

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

"MORE and more [said Lewis Carroll] as I read of the Christian religion as Christ preached it, I stand amazed at the forms man has given it." "The time is far nearer than you think [said Stainton Moses, speaking under control] when the old faith which has worn so long, and which man has patched so clumsily, will be replaced by a higher and nobler one—one not antagonistic but supplementary to the pure Gospel which Jesus preached shall find its counterpart again on an advanced plane of knowledge." *

One of the changes which, as I have already intimated, † is bound to take place as a sequel to the present war is a revaluation of

RELIGION
AFTER THE
WAR.

religious values, in which the justification for the orthodox religious standpoint will inevitably come in for reconsideration. Orthodox Christianity, indeed, at the present moment is in a very fluidic state, and the pillars on which it is technically held to rest are most of them, to a greater or less extent, undermined by the action of modern criticism. The confession of faith, however, on which Christianity takes its stand is still nominally accepted

* Quoted by Rev. F. Fielding Ould in *Is Spiritualism of the Devil?* Beverley: Minster Press. 2½d. post free.

† See my Notes on Benjamin Swift's new novel, *What Lies Beneath.*

(though with extensive mental reservations) and the aspirant to Holy Orders has still to subscribe to certain assumptions and certain dogmas which, from the point of view of modern thought, wear a very anachronistic air. One of the gravest drawbacks to so-called revealed religion, whatever the doctrines of that religion may be, lies in its inelastic character, in the assumption that the truths revealed to an earlier age are equally applicable to a later one, and must be accepted, as originally laid down, as an equally valid interpretation of the truth for all subsequent ages. The mission of a Divine Teacher is postulated as the communication of absolute, not relative, truth, and his gospel is taken as the text-book for the guidance of all subsequent generations of men. Every teacher, however, is sent first and foremost for the enlightenment of his own age, and his gospel is addressed primarily to the special needs of his own generation. What would be thought of a prophet of the present day who arose at this particular crisis in the world's history, and emphasized the duty of turning the other cheek to the smiter? and what would be the consequence if to-day's champions of the rights of man paid heed to his preaching and acted on his injunctions? Obviously it would mean the sacrifice of civilization on the altar of Prussian militarism. There are, indeed, certain eternal principles of right and wrong, but the method of their application must vary infinitely in accordance with the circumstances under which they have to seek expression.

There are also other and even more serious drawbacks which follow on the crystallization of any particular creed. The Bible is a collection of writings of many authors at many different periods of the world's history, whose opinions on the same subject were often in violent conflict one with another. Christianity, again, as a religion, is an amalgamation of different faiths and heterogencous teachings. What is there in common, for instance, between the "jealous God" of the Hebrews, the "loving Father" of whom Jesus of Nazareth taught us, and the metaphysical conceptions of Deity which were woven into the Athanasian Creed? Even if we eliminated the Old Testament and its narrow, and in places semi-barbarous outlook, we feel that in studying the Jesus of the synoptic Gospels, we are on a totally different plane of thought to that which we envisage in contemplating the body of theological doctrine enunciated by St. Paul in his Epistles. If we stop to ask ourselves what Jesus of Nazareth, as we know him through the Gospel narrative, would have thought of the viewpoint of the greatest of his Apostles, we are confronted by a

CHRISTI-
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position which reveals to us, with a shock of surprise, how divergent were the elements which combined to unite in forming what we have been brought up to imagine as a single coherent body of doctrine. If we turn, again, from the earlier Gospels and follow their perusal by a study of the Book of Revelation, we shall in vain attempt to discover any connecting link between the Galilean Teacher and the Lamb whom the seer of Patmos saw in his vision seated upon the great white throne. We are not only translated into a totally different atmosphere ; we are unable, by any

