as a pikestaff." The strange man then blew on Carr's face, and Carr never saw him again.

One of the most interesting parts of Ireland for the antiquarian and seeker after folk-lore is the country surrounding Lough Gur, County Limerick. It is shut in for the most part from the outer world by a circle of low-lying hills on whose summits fairy princesses yet hold their invisible courts, and it is famous for its numerous and well preserved cromlechs, dolmens, menhir and tumuli, and for the rare folk-traditions current among its peasantry. In this region, fairy beings dwell both on the land and in the waters. In pre-Christian times the Lough Gur country was sacred—a centre for mystic rites and pilgrimages. The lough is still supposed to be haunted.

Count John de Salis (of Balliol College, Oxford), whose ancestral home is a fairy-haunted estate at Lough Gur, collected much legendary material concerning that region. He states that there are two hills near Lough Gur upon whose summits sacred rites used to be celebrated according to living tradition. One of these is Knock Aine, three miles south-west of the lake, and the other Knock Fennel, the highest hill on the lake shores. The peasants say that on calm moonlight nights fairy boats may be seen on the glistening waters. They come from the eastern side of the lake and when on arriving at Garrod Island where lies the ruined castle of the Desmonds, they vanish behind Knock Atoon. These boats and their occupants radiate a white light, which makes them clearly visible. The *Bean-Tighe*, the fairy house-keeper of the enchanted submerged castle of the Earl of Desmond, is said to appear, sitting on an ancient earthen monument shaped like a chair on Knock Atoon, which there juts out into the lake. The peasants warn strangers not to go boating on the lake after sunset on account of the fairies and "powers of darkness." The "gentry" are often as large as ordinary human beings. Mr. John Conway, of Upper Rosses Point, a pilot by profession, often used to climb up the high hill at Rosses Point (amongst the Fairy Hills) to watch for ships coming in, and declares he twice saw the "gentle" folk going down the hill to the strand, and they were as big as any living people. Michael

Reddy, of Rosses Point, now a sailor on the ship *Tartar*, sailing between Sligo and other ports on the Irish coast, also testifies to having seen the same "fairy beings" on the hills there, and at first mistook them for human beings till they suddenly vanished "into thin air."

The *leprechaun*, another species of Irish fairy, is a very small quaint-looking creature. Dr. Hyde, in making inquiries of peasants who had seen one, was told that they were out on the hillside gathering berries and came across a *leprechaun* under a shelving rock. It was about the size of a doll, perfectly formed, had a quaintly shaped head with large bat-like ears, a sweet little mouth, and bright brown eyes. It was dressed in red. They were not quick enough to catch him. In the summer of 1890 there was great excitement in the country near Mullingar over a *leprechaun* which had been appearing to the school children and country folk. All attempts to catch it were in vain, as it always vanished when any one came close to it.

To inquire how the Irish originally came by their belief in the fairy folk, and the *Tuatha De Danann*, is to raise a question as difficult to answer as that of the origin of the fauns, satyrs, nymphs and centaurs of the ancient Greeks and Romans. If you were to ask the Irish themselves, they would no doubt reply: "Seeing is believing! we only record the evidence of our senses extending over centuries of experience in such matters."

SOME VERIDICAL VISIONS AND DREAMS

By J. ARTHUR HILL AND "F. G."

A CORRESPONDENT has kindly sent me a very interesting account of psychic experiences, with permission to print it if names and places are disguised.* The record explains itself, so I need say no more in introduction. I will make a few comments at the end.

MRS. GUTHRIE'S NARRATIVE.

In February, 1914, I became acquainted with a Capt. Stuart, an army man who had been through the Boer War. We saw little of each other, but each felt almost at once a strong sense of kinship and friendliness. As a matter of fact—though this may not be the cause—there is a very slight relationship, through a common ancestor several generations back. In July, 1914, before I had any idea of the European war-cloud which was soon to burst, I was presiding at a tea in camp, not far from my home: it was a bright sunny day, and everybody was in high spirits except myself. I found myself inexplicably depressed: the thought "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!" filled my mind, without any reason. Capt. Stuart was there, but I did not specially associate my feelings with him or any one else. I went home to bed, and wept miserably without knowing why.

In July, 1915, Capt. Stuart's battalion sailed for Gallipoli. We corresponded regularly, and I sent him parcels. I felt no special apprehension. On the night of December 9, 1915, I went to bed at 10 p.m. but could not sleep for some time. When I did, I had a horrid dream of muddy water, and awoke in great discomfort and uneasiness. The room was in absolute darkness, the blind down, and heavy curtains across the window; but presently I was surprised to see a big bright light on the wall opposite my bed and moving very rapidly. It then disappeared, reappearing on the next wall, then on the wardrobe by my bed. I was frightened, and screamed for my friend next door: she was in almost instantly, white and shaking and saying, "The Light! the Light! What is it?" For she had seen the same light in her room, on the door of communication between the two rooms. The blinds were down, and heavy curtains drawn,

* These have been handed to the Editor.

in her room also : moreover we were on the third floor, and no explanation by a light outside was possible. We spent the remainder of the night together.

Four days later, on December 13, came the news that Capt. Stuart was wounded, but no details. And, since he was on the Staff, we hoped it was nothing serious. The absence of "dangerously" or "seriously" was reassuring.

That night, Monday, December 13, 1915, I dreamt that Capt. Stuart was standing by my bedside. I saw him as plainly as I see the writing I am doing at this moment. His uniform looked very worn, and he had grey hairs in the black. His face looked wan, worried, harassed, troubled, lined, and he was very thin in the body, and his uniform was splashed. One hand was on my counterpane, the other was pointing to heaven and he was singing "Jesu, Lover of my Soul." Then I awoke. When my maid came in, the first thing in the morning, I said I felt sure that Capt. Stuart had "gone west," and told her my dream. The letters came in, and there was one from a relative of his, saying that a wire had been received from the War Office announcing his death. He had been wounded on December 6, and died on December 9. I went over to see the relative, and mentioned my dream and the hymn, asking if it was a favourite of his. She said she had never heard so.

About a month after—during which time I constantly saw the Light, only now always there was a second light close behind it—this relative wired for me over, and I went. On going into the room she greeted me with unusual gravity, saying immediately afterwards: "What was the hymn you say Colin sang that night you saw him?" "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," I replied. She then gave me a letter which had arrived that morning from one of the senior Staff officers, giving the details. Capt. Stuart was rendered unconscious by a shell-wound on December 6, and died at 2 a.m. December 9, without recovering consciousness. He was buried wrapped in the Union Jack at 4.45 a.m. with full military honours; and the hymn sung was "Jesu, Lover of my Soul."

I had never discussed religion or hymns with him. And I had never dreamt of him before.

Some time afterwards I either had a dream or a vision—I don't know which—of my friend standing by my bedside, looking awfully determined and not too pleased. One hand had hold of one of my wrists very tightly, and he was urging me to

go with him. I wanted to go, very much, but something (I felt it was a material and earthly claim) held me back. He was in khaki, but it looked brighter and more cared for. He seemed very determined, and was angry because he could not drag me out of bed. I gave a cry, and woke or came to, to hear some one moving round the room to the door, which I distinctly heard open; footsteps (a man's with jack boots and spurs clanking) going downstairs: the front door opened and shut, and the clock struck five.

Very early the next morning my friend came into my room much upset, and asked me if I had seen the Light. I said No: and she said that something had wakened her and she had seen a large Light on the communication door between our rooms, though the room was in pitch darkness: then it moved along the wall towards the door, as it did so she heard something moving in my room, then heard my door open, footsteps as of a man in jack boots with spurs clanking downstairs, the front door open and shut, and the clock struck five.

