

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

MR. SAMUEL HOPGOOD HART has done a service to the world, especially valuable at the present time, in collecting together Anna Kingsford's lectures on the Christian creed, and other fugitive essays and lectures by herself and the late Edward Maitland, and the value of the book* is considerably enhanced by the informing biographical sketch with which it is prefaced. While to a certain extent covering the same ground as the *Perfect Way*, it is in the main supplementary to this well-known work, and is perhaps even more comprehensive in its treatment of the main principles on which the New Gospel of Interpretation is based, though its very nature precludes any-

thing in the way of systematic arrangement. The lectures and fugitive papers in this volume cover a very wide range, including the following main topics: The Credo of Christendom; the Method of the Mystics; the Constitution of Man; Karma, Fate, He-

* *The Credo of Christendom, and other Addresses and Essays on Esoteric Christianity.* London: J. M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C. Price 4s. 6d. net.

redity and Re-incarnation ; Bible Hermeneutics ; Sorcery and Science ; The Historic Jesus ; Christian Mysticism ; Animals and their Souls ; the Mystic Magi, etc. From a perusal of its contents it is possible to realize, whatever view we may take of the religious standpoint of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, how coherent a body of doctrine their teaching represents. Contrasted with Theosophy as popularly understood, we have something very much more in the nature of a single unified system, presented dogmatically, as must inevitably be the case, but with a clearness of outline and uniformity of treatment which Theosophy so often seems to lack.

In theory we are accustomed to contrast the temporal with the eternal ; but in practice, at any rate among orthodox Christians, religious belief is based upon certain specific events in history. It is to combat the attitude thus commonly taken up by Christian communities that the New Gospel of Interpretation associated with the names of Anna Bonus Kingsford and Edward Maitland was inaugurated. There is, of course, much more in this system of interpretation of Christianity than is implied in such a bald statement of its objects. But the more we consider the point of view from which the various dogmas of Christianity are regarded by these gifted authors, the more we shall come to understand that the Key which they use again and again to unlock the hidden truths underlying these appar-

ently exoteric statements of fact, is one which transports the inquirer from the realm of history and phenomena to that of the eternal verities which are equally true for all humanity in every period of the world's history. "There is no past tense," says Anna Kingsford, "in divine things, since all sacred events denote processes, and all sacred persons denote principles which have no relation to time or matter, and which are eternally operative in the soul." The unreliable character of the Bible records, and the impossibility in many cases of establishing their bona fides, is in itself a fatal obstacle to founding a creed upon what is at best but a basis of shifting sand, liable to be undermined by the results of future historical research. But, as Mrs. Kingsford observes, "even if this were not so, it would still be the fact that nothing occurring on the physical plane and external to man, can effect his salvation, since the change to be made must be in himself and due to the operation of his own indwelling spirit." "Physical events," in short, "and spiritual processes, can never be cognates to each other." Following out this basic idea, in

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ETERNAL
VERITIES.

his lecture on *Revelation as the Supreme Commonsense*, Edward Maitland observes :—

To the interpretation of all mystic symbols, whether they be creeds, dogmas, ceremonial rites, images, scriptures, or edifices, the key is one and the same. And it is twofold, having two parts which are expressed in two words. These are *Now* and *Within*. The first of them implies that Religion is not a thing relating to history, whether in the past, present, or future, but is an ever-occurring actuality, an eternal verity, repre-

“ NOW ” senting for every man one and the self-same process,
 AND inherent in the nature of existence, and necessary to be
 “ WITHIN.” enacted in each man in its entirety, irrespective of all other
 men whatsoever. So that, were there but one man in existence, the whole stupendous drama of Creation, Fall, Incarnation, Atonement, and Redemption, to their minutest details as set forth in the Christian history and symbology, would be enacted in his case precisely as for a universe of men. This is because it relates, not to particular men, but to Man.

The other term of the key, the word *Within*, implies that Religion is purely interior, mystic, spiritual, and addressed, therefore, not to the body and lower reason—though finding manifestation through these—but to the soul, and has no concern with persons, events, or other things belonging to the external and historical plane—“ which things ” as St. Paul says, “ are an allegory ”—that to which it relates being the spiritual nature of man.

This being so, it is not with the faculties of the superficial or external man that the Mysteries of Religion can be comprehended, or its verities discerned; not even if such man be what is called a “ religious man ” however devoted and sincere. For, it is not to mere pious zeal, but to “ zeal according to knowledge ” that the discernment of Divine things appertains.

In this manner and utilizing this key of Interpretation, we see in the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, for example, a parable of the soul (Eve) falling under the power of Adam, the principle of materiality, and becoming impure through this subjection to the thralldom of illusion, bringing forth Cain, the cultivator of the fruits of the earth, and thus symbolical of the lower nature. Adam, until the appearance of Eve, is

METHOD OF INTER-
 PRETATION. without sin. For, until the soul, Eve, comes to birth, the possibility of sin does not arise. Until this time, there is only present the simple consciousness of rudimentary nature, which knows no other will than the Divine as expressed in natural law. To such infant consciousness all is alike good. With the appearance of Eve comes first the possibility of the knowledge of good and evil, and it is to Eve, therefore, the Soul, with its sense of right and wrong, that the tempter in the guise of the serpent addresses his beguilements. This serpent is none other than the astral

or magnetic self which, through recognizing matter only, mistakes the illusory for the real and the substantial. By yielding to the temptation, the soul falls under the power of Adam, or the lower physical nature, whereafter "her desire is unto him and he rules over her." In this subjection of the soul to the illusions of the physical plane consists the Fall of Man, with regard to the meaning of which there has been so much dispute, and which has given rise to so many false theories of human evolution, and so many perverted conceptions of historical fact. The Fall of Man and the Curse of Eve, it is well to bear in mind,

ALLEGORY
OF THE
FALL.

do not arise through any essential evil inherent in matter, for the attributes of matter are of a purely negative kind, and are related to spirit as shadow to the Sun. The sin is the sin of Eve, and consists in the mistaking of the lower for the higher, and of the illusory for the real, and a consequent inversion of the Divine Order. The Fall, in short, consists in the apotheosis of the material. It is the stage of man's evolution in which he becomes the prey to the illusions of sense, and his soul, instead of reaching upwards to the Divine Will, reaches downward instead to the material plane. By this Fall he acquires the knowledge of good and evil—i.e., through obtaining a knowledge of his lower nature and its illusions, he finds the opportunity of rising to a higher spiritual plane, from which the phantasms of the world of sense can be dominated. Without having passed through this stage of spiritual experience and mastered its illusions, he cannot attain to the Christ ideal, in which "divine illumination and transcendent knowledge shall have closed the avenues of passion and sin." This triumph is symbolized by the crushing of the head of the serpent of illusion under the heel of the rehabilitated soul, the new Eve.

So, again, to the exponents of the new Gospel of Interpretation, the Nativity of Christ does not represent so much a single historical event, as the kindling of the Divine spark within each particular human soul. "This is represented as occurring at midnight in a cave, for the period is that of the soul's silence and abstraction, and withdrawal from the external world, and the place is the innermost recesses of her selfhood, hidden beneath the intellectual plane and its operations. He is wrapped in swaddling clothes like the soul herself in matter, because enclosed and held fast in her and veiled in symbols and types, being in Himself unutterable. He is laid in a manger in token of the deep humility of the saintly heart."

So, again, the Crucifixion, instead of presenting itself as a single incident in history, is regarded as the symbol of the renunciation of the lower self by the awakened soul. The five wounds of the Cross are the stigmata which denote the victory over and the regeneration of the five senses, "which now become polarized to a higher and more interior plane, enabling the man to have cognizance of divine things." This act is the consummation of initiation as regards rational humanity. Hence the exclamation "Consummatum est!" ("It is finished!") is ascribed to Jesus at this point. The death which follows signifies the total dissolution, indispensable to reconstitution on the higher plane, or transmutation into the divine state.

Following the same line of thought, God is not to be observed in phenomena or with the outer eyes, but the quest must be made by every man within himself, as, in order to *know*, man must first *be*. It is, in short, to quote Mr. Maitland (in *The Virgin of the World*) "to his inmost and divine part, the spirit, that the mystery of existence appertains; since that is pure being, of which existence is the manifestation; and as man can recognize without him that only which he has within him, it is essential to his perception of spiritual things that he be himself spiritual!" Hence the failure of the materialist to appreciate the essential spiritual realities from which all external phenomena take their rise, however clearly the appeal may be made to his intellectual faculties. Just as love arises through the recognition in the loved one of that correspondence and similarity in qualities which is the secret of all true sympathy, so the realization of truth arises through the recognition by the higher self of some eternal verity, till then dormant, which may be awakened to life through its presentation by another, in a form to which the receptive spirit vibrates in unison. There are no new truths to reveal, but those only which have been latent in the mind of man from all eternity. The musical note in the soul responds to the touch of the musician, where silence reigned before. The musician can but touch a hidden spring, which awakes the sleeper and brings back to his consciousness "the radiant secret whence he came." For, in truth, "each soul holds all the oracles."

Just as the creation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden is only true in its esoteric sense, so, too, is its corollary, the separate creation of each individual soul at birth, a perversion of the true interpretation of the divine law. The recognition of the Darwinian theory of evolution on the physical plane is but

one aspect of a universal truth, and likewise implies its corollary, the evolution of the soul through a succession of material forms. The descent into generation implies a corresponding ascent, and the gradual casting off through many rebirths of the material sheaths in which the spirit is encased. The victory over death and mortality is no vicarious triumph but is won by a continuous upward struggle from the lowest to the highest, and the palm which crowns the victor at the end of his conflict is awarded, not at any deity's caprice, but as the result of the operation of the universal law of justice, and because it has been earned. Natural law in the spiritual world is thus substituted for justification by faith and vicarious atonement, and all the other panaceas and short-cuts to sanctity of the orthodox creeds.

In the view, then, of the authors of the New Gospel of Interpretation, the doctrines of karma and reincarnation are but one further illustration of the immutable law of man's existence, whereby he evolves from matter to spirit, from the lower to the higher. "For how," they ask, "can a soul which needs objective and material conditions for its evolution and training, obtain them in a state from which they are excluded? And why should such a soul, which admittedly has not detached itself from matter and from material attractions, be enabled to defy the universal law of affinity and gravitate, after physical dissolution, to ethereal and spiritual spheres rather than return to renew its progress and education in God's great preparatory school, the material world?"

THE LAW OF
ATTRACTION. Until, that is, the soul has rid herself of all affinity for matter, the same causes which have previously operated to detain her within the earth's atmosphere will continue to operate. For the discarnate individual, the eternal and immutable laws of nature are still as before in activity, and in escaping from his physical body he cannot escape from the consequences of his past. This eternal law is not to be avoided within the confines of time and space, nor can any god of caprice be found—despite the orthodox creeds—to rescue the sinner from the consequences of his sins, or to provide some court of bankruptcy in which his debts may be wiped out, and he may start again with a clean sheet, in some celestial sphere. For birth, too, as well as death, is subject to law, else should we never see the light in any material form, either in this world or any other. How, indeed, can he pray "Thy will be done"—that is "Thy law be fulfilled"—"as in heaven so on

earth"—who is all the time looking out for the intervention of some capricious Divinity who will find for him a way of escape from the destiny inhering in his own misdeeds, and the incarnations in the material world which this destiny has earned him? In vain will he ask that the blood of Jesus Christ or any other Redeemer may wash out what has been written for him on the scroll of fate.

The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
 Moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit,
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

It is indeed the law of immutable justice of which Jesus Christ himself said, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," that draws us back again and again into earthly life. "So long as action is governed by material and selfish motives, just so long must the effect of that action be manifested in physical rebirths. Only the perfectly selfless man can elude the gravitation of material life." For only the perfectly selfless can overcome by his spiritual power this spiritual law of gravitation. To become a Christ is to have overcome this law.

There are some who apparently find a difficulty in reconciling heredity with reincarnation. Rightly regarded, however, both are complementary the one to the other. As Anna Kingsford says in her prefatory essay to *Astrology Theologized*—"Heredity is no arbitrary or capricious effect appearing without adequate cause, but is the result and expression of foregone impetus, developing the affinities and sympathies which invariably compel the entity on which they act into a certain determinate course and direction so long as the energy of that impetus lasts. Expressed in terms of common physics, this is the law of gravitation and of polarization."