MENTAL GYMNASTICS. form of mental gymnastics, to associate, much less identify, one figure with the other. I confess that to imagine that the Beloved Disciple wrote thus of

the Master with whom he had been on such intimate terms, does violence, not only to every canon of criticism, but to all sane judgment. If we stop to ask ourselves how much of orthodox Christianity would remain to us had the sole credentials of our faith consisted in the first three Gospels—i.e., in the three most authentic records of the earthly life of Jesus of Nazareth—we shall find, to our amazement, that practically the whole dogmatic edifice on which Christianity is built is annihilated at a single stroke. We shall then realize that it is not so much the teaching of Jesus with regard to himself and his own mission on earth on which orthodox Christianity is based, as what his greatest apostle, Paul, and the author of the gospel of St. John, taught with regard to him, and what, in addition to this, later Fathers of the Church, and Alexandrian metaphysicians, read into this teaching. No wonder Lewis Carroll stood amazed when he contrasted the teaching of Christ with the form man has given to Christianity.

A discussion found vent in the *Hibbert Journal* some years ago on the question of the identity of Jesus of Nazareth with the Christ. The discussion was opened by an article by the Rev. R. Roberts, who denied that there was any justification for identifying the career of the Galilean Teacher with the Christ idea and

JESUS OR CHRIST? the Divine Logos. This led to numerous further articles, expressing various shades of theological opinion, with regard to the alleged Christhood of

Jesus. The various disputants did not, however, in any instance, as far as I could gather, apply themselves to the question whether Jesus himself made this claim, and if he made it in what sense it was made. Now it seems perfectly clear that Jesus, at any rate in the latter part of his career, claimed to be the Jewish Messiah, and this, I have no doubt, was the sense in which he accepted Peter's declaration in reply to his question : " Whom say ye that I,

the Son of Man, am?" "Thou art the Christ."* The Greek word *χρίω* means "to anoint" and "Christos," taken in this sense, is "The Lord's Anointed," presumably the descendant of David who should regain his throne and rule in glory at the end of the Age. The Christ in this sense is, then, the subject of the Messianic prophecies which are fulfilled by his coming—a purely Jewish Saviour. We must bear in mind the fact that Jesus, throughout his career, emphasized the point that he was not sent but unto the

JESUS
MADE NO
CLAIM TO
GODHEAD.

lost sheep of the house of Israel, and that his outlook in many directions was strictly limited by his Jewish origin. What many of those who have dealt with this subject have done is to confuse the idea of the Christ with that of the Logos in the sense of the Second Person of the Trinity. Now we have absolutely no reason for believing that Jesus made for himself any claim in this sense. The whole record of the Synoptic Gospels refutes the idea. The attempt to identify him with this Logos was made later in order to render Christianity acceptable from the point of view of Alexandrian metaphysicians, to "rope in," if I may use the expression, that very large body of Gnostic communities to whom the idea would be familiar, and who would see in its adoption the identification of their own forms of faith with that of the nascent Christian religion. All such ideas are quite alien to the Jesus of the Synoptic records. The metaphysical conceptions involved played no part in the religious truths which Jesus inculcated to his disciples.

When we come to St. Paul's Epistles and the introduction to St. John's Gospel (so called) the whole outlook is transformed, and Jesus as the Christ comes to be regarded as God himself made manifest in the flesh. The author of the Introduction to St. John goes even further than St. Paul, the latter still drawing a distinction between the respective spheres of being of God the Father and Jesus Christ. It is clear that the standpoint of Paul in this respect was radically different from that of the earlier apostles. Paul, in fact, consistently ignored the living Jesus and it is scarcely to be doubted that the schism between him and Peter and James (the "brother of the Lord") was due more than anything else to the fact that their conceptions of Jesus and their views with regard to him were so totally at variance. It is clear that the companions of his lifetime were unable to recognize in the Christ whom Paul preached the Jesus whom they had known so inti-

* The accepted text, which has probably been tampered with here, adds "the Son of the living God."