A few weeks later I was at my mother's, where Capt. Stuart had never been. My maid slept with me. She had never seen Capt. Stuart. On the third night, January 7, 1916, I dreamt that he had come into my room and was bending over me with a beautiful smile on his face. He took my hand gently but firmly (he was looking awfully well and very determined, but at the same time *kindly so*), and I was quite willing to go, and extraordinarily happy. Then a great shriek woke me or brought me to, and I heard my maid crying, "The man, the man! No, no, you must not go with him!" It took me a long time to pacify her. She then told me that she had been awakened by hearing the door open, and to her astonishment in came a man in khaki. The extraordinary thing is that though the room was in absolute darkness, she saw everything quite as plainly as if it had been broad daylight. The man, who she saw was an officer, came to her side of the bed and looked down at her. She stared up at him, too astonished to be frightened just then. When he saw her, he looked angry and turned on his heel to go round to my side of the bed, and she saw that when he leant over me a wonderful change came over his face, the angry look giving place to a beautiful smile. She saw him take hold of my hand, and she thinks I said "Coming!" Then she suddenly realized that there was something strange, and when I was half out of bed she screamed (and she *did* scream).

then I woke or came to. Some days afterwards I showed her a photograph of Capt. Stuart. She recognized it without hesitation as being the man she had seen that night.

I never saw the light or lights again, but in July (1916) I had a queer dream which I call my "Mrs. Caird of Arran" dream. This I will now describe.

I dreamt it was very early in the morning; where I was I do not know—and some one came and said, "A Mrs. Caird of Arran is here and specially wishes to see you." "Never heard of her," I answered. "Oh, she knows all about you, and she says she must see you." I said that I was busy and couldn't see her then; she must wait.

The day passed, and so did all recollection of Mrs. Caird of Arran from my mind, and it was not till late in the evening (all this in my dream) that I was reminded that Mrs. Caird of Arran was still waiting. I was horrified at having kept any one waiting all those hours, and thought how annoyed she would be with me. But I found her quite good-tempered. She was quite unknown to me. A tall woman, elderly, a jolly, buxom-looking party, but not at all vulgar or common. She was dressed in black satin; from neck to waist was what used to be called a "waterfall" of black lace, and from mid-bosom to waist hung a huge gold chain fashioned like a cable, with huge links; she wore a bonnet tied under her chin with strings—old-fashioned, with bugles; her hair, which must have been yellow, was now grey, parted in the middle. Eyes a pretty grey, complexion rosy, expression very kind. And she seemed to know all about me. I wondered wherever I could have met her. So I said, "As you come from Arran, perhaps you know the Stuarts—Capt. Colin Stuart passed over at Gallipoli last December." "Oh, very well indeed," she replied; "and Colin has just sent a message to his mother by a bat [an officer's servant] to say he will never come back now."

Then the scene changed and I was in a bare, rocky place with brown soil; blue sea very near, peacefully lapping against the shore; overhead a very blue sky, and hovering in mid-air huge ferocious birds. I myself was seated by a great heap of disturbed earth that had evidently been a grave, and close to me was a great white bone. And there was a bad smell. I threw myself on the ground weeping bitterly and crying, "Colin, Colin, if only I could have saved you this?" (For I knew how he would loathe it.) Then I felt myself touched, and found

Mrs. Caird of Arran beside me, pointing to the grave and the bone. She said, "Never mind these; Colin says he is quite all right and that he had a splendid woman friend at home when he was out at the Dardanelles and he will never forget her." "Did he say who she was?" I asked. "Yes, her name was Flora." I looked at Mrs. Caird to see if she was "drawing" me, but she seemed quite unconscious. Just to make sure, I said, "My name is Flora," but she only replied, "Is it? Well, he says he can never forget how this woman friend helped him during all those weary months. Her parcels and long cheery letters did so much to buck him up, and he knows the time and thought she must have spent for him. She will always live in his heart and thoughts like this"—and she produced a piece of white paper on which, in enormous letters, was the word FLORA.

Then I woke.

My next and (up to now) last experience was on the night of September 14, 1916. Before going to sleep I had been thinking of Colin and wondering if it were possible to see him. The next thing I found myself in a narrow, lofty, whitewashed walled passage, with slate tiles, all beautifully clean as if just washed. At one end was a door, slightly ajar, evidently of some occupied room, for I could hear movement, voices, and laughter occasionally.

Suddenly, in front of me, just across the passage, appeared an elderly woman whom I had never seen before; short, full figure, dress as of very bygone times such as I had never seen but had heard of: the real old garibaldi fastened into the big waist with a patent leather belt, and the garibaldi blouse and skirt were in pepper-and-salt colour. She had a white turned-down collar on, black hair parted down the middle, and done up in an old-fashioned chignon, complexion pasty to yellowish, good shaped nose, bright black eyes. She spoke. "Capt. Colin Stuart is passing by and wishes to see you," she said, and immediately a thousand voices seemed to echo her. I was frightened and did not speak. "Are you ready to see Capt. Colin Stuart when he passes by?" she asked, and a thousand voices echoed again. I could not speak, and she gave me a very serious look, saying, "You must not keep him waiting when he passes," and the thousand voices echoed this too. Then she vanished, and there was silence, and I waited in fright as to whether I should see Colin as an awful apparition. I had not much time for fear, for from the room where I had heard voices and laughter, there

appeared Colin ; I heard his footsteps, and in a moment he was beside me, and he gave a jolly laugh. Sacred and serious as this subject is to me I cannot describe that laugh as anything but jolly : and, taking hold of my hand in one of his—I saw the other was occupied—he led me down the passage and into a small, beautifully clean three-cornered room with white walls, slate-tiled floor, huge old-fashioned fireplace, but no fire or furniture. It was cool, but not unpleasantly so. It was the room next to the one he had come out of. We only went just inside the door. Colin twisted me round in front of him so that I could see him well, and let go of my hand. It was then I saw that he carried a suit case and travelling rug in his occupied hand, which he never let go of once. He was in what I should call a lounge or smoking suit, beautifully cut and tailored, of Copenhagen blue ; shirt cuffs and collar beautifully white ; and as for Colin himself he looked just splendid. He carried his head up, proudly and grandly, his hair was beautifully cut and trimmed, also his moustache ; and his face ! he had no lines, and there was no sign on that face of either care, or fatigue, or worry, or pain, or as if he had ever known anything evil or trouble of any kind. He looked just as if he had had the most perfect long rest possible, and had had a splendid bathe. I was so delighted (no word had thus far been spoken between us) that I clapped my hands and cried, “ Colin, Colin ! ” I suppose he understood, for, looking at me gravely, he said, “ They gave me cruel pain.” (I don’t know what he meant, unless he was explaining his first mud-splashed and alarming appearance, with the lights and the noises ; for I know he would not want to frighten me, but perhaps he couldn’t help coming that way at first.) Then I suddenly felt awfully old and tired and worn out, and I said beseechingly : “ Oh, Colin, can’t I come with you ? I am so tired. When can I come ? ” And he replied, very softly, “ Not just yet awhile ; you are doing a splendid work, but it will not be for long now,” and as he finished speaking, he gave such a happy laugh. And I came to with the sound of that happy laugh in my ears.

I have given you my experiences, which have all come quite spontaneously. I have been to no séances or mediums. They may or may not be of interest to you, but to me they have been a great comfort. I am firmly of opinion that my friend is doing useful work on the other side and is waiting for me. I do not believe in death, and have a great horror of the word for what

it has been made to imply. I pray for my friend in the present tense along with myself, and my thoughts are constantly with him and of him.

On each occasion when I have come to, there has been a feeling of intense fatigue, which was unaccountable on any physical grounds, for I lead a placid and restful life, and besides, it is not like fatigue after walking or dancing. It is not only bodily fatigue, but the nerves feel done, absolutely tired and worn out. I had the same feeling when my father and brother died.

COMMENT by J.A.H.