The occultist recognizes the doctrine of heredity as held by the ordinary scientific materialist, but he sees in it only the last term in a complex series of compelling causes and effects. The ordinary scientist does not go outside the material world, and in this material world the original engendering causes are not to be discovered. The occultist, on the other hand, looks beyond the immediate physical cause of a low and afflicted birth which is undoubtedly hereditary, and considers how it comes about that the particular ego has been drawn to reincarnate in a defective body, declining to admit that a man is born deaf, dumb or idiotic merely because his father or mother have been drunken or immoral, while

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 AND REIN-
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fully admitting the natural law in the physical world which connects these two circumstances as cause and effect. Thus, again, a man is not born with a certain horoscope because of an "accident of birth" by which it has happened that he has entered into physical life at a particular hour, and day, or a particular year, though this, from the materialistic point of view, is an adequate and all-sufficient explanation. Destiny, in short, in the words of Anna Kingsford, is not arbitrary but acquired. Every man makes his own fate, and is in this sense, as I have stated elsewhere, his own ancestor. "In what manner soever a soul conduct itself in one existence, by that conduct, by that order of thought and habit, it builds for itself its destiny in a future life. And the soul is enchained by these prenatal influences and by them irresistibly forced into a new nativity at the time of such conjunction of planets and signs as oblige it into certain courses or incline it strongly thereunto." Thus from the purely physical and materialistic standpoint the cause of a man's destiny lies in the particular planetary positions under which he comes into the world. From the spiritual standpoint his horoscope and his consequent destiny are both due to the use he has made of earlier opportunities in earlier lives.

News reached me too late for insertion in the last issue of the OCCULT REVIEW of the passing away of Mr. W. J. Colville, the well-known lecturer, author, and contributor to the OCCULT REVIEW, at San Francisco, on December 15. Mr. Colville, who had been lecturing up to three days before his death, under the auspices of the local Theosophical Society, fell a victim to a sudden attack of pneumonia. The body was cremated at Cypress Lawn Cemetery, San Francisco, the funeral service being conducted by his Theosophical friends, and included readings

from the Bible, as well as from the works of Benjamin Franklin and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Colville's life was an exceptionally active one, and his career as a lecturer began at the early age of fourteen, though for three or four years after this it was discontinued at his guardian's request. He lectured very extensively both in America and in England, and also in Australia, and indeed, not long before his death, he had in contemplation a further visit to the Antipodes as soon as war conditions would permit. Few lecturers, either of the present or indeed of any previous time, were possessed of such a fluent mastery of language as W. J. Colville. He was never at a loss for a single moment, and in fact it was no uncom-

MR. W. J.
COLVILLE.

mon thing for his audience to invite him, as a *tour de force*, to deliver impromptu sets of verses, a performance to which he was always equal. Added to his extraordinary fluency he had a remarkably strong and clear delivery, and this combination of qualities put him absolutely in the first rank of modern speakers. Among those lecturing on theosophical, psychical, spiritualistic and New Thought subjects, his only equal as an orator was Mrs. Annie Besant, who I think unquestionably may be regarded as the finest woman orator of modern times. On his visits to this country, which occurred at rather too long intervals, he was always a welcome guest at the offices of the OCCULT REVIEW, and indeed, my firm have published no less than three of his books, and at the present time have another, *The Religion of To-morrow*, in hand, which fortunately was practically completed before he passed away.

W. J. Colville was certainly one of the most original and eccentric figures which it has been my fortune to meet with—and I think I may claim to have come across a fair proportion of unique personalities. He used, in fact, to take a delight in emphasizing his own eccentricities, in particular before total strangers, who on many occasions, I am quite sure, must have regarded him as more than half mad, and who could never have

AN
ECCENTRIC
CHARACTER. dreamed that they saw in the spare, quaint figure before them, one of the most eloquent lecturers of his day. Nothing delighted Mr. Colville more than to give nicknames to his friends, and he would introduce them in the most serious manner to total strangers by these fantastic appellations, the new-comer doubtless in most cases being quite ignorant of the fact that the names were purely fanciful. Not many years ago he came over to England, bringing with him as a friend and constant companion from the States a gentleman whom he introduced to all and sundry as "Dr. Newfoundland"—apparently from his assumed resemblance to a Newfoundland dog. This gentleman, like all his other friends, took this humorous familiarity as a matter of course, and one became so accustomed to hearing him addressed in this manner that it required a considerable effort to recall his real name. On the ladies especially of his acquaintance he delighted in conferring fancy titles, and certainly no Royalty was ever so free with these titular dignities. His extensive correspondence with myself was always addressed to "Dear Lord Manchester"—an allusion to the name of the house in which the previous offices of the OCCULT REVIEW were situated. Mrs. Annie Besant was

"The Polar Bear"—this in an awestruck voice, for was she not a very august personality? To part with money with Mr. Colville was, in his allegorical phrase, to "have his hair trimmed." To have a cheap lunch at a restaurant was "to lunch with Mrs. Meancat." I think he always took a particular pleasure in small economies, for he would never use proper writing paper for his correspondence, which was invariably scribbled in a great spider-like hand, frequently in red ink, on any loose scrap that he could come across.

Mr. Colville was the most unselfish of men and must, I think, have worn himself out prematurely through his life of incessant activity. He was but 57 at the time of his death. His religious views were, I suppose, more akin to those of the Theosophists* than any other school of thought; but his was not the type of mind that could be confined within the limitations of any particular creed. And though I have heard him speak of dogma in a manner that would have warmed the heart of Tertullian himself, I think that when on another occasion he affirmed that he "believed in everything" he was a great deal nearer the mark as regards his own personal convictions. The reality of the other life was certainly always very near to him, and the cause of spiritual development and progress here has lost in him one of its most valiant protagonists.

A correspondent from Montreal, Canada, Captain John Cain, writes me with regard to a certain Madame Hands, of that city, who, I gather, is President of the English Society of Spiritualists. He states that the lady in question foretold the present war, and also that it would end in September, 1917, and refers me for verification to the *Montreal Daily Star*. If any of my readers in Canada can give me further information in respect of this matter, and supply me with the issue of the paper in question, I shall be greatly obliged. I gather that Madame Hands, seated in a totally dark room, drew a map of France, showing Ypres and Verdun, and under the latter name wrote that this place would flow with blood, and witness the final struggle. I am also informed that this lady, who is a noted psychic, gives out at every Sunday meeting what will happen in connection with the war during the coming week, and that among other successful forecasts she foretold the burning of the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa.

* He was, in fact, a member of the Society.

Another correspondent has sent me an interesting account of a remarkable fulfilment of a strange dream of a young engineer, a friend of his in South Africa, which is, I think, striking enough to put on record. The gentleman in question dreamt that he went to a house where he knocked at the door, which was opened

A DREAM
AND ITS
FULFILMENT.

to him by a small coloured boy, who showed him upstairs into a room. The engineer was smoking a cigarette at the time (this, of course, in his dream), and glancing round to see where he could put it down, he noticed a small round table close to the door, upon which there was an ash tray, and upon this he placed the cigarette. As he stood in the doorway he saw approaching him an old man of very remarkable appearance, who was evidently the owner of the apartment. This person was dressed in a long red robe with large black collar and cuffs, and his hair hung down over his collar in long grey curls ; his head was covered with a black skull cap. He appeared to be saying words to this effect, " Come in, I am glad to see you and have been expecting you, and I have something to tell you which will be of advantage to you."

The engineer took a seat, and the old man told him something, which was, he knew, of distinct advantage, but what it was, he had no idea when he awoke. He pondered over this very realistic vision for some time and then went to sleep again. He awoke again, having had a precisely similar dream, and this occurred a third time.

This so impressed his mind that he told his wife all the details, and she was so interested that she strongly advised him to consult some clairvoyant.

At that time a clairvoyant, styling himself Professor B——, had an advertisement in the local newspaper, and the engineer determined to go and tell him the curious and thrice repeated dream and ask if he could give any explanation. Now, here is the strange sequence of events. He went to the house of the clairvoyant, knocked on the door, which was opened by a little coloured boy who showed him upstairs and opened a door to show him in—he looked around to find a place to put the cigarette which he had been smoking, and which he held in his hand, and there was the identical small round table with the ash tray upon it, whilst advancing towards him was the very man he had seen in his dreams, who smilingly assured him he was expecting his visit and that he had valuable information to give him.

He then proceeded to say, "You possess a power of which you have no knowledge but which will be of great value to you. You are able to divine the depths and currents of underground springs, and very likely minerals also. If you go down to the river-bank* you will find some bushes [these he described minutely], cut forked branches from them, take one of them in your two hands, and as you approach the nearest point of the watercourse to the surface the fork will become elevated owing to a peculiar sensitiveness in your constitution; it is a gift which only one in ten thousand possesses."

In order to convince my correspondent of the accuracy of this statement, the engineer took a forked twig out of his pocket, had a glass of water brought, and placed it on his desk. Holding the forked twig with the forked end downwards, he advanced from one side of the room towards the glass, and as soon as he got close enough, the twig began to vibrate, and upon holding it directly over the water the forked end turned upwards.

Shortly after this the engineer was offered an excellent billet if he would accompany a military expedition which was then about to start, and which would have to traverse a waterless tract. But my correspondent writes that having left the colony about that time he is not aware whether or not the offer was accepted. I hardly think there can be any objection to publishing the names in this connection, but though I have them by me I do not care to do so without the consent of the people concerned.

With reference to my request in a recent issue of the OCCULT REVIEW for any cases with regard to curses coming home to roost, Captain Banon, of Kulu, Punjab, India, writes me that about the year 1868 Nowshera, near Peshawar, was started as a military cantonment, and land was taken up there for this purpose. Among other people who had to make way for the new cantonment was a fakir who was dispossessed of his dwelling place for the purpose of building a bungalow for three officers of the 5th Cavalry (Bengal). The fakir threatened all the officers concerned with violent deaths, and foretold that the bungalow would be washed away by the Caubul River. All this duly happened. Captain Banon writes me "I knew all the officers concerned, and knew of the curse first-hand from the officers of the 5th Bengal Cavalry. I also saw the Bungalow before and after it was washed away."

* Umsindusi River.

In a recent address before a large gathering at the Grafton galleries under the auspices of the Union of the East and West, Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, whose interest in psychic investigation is so well known, gave some striking details of his own personal experiences.

“ When I was little more than a lad [he said] I went out very early in the morning one day to fish in the river Medway, and in trying to reach out my line, I fell into the water, which was very deep. Suddenly I seemed to awake, and on the further bank I saw three white-robed figures standing with outstretched hands, but when I walked towards them they drew back and said to me ‘ Not yet, not yet.’ The next thing I remember was being brought to. A number of years later I suffered a severe bereavement, and one night I awoke and found the room quite light and by my bed standing the figure of the dear one whom I had lost. She tried to speak to me, but an elemental form intervened and pushed itself between us. I struck out, and all disappeared in the darkness. A few nights afterwards she again appeared, but this time there was a very old man standing also by the bed. She remained there some minutes and made a communication to me. A few weeks later she came to me once more. This time her figure appeared as if in a picture, from out of which she smiled at me. The picture then passed round the frieze of the room in a mysteriously created light.”

Sir Alfred Turner gave another curious instance of a communication to an officer friend whom he had brought with him to a séance with a well-known medium. The officer had just come back from the South African war, in which he himself had been wounded, and a friend shot dead by his side. At the séance the figure of his friend appeared to him and said: “ My wife has been left very badly off. I made no will and she has only come in for something like one-third of my income. I want you to go and see my brother and tell him that you have had this communication.” The officer did as he had been desired, and went to see his friend’s brother, who inquired at what time this incident had occurred. When told, he said that at the particular moment he had himself had a very strong impression about his brother, and added that he would do what he was asked on behalf of his sister-in-law. Sir Alfred Turner adduced this instance as one of the cases bearing on the question of the utility of spirit communications.

I am receiving a considerable number of communications in reference to dreams, of a more or less remarkable character, two or three of which appear in the correspondence columns of the present issue. It is clear that the thought of the war disturbs many people's nocturnal slumbers, and one of my correspondents

WAR
DREAMS.

sends a vivid account of the destruction of Nelson's column which was probably suggested by the depredations of Zeppelins. I have been subject myself from time to time to similar war dreams. One night in January I had a particularly vivid dream, in which I took up the daily paper and read a paragraph stating that the towers of the Burg Hohenzollern, the ancestral castle of this family, had crashed to the ground. It will be remembered that one of the results of an earthquake shortly before the present war was the cracking of the solid masonry of these towers. The next morning the recollection of my dream flashed across my mind, and looking at the paper which I was reading at the time, it suddenly struck me that it was dated January 27, the Kaiser's birthday!