Some of the foregoing, admittedly, is not "evidential" in the strictest sense. There is nothing surprising in any one dreaming that a friend is dead, when he is known to be wounded; or in dreaming that he is going away, or that we are by a disturbed grave—though this latter coincides with what was reported after the dream about graves on the Gallipoli peninsula. But on the other hand, there are points which are strongly evidential; *i.e.*, which suggest the co-operation of some mind external to that of the dreamer. The Light, seen by both Mrs. Guthrie and her friend, appeared for the first time on the night of December 9, apparently after midnight. And it was on that night, at 2 a.m. on the 10th—which, if local time, would be midnight where Mrs. Guthrie was—that Capt. Stuart died; though Mrs. Guthrie did not then know that he was even wounded.

And, as to the next incident, Mrs. Guthrie had no normal knowledge of the hymn sung at Capt. Stuart's funeral, and no knowledge on which inferences could be based; for she had never talked with him about hymns. The almost inevitable explanation is either telepathy from some soldier present at the funeral or the actual operation of the mind of Capt. Stuart himself.* On this latter hypothesis he must have been consciously present at his own funeral, listening to the hymn sung. And there is nothing incredible about that. I know of various incidents which suggest that this often happens; and the Japanese seem to believe something of the sort. Apparently Capt. Stuart came and sang it before the news could arrive normally, as a test message proving his real presence.

Then there is the queer fact of the maid having a waking vision which corroborated Mrs. Guthrie's contemporaneous

* And the telepathy theory is rendered unlikely by the fact that there is little or no good evidence for the "telepathing" of *some one else's* apparition.

dream—if it was a dream, for her state on these occasions does not seem to have been quite like ordinary sleep. There was no “suggestion” from one to the other; each perceived the same thing at the same time, and the evidence for its objectivity was exactly of the same kind as the evidence on which we base our belief in the external world in general. More fleeting and less repeatable, but of the same kind.*

Then there is the continuity *and the steady improvement in the spirit's condition*. This to me is significant. Mrs. Guthrie has no knowledge of spiritualism or mediums, but her experience is in line with what I have learnt in my own investigations. After passing over, there is usually no sudden transition to supernal realms of glory; no transmutation of man into seraph or even ordinary angel. No; he remains himself, and for some little time he remains very much in the state of mind last experienced; exemplified by Capt. Stuart's splashed and worn khaki and wan and troubled look when first seen, four days after his death. Soon, with rest and attention and care, the spirit gets over the shock and pain incidental to its last hours in the body, attaining gradually a state of fine and perfect health. It will be noted how Capt. Stuart, in his appearances, looked first “brighter and more cared for,” and finally on September 14, was evidently in the most splendid form and ready for work and progress, as symbolized by suit-case and travelling rug, and by his jolly laugh. It is all in line with knowledge gleaned through other sources—also the meeting which he foreshadowed, for I am quite sure we are all met—and it is helpful to get this corroboration through a private person who knows nothing of the traditions or conventions of the subject. It may be said here that Mrs. Guthrie is, as she has said to me herself, “a Celt of the Celts,” as is also Capt. Stuart. Perhaps this has something to do with the experiences, for the temperament which we call Celtic certainly seems more open to psychical experiences than the stodgy Anglo-Saxon build, which happens to be my own.

Mrs. Guthrie also seems to have power of the “physical-phenomena” kind. I quote the following from a later letter of hers. After mentioning a desk in which she keeps Capt. Stuart's letters, she says:—

. . . the last letter he ever wrote me, which was on the day of his wounding—December 6—will never stay in the pocket with the other

* I have obtained Mrs. Guthrie's maid's signed statement corroborating her part of the experience.

letters, and on one occasion when I went to this desk during this summer I had a shock, for not only was the letter out of the pocket where I had put it, but the envelope was in one corner with the two sheets placed very tidily just below it, and two little note-books which had never been taken out of their different pockets in the desk, were at the other corner on the pad very tidily packed on top of each other. I need hardly say this desk is kept locked and I have the only key.

Capt. Stuart was awfully precise and tidy. This last letter, which reached me a month after his death, was different from any he had written me before. He was ordinarily very particular and courteous; this letter was cheery and even flippant. . . . Did I tell you that about a month ago the room in which he slept during his one and only visit here is now a sitting room, and one night just before we all went to bed (the others were tidying up the room, the door of which opposite the fire-place at which I stood was open) and my attention was attracted—why, I don't know—to the door. First I saw a kind of nebulous grey cloud which evolved into the half of my friend, and he was wearing the suit in which he came to us in July, 1914. I saw him only for a moment, and the others saw nothing.

The grave incident in my "Mrs. Caird of Arran" dream (July, 1916) is odd, for it is only three weeks since [*i.e.*, end of October—J. A. H.] that I read in the paper about desecration of graves at Gallipoli.

Some six weeks after my last dream of Capt. Stuart, I had a dream of my father, of whom I had previously only dreamt in the vaguest way, as it was ten years ago when he passed, a broken old man: but when I saw him in this dream he looked glorious, like Capt. Stuart; so fresh, bright, clean, no trace of sorrow or suffering, beautifully dressed and groomed. And he also carried a suit case—an extraordinary coincidence. He was coming out of a passage exactly like the one I had been in with Capt. Stuart. Papa was coming out and I was waiting at the entrance with a lot of women and children. We were on a beautiful rich plateau with herds of sheep, oxen, and goats, and the women and children were dressed in flowing white robes; one woman had a crook, and there was a child with very golden curls. Suddenly some one said, "He's coming," and out of the passage came my father. He looked splendid, glorious; they crowded round him, he greeted some of them, and then said: "Where's Flora?" "Here!" they answered, and I was pushed forward. Papa kissed me, then held me back from him, and said: "You have done a splendid work, Flora." He drew me to him, kissed me again very tenderly, gave a happy laugh, and I awoke.

MYTH AND LEGEND IN ARMENIA

BY EVA MARTIN

FROM time immemorial Armenia has been the battleground of the powers surrounding her. Like Belgium, she owes most of her sorrows to her geographical position. Back and forth over her territory have swept the armies of Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians and Greeks, to be followed in later days by Russians and Turks. Yet in spite of endless warfare and persecution, the national spirit has remained unquenched throughout, and the national imagination is expressed in a store of folk-tales and poems in which humour is by no means the least striking quality.

There have, of course, been periods of prosperity and peace, as in the reign of Tigranes I (fifth century B.C.) who, according to Moses of Khorene, the famous historian, was "of lofty mind, eloquent in speech, and masterly in the conduct of affairs . . . not jealous of the great, nor did he despise men of low estate, but spread the mantle of his care over all alike"; and again in that of Artashes (85-126 A.D.) who caused science and poetry to flourish, and was so beloved by his subjects that many of them committed suicide at his death; and in that of Leo the Benefactor, in the thirteenth century. But, on the whole, Armenia's history has been one of continual suffering and oppression, and her name, instead of being looked upon as a synonym for massacre—as it usually is—should rather be considered a synonym for *vitality*, as shown by the persistence of a nation's mental and spiritual life in the face of age-long persecution.

The Armenians adopted Christianity at the beginning of the fourth century A.D., largely through the influence and teachings of Gregory the Illuminator. This step separated them from the Persians and brought them into close contact with the Greeks, and has, of course, been the chief cause of discord between them and their late conquerors, the Turks. The early Armenian religion, however, had much in common with Zoroastrianism, and even after the introduction of Christianity there existed a sect of sun-worshippers, while well on into the fifth century—according to Faustus of Byzantium, and other historians—the people still longed for their pagan songs and festivals. The singing of the former was forbidden by law, and the latter were adapted to Christian usages. Temples, images, and ancient records were ruthlessly destroyed by the clergy, and everything was done to exterminate the old faith with all possible speed. The passionate loyalty of the people to their adopted religion, in recent centuries, is one of the most remarkable features of their tragic history.