A SEER OF NATURE SPIRITS

By THE EDITOR

A CONSIDERABLE amount of interest has been aroused quite recently on the rather abstruse subject of Fairies, and other such supposedly mythical denizens of a world which interpenetrates and intersects our own. There is perhaps hardly any one living who has not been fascinated as a child by stories of elves and fairies. The vivid imagination of childhood has coloured these stories and endowed them with a reality which the most vivid romances have failed to achieve for that more matter-of-fact portion of the human race which children are in the habit of alluding to collectively under the general appellation of "grown-ups." To what extent children in general actually believe in the existence of fairies it might be difficult to say, but I am inclined to think that reality or non-reality is a minor matter to the child mind, which can conjure up the scenes and personalities of a story in all their lifelike vividness of detail. The schoolboy or "flapper" will turn contemptuously from such stories as the foolish imagination of their childish fancies, and to most of us in after life it does not occur to ask ourselves the question whether or not we were justified in relegating these picturesque entities to the realm of pure fancy. For the great majority of mankind, after childhood's days are over, they are dismissed once and for all, unless they are recurred to again for the benefit of the younger generation with the matter-of-fact object of "keeping the children quiet." There have, however, been a few here and there who have had their attention drawn, in later life, to evidence which has compelled them to ask themselves once more, and this time in serious earnest, whether such creatures may not after all actually be classed among the denizens of the different planes of matter which inhabit our apparently commonplace earth. There is a popular and well approved proverb which avers that "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives." We may perhaps be justified in giving to this saying a wider connotation than it generally possesses. The human race is so absorbed in its own importance that it fails entirely to realize the myriad life by whose activities it is everywhere surrounded. Not only are the ways and habits of many insects and wild animals a sealed book to us, but it may well be that the glades and woods and hills of our country-

side are also the haunts of a form of life which passes us by entirely in our normal states of consciousness. Such at least is the theory that has been advanced with obvious sincerity by some of the choicer spirits of the present day who live aloof to a great extent from the turmoil of that twentieth century commerce, which makes it so impossible for us to listen even for a brief moment to the "inner voice" or to sense the subtler



MR. TOM CHARMAN.

psychic waves of consciousness to which those more receptive in temperament and less harassed by worldly cares are able to respond.

From time to time paragraphs have appeared in the daily or weekly press, making startling statements with regard to visions of a diminutive race of beings formed after human likeness, and inhabiting the more sequestered spots of our country-

side; principally, however, Ireland and Cornwall, and where the Celtic race predominates. These statements are apparently made in good faith and are corroborated by ample detail. The world, however, persistently refuses to take them seriously. Only a few prominent people of the present day have stood up in defence of the actuality of such occurrences. Mr. W. B. Yeats, the poet, is of course well known as a believer in the



THE CARAVAN IN WHICH MR. TOM CHARMAN AND MR. GEORGE MANN LIVED TOGETHER.

existence of such forms of life. So also is the Irish writer and poet whose identity is concealed under the pseudonym of A. E. So also is Lady Archibald Campbell, who has courageously championed the cause of the fairies in print in the OCCULT REVIEW and elsewhere. Not many months ago a number of paragraphs appeared in the daily press with reference to the appearance of

fairies within the precincts of Kew Gardens, and even those who took these beings seriously must have felt somewhat surprised at the thought that they should venture so near to the environs of the great metropolis. It was only three or four days before I noticed these paragraphs in the papers when I happened to be strolling through Kew Gardens myself, and observed, rather to my surprise, what is popularly termed a "fairy ring" on the carefully trimmed greensward. It struck me at the time



MR. CHARMAN HOLDING SNAKE CARVED BY HIMSELF FROM A TREE OF THE NEW FOREST.

that, though a frequenter of this beautiful Londoner's playground, I had never before seen anything of the kind there. Though I have never taken the fairies too seriously, I could not help being somewhat impressed by the coincidence.

Attention has quite recently been called to "the little people" by the claims of Mr. Tom Charman, who lives on the outskirts of the New Forest, to be a frequent witness of the gambols of these

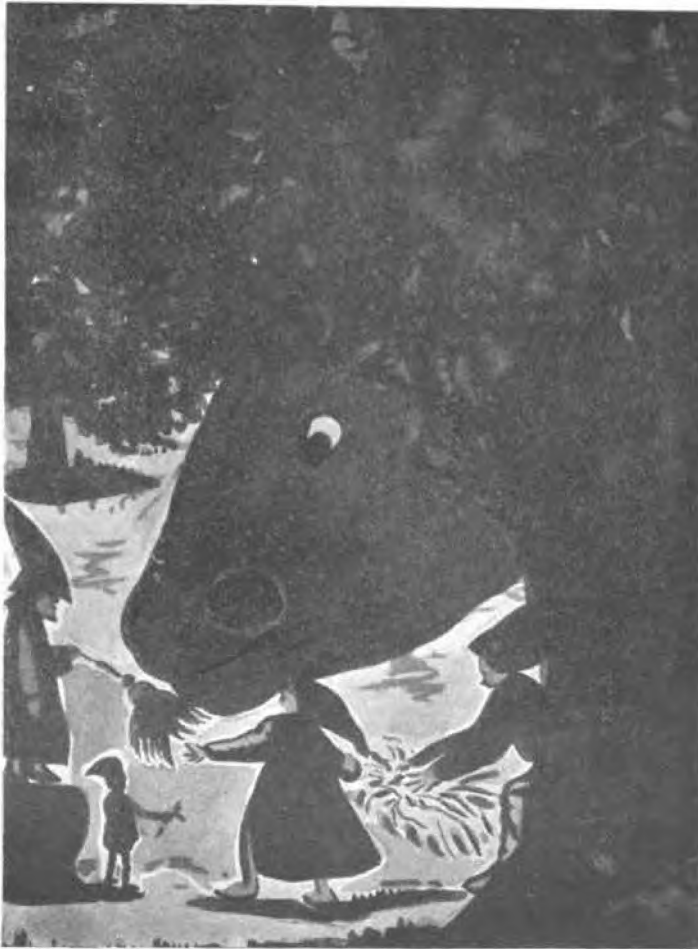
fairy folk under the old oaks of this primeval wilderness. Not only does he advance this claim, but he has reproduced his visions in innumerable original drawings and pictures, in which he has endeavoured faithfully to portray the sights which have presented themselves to him in his solitary communings with nature. I am giving a rather full selection of these pictures



ONE OF MR. CHARMAN'S INDIANS.

in illustration of the present article, and I think that whether my readers are disposed to look upon them merely as sub-conscious visions or to attribute to them a more objective reality, they will not fail to excite interest and curiosity. In any case, the study of these entities has been the main occupation of Mr. Charman's life during the last few years, and from whatever point of view we may regard them I am fully satisfied that to

Mr. Charman himself they possess the most absolute concrete reality. I do not mean by this that the entities seen are necessarily, or indeed ever, on the same physical plane as our own, but to the seer himself they are certainly quite as real as if they were. It is indeed difficult in examining his pictures to diagnose whether the beings portrayed belong to the normal plane of being or whether they do not. For instance, in the picture of the cow



COW AND FAIRY COMPANIONS.

that is being fed by fairy hands, the cow, I understand, is a normal cow, though the rest of the picture represents these creatures of another plane. In the picture of the spirits of the wind, the wind spirits, elves and cottage are all on another plane of being. So, too, are both the fairy and her pig charger, who shows an activity unusual indeed among the more mundane denizens of the sty. The same remark applies to the elf and

the snake. The elves and fairies, Mr. Charman tells me, are anything in height from two or three to eighteen inches, but the Indians—"my Indians" as he terms them affectionately—are the spirits of tall men attracted presumably to Mr. Charman by a sympathy of temperament. Mr. Charman, by the way, holds the view that the animals are more sensitive to, and therefore more conscious of, the presence of the creatures of another



HUMAN FROG AND PSYCHIC ELVES.

plane than we are ourselves. This he would hold to apply, for instance, to the cow which, he believes, is conscious of its psychic comrades.

Mr. Charman, whose interest in fairyland and its denizens dates back some twelve years, to an acquaintance with a gifted psychic which he made shortly after first settling on the outskirts of the New Forest, is now fifty-two years of age. He has led

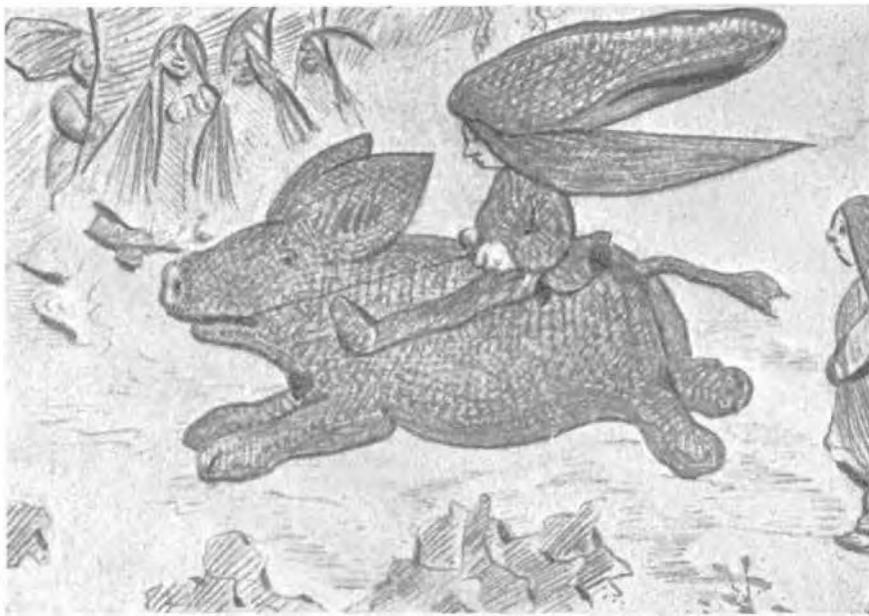
throughout a wandering and nomadic life. For a time he toured with theatrical companies. He has given public entertainments as a ventriloquist and character impersonator. As a draughtsman he is almost entirely self-taught. A favourite medium of his at one time was charcoal, but this he has now abandoned in favour of the brush. For two years he lived a gipsy life in



ELVES' NEST IN TOADSTOOL.

a caravan with an artist friend, Mr. George Mann, who studied under Mr. G. F. Watts. His first psychic experience dates back to early childhood. When he was but seven years of age he saw a fairy in his bedroom riding on the back of an animal which he took to be a brown rat. The fairy, a little man in a light dress, was holding on to the neck of the rat with evident delight. Curiously enough, after this experience he saw no

more of the denizens of fairyland for a period of some thirty years. Now they appear to be his constant companions, and in fact some of the elves of the more mischievous type follow him about to his home, pull off his socks when he goes to bed, and occasionally indulge in the antics of the ordinary *Poltergeist*, hiding his possessions or moving them from place to place. His psychic experiences have been legion. During the period of his caravan life, on one occasion he heard a voice one day bidding him make the beds. As it was his companion's turn to do this part of the domestic work he took no notice of the voice, but on the admonition being repeated three or four times, he resolved at last to do what he was requested. On turning over the pillows



ELF ON PIG CHARGER.

he discovered the sum of 4s., and very shortly after, the good woman in whose garden the caravan was resting, appealed to him for assistance in a temporary monetary embarrassment. He promptly handed her the four shillings which he assumed had been sent for her benefit. Another psychic companion is a young darkie girl. On one occasion Mr. Charman had been paying a long visit to friends at Southend and had just returned to Horsham, not expecting to see his hosts again for another twelvemonth. In the night the girl appeared to him and told him that he would receive a letter asking him to return to Southend the next day. This seemed extremely improbable, and Mr. Charman expressed scepticism,

but the letter duly arrived the following morning. The explanation was that the daughter of Mrs. Flower, with whom he had been staying at Southend, had just returned in a very weak state of health. Mr. Charman, among his other psychic powers, is an accomplished magnetizer, though he disclaims all personal merit for this gift, an Indian or Persian friend controlling him for the purpose, and guiding his hands in making the passes. The request in the letter was for Mr. Charman to come back and magnetize the daughter, which he accordingly did. Mrs. Flower is herself clairaudient, and overheard the Darkie turn to Mr. Charman while he was engaged in giving the magnetic treatment, with the exclamation: "Now do you believe me?"



ELF AND SNAKE.

The subject of this sketch magnetizes for sleeplessness, headache, toothache, sore throat, etc., though I do not gather that he practises in any way systematically; and, indeed, he states that he can only benefit those to whom he is personally attracted. Sometimes the Persian control will act independently of the magnetizer. Thus, when Mrs. Flower was ill, and the hospital nurse in attendance was lying down to take a much needed rest, the Persian took the opportunity to make the bed for the invalid. Among other psychic experiences Mr. Charman claims to have had visits from a sister in the spirit world, who on one occasion, to give physical evidence of her presence, materialized her hand, which he gripped in his, the rest of the body being visible to him in a psychic light, but not materialized.

A sketch of Mr. Charman would not be complete without some allusion to his curious talent for converting grotesque pieces of roots, twigs, and twisted branches of the trees of the



WIND SPIRITS.

New Forest into animal shapes. An illustration of Mr. Charman with one of his carved snakes is given in this article, and I have before me a most lifelike presentation of a crocodile,

some birds, and a fish, done in a similar manner. Mr. Charman is exceptionally clever in utilizing the tree shapes in order to transform them into these uncanny animals.

There is nothing ostentatious, nothing of the mountebank or charlatan about Mr. Charman. On the contrary, he is modest, unpretending, and has the refined meditative face of a retiring student or recluse, the man who would live in his own dream world, and rather, one would suppose, be inclined to hide his light under a bushel, than court the publicity of the world's criticism and curiosity. I think he would almost always find himself more at home with his fairies than in the society of his fellow men. This is perhaps why he has been content to live the life of his choice, guided by spirit monitions, for all these years, unknown to the newspaper press, and to the bustling twentieth century world. Perhaps some of the stories which he has narrated to me and which I have here reproduced, may prove somewhat of a strain on the credulity of my readers. Our seer has at least convinced the editor of his own absolute sincerity as regards his experiences, and whatever their explanation I think I am justified in saying that they appear to him in the light of objective realities. If a reader should retort to me that the man inhabits a dream world of his own imagination I should not be disposed to cavil at such an interpretation of the psychic experiences of Mr. Tom Charman. To interpret, however, in this manner is not necessarily to explain.

I understand that Mr. Charman has in preparation a book dealing with his psychic life and experiences. There are doubtless many who will be interested to learn more than a brief article can tell them of such curious excursions into the fascinating and little frequented by-paths of the psychic realm.

A TALK ABOUT BUDDHISM*

BY W. H. CHESSON

REPELLENT though the critic is to the popular romantic ideal, romance does not arbitrarily avoid him even when he is pursuing his calling. Thus, stepping out of the street of bawling posters into the calm of the Jetavana Monastery is for him the next thing to a performable feat—an imaginable one. I can still see myself detached from the city's channels of rumour and candid restlessness by the duty of delivering to my editor a critique on a heterodox representation of Jesus Christ. The patron of my pen has never received me in his present sanctum before. The time seems propitious to ask for some volume of occult entertainment—"The Werwolf of Wandsworth" (or the like)—as a light reviewing task. But no! my patron hands me a work of erudition, of unquestionable solidity, the handsomest book on Buddhism (the science of "the Supremely Awakened One") that has met my gaze. And suddenly the languid bibliophile in me is stirred: I mentally put the tome, with its fascinating pictures and useful glossary, in one of my bookcases. The patron does not say "Fie!" but he quotes to me in quietly thrilling tones out of the coveted tome—

The dreamer's knowledge is false;
The sleeper knows nothing at all,

and, as becomes a philosopher, remarks, "I read but I do not collect." I remember the Buddhistic precept: extinguish desire, and prettily remind my patron, now gravely willing to confide the noble volume to my care, of my learned confrères and consœurs the Waites and Starrs, the Blochs and Harpers. But they are not there, and their absence is my advantage. I go into the street again with my book (and my instructions), and the first thing I notice there is that the death of Franz Josef of Austria is loud upon the posters.

Comparison of a long life manfully spent in maintaining what may be called a geographical effect while conceding enough

* *Apropos Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism*, by Ananda Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. With illustrations in colour by Abanindro Nāth Tagore, C.I.E. and Nanda Lāl Bose, and 32 reproductions in black and white from photographs. London: George G. Harrap & Co. 15s. net.

to mundane sensuality to soften the austere outline of an exalted slave of duty—comparison of such a life, ended in A.D., 1916 with that of the royal renouncer Buddha, who died in 483 B.C., inevitably arose from the juxtaposition of book and poster ; it was impossible not to compare the hirsute vulgarity, the tamed carnivorousness of the emperor's face with the face expressive of a great humane sage ; and it occurred to me that the Muse of History has not shown that the material machine for the manifestation of soul has approached a barleycorn nearer the perfect in two thousand years. The number of people who can exhibit proofs of sublime and brilliant mentality increases, it may be ; but the power wielded by unenlightened egoisms, in whom respect for wealth and pedigree poses as a kind of love, is enough to convince us that the great critics of life, the great illustrators of philosophy, are still like significant voices heard in a riot of winds. This is because anything sharply contradictory to the living compromise between life and death which we call man is very annoying to the average human person. An animal cherishes its offspring, a bull will protect its mate at the cost of its life ; and man, being an animal, is averse from the extreme of hedonistic egoism. Funny as it may sound, a man must suffer severe growing pains before he can be thoroughly egoistical. The growing pains of a man evolving into a perfect Christian might easily be excruciating. As to that dying to desire and all that is symbolized by such expressions as the flesh and the fleshpots—as to that dying which has for its object the passage into Nirvana or Nibbāna of the disciple of Buddha, it figures itself to the infantile soul of the average Western man as a well-nigh intolerable ache or hunger-pang.

But the man wishful to be perfectly awake does not refuse to look at life and prescriptions for life from fear of morbidly exciting the nerves of his selfishness. A philosophical selfishness is a monad of some dignity and charm. Let the ignorant then fall to on the biographies of Christ and Buddha.

For myself, rising from my perusal of Dr. Coomaraswamy's erudite and highly interesting work, I do not find the foundations whence my will operates shaken by the study of the life and teaching of the great denier of carnal aspiration and enjoyment. Yet I am constrained to perceive that Buddhism points a way of emancipation from men's thralldom to delights involved in perishable matter and to fears produced by the fact that his interest in externals or the interest of externals in him sometimes affects his sensorium as pain. To those, like Guy de Maupassant,

who view physical death as a final psychic anæsthetic, Buddhism can be merely an altruistic Nay to the temptations which make succumbing men and women automatically effect the continuance of a morbid and pain-producing race, but from those who consider man as a will ignorantly submissive to laws of birth and reincarnation Buddhism deserves respectful study. It does not



THE FIRST SERMON: "TURNING THE WHEEL OF THE LAW."

Nepalish gilt copper, 8th-9th century A. D. From Dr. A. Coomaraswamy's Collection.

By favour of Messrs. George G. Harrap & Co.

become the tainted in blood to sneer at mercury, or the possible prey of malaria to despise quinine. Let us then honour Buddhism.

In reading the life of Buddha, as in reading the life of Christ, one is struck by the decorative element of miracle. If a modern artist were asked to compose ideal imaginary lives of teachers of

Christianity and Buddhism, set back in times of rollicking animalism and depraved multitheism, he would probably refrain from any tremendous interference with ordinary mundane law. Lazarus would not reappear to sadden the muse of Miss Eva Gore-Booth, and Buddha would not have created "a great road across the sky" and walked thereon "while he preached the Good Law." Art, to whom economy is dear, would have grudged both Christ and Buddha all but the inspiration to teach and the power to wake people into a consciousness of the soul and its affinities.

Art, however, is one thing and life another; and I am inclined to believe—I cannot disbelieve—that great renunciations of visible and audible values (e.g., flesh, houses, "popularity") for exquisite untaintable good, for which no glutton or blatant plutocrat would sacrifice his turtle soup or superfluous flunkeys or jeopardize his smartness by sympathy with the less astute, appeal so strongly to the loving Potencies, occasionally (at least) observant of men, that all the artistic principles of our restrained realists would not prevent such renunciations from evoking the divine utterance: "This is my beloved in whom I am well pleased."

It must be confessed, however, that the Buddha legend has acquired a somewhat embarrassing flavour of thaumaturgy. It matters little, however, as Buddhists do not offer us a body of mixed writings and call it an Impregnable Rock. Regarded, as Buddha is, as an instructed aristocratic soul, not overshadowed like Christ by the dreadful doom of blending the part of a shamefully murdered victim with that of a willing propitiatory sacrifice, it seems not unfitting that he should show his contempt for the human lot while manifesting as a human being extraordinary power and beauty and affinity with the divine. The account of his triumph over Māra the Fiend recalls Christ's temptation in the wilderness, but only to amuse us with the difference between two rhetorical methods. Everybody who reads this article knows the rapidity with which the evangelists relate the episode which ended in angels ministering to the Incorruptible, who said "Get thee hence, Satan." In the Buddhistic narrative, Māra the Fiend, having failed to seduce the Bodhisatta (or "Wisdom-being," as Buddha is named in this connection) by pity or by missiles (which, whatever their original nature, only fell as heavenly flowers), still desires to dispossess him of the seat where Buddha proposes to attain Supreme Enlightenment. Not (one hazards) without a private smile, the Bodhisatta says:—

"Māra! thou hast not accomplished the Ten Perfections, nor even the minor virtues. Thou hast not sought for knowledge nor for the salvation of the world. The seat is mine." Then Māra was enraged and cast at the Bodhisatta his sceptre-javelin, which cleaves asunder a pillar of solid rock like a tender shoot of cane. . . . But the javelin hung in the air like a canopy. . . . Then the Great Being said to Māra: 'Māra, who is the witness that thou hast given alms?' Māra stretched forth his hand, and a shout arose from the demon hosts, of a thousand voices crying: 'I am his witness!' Then the Fiend addressed the Bodhisatta [by the name which means 'he who has accomplished his aim'] and inquired: 'Siddhattha! who is the witness that thou hast given alms?' and the Great Being answered: 'Māra . . . I call upon



CALLING THE EARTH TO WITNESS (THE ASSAULT OF MĀRA)

Cave painting at Dambulla, Ceylon (18th century).

By favour of Messrs. George G. Harrap & Co.

this solid earth to witness to my supernatural generosity when I was born as Vessantara.' And raising his right hand from his robe, he stretched it forth to touch the earth, and said, 'Do you or do you not witness to my supernatural generosity when I was born as Vessantara?' And the Great Earth replied with a voice of thunder: 'I am witness of that.' And thereat the great elephant of Māra bowed down in adoration."

This idea of the earth speaking curiously afflicts one's sense of propriety. To think of men playing the part of pediculi upon the skin of a gigantic animal is abhorrent to an almost instinctive refinement, yet it is conceivable that a time may come when we shall realize that corpuscle and parasite are only

symbols of the tremendous fact that the stars themselves move through the enclosing form of an unknown creature.

But to return to Buddha. It is as a remedy for sorrow that Buddhism is given to the world. Buddha's dazzling powers and the regard shown for him by divinities do not induce him to tell us to cultivate personality to the end that we may be more than human; he preaches nothing less than the giving up of what (as the phrase goes) makes life worth living.

"From love cometh sorrow: from love cometh fear: whosoever is free from love for him there is no sorrow: whence shall fear reach him?"

This great saying is a challenge which only joy can adequately answer—joy supported by the hope which always trusts in the resources of infinity. The pessimism of Buddha having stated the worst of what perhaps is the best thing in the world permits him the gratification of offering Nibbāna ("the dying out of the fires of passion, resentment and infatuation and the dissolution of the individual personality") as an end to be striven for; and our author informs us that the nihilistic ideal has found literary expression in the following remarkable excerpt from the "Vajracchedika Sūtra."

"And again, O Subhuti, a gift should not be given by a Bodhisattva [Wisdom-being] while he still believes in the reality of objects; a gift should not be given by him while he yet believes in anything; a gift should not be given by him while he still believes in form; a gift should not be given by him while he still believes in the special qualities of sound, smell, taste, and touch."

Dr. Coomaraswamy adds that this "denial of entity is carried to the logical extreme of denying the existence" of the Scripture which transmits Buddhism.

If the popular biography of Buddha be the flower of fantasy adorning the breast of anything less than conviction, it is impossible not to admire the impious audacity which imagined the birth of this scathing critic and judge of the visible variety of Nature to be attended by such beneficent marvels that the preaching to angels of the child "cross-legged, unsoiled, and dignified" in the womb that contained him for ten months, seems hardly to deserve the arresting effect it has on one's mental eyes.

The tendency of mankind is doubtless to grow more critical of the works of separative desire, and for this reason Buddhistic thought is likely to extend its operative power. The Buddhistic aphorisms about the folly of hatred and the evil of conquest

other than self-conquest would end war if they could be apprehended in the lively manner in which heat and cold and toothache are apprehended. Those who figure Buddhists as indifferent to their fellow creatures are wrong. On an occasion when I attended a Buddhist service, the priest announced that five minutes would be silently spent in meditating on compassion and in issuing the wish that the sorrows of the world might be lessened ; and though I objected to the modesty of this wish (for I delight in boldly splendid wishes and a beggary that would baffle Aladdin's genii) it seemed to me that the soundless prayers of some twenty Buddhists sent into their little assembly room a soothing wave of unanxious love.

“MR. ISAACS” OF SIMLA

By EDMUND RUSSELL

IN Haiderabad for six weeks I was the guest of that charming prince, Nawab Syed Ali Bilgrami—now flown, alas, to another tree! Never have I known a more cultured and courtly gentleman.