By the ancient Armenians one principal god, Aramazd, was wor-

shipped. He was the father of the other gods, "the Architect of the Universe, Creator of Heaven and Earth." To him they offered sacrifices of white animals, filling goblets of gold and silver with their blood. Aramazd had an "attendant incorporeal spirit," named Tir or Grogh (*writer*), who recorded men's good and evil deeds in a book, and conducted their souls at death to Aramazd, that they might be judged according to the records. In some ways Tir seems to have corresponded to the Greek Hermes, whose duties were similar. There was also Mihr (meaning *fire*), perhaps the counterpart of Mars, for he guided the heroes in battle and conferred wreaths upon the victors, and great celebrations were held in honour of him every spring. Fires were kindled in the open market-places, and lanterns lit from these fires were placed in his temples, and kept burning throughout the year. Perhaps the most famous Armenian goddess was Anahit, the "Mother of Chastity," the "Golden Mother," the "Being of Golden Birth." She held a position similar to that of the Greek Artemis and the Roman Diana, and every summer a dove and a rose were offered to her image, the day being called *Vardavar*, "the flaming of the Rose." The name still persists, and doves are still set flying on that day, although the festival of Anahit was changed to the Feast of the Transfiguration. The Armenian goddess of beauty was Astghik, a personification of the moon (corresponding to Astarte), and her husband, Vahagn, is perhaps the most renowned of all the ancient Armenian heroes. He was, as some think, a sun-god, for the name means *fire-bringer*—(*vah*, to bring; *agn*, fire)—and it is told of him that he stole corn from the barns of King Barsham of Assyria, and, fleeing to hide himself in heaven, dropped ears from the stolen sheaves, which caused the Milky Way to spring into being. It is called in Armenia the Track of the Corn-Stealer. Concerning the birth of this hero, Moses of Khorene quotes a legendary poem which runs as follows :

Heaven and earth were in travail,
 And the crimson waters were in travail.
 And in the water the crimson reed was also in travail.
 From the mouth of the reed issued smoke,
 From the mouth of the reed issued flame,
 And out of the flame sprang the young child.
 His hair was of fire, a beard had he of flame,
 And his eyes were suns.

Nature-lore seems to have played a large part in the early life of the people, and in some districts a belief in "nymphs" is said still to survive. These "nymphs" were the guardian spirits of women. They were never spoken of by that name, but always as "our betters," and many stories are told of their beauty, and their wonderful music and dancing. Some were called *Parik*, "dancers"; others, *Hushka Parik*, "dancers to a melody in a minor key." There were also many water-gods, and water in motion was held in much reverence by the people, being honoured as a masculine principle. This seems

somewhat at variance with the beliefs of other nations, who usually attribute feminine qualities to water.

In Armenian epics the origin of the race is traced back to legendary heroes, who were in turn descended from the gods. Many extraordinary tales are told of these heroes, one of whom, Haik, seems to have corresponded to the Greek Orion, for his name appears in the Armenian translation of passages of Job and Isaiah, where Orion appears in the English Bible. A famous descendant of Haik was Tork, a giant in whom extreme ugliness was wedded to fabulous strength. Once, when on the shore of the Sea of Pontus, he hurled immense rocks at the ships of his enemies and sank them—a story which recalls the deeds of Polyphemus in the *Odyssey*.

It is unfortunate that only fragments of these ancient legends and epics have been preserved, but for fuller information concerning them the reader should consult a very beautiful book which has recently been published,* and to which the present writer is much indebted. Miss Boyajian, the compiler and illustrator, as well as part translator of the book, is giving all profits to the Lord Mayor's Fund for Armenian Refugees—a cause which cannot but enlist sympathy, especially at a time when many thousands of Armenians are fighting in the ranks of the Allies. Her twelve illustrations combine an archaic simplicity of feeling with a richness of colour and design that is manifestly Eastern in spirit and uncommonly decorative in effect. The intricate border designs surrounding each picture are especially remarkable, and the way in which they have been reproduced is deserving of warm congratulation to all concerned. Two pictures that will specially appeal to occultists are those illustrating the birth of Vahagn, the sun-god, and the wiles of Semiramis, when she is striving to bring the Armenian king, Ara the Beautiful, "back to life by witchcraft and charms." This story is too long to quote here, but all who care for tales of ancient magic will find it full of interest. The collection of translations from Armenian poets covers a wide ground, ranging from folk-songs of unknown date to the work of still living authors. It is perhaps not surprising to find a strain of deep melancholy running through the more modern poems, but many of the older ones—especially those dealing with animals—display a delightful sense of humour and are extremely picturesque.

There is no doubt that in the history and traditions of this sorely oppressed nation, students of folk-lore and mythology may find valuable fields for research—fields which to the majority are still virgin soil, rich in quaint and interesting treasure.

* *Armenian Legends and Poems*. Illustrated and compiled by Zabelle C. Boyajian. With an introduction by the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, O.M., and a contribution on "Armenia: its epics, folk-songs, and mediæval poetry," by Aram Raffi. London: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. Price 21s. net.

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS A GHOST HUNTER

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL, Author of "Byways of Ghostland," "Haunted Houses of London," "Animal Ghosts," etc., etc. Med. 8vo. With Illustrations by Phyllis Vere Campbell and H. C. Bevan-Petman. Published by Heath Cranton, Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.

"NO amount of experience in ghost-hunting will ever enable me to overcome that awful, hideous fear that seizes me when I see the last glimmer of daylight fade, and I am about to be brought into contact with the super-physical, and that I must face it alone." So writes Mr. O'Donnell on page 198 of his *Twenty Years' Experiences as a Ghost Hunter*. To come upon this personal confession after fourteen chapters of the most creepy, startling and hair-raising stories that have ever been penned is almost a surprise. Surely Mr. O'Donnell must have more courage than most of us to have kept his health and sanity after two or three of the experiences here related; yet at the end of the book he writes: "I still have hopes. I hope that some day, when I am brought face to face with the Unknown, in a haunted house or elsewhere, I may be able to hit upon some mode of communication with it, and discover something that may be of real service both to myself and to the rest of humanity."

It is perhaps owing to this attitude towards the phenomena of ghost-land that the writer is always ready to investigate cases of haunting and apparitions, but, even so, it would seem strongly inadvisable for any one to go in search of ghostly adventures unless in Mr. Elliott O'Donnell's own words he is "a ghost hunter with a kindly, sympathetic nature, whose thoughts are more often on the spiritual than the material plane, and who would earnestly seek the chance to succour and comfort a lost soul." These qualities may serve as a talisman to preserve the ghost-hunter from the dangers which threaten his reason and even his life in pursuit of his quarry.

This volume of stories and reminiscences is of exceptional value as affording a clear example of the qualifications necessary to the serious study of the laws and phenomena of Occultism. Ghosts, to those who have had personal experience of them,

are "nothing to laugh about"; and it is equally certain that out of the large number of people who are "so interested" in such things, there are but few who would not quickly lose their interest if confronted with some such terrifying manifestation of the unseen as is recorded in any of the chapters of this book.

As regards the phenomena of hauntings in general, the following extract from a comprehensive paper on "The Astral Plane" by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in the *Transactions of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society* (No. 24), may be opportunely brought to remembrance:

Apparitions at the spot where some crime was committed are usually thought-forms projected by the criminal, who, whether living or dead, but most especially when dead, is perpetually thinking over again and again the circumstances of his action; and since these thoughts are naturally specially vivid in his mind on the anniversary of the original crime, it is often only on that occasion that the artificial elementals he creates are strong enough to materialize themselves to ordinary sight—a fact which accounts for the periodicity of some manifestations of this class. Another point in reference to such phenomena is, that wherever any tremendous mental disturbance has taken place, wherever overwhelming terror, pain, sorrow, hatred, or indeed any kind of intense passion has been felt, an impression of so very marked a character has been made upon the astral light that a person with even the faintest glimmer of psychic faculty cannot but be deeply impressed by it, and it would need but a slight temporary increase of sensibility to enable him to visualize the entire scene—to see the event in all its detail apparently taking place before his eyes—and in such a case he would of course report that the place is haunted. Indeed, people who are as yet unable to see psychically under any circumstances are frequently very unpleasantly impressed when visiting such places as we have mentioned.

The biographical details given by the author here and there throughout his pages give an idea of the hard school in which this self-trained psychic developed his powers. It is in the East End that the scene of some of Mr. O'Donnell's most striking stories are laid, and his description of the haunted Chinese opium den presents one of the most graphic pictures in this strange gallery, as it is one of the best-written passages in the book.

The chapter on War Ghosts contains a wonderful story of ghostly revenge, though unfortunately in this instance the author does not personally vouch for its authenticity. On closing the volume it must be admitted that these modern ghost stories are infinitely more convincing and impressive than the old-fashioned embroidered tales of our youth, and the ghosts of Elliott O'Donnell are lacking neither in substance or reality. The illustrations are suggestive and dramatic.

P. S. WELLBY.

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.]

ASTRAL TRAVELLING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read Miss Okeden's letter in the OCCULT REVIEW of this month, in which she gives an account of her experiences of getting into touch with friends at a distance and her method of procedure. I have been able to do this also, but my method differs from Miss Okeden's. I close my eyes and concentrate on the person; I seem to project my consciousness *forward*, and in a few minutes I see the friend, it is as if I was looking through the reverse end of a telescope, something similar to Miss Okeden's "tunnel"; at other times I seem to be actually in the room with the friend and can see all details of furniture, etc. I can see the friend speaking to some one but cannot see the other person.

When I first began my experiments I feared imagination might play me tricks, but I soon found by experience that it did not. The following is a case in point.

One evening about 8.30 I concentrated on my mother who was in London. In a little while I saw her sitting in her drawing-room on the left of the fireplace, talking to some one sitting on the opposite side, I could not see the person, but had a feeling that it was a man and an acquaintance, not a friend; I thought this must be wrong, as at that hour she was usually with my father in his study, and when I concentrated on her I thought of her as in that room. I wrote and asked her if my vision was correct and she said it was, that some one had called late and they were sitting in the places I saw; the visitor was not an intimate friend.

I enclose a copy of another record of mine which bears out what I have proved with regard to imagination.

My two boys, aged 9½ and 7 years, had gone to school for the first time as boarders. I had of course seen the school and their cubicles where they were to sleep, two cubicles side by side at the end of a long passage. The evening I left them I concentrated my thoughts on them and soon saw the passage, and it seemed as if I were walking in it. I got to the end cubicle where the master had told me he would put the youngest boy; I went in and looked round, but no boy was there, the room was empty. Keeping my mind fixed on the boys I went out and into the next cubicle, where I saw my

eldest boy. He seemed to see me, he looked up, and I said, "Where have they put Brian?" He then told me that he was in another cubicle at the other end of the passage.

A few days after this the eldest boy wrote me that one night he saw me come into his room and I asked where Brian was and that he told me. So that my concentrated thought was strong enough to form a thought image of myself.

Now had I imagined this, I should have seen my youngest son in the cubicle allotted to him by the master in my presence, not knowing that he had been moved.

I discovered a curious thing one day, being uncertain in which direction to direct my thought to the friend I wished to get in touch with. I stood in the middle of my room, and stretched out my arms in front of my body and turned slowly round. In a few minutes my hands seemed to feel a resistance and waver and return and remained fixed. I then knew that I had to send my thought in that direction. I am not aware if any one else has tried this experiment, but I should be interested to know. I agree with Miss Okeden that one must be in good health and free from distracting worries to carry out these experiments. For these reasons I have not been able to continue mine for some years.

If you think this letter will interest your readers you are at liberty to use it.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

E. M. B.

MAYNARD VILLE,

WYNBERG, NR. CAPE TOWN.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the summer of 1910 I returned to my flat at Clanricarde Gardens, Bayswater, and went into the drawing-room. Time about 12. The idea came to me to try and impress a friend who lived then in Hampstead. I looked in that direction of the compass and concentrated my attention on her image as present to my thought. Next morning I went to a public telephone near by and rung her up, asking her to come for a run in my motor-car. "Yes," she said unprompted, "and by the by, I had such an experience last night about 12. I *woke up* and saw you smiling at me in the centre of the room. Then you vanished." Now note in this connection that "I" appeared ("I"—i.e. the *image of my body*) in a way in which I do not imagine my body and attire, i.e., as I look to a *person observing me*. It is therefore no question of an image present to my experience being "duplicated" in the friend's perception. It is equally no question in *this* case of a peregrinating ethereal body. It is probably a case of a perceptual creation by the lady, on the prompting from me, stirring her dormant imagination to activity. But quite a special and interesting case.

Yours faithfully,

E. D. F.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I read with very great interest the account by Miss Okeden of her astral travelling.

I have long been on the look-out for some mention of this curious gift in your pages. In fact, I began taking your Magazine in the hopes of having some light thrown on the subject.

Nearly fifteen years ago I discovered that it was possible to visit people at a distance while sitting quietly in an arm-chair or lying perfectly conscious on a sofa.

My journey is accomplished with the greatest of ease—I am simply there when I shut my eyes. The visit is always preceded by an uncontrollable desire to be near and touch the object of the visit.

I have always found (when evidence was forthcoming) that they were in some distress of mind or body—if physical, I can discover by touch the seat of the trouble, which gives me the feeling of “needles and pins” in my right hand and arm. In the same way I tell whether the treatment is right, repeating my experiment till the “needles and pins” come.

More than once quite extraordinary benefit has resulted, sometimes immediately and sometimes after several “visits.” I can always see the person quite plainly, but surroundings are vague and do not seem to matter at all. The person visited is never conscious of my presence as far as I can make out.

Several times I have been told of cases of illness and have been compelled to go, though the patient was personally unknown to me.

I may mention that I know nothing of Christian Science or Faith Healing and feel no such power in ordinary life.

This curious gift can only be exercised involuntarily, though the joy and exhilaration it produces are indescribable.

Curiously enough, I have obtained some of my best results while either ill in bed myself or very tired.

I should be very glad of any explanation.

Yours faithfully,

M. E. M.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Some years ago I met an old fisherman, a Russian Finn by birth, and quite an uneducated man, but in some respects a thinker, and a keen Bible student. He told me of a book—written, I think, in the Swedish language—which was supposed to give an account of the childhood and youth of Jesus. He spoke of it quite as a standard children’s book of the day, which would be over sixty years ago, as he has now attained his threescore years and ten.

As nearly as I can remember, the following are two incidents recorded in this book: “One Sabbath day, Jesus and some other children were playing together making mud birds. A Jewish Rabbi,

passing by, remonstrated with them for so desecrating the Sabbath, and, singling out Jesus for special blame, said, 'And you, Jesus, you ought to know better than to do this thing.' Jesus, being thus addressed and not being overawed in the smallest degree by the Rabbi's presence, contended that they were doing nothing which could be construed into Sabbath desecration. Whereupon, having delivered himself of so many words to that effect, he clapped his hands and the mud birds took life and flew off."

And:—"Jesus was spending the day in the forest with a wood-cutter who was getting timber to build a house for himself. After many hours of strenuous labour, he succeeded in felling a tree and cutting from it a splendid log. On proving the length of the log by applying his measuring rod, his dismay was great, for he had cut the log too short. Almost overcome with disappointment at having spent all his labour in vain, and seeing a beautiful tree spoiled, he turned to Jesus and told him of his error. Jesus exhorted him not to let his disappointment weigh him down, but to take the chain which he used as a 'hauling chain' and by means of it fasten the end of the log securely to the stump. The woodman did as he was bidden and Jesus, placing His hands upon the other end of the log, drew it out to the desired length."

Do you or any of your readers know of this book, and if so, whether it has been translated into English?

Thanking you in anticipation,

34 DALRYMPLE ROAD,
INVERCARGILL,
NEW ZEALAND.

Believe me,
Yours fraternally,
PERCY B. MACDONALD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the OCCULT REVIEW for December I notice a reference to the "Patience Worth" Auto. writings of Mrs. J. Curran. Some while ago I remember reading in *Public Opinion* an extract from an American paper, describing an interview with Mrs. J. C., and including some recent writings. In this report, if I remember rightly, it stated in effect that the dialect was that of "Chaucer's English." It would be of interest to me and possibly other readers to know if specimens of the writings have been submitted to experts, to ascertain if it is a known dialect or only "invented gibberish."