A little palace given me next his own, I was constantly in his company.

His special form of entertainment, the breakfast-parties, which were famous, took place nearly every day, gathering all races and creeds at his hospitable *Mes*—a veritable parliament-of-religions. The *Begum* sometimes joined us at dinner when no one else was there.

One morning I noticed at the further end of the long table a little man with piercing eyes who much resembled the late Cecil Rhodes. All strained to hear the stories he was telling. I remember one across the mists of years! It was of a certain French officer, who when an impudent Turkish street-boy in Damascus knocked his cap off, gave him a napoleon. People said:—“Why do you give that boy a piece of gold for insulting you?” “Wait till to-morrow.” The next morning the boy knocked off the cap of a Russian officer, who drew his revolver and shot him dead. “You see,” said the Frenchman,—“I did not want to kill him myself.”

Inquiring after his departure, my host said:—“That was Mr. Jacobs—I believe you call him Isaacs.” The hero of Marion Crawford’s greatest romance!

Later I saw much of him. His story is one of the Arabian Nights:—

Born in Bagdad he sighed for wider worlds, and one morning, when his mother had sent him for a head of lettuce, ran away. Thirty-six years after, rich and famous, the man thought of his poor old mother and decided he would like to see her once more before she died. So he went back. As he neared home he passed the same greengrocer’s at the corner. Nothing changes in the East. He stopped and bought something. Then bursting in his own door threw it at the feet of the old crone by the fire, crying:—“Here’s the lettuce, mother!”

Even as a boy he had great knowledge of philtres and incantations. Very slight, but sixteen years old when he first came to the Deccan and entered the service of a Minister, he could slip in and out of the harems in disguise and was begged for love potions and spells. To this day all courts have great ideas of his magic powers. As he passes through a palace corridor some henna-stained voice will softly coo from behind a *pardah*:—“Hoozur-Sahib! give me something to win back my husband’s love—he has not asked for me in many years.” He will consult his Arabian books and cabalistic charms, the next day slips her a powder and a paper with some magic words written on it, and as he knows all the movements of the Rajah, will say:—“Now swallow this, wear that next your heart, station yourself near a certain pillar and all will be well.” Probably the result would have been the same had she been bold enough to go any way, but the most deep-natured Eastern woman has a certain timidity born of her seclusion. She stands where told wrapped in veils as something too precious to be seen. The Maharajah passes, noticing a gleam of jewels, says:—“Oh, Bibi-Sultana! is that you? I have not seen you for a long time.” The spell has worked! In such a community of intrigue nothing can be kept a secret. Before night she is the envy of the whole palace. Every one down to the lowest *nauker* begins to make love philtres and dreams of the magic-square of agate whose figures can be read in any direction and always give the number you want.

Mr. Isaacs had a brother in very high official position in Constantinople under Abdul Hamid—another in Cairo. The Cairene returned to the dominions of the Sultan, also longing once more to embrace his old mother—parental affection ever so strong a magnet in those lands. Seeing a Bashi-Bazouk dragging a Christian girl by the hair through the streets, he gave him such a mighty blow on the head the eye was torn out by the diamond ring he wore. He was seized and condemned to death, but through the great influence of the one at the Turkish Court his sentence was commuted to a fine of £50,000. His own property only amounted to £10,000. His mother cabled to Mr. Jacobs: “Save your brother.” So for that reason one does not see the *objets-d’art* which used to be the glory of his private collection.

He is a most generous man. Ever ready to come to the help of any friend in need. Universally liked by those who

have known him. At every side one hears :—" Splendid fellow ! "

" Tell me," I asked one day, " if all in ' Mr. Isaacs ' was true ? "

" Yes—in the main—save for three things :—

" First I am not a Mohammedan—was born Armenian Catholic, nephew to a Bishop.

" II. No three wives—never had a quarter of one.

" III. The name of the Rajah's prisoner was not Shere Ali."

That last got him into trouble with the Government. " What is he interfering with affairs of State for ? " asked Lord Lytton, then Viceroy. From that time all went wrong. After my return to New York, I lectured before the National Arts Club ; Marion Crawford in the audience :—

" So you knew my Mr. Isaacs ? "

" Yes, he says you ruined him."

" Ruined ? Why I made him."

The tiger-hunt was true—the beautiful girl true.

" Does Ram Lal still come to you ? "

" Oh, yes—he was in this room last week. That is not his real name, only one I let Crawford manufacture."

" Can I see him ? "

" No, he thinks you're a scoffer. If he knew you did not seek him for curiosity he would like you very much."

" Does he know we are talking of him now ? "

" No—he is not God. A hundred people may be talking of him this minute. If I had told that you were coming to breakfast with me at a certain time and he chose to turn his mind in our direction, he could both hear and see."

I urged him to leave his great diamond-case, the settlement of which had dragged on for so many years and come to the United States, but he declared it was too late :—" I should have gone long ago—America would appreciate me—not now—it is my *Kismet* to remain here."

Mr. Jacobs did not get on well with Madame Blavatsky. The first time they met, he offended her. Taken to her bungalow by a friend whose sapphire ring was placed in her hand she held it for some minutes between palms and when she opened there were two sapphire-rings, exactly alike. " Which is yours ? " His friend could not say, but taking one, the other vanished. " Now will you make two of these workboxes,"—Mr. Jacobs unfortunately said ; at the same time picking up from the table a Madras-patine in silver, ebony, and ivory. Magicians do not

like to have their powers questioned. They never met personally again, but I was deeply interested to hear from him that he was actually present at the much-written-of picnic where the hostess exclaimed:—“It was here I lost a brooch twelve years ago!” Blavatsky concentrated or unfolded:—“If your servants will dig deep beneath the roots of that tree they will find it.”

“A clever conjurer,”—was all Mr. Jacobs would say.

He told me one anecdote worth recording, of how he once got the better of a famous London publisher. Having some rare manuscripts to dispose of he was advised to take them to Mr. Quaritch. The old man asking what he wanted, Mr. Jacobs said he had come to sell some books!

“Books! books!” snarled Quaritch, “you think we eat books!”

“I should have said Persian manuscripts”—and Mr. Isaacs unrolled his *kincob*.

“How much do you want for them?”

“Forty pounds each.”

“Forty! nonsense! Why we only get twenty for that”—throwing down a gold-illuminated Saadi.

“I’ll take it,”—said the Simla *yogi*, putting it quickly under his arm, at the same time laying down two £10 notes.

The old bookworm started, he had mistaken him for an ordinary trader who did not carry a bank in his pocket.

“But don’t you want to examine before paying so much—it may be torn or imperfect.”

“Oh, no—I trust your word.”

Q. did all that he could to get it back, and at last when Mr. I. insisted that it was his, as he had paid for it, he said:—

“Who are you?”

The mysterious stranger laid down his card:—

“Is it possible! Why, man, you have robbed me of £130. That manuscript was worth one hundred and fifty. I never dreamed you would buy it. You should now make me a present of yours, and then you would be having the book dirt-cheap.”

“I will make you a present of mine for a cheque of one hundred and sixty pounds.”

After much gagging and grumbling Quaritch wrote out in full, and the “Grand Old Man of the Book Trade” was beaten for once in his life.

One does not know Mr. Isaacs who has not seen him in a

passion. Then he is great. Usually so gentle, so radiant, the slightest word may arouse his fury. Especially if one tries to bargain with him. No prince exacted more homage or ceremony. When at Simla a woman of high title called to see his jewels, he sent out word asking her card:—"Tell her this is not a shop. I receive no visitor who does not send in her card." A visitor might pick up one of his minor jewels and ask the price. He is so accustomed to play the Grand Seigneur his impulse would be to say:—"Oh, that is nothing will you not accept it?" "I scarcely like to do that, do let me pay you for it." "Well, then, if you like you may give me a hundred rupees." Even this may be more than the fair purchaser expected or has in her purse and she incautiously says:—"Will you not let me have it for seventy-five?" Snap go the cases. "I am not a Jew shopkeeper—the price is seventy-five thousand row. I have walked over gold and diamond-dust—seventy-five rupees are nothing to me."

The eyes blaze like the gems he throws back into the safe. Royalty is shown to the door. Ordinary mortals stumble out themselves.

But generally no one could be more charming with *un'cbrezza perversa mista di spontarictà è d'arfizio*. Especially at a dinner-party—he fairly scintillates—such wealth of anecdote—stories of the highest oriental court life—the under-threads of famous mysteries—marvels of occult phenomena. When alone the brilliant eyes grow pensive, the mood alters, woman is always the theme, in a vague spiritual union beyond carnal passion:—

"Love, mystery of mysteries, is the transfiguring of the physical influence man shares in common with the lowest of the brutes into the divinity-human. The woman who feels that there is no reverence for her in her lover, the man who feels no submission, no self-surrender in the woman who professes to love, may rest assured that their true love is not true."

One may take the comparison of French and English wives in the light of old-maid's-children, if he likes, but it is very amusing coming from an oriental. He rather gives palm to the French:—

"The Politics of Matrimony is a science inborn in the French woman. Be she mistress of a superb Champs Elysées mansion or poor little *cirquidme-étage* she always has the charm of feminality {sic}. However poor, she is tidy, smart, alert—*bien coiffée, bien gantée, bien chaussée*. Every one of her movements is supple and artistic. She has a pretty bustling, fluttering way about her which will always keep your interest alive. To lift her dress

modestly and gracefully as she crosses a muddy street, she has not her equal in the world. She may be sometimes a little affected, but she is never vulgar. When she speaks to you, you may not guess from her speech whether she be wife of what society calls a gentleman or not. Put a little French sempstress or milliner in the most aristocratic drawing-room for an hour and note her keen power of observation and native adaptability. At the end of that hour she will cross the room, sit down, talk, rise to leave as simply and naturally as the highest born lady."

Some "keen power of observation" this! It recalls to me the description an Indian prince gave me of the then Lady Curzon—after once seeing her at the Delhi Durbar:—"We think she would be beautiful had she been born Oriental. Her face is spoiled by her American ambition. Her forehead is fine and noble with fine sense of balance. She holds her eyes too far open, but that you all do. Her nostrils are delicate. The high, thin bridge of her nose denotes wealth and scorn of wealth. Her mouth is European. Its expression to us is hard. The back of her neck is very lovely. She has serpentine grace, which pleases us. Affability, but great dignity. Her ears are like little shells. Her waist slender. Her wrist small. Her forearm we think a beauty. She has some nice veins on the back of her hand."

Mr. Jacobs goes on to state *re* the Frenchwoman in her home life:—"Her constant aim is to be interesting to her husband. She multiplies herself. In turn she is his friend, his *confidante*, his partner in business, his chum, and, if I may use the word in its best and refined sense—his mistress. For him she is ever changing her appearance. You will seldom see a French married woman wear her hair in the same way longer than three weeks. She knows that love feeds on trifles, on illusions, on suggestions. She also knows that when a man loves his wife, a rose in her hair, a new frock, a hat differently trimmed will revive in him the very emotion he felt when he held her in his arms for the first time. The best dishes may become insipid always served with the same sauce. Why is the Frenchwoman of forty so attractive? Because every feature of her face tells that she has been petted and loved."

For the English wife he is more severe, but does not always keep to the parallel:—"The British aristocrat sows his wild oats, then marries for settlement. His wife lives in Society. They go their separate ways. The middle-class wife is rather more repulsive, except on moral grounds. She produces six wholesome-looking children at measured intervals, and thenceforth

spends most of her time frittering over their nursery arrangements. She takes no part in her husband's business and asks no questions about it. Contents herself with spending the house-keeping money as wisely as possible and dressing herself and her pretty children creditably on their respective allowances. She keeps the home beautiful with antimacassars and lace curtains. She continues to play the piano in a progressively feeble way till her eldest daughter succeeds her, but makes no other sacrifice to the strange God of Culture. Is not much of a novel-reader. In poetry or general literature interests herself still less, while her excursions into the domain of scientific thought or politics are even milder. Her domain is the drawing-room. There she reigns supreme. In her husband's mind she represents the social, the gracefully artistic or emotional side of his serious existence. For him the counting-house. For her the parlour. As she grows old, she develops into the British Matron, an awesome person of certain size and great distinction." Nor is his idea of the working-class life much higher—this is the labourer's wife :— " She spends her life in hard toil—endless *grudgery* [sic]. Washes and cooks and sews and makes beds for herself her husband and her many children. Their faces are almost as white as their pinafores; yet she believes in God in a blind sort of way, and attaches great importance to religious ceremony. But she has no soul. How could she find time to attend to one? She is the material ideal of a brutalized, soulless peasantry and docs her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her, with a heroism that moves one's respectful pity."

Though not himself an actual *yogi*, it is said that Mr. Isaacs has mastered enough of *hatha-yoga* to possess some of the power of these mysterious beings, such as running the blade of a sword through his body without injury, walking upon the water, dematerializing not only himself but his table, even his home, and carrying it through the air to any desired spot.

Also to produce any event of history from the astral light, where everything that has ever taken place still exists as all past thoughts and deeds are kept like cinematographic films in the storehouse of our brains. The day comes when some coincidence—the perfume of a flower—a chance word—the waving of tree tops—the memory of a walk in Florence, awakens the nerve of recollection and the cinema unrolls—faces come back—the details of forgotten streets—words of people long passed out of mind.

So the seer can produce from the mist of the past—the Coronation of Napoleon—Nero with Poppea—Achilles and the Siege of Troy—all as it actually took place to sense and sight and hearing.

Small wonder that the one who owns Cæsar's heart and Shakspeare's brain is content to live in a cave and eat grass—that he finds modern commerce uninteresting.

But such “entertainment” is prohibited.

In asking Mr. Jacobs of his Mahatmic powers he said:—“No—I am under a ban. I did a foolish thing at a London dinner-party, so have been suspended from the order for nine years. The time is up in thirteen months, which you will have to wait in India if you really want to know me.

“I was the guest of an ambassador. Speaking of various dishes the hostess said:—‘Is Indian curry so delightful? I long to taste some.’ Beckoning to my Arab boy, who always attended me, I told him to go into the next room and bring me the platter he would find there. Presently he returned with a steaming dish—brought from the Himalayas in just three minutes. But for this I was severely reprimanded, as we are not allowed to exhibit our powers for the amusement of a London dinner-party.”

We had none of that *essence du feu que forme la sauce exragée de mon sempiternal cari*, as Jaquemont wrote in 1830, but the dishes were most tempting and varied, all prepared by the magic hand of Mr. Jacobs himself. He had invited, saying:—“A poor meal, in a poor house, with a poor man”—with almost the humility of the ancient Japanese, who had no personal pronouns, and, referring to a guest as the effulgent sun, spoke of themselves as “that obscure corner.”

I specially remember a pudding of cheese and many fruits, and that all wondered over the delicious ice which tasted like the richest cream, yet was made without any.

The feats witnessed by many at Simla were then spoken of—his being seen walking over the lily-ponds in his back yard—especially the story of another dinner-party in Calcutta before the London episode, when he stuck his grape-vine-walking-stick in a great bowl of water on the table, which bubbled and seethed till roots burst forth, leaves, buds, blossoms, and great black Hamburg clusters hung heavy for the guests to pluck.

Then I learned something that much struck me, and which answers some oft-repeated questions.

I asked if one can grow grapes on a dried cane, why may

he not grow bunches of gold sovereigns when he needs them?

"He can if he has them in the bank."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, what do you take us for—thieves or gods? We cannot create, that alone belongs to Allah. We *must not* steal. I have told you that our powers may not be used for any personal end. We understand and can control the laws of chemical affinity—that's all. The black Hamburg grapes I may have forced to spring from a walking stick, but I paid for them. They grew on a vine. They ripened in the sun. They reposed in the basket of the *phal-ka-soudagar* at the bazaar, who found them gone, but found a piece of gold in their place."

He had seen a *jaquir*, who produced over sixty pounds of cooked rice from under the scrap of blanket which covered him, feed a multitude. Were the "loaves and fishes" materialized in the same way? Asking where he got it, he gave Jacobs' name and number of the market-stall. Calling there the next morning, he found all in confusion. "Oh, Sahib! when we opened our shop this morning we found rice gone and started to look for the thief! But no bolts were broken and there in the bag was this pile of money—just the price."

The silver was disintegrated from the girdle of the holy man and carried through the air to the markets while its complement in rice was disintegrated in the market and re-integrated where the *jaquir* willed.

This is why such *yogis* may be able to perform fabulous miracles and yet be beggars.

It is eye-for-eye, tooth-for-tooth even here.

"Mahatmas don't rob apple orchards."

If beyond our grasp it is at least logical.

Of course I *heard* many other stories in India. An Australian found a cave-dweller who promised to produce out of the jungle any animal one might mention. The antipodean thought he had him there, for he named one never seen in India. And even as he spoke a great buck-kangaroo broke from the bamboo thicket and with its strange leaps hopped away. It could never be found, so hypnotism may explain that it was conjured out of the Australian's imagination—but he didn't *eat* it.

I asked many in Haiderabad if they had ever seen the *yogi* perform his rice-making miracles. They replied:—"Scores and scores of times." Finally Dr. Chattopadhyay, father of Sarojini Naidu, India's greatest modern poetess, offered to bring him to

me. It was the last day of my visit at Prince Syed Ali's house. A special train was waiting to take me to the Maharajah of Mysore at Mysore, when a message arrived from the *yogi* saying he could not come. He was ill with fever. “Tell him,” I replied, “that in America we have *yogis* who know enough not to have fevers.”

I have had only one personal experience that seems to belong to this group, yet do not know if to place it there or not. I try always to write only of what I know and nothing of surmise or mere repetition of the *experientia* of others unless stating such to be.

Once engaged upon an article for *Everybody's Magazine* in my studio overlooking Central Park, New York, I was in need of some data on an Indian subject not procurable. I could not write for want of it. Walking up and down the corridor, when I returned to my desk I noticed a crumpled letter on the carpet which I was sure had not been there when I had left a few moments before. It was not addressed to me, but was from Sister Nivedita in India and gave all the information I so earnestly desired.

I was not a friend of Sister Nivedita. Was not in correspondence with her. Had met her in London at the house of Dr. J. Chunder Bose, and Dr. and Mrs. Bose had brought her to one of my receptions. As I mention, the letter was not *to* me. I knew of no one who could have dropped it there. It contained just what I had asked for a few moments before. I give the incident for what it is worth—that is all I can say.

I must confess that in India the miracles fled before my search. I was always just too late. A *taboo* from higher powers gave me a ban when I asked for a banyan.

In Bombay:—“You will find it in Madras.”

In Madras:—“What a pity you did not see it in Bombay.”

A BALLAD OF REBIRTH

By E. LE BRETON MARTIN

I HAVE known you for ever, beloved,
 Though we met—was it yesterday?
 Once more have our souls commingled,
 And swept all time away.

Long ago in the dim, dead ages, when the World evolved from slime,
 We were man and maid together, as we shall be for all time.

In the depths of the forest fearsome
 We cowered in the self-same cave,
 And I fought the brutes of the jungle,
 A savage strong and brave.

With the skins of beasts for our raiment, preyed on and preying alike,
 We learnt the one rule of Nature: "Be stricken, unless ye strike!"

Slowly the world grew wiser,
 As strength to guile gave way,
 And the axe hewed down the forest
 To let in the light of day,

And in place of the darksome cavern we fashioned a house of stone,
 And learnt to use steel for our weapons, instead of our knives of bone.

We made the seas our highway,
 And crept from coast to coast,
 While cities sprang up at our bidding,
 Each one a signal-post.

Great nations grew up into being, Greece and Rome and Spain,
 While each outran the other, and watched each other wane.

We harnessed the wind and the waters;
 Turned tyrant into slave,
 As nation strove against nation,
 And stole but never gave.

We tore from the Earth her treasures, and turned her dross to gold,
 And made grim Mammon our Sovereign, a master cruel and cold.

Yet one King shall be triumphant,
 One Ruler ever supreme,
 Who at last must surely conquer,
 Though vanquished he may seem.

It was Love who brought us together, long ago when the world was new,
 It is Love who once more has shown me that he is reborn in you.

ACONITE *

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE maceration of wolf's-bane produces a poisonous wine according to poetical testimony, yet it is not unknown in medicine and—as aconite—is a plant of renown, though it seems to have been neglected by Paracelsus—that master herbalist—unless indeed he concealed some of its remoter efficacies from the *profanum vulgus* of the contemporary doctorate under an outlandish name. I should be disposed to conclude that a book of rhymes ought not to be labelled *Wolf's Bane* unless a medicine is contained therein, even if it calls for some pounding before the virtue is extracted. On the faith of this postulate I began my reading of a collection so entitled by Mr. J. C. Powys, whose repute as an essayist has reached me across the Atlantic. I began frankly as one who looks for essences and has heard of a quintessence which is *summum bonum*. It was easy to set aside the Author's *Apologia*, which speaks of his “bitter stammered rhymes,” for I should have counted it of little consequence whether he silvered every bolus produced in his metrical apothecary or let all acridities remain on the surface, so only that I found medicine within. In another form of symbolism I prefer a book to be bitter in the mouth and sweet in the belly rather than like that which was swallowed by St. John. Let it be understood, in the next place, that Mr. Powys is a poet and not a simple rhymmer, whether he is correct or otherwise in stating that he is too often “tuneless”; and as a poet therefore I questioned him concerning eternal life, which is the chief concern of song. I found my answer as follows:—

The eternal law, the deep life-stream,
Why should I worship these?
Better the briefest human dream
Among the fading trees!

And as evidence of sincerity Mr. Powys rings the changes hereon through seven verses. So much for my canon of criticism, though I shall cleave to it—and perhaps hold it proven by such a salient exception. But it is up against me further that Mr. Powys speaks of the fool

Who holds that life is a school
For training noble souls.

I have read him, line upon line through all his pages, looking for

* *Wolf's-Bane: Rhymes*. By John Cowper Powys. Small 4to, pp. 120. New York: G. Arnold Shaw, 1735 Grand Central Terminal.

counterblasts to this kind of philosophy, and I have found things here and there which hint at another aspect. He knows that

Life and Reality
Are high evasive things,

while the rest is nonentity, however it drapes itself. He believes, too, that he has heard

A strange weird voice from the deep
That opens below all depth.

What is it hinders, therefore, so that Mr. Powys, with his real gifts of seeing and thinking, cannot work out into sunlight? One of his cries tells us:—

Let there be for us no after-world,
Lord of eternal rest.

It is more, however, than a cry, for it comes again as a profession of faith:—

When we lie dead
With the earth on our head,
All hell may howl behind us,
It can never find us—

nor either—presumably—the song of blessed spirits in the inmost circles of heaven. Here is wolf's-bane assuredly, and little medicine therein. The singer feels it in his bitterness. He feels, I think, also that it is somehow an ill mood in the heart, having no more truth in it than he allows to those priests whom he bids, "Go aside and be dumb," because of their false oracles.

Over the hill—
Can you hear the sea?—
A voice I know
Is calling to me.

Of course it is calling, and it is not—as he pretends to himself—the voice of a dead woman "calling out of the ground," but of

something beyond and over—
Without which . . .
Still we go naked.

Yes, it is sounding about him—somewhere, everywhere, and between the lines of these lyrics, telling him that in place of the "poisonous wine" there is another cup and a medicine.

Meanwhile, however much it is apart from what I have called as a mystic the chief concern of song, here is memorable poet's work, it's own and no other's, which is a high thing to say in these days of many reflections.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As Mr. Macdonald gives the two incidents told him by the Russian Finn, they are variants from the First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, which is full of most strange alleged miracles by the Infant Jesus. The references are to be found in chapter xv., verses 1 to 7, and chapter xvi. verses, 1 to 16. This gospel was first translated and published in 1697. In 1820 William Hone published translations of *The Apocryphal New Testament, being the Gospels, Epistles and other pieces now extant attributed in the first four centuries to Jesus Christ, His Apostles, and their Companions, and not included in the New Testament by its Compilers.* The First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ is included in the above named production. The copy before me is a late republication, I believe. I purchased it in October last year from Lowe Brothers, 45 Newhall Street, Birmingham. It cost me with postage three shillings and twopence.

The book is, I think, of profound interest. As published, it is full in both references and annotations. Whether other copies can be obtained, I do not know.

Is it possible that these gospels are still recognized in Finland?

Yours faithfully,

WICK COURT.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The stories to which your correspondent refers are to be found in *The First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ*, chapter xv. verses 1-7, chapter xvi. verses 1-16, and *Thomas' Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ*, chapter i. verses 2-10. The First Gospel was first translated and published in 1697 by Mr. Henry Sike, Professor of Oriental Languages at Cambridge. It was received by the Gnostics, a sect of Christians in the second century. Many of the early Fathers refer to it, and it has been supposed that Mohammed and his coadjutors used it in compiling the Koran.

The translation of Thomas' Gospel was made from a copy in Greek and printed by Cotelerius in his notes on the constitution of the Apostles. The MS. was No. 2279 in the French King's Library (*vide* preface).