The impression given me was that the dialect, whilst having a distinctly "mediæval atmosphere" about it, might easily be the result of sub-conscious elaboration. Perhaps the British Museum authorities would express an opinion if asked?

SUPERINTENDENT HOUSE,
GROVE PARK,
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

Yours faithfully,
H. P. NORMAN.

LORD GREY OF FALLODEN.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Is it not rather a pity to introduce controversial politics into a periodical like the OCCULT REVIEW?

Your statement in "Notes of the Month" (page 10) for January that "we have to thank Lord Grey of Falloden's weakness and incompetence for the fact that the enemy is still unbeaten," etc., is considered by myself (and by any one holding similar opinions) nothing less than an absolute lie, and a libel on a gentleman whose loss to the Government is a very serious blow to the allied cause.

This is not the place to argue about politics, and therefore I shall not do more than register the above opinion; but it is very disappointing to meet such a statement in pages where one usually finds that one can get a view of higher things and escape from the petty squabbles and vituperation of the "yellow" press and the party politicians.

I enclose my card, and remain,

Yours faithfully,

C. W. T.

[My correspondent's statement appears to imply that he is unaware that Lord Grey was primarily responsible for the Declaration of London, and that he forced the necessary measures for its acceptance through the House of Commons in the teeth of the warnings of the experts. Had these not been rejected by the House of Lords, the country's maritime supremacy would have been annihilated, and the blockade of Germany rendered impossible. Need I say more?—ED.]

CO-MASONRY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to put some queries, on a very important matter, to those among your readers who know something of the matter in question.

I have heard a lecture on the subject of "Co-Masonry." Judging from the small amount of knowledge I possess, the word itself appears inadmissible.

It appears that an "Order" has been formed calling itself by this name, admitting women as "Co-Masons."

Is it not a fact that the *real* Order of Masonry is ruled by a Hierarchy, which refuses to accept the innovation? Is it not a fact that "Lodges" must receive permission to exist as Lodges of the Order before such existence is valid? Have the "Co-Masons" such permit?

A gentleman in the audience, while professing all sympathy with the aspirations of women, declared himself a member of the Order, incurring thereby "obligations which he could not lightly break," in order that he might join another Order—to wit "The Co-Masons." Does it not follow that those persons of the male sex who, being "Masons," have joined this mushroom Order, have also "broken

obligations " undertaken in regard to the Ancient and Distinguished Order ?

It is quite thinkable that an " Order " of an Occult nature may exist which admits women equally with men. But on what authority can such " Order " call itself " Co-Masonry " ?

There is a grave reason for my query ! It is this. The lady lecturer declared that members of " the Co-Masons " became " channels of force "—agents, forsooth, of unseen forces. Is it not a fact that there is a crucial danger in such development where the sexes co-ordinate, unless the persons have evolved beyond the point where differentiation operates ? May not this danger have influenced the higher authorities in confining the work to men—as " Masons " ?

Finally, may I ask whether the august body has ever in its history stooped to the vulgar methods of advertisement followed by less important groups ? We were told that " The Order " had taken part in a procession through the streets of London on the occasion of the woman's march to express a demand for " The Vote " ! It is difficult to imagine the Ancient Order taking part in full dress, " led by a woman," through the streets of London, subjecting its sublime aims and character to the vulgar curiosity of the street gamins of the wicked city of London, to push a political demand.

A still more startling claim was made when the lady stated that " The Order " made another public *début* when the same ambitious " woman " laid the stone of a building in London, around which, unseen to the common eye, were grouped Great Ones—" One of whom will speak to the Temple," which is being built for *His* reception.

The matter is serious indeed ! If the Ancient and Distinguished Order of Masons have so far lost touch with " the Master-Builder " (who is to come to " The Temple " prepared), that it was left to " The Co-Masons " to perform this function, while the Ancient Order refuses even to acknowledge the existence of the newer growth, if they who *should* know have no knowledge of His advent, by what claim do they stand ?

On the other hand, by what authority does this Order of " Co-Masons " carry on its work, even making ostentatious show of its paraphernalia in a street procession ? Is it true (as some say), " They *can't* be 'Masons' " ? If not " Masons," then *what* are they ? And what is the *nature* of the " magnetic centres " of which they are " open channels " ?

I would ask the favour of the insertion of this because the face of our present " civilization " shows already sufficient havoc, and it is time to begin some real " reconstruction." Yours faithfully,

" A."

[The " hierarchy " or governing body of English Masons is styled " The United Grand Lodge of Antient Free and Accepted Masons of England," presided over by the Grand Master or his duly-appointed representative. As all Freemasons are obedient to this authority,

and no lodge can be formed or consecrated without a warrant issued by this body, it follows that the Co-Masons are a self-constituted body outside English Freemasonry.

In a general sense all communities meeting together for a particular object may be described as channels of force.

Freemasons do not wear Masonic clothing in public unless the Grand Master has previously given them a dispensation for that purpose. It is improbable that such a dispensation would be forthcoming for a political procession through the public streets.

The journal entitled *The Co-Mason* contains much interesting and valuable matter on the subject of Masonry.—ED.]

THE SACRED HEART.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The recent allusions in the OCCULT REVIEW to the symbol of the Sacred Heart suggest that your readers may be interested in an occurrence related by Professor Ernest Jones, in the *Review of Neurology and Psychiatry*, and re-published in *Papers on Psycho-Analysis*, page 223.

The story concerns a girl—a pupil at a Convent of the Sacred Heart, who, being in circumstances of grave temptation, was observed to be "surreptitiously swallowing small pieces of red paper. She refused, at first, to say what they were, but then confessed they were paper models of the Sacred Heart; the nuns who had given them to her, had instructed her to swallow them if ever she was in sore temptation, when she would surely be saved."

"Their prediction was verified, at least on this occasion," Dr. Jones adds, as the tempter, when he discovered what the girl was doing, was "overcome by remorse." Yours faithfully,

16 ST. AUGUSTINE'S MANSIONS,
VINCENT SQUARE, S.W.

E. M. MURRAY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The pack of cards referred to in your January number on page 51, by A. W. Noyes-Lewis, is named by Ropoza in a small publication of Weldon's *How to tell Fortunes by the Cards*, as "The Teuila cards," and is stated therein to have been brought by Isobel Strong, a step-daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, from Samoa. This pack is out of print. I have for several years been accustomed to use a pack made by myself from the list of cards given. This I use for myself and my friends, as well as the more complicated Tarot, when a shorter form is desirable. I find them very fairly accurate.

I beg to say I am *not* a professional fortune teller but am interested in divination.

Yours truly,
MABEL L. ROBERTSON.

FLAT F,
36 UPPER MARYLEBONE STREET, W.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THREE articles in *The Nineteenth Century* are of moment to ourselves and our readers ; two of them are arguments and conclusions on the question of communication with the dead, while the third—of which more is to follow—deals with that of survival. On the basis of psychical research, including his personal work and experience in this field, the fact of communication is affirmed by Mr. J. Arthur Hill, who is well known among us ; the validity of the evidence is denied by Sir Herbert Stephen, Bart. Mr. Hill furnishes cases of alleged communication which are evidential from his point of view, and their careful examination will enlist many on his side ; Sir Herbert offers us the benefit of a standpoint in debate and neither claims nor indeed suggests that he has made a personal investigation. It should be added that the two articles are independent one of another, in the sense that while they are thesis and counter-thesis, the second in point of place is not a reply to the first or a criticism based thereon. Mr. Hill lays down that if psychical research is also scientific research it should substitute certain knowledge for vague faith on " individual survival of bodily death," and he expresses the opinion that it does. The records of such research call, however, to be strengthened by personal experiment on the part of every one who desires scientific conviction on his own part ; and Mr. Hill proceeds to recount a few salient instances of communications obtained by himself which have led him to a conviction regarded as of this kind. His design is therefore to encourage and incite others to go on the same quest ; and his instances are sufficiently striking to bear the desired fruit in those who are concerned seriously. The contribution of Sir Herbert Stephen arises out of an article in *The Spectator* which moved for an arrestation of judgment on the case presented by Sir Oliver Lodge in his *Raymond : or Life and Death*, the ground of the motion being " certain new evidence which has just come to hand." In the view of Sir Herbert Stephen such evidence must be " of a totally different kind from the old," or the proposal to postpone judgment must be set aside, at least by himself. He registers later on his definite and unqualified disbelief—so far as existing evidence extends—" that those who have died are willing, and under some conditions able, to communicate with survivors." Moreover, the state of the alleged evidence is so bad that for him apparently there is no " *prima facie* case sufficiently plausible to entitle investigators to the sympathetic respect of the general public." The position being on record, its justification is sought by comparing the history of selected discoveries, such as the telephone and aeroplane, with alleged " communication with the dead." Things in the first class have become established practices, " serving pur-

poses of every day usefulness," but during several thousand years of "confident assertion" the second class "has never been definitely proved to be anything except delusion or fraud." In such arbitrary manner does an *ex cathedra* judgment at large seek to sustain a personal scepticism; and if it be asked what in the mind of Sir Herbert Stephen would constitute definite proof, his answer apparently is that, should we ever be able to ring up A. B. on the other side and say that we are going to Brighton, it will be shown that he is wrong and that Sir Oliver Lodge is right. By the hypothesis of spiritualism we are continually ringing up A. B., but the meaning is that communication must be as easy and universal as it now is over telephones between those on earth. It is a very curious condition to lay down, having regard to the fact that telephone communication with A. B. is possible only within a very restricted area on the material plane. Very curious also are (1) the manner in which Sir Herbert Stephen appeals to the honourable fetish of coincidence in disposing of one of Sir Oliver Lodge's difficult items of evidence; (2) the virtue which he makes of his ignorance as to the manner in which mediums contrived to get hold, after Raymond Lodge's death, of facts which seem likely to have been known to him and to no one else; (3) the satisfaction with which he finds no reason—not even the smallest—to suppose that "they acquired their information from Raymond Lodge." Things like this are of the order of special pleading, and in their own manner they are not less good as a spur to personal investigation than the record of Mr. Hill. The question of survival apart from psychical research is studied by Mr. H. F. Wyatt, but—as intimated—his article is one of a series or has a concluding part to follow. It seems to aim at a philosophical answer apart from any Holy Writ, "and apart also from what is termed spiritualism," to the questions: "Does God exist?" and "If a man die, shall he live again?" As regards the first of these, the unity and infinite energy of the "frictionless, liquid ether" are "certainties established by modern science," but they are also "attributes implied in the term God" and they are a "basis for further thrust into the abyss of the unknown."

Mr. Edwyn Bevan makes a vivid study of St. Augustine and his individual history in the new issue of *The Quest*, choosing that earlier period when the saint had not as yet been "hemmed in" by the more aggressive doctrines of Christian orthodoxy, and making everything live not only within but about him. The spirit of philosophical culture at the end of the fourth century breathes through the too few pages of the fragment—for it is but a fragment of pictured conversations between the saint and those who surrounded him. It does more than deserve the place of honour assigned to it. The second most interesting article in the number is perhaps Dr. Meyrick Booth's study of an alternative aspect of German culture in a sympathetic and discerning account of Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, for whom "man stands at the boundary between the spiritual and natural worlds,"

his task being "to lay hold of the former and to subordinate and organize the latter." Politically, and at the present moment, Foerster stands for federalism, "against the extreme German nationalist-militarist tendency," and in a letter written recently to Dr. Booth he expresses the hope that the war "may prove a *reductio ad absurdum* of the unwholesome consciousness of national separateness," so leading to a "fresh belief in the ancient *civitas humana*." Mr. Mead's contribution this month is on "the value of the comparative study of mysticism," regarded as a special field "within the general domain of comparative religion." There is no need to say that for him mysticism designates an experience which is "of the nature of spiritual knowledge as distinguished from spiritual faith," or that the possibility of such knowledge is the fundamental fact "of which the modern world stands most in need of being convinced." He believes that the comparative study of mysticism, so regarded, will strengthen our faith in a glorious outcome to "all the struggles and trials of long-suffering humanity." That such a study would be of great value for many there is and can be no question; but one is sometimes tempted to speculate whether Mr. Mead realizes intimately and fully that growth in mystical knowledge is growth in love, that there is after all one vital element in faith, which element is love, and—at least in Divine things, but indeed in all—that *amare videre est* is perhaps the truest maxim ever uttered by St. Augustine. *The Quest* continues to give considerable space to verse, much of which does not rise to the level of poetry. There are some exceptions, however, as in the case of Miss Verschoyle, who used to contribute occasionally, but has been silent of recent months.

The Vedic Magazine begins what promises to be an elaborate exposition of the "Religious Philosophy of Hindu Marriage." The first instalment has a great deal of preliminary matter which is quite foreign to the subject, though not without interest and some importance in itself. There is subsequently some explanation of the ceremonial marriage ritual and of the old aphoristic texts in which it is embodied. This explanation is purely mystical; the bridegroom symbolizes the wise man immersed in Divine contemplation, or rather he is the individual self, the Atma within the manifest personality, while the bride is faith in God, and the intellect looking inward for liberation. Should a later development of the subject explain the living correspondence between candidates for spiritual espousals and those who are candidates for marriage in the flesh, as also between the union attained in the one and the other state, it might prove an important contribution to our knowledge of what lies behind the Hindu nuptial rite. . . . *The Vedanta Kesari* has a brief paper on the gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, which speaks of the awakening through Divine Grace, of the super-conscious state which may follow, and is not relative but absolute, and the basis of all life and spirit. We believe that this state has been entered by many, and in the West as well as in the

East. It has been described in a private memorandum as a still rest in simple continuity of awareness, which is neither of self nor of not-self—in the distinction of one from another. It is a pure being in knowledge, without succession in growth or diminution. The vision and the glass of vision are one therein.

A word of cordial congratulation must be offered to our old friend, *The Progressive Thinker*, which has just completed twenty-seven years of successful existence and has celebrated its anniversary with an enthusiasm which will be shared by its readers. An historical review of its foundation and career is given in an illustrated article by Mrs. Cadwallader, who has been its editor and contributor in chief for a considerable period of time. We have pleasant memories of her zealous personality at one of the International Congresses of Spiritualism held under the presidential auspices of the late Mr. E. Dawson Rogers. *The Progressive Thinker* is really a large weekly newspaper, such as only America could support in view of its special concern. It is devoted to progress, free thought, religious liberty—in a very full sense of the term—and the study of natural law, all from the standpoint of spiritualism. In form and dimensions at least it reminds us of *The Banner of Light*, which was a foremost exponent of the same cause in days now long ago.

The Medico-Legal Journal of New York informs us that the Court of Appeals of that State has decided "that any one who practises medicine according to the religious tenets of any church is exempt from the provisions of the Medical Practice Act," and that a new trial has been granted to a Christian Science healer, convicted in 1912 of practising medicine illegally. One of the judges denied "the power of the legislature to make it a crime to treat disease by prayer." The combination of such a finding with such an expression of authoritative opinion is likely to be far-reaching in its effects.

The Church Invisible—a new American venture—has an attractive title, recalling Eckartshausen, Lupukhin and strange intimations in certain *Philadelphian Transactions*. But so far as we can follow the statements of the one issue before us, it seems to be the spokesman of a circle which "meets in silent communion at the same instant every day in the year," and the proposition is that the bond of spiritual unity so attained should be extended round the globe.

The American Freemason considers the great order in its relation to official churches and religions, deciding that Masonry is neither Protestant nor Catholic, neither Christian nor committed to any organized system of theology. The finding is true in the sense that it is concerned only with the root and heart of universal religion. We must remember at the same time that the Craft Degrees have many Christian elements, and once had more, while there are also grades which are distinctively and militantly Christian, such as the Order of the Temple, the Rose Croix—when it has not been edited out of its proper intent—and the Red Cross of Constantine.