The two Gospels are to be found in a volume, *The Apocryphal New*

Testament, printed for William Hone, Ludgate Hill, 1820, which contains in all twenty-three volumes. Yours faithfully,

WOBURN S.O.,

W. STEFF-LANGSTON.

BEDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The stories of the youth of Jesus mentioned by Mr. Percy Macdonald in your February issue are taken from either the *Gospel* of Pseudo-Matthew or one of the three forms of the Apocryphal *Gospel of Thomas*—all of which contain the miracle of the clay birds and the lengthening of a piece of timber. But in the latter case the original story is that Joseph had an order to make a couch, and his servant cut two pieces of wood for it of unequal length by mistake. Jesus, seeing the difficulty, miraculously lengthened the shorter piece to the proper measurement. Most authorities agree that these Gospels were current during the third or fourth century of the Christian era—based upon traditions that were accepted by many in about the second century. They are to be found in the "Anti-Nicene Christian Library," published by T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, in 1870.—Yours truly

RICHARD A. BUSH.

MEDIUMS AND THE *DAILY MAIL*.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A few days ago there was a letter in the *Daily Mail* signed "M.D." and entitled "Psychic Brain Storms."

After a reference to the article in the *Daily Mail* on "Sir Oliver Lodge's Spook Book," M.D. observes that this "touches on a matter of very grave importance to the health of the people at the present time." Then continues on his own account, "there is a condition known to doctors as 'dissociation,' which is nothing less than a 'fractured mind,'" and proceeds further to state what he considers this "fractured mind" to be and from what it springs. Briefly I think all that M.D. says, and much that the *Daily Mail* said, is contemptible! I regret this immensely, as in other matters my esteem for the *Daily Mail* is extreme.

But what I want to say is this: most students who like myself have educated ourselves in the philosophy of spiritualism taught by masters up to the last eighteenth century will have noted with excessive interest the words "*fractured mind*." In my writings I have used the words "orbicular and odylic wound," and unless I had full space for explanation I could give no direct information within a short compass as to what I mean by these words. But the "orbicular wound"—or nervous lesion—to use a more modern term, is to my view the same as I conclude is meant by the medical term "fractured mind." I am, however, in doubts if the medico *are* quite clear as to what and where "mind" is—but undoubtedly they do mean by their modern psychological investigation the very same thing, only

they speculate where the old writers affirmed. Moreover, I doubt also if the modern medicos have at all grasped the excessive importance of their own words. I feel that they are using words which they fancy gives some sort of "form" to the psychology, showing that they speculatively grasp some dawning science.

In this they are right, but it will be no new discovery. They will be merely lifting a corner of nature's veil. But it is a most important corner, for the vista exhibited behind this corner shows forth some of the mysteries lying dormant waiting for the return of the true philosophical eye. If this subject be further surveyed and considered, it seems to me that a vast amount of confused and useless surmise and puzzled inquiry as to what mediumship is, whether "true or false," whether to be avoided or encouraged, whether it is science or merely a "brain-storm" sort of thing. What in fact is a fractured mind? What is a medium? And what is the orbicular wound? If these questions can be satisfactorily and truly replied to, so would the question of the Sphinx be rightly answered; "the health of the people" far from being tampered with, would be most considerably benefited—but space here or its want requires me to end.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

ROCK FERRY.

ISABELLE DE STEIGER.

[A temperate and at the same time crushing rejoinder to the blatant vulgarities of the *Daily Mail* campaign appears in the issue of the *World* for February 20. There has always appeared to me to be something not merely un-English but aggressively Prussian in this sort of bullying insolence and worship of blind force and materialism. Is not the present war a sufficient warning as to whither this sort of thing must eventually lead? The question of mediumship is an exceedingly difficult one, and of all problems in the world the least fitting to be dealt with by ignorant writers for the daily press.—Ed.]

CLOCKS STOPPING AT DEATH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—There is a mysterious happening attending the death of some persons which I have never seen commented upon in the REVIEW. Can any explanation be given? Last year two old men died and in each case the grandfather clock stopped at the time they passed over. One of these clocks came under my personal notice, it had been regularly wound by its owner every night, and on that particular day stopped at 4 p.m.—the weights only half down—and although the pendulum was several times started it would not go. There are allusions in an old song to a "clock that stopped never to go again when the old man died"—and also to bees leaving their hives if not informed of the death of the master. These things evidently happen. I heard of bees leaving a short time since.—Yours sincerely,

MARY CROSLAND TAYLOR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to the queries which your correspondent A.B.R. raises as to my statement under the subheading "Attraction" in my article on "The Four Cosmic Elements," I would say:

(1) I would not like to state that "Attraction" exercises "control" of the movements of matter subject to "initial energy" (the latter which is "life"). I prefer using the term "*influence*." The word "control" is better applied to the functions of the element of "Consciousness" ("Mind" or "Thought" in its various modes of manifestation). Attraction and matter are negative or "female" elements, mind and life are positive or "male" elements.

(2) Such laws, as correctly surmised by your correspondent, appear to apply to all aggregates, as well as to the smallest units of matter.

Yours faithfully,

C. G. SANDER.

ASTRAL TRAVELS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Last night, before going to bed, I was reading "E. M. B.'s" letter on the above subject in your current number.

I have had many telepathic communications with a lady I will call X during the last twelve years, but the last two we have not experimented any more, as she said it made her feel uncomfortable.

Last night, on going to bed, I thought I would try "E.M.B.'s" method of seeing X.

I shut my eyes, lying with my face in the direction of the town of "Y," which lies fifty-four miles from where I am living.

As soon as I "concentrated" on X (the room was pitch dark), I saw a white mist swirling, getting larger and smaller, and in about two minutes the white became stationary in a long oblong on the right, with a black semi-circular spot on the middle of its lower edge.

From the left side, gradually growing fainter till it arrived at the white oblong, was a vertical flower pattern in stripes, very faint; in fact the whole was very faint, the white oblong and the very black semi-circle cutting into its lower edge being the plainest.

There seemed to be a sort of throbbing in the clearness of what I saw, as when a room is lighted only by a fire in the grate, and the flickering flames bring out things near it distinctly at moments and then all becomes dark again.

I tried several minutes longer but could get nothing further, so gave it up as a failure.

This afternoon X happened to be in this town and I told her what I had done.

She said that at that hour, 10.30 p.m., she was in bed in the dark, except for the fire. That the pattern of her wall paper was as I described. That the bed stood in the exact relation to the fireplace as I described. That she was lying with her head on the extreme lower edge

of the pillow, so that only where her hair grows was on it (she has intensely black hair) and that she had the dark quilt drawn up to her eyes.

Now what I have described at the beginning of this letter exactly describes what would be seen in the dim light of the fire.

Yours faithfully,
INVESTIGATOR.

STRANGE DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Just lately I have been having a very curious repetition of dreams. I wonder if you think there is any explanation to it all? To start with, I have had the following dream no less than *six times*—always about the middle of the night. I am standing in Trafalgar Square—in the south-west corner—everything looks different to the present-day appearance of the Square. There do not seem to be any motor-buses on the roads. I can only see taxis—all going very quickly and quietly. The air is full of aircraft of every description, all of which are travelling in the same direction, and at a great pace.

As I stand—and I always stand in the same place—I seem to be looking up at Nelson's Column, and, as I look, it suddenly breaks out into three enormous cracks, totters, and comes crashing to earth in the direction of the Strand. Then I wake up with a start.

I always dream this at about the same time of night, viz., between one and two in the early morning. Each time I dream it I always seem to know what is going to happen—I feel I am the only person in London who knows of an impending calamity. And yet I do not actually seem to know the exact nature of that calamity.

Everything in the streets and in the air is in just the same position each time I have this dream. I can clearly remember one tall man, dressed entirely in black, who stands lounging up against the pedestal of the lion that most nearly faces Cockspur Street. I cannot see his face. As soon as the Column falls, I always wake up with a violent start, and something seems to tell me some calamity has occurred, though whether it is of merely local, or of national importance, I do not know. However, as soon as I am really properly awake, my fears vanish, and I turn over and go to sleep again.

Do you think there is any explanation to the continual repetition of this dream?

* * * * *

While I am writing to you about this I may as well mention another curious repetition of a dream. But this is a very muddled and confusing dream.

First I may say that when only a very small boy—between eight and nine years of age—I used to attend a gymnasium class, composed, except for myself and one other child—of some fifteen or twenty little girls, all of whom used to be dressed in navy blue frocks and jerseys, and scarlet sashes. Well, one night when I was about eight and a

half, I dreamt I was on the platform of some great railway terminus. I seemed to be alone, with a small pile of luggage beside me. As I stood, a train steamed slowly in, and then, coming apparently from some booking-office or waiting room, I saw my little gymnasium friends, in their blue-and-scarlet costumes. One girl, who was a good deal older than the rest, suddenly stopped, and, uttering a loud shriek, threw herself beneath the wheels of the oncoming locomotive, where she was cut to pieces by the wheels. Immediately the rest of the children surrounded me, yelling loudly, and they, dragging me with them, all jumped off the platform. But the train seemed to have gone, and, instead, appeared a great black abyss, which we fell into together. We seemed to fall, fall, fall—for ages, it seemed, and below, always beckoning to us to follow her, was the cut and mangled form of the elder girl who had been killed by the train. How well I remember that pale, bloody face, and those upturned eyes! Suddenly I found myself resting on a grassy hillock, while above me, now clad in white, the children seemed to be hovering, beckoning to me to follow them, while a great voice seemed to shout "No! No! where they go you can never follow!"—over and over again—while the great brazen gates of some pure white aerial castle rolled back to receive the children, who vanished from my sight with their eyes still fixed upon me, and their little arms still beckoning me to follow. Then I awoke in a cold sweat, and began to cry loudly for my nurse, who, appearing presently, soon soothed me to sleep again.

Well, I had that very same dream for three nights in succession, and, the day after the third time, the elder girl did not appear in the gymnasium class. Later I heard she had received some injury, and was lying on her back in a critical condition. About a year afterwards, that family moved from England, and went abroad: and shortly before they went, I was told the girl had died. And I am pretty sure the report was true, though nobody ever knew for certain, because nobody around knew the people, who were very retiring and unsocial.

However, the matter did not end there—for on the night of December 21st-22nd, 1916, *I had that very same dream again!* perfect, as far as I can remember, in every detail—and I have been having it periodically ever since—the total now being five times since that date.

So I thought I would write to you, to know if you think there is any explanation to these two cases of the repetition of dreams? If you think there is, would you be so kind as to say what you think about them in the next number of the OCCULT REVIEW? I would be very much indebted to you if you would.

Hoping I have not been too long,—I am, sir, yours truly,

S. WILFRID SMITH.

[I should be very glad to receive any readers' theories as regards these curious dreams and the reason of their repetition.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

OUR readers will be acquainted with the name of Mr. V. C. Desertis, whose work on *Psychic Philosophy* has a deserved reputation. In a recent issue of *Light* he addresses an Open Letter to the Lord Bishop of Winchester on the meaning of spiritualism, and institutes a somewhat elaborate comparison between the present epoch and the intellectual condition of the classical world during the Apostolic Age, as also between the outpouring of spiritual life resulting from vital faith in the return of the Risen Christ and the experimental proof regarding the reality of spirit which is amongst us at this day—for those who can see. The chief force of the communication lies in the practical point that the Church, which has empowered a Convocation-Committee to consider how it can best meet spiritual needs of sailors and soldiers when the present war is over, must above all things "speak boldly on the continuity of life." Its testimony, moreover, must be no longer to a "theatrical heaven," but to that of which this is a symbol, and so also not to a "materialized hell," but to the "mental and psychic conditions" which have been made for themselves by souls. While not of necessity accepting the full force of the analogy between epochs, and believing, for example, that Neoplatonism had elements which have escaped in the criticism of Mr. Desertis, we are of opinion that his central contention has not only its application to the particular "father in God" who has the care of souls at Winchester and to Houses of Convocation at Canterbury, but to every diocese of the Kingdom, and beyond the duty of religious communions within the zone of war, to every official Church and all princes and prelates, the whole world over. . . . We have been interested also in a leading article in *Light*, which reviews the past history of the London Spiritualist Alliance, citing noteworthy facts and recalling familiar personalities no longer with us in the flesh, after which there is a tentative sketch of future possibilities. The Alliance has done good and wholesome work in its particular field for a period of thirty-three years, and its ambitions for decades to follow command our unstinted sympathy, while we share in all its hopes.