REVIEWS

DO THOUGHTS PERISH? OR, THE SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH OF HUMAN PERSONALITIES. By "Recorder." 7½ in. × 4¾ in., pp. xii + 87. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner Co., Ltd., Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a volume of letters, purporting to be from a number of persons who have "passed beyond," and written automatically by a lady who hides her identity under the name of "Recorder." It is published in the hope that it may prove of comfort to those who have lost beloved ones in this atrocious war, and be the means of bringing them again into communion with one another. Well has it been said that "the wish is father to the thought": those that hope are easily satisfied. They may even find satisfaction in this book, though of evidence of survival it contains not a particle. The letters are almost without exception dull, trite and insipid. They either contain no information as to "the next world," or when they attempt to do this become nonsensical (*vide* the letters from C*** "Fellow of the Royal Society"!) The letters of the young patriot S*** exhibit the strong and bitter nationalistic prejudices he presumably suffered from in this life: though this is understandable, inasmuch as there is no reason why death should prove equivalent to enlightenment. But it is easier to suppose (admitting the author's good faith) that the letters are the work of the medium's sub-consciousness. The only interesting letter is one protesting against the treatment of criminals: but it ought not to require a "departed" spirit to do that.

H. S. REDGROVE.

GOSPEL RECORDS, INTERPRETED BY HUMAN EXPERIENCE. By H. A. Dallas. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Cr. 8vo, pp. viii. + 302.

LIFE eternal is defined by Christ as the knowledge of God and His Son. The author begins with the consideration of this statement, and she ends by the affirmation on her own warrant that the soul grows from within. The thesis is that true teaching is inward; that the intellectual understanding of dogma is, by itself, rather worthless than vital; and that the records of the gospels, apart from any personal claim made on His own behalf, are the highest testimony to the authority of Christ, the keynote of whose character is the superlative assurance of a Divine knowledge. The writer recognizes the sacramental nature of all that is phenomenal in the universe, which nature finds its interpretation in the Incarnation. The apprehension of this is to see God. The book, after its own manner, is the questioning of Jesus on the basis of a canon of criticism derived from the experience of the individual soul, and with the help of this canon many difficulties are dissolved. But after making every allowance for the suggestion and insight which are met with here and there, it must be said that the great matters

remain untouched. This notwithstanding, the good and truthful spirit which fills the whole work communicates its grace to the reader. I may add that the pre-existence of Messias found in the *Book of Enoch* is nothing to do with an abstract subsistence of humanity in God, but is part of a theosophical tradition in Jewry, the developments of which will be found in the *Zohar* and in post-Zoharic Kabbalism.

A. E. WAITE.

THE CONTINGENCY OF THE LAWS OF NATURE. By Emile Boutroux, Authorized Translation by Fred Rothwell. 8½ in. × 5½ in., pp. x + 196 + 1 plate. Chicago and London: The Open Court Publishing Company.

MR. FRED ROTHWELL, B.A., is, no doubt, well known to many readers of the OCCULT REVIEW by his able translations of the works of Edouard Schuré and other French writers. He has rendered a new and signal service to English and American students of philosophy by this excellent translation of Prof. Boutroux's *De la Contingence des Lois de la Nature*. Although an early work of this well-known and justly esteemed French philosopher, it is a very valuable contribution to the literature of philosophy. To my own mind the facts (i) that all the laws of nature are no more than generalized statements of experience, or rather tools invented by the scientific imagination for dealing with the parts of experience, and (ii) that hence the truth of no law of nature is more than approximate, is sufficient to rob these laws of necessity. But it is well that this bogey of necessity should be hunted down in every conceivable hiding place and be completely laid by being proved non-existent. And that is, indeed, what Prof. Boutroux has admirably done, and in lucid and pleasing language. Moreover, he forestalls criticism of his position by himself fairly considering all possible objections to it. His book is a telling rebuke not only to materialism, but as well and especially to that idealism of the Hegelian type which also is deterministic, fatalistic, and hence exceedingly dull. It is not, I would add, a criticism of epistemological idealism, to which the idea of the contingency of the laws of nature is no new one; and I think Prof. Boutroux's argument would gain in force if the assumption of a material world distinct from, but corresponding to, that of sensation—an obviously unprovable assumption—were not made. He believes, however, in the existence of many worlds, the world of mere being, of genera, of matter, of bodies, of life, of self-consciousness, out of which the cosmos is formed by a radical synthesis, the higher creating the lower as its condition of manifestation; and he maintains contingency both as regards the relations between the worlds, and the relations within each, such contingency, however, decreasing as the series is descended. From this point of view, I may note in passing, he has a very telling criticism of the too readily accepted doctrine of the transmutation of forces.

Freedom is essential to happiness, and a life which is not free is not worth living. Were I to write a litany it would certainly contain "From philosophies which say we cannot and legislation which says we must not, be free, Good Lord, deliver us." For this book, which is, as it were, an answer to the first part of this petition, I, for one, am duly grateful. Prof. Boutroux's portrait forms a suitable frontispiece.

H. S. REDGROVE.

DESTUR MOBED AND OTHER STORIES. By Edgar Birnstingl. Crown 8vo. Pp. 96. London: Elkin Mathews. Price 5s. net.

A PATHETIC interest attaches to this collection of short stories, the posthumous work of a lad of sixteen. Born of British parents in the year 1898, the splendid promise of his young life was cut short by a severe and sudden illness which unfortunately proved quickly fatal.

Most of the stories are written round one or other of the precious stones, the study of which held a great fascination for the boy, and in the Appendix is given a list of epithets compiled by the young author to describe these stones, some of which are remarkably appropriate. Other of the stories are based on some scientific truth of chemistry, while one and all deal in some way or other with the mysterious, the occult, and the unusual.

His style is characterized by a conciseness, an intuitive perception of the essential, and a grasp of the dramatic possibilities of a situation, remarkable indeed in the case of so young an amateur. One of the stories, that of *The Diary of a Fire-Worshipper*, in its keen incisiveness and psychological insight, recalls Guy de Maupassant at his best, the mind of the reader unconsciously reverting to the story of *le Horla* after reading this clear-cut little gem.

The more one considers the great promise of his work, the more one feels convinced that, in his passing, literature has lost a brilliant light; and one puts aside the little volume with a feeling of deep regret for such an early termination to a life so full of possibilities. H. J. S.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. By Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett. *Including some Personal Reminiscences by Clara Watts-Dunton.* With sixteen illustrations. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack, Ltd.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1916. Price 30s. net two vols.

It would be a commonplace to say that the chief literary event this winter has been the publication of the *Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton*. In itself it is an epitome of the finest intellectual expression of the Victorian era, plus glimpses of Bohemia; a veritable banquet of the gods in which the psychic element lurks here and there. Take, for instance, Watts-Dunton's own delightful word-picture, "A Day with Lavengro," in which he describes the "strange metaphysical trances" which sometimes possessed George Borrow, when the present-day world seemed a delusion, and scenes and persons of olden times rose round him clear and living. . . . Mrs. Watts-Dunton writes with charming frankness of the beautiful romance which linked her life with the poet's sunlit eventide. She also reveals a side of Watts-Dunton's character perhaps little known outside the charmed circle of his intimates, a side which shows the great critic as an ardent investigator of the psychic realm.

He thought [she writes], that we stand on the edge of a vast field of knowledge, for which we have already a name—the field of psychology. True, he made no pretence of knowing what becomes of the soul—the will—when it is separated from the flesh. But he never lost the memory of the wonderful sights he had seen when he was in spiritistic circles, and if, as on the day when Swinburne died, his eyes asked of the Sphinx the question, "Whither?" I know his intellect, even in his most sceptical mood, never answered, "Into the grave."

EDITH K. HARPER.