Theosophy in India gives account of researches by Mr. J. Chatterji into the pre-Indian Home of the Aryans, the results of which are instructive. (1) The ancestors of the Indian people included considerable non-Aryan elements, which had a common origin, together with the Aryans, in and about Pontus and Armenia. (2) Thence, and from various parts of Caucasia and Asia Minor, the Aryans came into India. (3) The epoch of their arrival was long posterior to the composition of the Vedas. (4) The actual date was not very much earlier than the reputed period of Buddha. (5) The language of

the Vedas, and Aryan languages generally, contained elements of the same origin as Sumerian, and the Sumerians derived from Armenia. (6) The geography of the Vedas can be traced in the pre-Indian home. It would be interesting to learn the views of the Asiatic Society and especially of the Society of Bengal on these results of research. . . . Mr. Howard E. White has been writing on magic in the Catholic Church in recent issues of *The Theosophist*, and seems to use that debatable word as covering a congeries of processes for the increase of personal power by concentration of mind and will. In a concluding article, the Mass is regarded as the most important of Catholic rites, while Baptism is taken as a typical instance of sacraments of the instituted kind. An adequate acquaintance is shown with the ceremonial procedure, but in an attempt to gather light on the symbolism from Kabalistic sources, the analogies extracted are a little artificial, nor are the statements always correct. For example, the true Kabalistic Cross is not made as suggested—at least by those who know the Tree of Life according to Zoharic literature. . . . We have referred previously to *Reincarnation*, which appears at Chicago as the official organ of a Karma and Reincarnation Legion, and is theosophical in general character. The last issue has a statement on so-called unassailable evidence in favour of its chief concern. This appears to consist in the idea that reincarnation alone gives a deep meaning to human existence and a reasonable explanation of the facts of human life. At the same time "complete and satisfactory proof" is not to be looked for at this stage of evolution. So is the subject relegated by a zealous exponent to a purely speculative domain. Other exponents may wish to be delivered from such "unassailable evidence." . . . The question of reincarnation is discussed also by *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, where a writer on the affirmative side makes recollection of past lives depend on "development of the Bhuddic vehicle." Doctrine or speculation, however, reincarnation claims are not regarded favourably by this periodical, presumably because spiritualistic "communications from the other side," outside France, have lent it so little colour. . . . *The Vedic Magazine* gives a biographical account and panegyric of Swami Dayanand Saraswati, who died about 1884 and whose name is a household word in the Punjab. He is described as a man of great intellectual endowments but more especially a man of vision who translated vision into life. He was the "master-builder" of that Arya Samaj which will be always connected with his name.

Azoth is a new publication, the first number of which comes from New York, proposing to foster the "young life" of the inner spirit of man, which has "come to an awakening." The description confuses images, and the editorial generally does not offer much novelty in its programme, nor any explanation of the title adopted, which will puzzle many readers. *Azoth* or rather *Azot* is a conventional word compounded of the initial and final letters of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin alphabets. It belongs to alchemy, though it is not easy

to say by whom it was invented. It was familiar to Basil Valentine and Paracelsus. Various explanations of its meaning are offered by alchemical lexicons, and among other things it signified the first matter of the Great Work. Mr. Hereward Carrington writes on recent progress in psychical research; there are lessons in astrology and a laudation of new thought, which, however, recognizes "its faults and weaknesses, its excrescences and its parasites." Finally, there is a note on the Rosicrucians, by an anonymous writer who warily suggests—without affirming—that he knows a good deal about the true brotherhood, as distinguished from its substitutes. When referring to the Masonic Order of the Temple he makes an ignorant mistake in its nomenclature. We shall watch with interest the progress of our new contemporary, which has a certain theosophical complexion of the independent kind, but at present it is very slightly distinguished from the mass of similar periodicals which reach us from America. It is creditable in its form of production.

An unusual interest attaches to recent issues of *The Freemason*, in which Mr. Dudley Wright presents an excellent study of Robert Burns, with special reference to his Masonic career. Burns was initiated in St. David's Lodge at Tarbolton on July 4, 1781, in the twenty-third year of his age. He took the second and third degrees on October 1 of the same year, from which time forward his zeal and interest in the Craft never diminished. He was elected Depute Master of the St. James' Lodge of Tarbolton on July 27, 1784, and held office for four years. Here are the bare facts, but Mr. Wright develops from them a realistic account of events and personalities, exhibiting the influence of Freemasonry on Burns and of Burns on Freemasonry. It is illustrated by letters of the poet, by snatches of his impromptu verse and by notes on Burns' relics preserved in the St. James' Lodge and elsewhere. One may hope that so notable a study will be made available in a permanent form. . . . Mr. Wright's activities in Masonic journalism are otherwise illustrated by an article on Druidism in *The Builder*, and we note with satisfaction that he dismisses summarily a heap of fantastic etymologies attempted in past years as an explanation of the word itself. As regards the Druids in their origin, he admits that we know nothing precisely, but they appear to have settled in Ireland at a much earlier period than that of their arrival in Scotland. *The Builder* also takes us back to Robert Burns, for when Dr. Fortt Newton, its editor, visited this country last year, he carried away not only pleasant and precious memories of his welcome by English Masons, but by those also of Scotland, and an enthusiastic account of his experience at Progress Lodge, Glasgow, is introduced by a frontispiece reproducing the well-known picture of the "inauguration" of Burns as poet laureate of Canongate Kilwinning Lodge. The relations between Freemasonry and Monasticism in the Middle Ages are discussed in another paper, which gleans its knowledge from several important sources.

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REVIEWS

THE WORLD AS IMAGINATION. By Edward Douglas Fawcett. Demy 8vo, 623 pp. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 15s. net.

WHEN it is remembered how many are the solutions to the riddle of the universe which have been put forward by philosophers from time to time, one is inclined to question whether, in the welter of all these "systems," there is room for yet another. To the reader, however, who conscientiously follows the author in the unfolding of his hypothesis, and its verification in the various demands of human life and experience, it becomes increasingly apparent that the conception of the ultimate reality as cosmic imagination, as implied by the title of the work, has much light to throw on the great problems of existence. In the cosmic imagination as thus conceived, we "live and move and have our being." "The world is a game which imagination plays with itself."

In consideration of the limitations of space, it must suffice here to give a general indication of Mr. Fawcett's views. As a philosopher he is eminently idealistic. He is even prepared to take the mystics as sign-posts, pointing out that some of the greatest of the intellectual philosophers have also been mystics, and contending that the power which is sometimes vaguely apprehended by them is one and the same with the Cosmic imagination. Yet he utters a word of warning. "The super-rational character of the Cosmic Imagination must not be made the excuse for slovenly attempts to seize it by way of mystical insight . . . There is no short and easy way to perfect insight. . . . Though the intellectual's rational way of thinking is not final, it brings him into ever closer intimacy with divine thought and allows him to discover differences and identities, failing grasp of which even the Beatific Vision itself would be sterile. Were the undeveloped mystic to expand awhile into the experience, say, of a finite god, would the privilege profit him much? Would he not be simply dazzled and confused, mumbling to us afterwards of 'ineffable moments,' and bringing back no insight of the remotest value?"

We trust that the little we have said as to the nature of Mr. Fawcett's experiment in philosophical reconstruction will be such as to recommend it to the thoughtful reader. The work shows scholarship and a powerful mental grasp of the abstruse conceptions with which it deals, and deserves to take high rank in the literature of metaphysics. H. J. S.

NOTES AND INDEX TO THE BHAGAVAD GĪTA. By K. Browning, M.A. London: Theosophical Publishing Society. Pp. 104. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THIS little book is not meant to be a commentary on the famous "Lord's Song," but contains a few general notes and suggestions which will be of use to the student, and an exhaustive index to enable him to find quotations on any special subject. It is compact and well-arranged, and there is some interesting information about the Yoga and Sāṅkhya systems, as well as some very useful notes on various terms employed in Indian philosophy. It is altogether suitable to serve the purpose for which it was compiled. E. M. M.

LETTERS FROM ANOTHER BATTLEFIELD. London: Erskine Macdonald. Paper, price 1s.; cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

IN the absorption and excitement of the great world-war, and the daily dwelling on tidings from its battlefields, one is apt to forget another war that is being silently waged in our midst, a campaign which began many years ago and will continue long after the guns have ceased to thunder in France and Flanders. It is the war against that terrible White Plague, Consumption—one of the deadliest enemies incidental to so-called "civilization." None can read this intensely appealing book without realizing acutely the need for a new régime of national existence, whose aim should be: "to render the conditions of life for *every* individual such that it will be *impossible* for the germs of tuberculosis to thrive." Though, in its early stages, absolutely curable, is not Prevention better than Cure? The noble army of doctors and nurses must be aided by the co-operation of every intelligent man and woman. Will this be one phase of the "New Heaven and New Earth" towards which we are looking, after the War? . . . Apart from this hope, these letters are well worth reading because of their bright feminine charm and literary beauty. They reveal a spirit so thinly veiled in flesh as to seem almost equally at home in both worlds. They were written by a girl to her soldier friend at the Front, and are published anonymously since her transition, which occurred three days after she learnt that her hero had been killed in action. One can picture their joyous reunion "In the Land of the Hereafter," following so soon her last written words, found in his tunic pocket:

"There is one message which rings in my heart day and night, and I can think of nothing so helpful for both of us, so here it is:

"Love is stronger than Death."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE ORIENT PEARLS. By Shovona Devi. London: Macmillan & Co. Price 2s. 6d.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have published a perfect store of Indian wisdom during the last few years. And now we have this volume of charming folk-tales by a niece of Rabindranath Tagore, which, as she declares in her brief prefatory note, were told to her by word of mouth by "various illiterate village folk, and not a few by a blind man still in my service, with a retentive memory and a great capacity for telling a story."

The first thing in these simple folk-tales that will strike the reader is the near relationship of gods and men and fairies. The Indian gods walk in and out amid the mortal folk as easily as those of Greece in her golden ages. Beasts talk as fluently as Balaam's ass or the creatures in Æsop's Fables. A half-witted farmer even enters heaven surreptitiously, while the great god "Indra, surrounded by his celestial *Apsaras* and *Ghandarvas* (elves and fairies), then happened to be holding a carnival and the farmer slipped in amongst them. He had a huge turban on his head, folded round and round, as if it were a coiled-up serpent, and the turban made him the most 'observed of all observers' among the gods and goddesses."

These few lines reveal how India for all her starry deeps of wisdom still bathes her spirit in that divine radiance which proceeded from the childhood of the world.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE POWER OF FAITH. By the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D.
London: Elliot Stock, 7 Paternoster Row, E.C., Price
3s. net.

IN this posthumous work of Archdeacon Wilberforce, we find him at his brightest and best. All his great power of spiritual analysis is expressed in these twelve sermons, of which the last was preached in Holy Week, 1916. In this discourse the Archdeacon quotes in full from *The Spectator* these wonderfully beautiful lines, "Christ in Flanders." . . . The wise counsel in "The Cure for Depression" must have helped many a listener, and will help many a reader. It defines so clearly the secret of peace, that acquired habit of "mentally living on the plane of Spirit, while you do your duty on the plane of the material." Characteristically forceful is the address on "Human Devils." The personal devil, in whom many still believe, owes his existence, says the Archdeacon, to Zoroastrianism misunderstood, and his cohort of fiends has been popularized by Milton's splendid imagination. The real devil is the animal part of human nature, "the power in ourselves that makes for unrighteousness," while "the angels that are persons are discarnate human beings in the spirit world, who are privileged, in certain crises, to help and protect their brethren still in the flesh, and who compass us about as a 'great cloud of witnesses.'" The Archdeacon sees no reason to doubt the vision of angels protecting the rear-guard of the British Army at Mons. For, as he says, the spiritual eyes are as much within the power of man as are the eyes of the physical body.

EDITH K. HARPER.

LIGHT ON THE AFTER LIFE. By A. B. O. W. Transmitted through
a Personal Friend. 6½ in. × 4¾ in., pp. 46. Price 2s. net.

THE INVISIBLE NEAR CITY. By A. B. O. W. Transmitted through
a Personal Friend. 6½ in. × 5 in., pp. 20. Price (paper cover)
6d. net. London: Robert Scott, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A. B. O. W. is, I gather, the late Archdeacon Wilberforce, and the works are presumably automatic writings claimed to be written under the direction of his spirit. There is no evidence of this. They are illogical in thought and sentimental and nationalistic in tone, just as one would expect from the alleged author; but this would probably be the case on any alternative hypothesis. The reader in search of a coherent and understandable account of the future life will find little to his taste in *Light on the After Life*, and the other booklet, which is a sort of little Christmas sermon (minus the Christmas spirit) is even less informative. "Soldiers crowd the city," we are told, "whenever they like, though they have a special home of their own, for have they not laid down their earth-lives for their brethren?" the author forgetting that the business of a soldier is to kill, not to be killed, and that in so far as he allows himself to be killed he is an inefficient soldier. Well, well, several of my friends assure me I am bound for Hell, which, if A.B.O.W.'s "city" is Heaven I sincerely hope is the case.

The Invisible Near City has a Foreword of seventy-three words by Sir Oliver Lodge, and *Light on the After Life* an even shorter one by James Rhoades, whose ethics, judging from a poem of his quoted in the book, seem to be of a distinctly Mohammedan, as opposed to Christian, character.

H. S. REDGROVE.