mately on earth, and Paul was manifestly at a disadvantage owing to the fact that his knowledge of the Master only reached him at secondhand. But in one thing it was clear that Paul and the other apostles were in entire agreement with their Master ; that is, in the anticipation of the early end of the Age, and the coming of the Son of Man. Jesus himself was explicit in regard to this, and his indifference in his teaching with regard to worldly affairs was doubtless coloured by this thought. Even at his trial, if we may accept the genuineness of this passage, he still clings to the same idea. He avows himself to be the Messiah, and adds, turning to his judges : " Ye shall see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven." St. Paul was confident that this climax of all history

HE ANTICIPATES
THE END
OF THE
WORLD.

would come about during the lifetime of many of those to whom he spoke. In addressing the Corinthians he tells them " We shall *not* all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." Again, in addressing the Thessalonians, he tells them that the " Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God ; and the dead in Christ shall rise first : Then *we which are alive and remain*, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." " Maran atha," " the Lord cometh," was the watchword of the early Christians. He would come, they believed, as a thief in the night ; but his coming would not be long delayed—it might be any day or any hour. The return of their Master to judge the world, not at some dim and distant time, but in the immediate future, was one of the cardinal articles of the faith of the early Church. It was clear that they regarded the belief as having the absolute authority of their Divine Master.

It is plain, then, that in discussing the question " Jesus or Christ ? " we are hampered by the confusion of thought evidenced in the putting of the question itself. In the popular religious thought of to-day we are all potential Christs. To quote the latest work of H. W. Dresser : " Christ, for the New Thought, is not a person but a universal spiritual possibility, the Christ within every man who claims his one-ness with God ; while the man Jesus was the prophet of this consciousness. What Christ did as a prophet or forerunner, you or I could do if we could as fully realize our one-ness with God." But still, to the orthodox clergy, there is but one Christ, whose humanity in the character of Jesus, though verbally asserted, is lost in the glory of the

Supreme Godhead. Nominally, they may identify him with the carpenter of Nazareth: intellectually, it is impossible, by any stretch of the imagination, to associate the two ideas in a single conception. The ingenuity of the metaphysicians by which the Logos is identified with the "God made Flesh," and with the Jewish Teacher, conveys no meaning to the mind. It is merely an association of incongruous notions, the belief in which is a matter of verbal statement, with no coherent thought behind to support

it. Most grotesque of all is the attitude of those
 INCONGRU- Broad Church clergy, who, while attempting to
 OUS BELIEFS. explain away the miracles of Jesus, in deference to modern scientific prejudice, are prepared in the same breath to defend the identification of finite man with a metaphysical conception of the Infinite. Assuredly this is in very truth "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel!" Such beliefs, if beliefs we can call them, may be enforced by religious pains and penalties till they become accepted dogmas of Christendom. The tradition so long emphasized and insisted on by a dominant priesthood may survive these pains and penalties for many generations, but the widening thought of mankind is bound eventually to leave them amidst the limbo of old-world superstitions which have no bearing whatever on the religious and spiritual life of the day. The Church which enforces such beliefs, and whose representatives are compelled to subscribe to them in order to become members of the religious hierarchy, has cut itself adrift irrevocably from the living thought of the congregations to whom its teaching is addressed, and sooner or later its inevitable doom, like the doom of the Scribes and Pharisees, will be proclaimed in the words of the Master whose teaching it has perverted: "Cut it down. Why cumbereth it the ground?"

Jesus, we may believe, realized darkly the coming of some great cataclysmal change in the world's history, of which he was to be the central figure. The more practical eye of Paul grasped the means whereby this great transformation could be brought about. He saw, in the awakening religious spirit of the day, in the growing number and vitality of the Gnostic communities scattered throughout the Eastern Empire, the possibility of uniting all in the
 CONSTRU- ardent faith by which he was himself inspired; and,
 TIVE WORK after the vision on the road to Damascus, recognized
 OF PAUL. in the Prophet of Nazareth the coping-stone for his world-creed, that vital and human principle for the lack of which all the teachings of the Alexandrian metaphysicians, and all their interpretations of the Cosmic Purpose, were destined,

in a brief period, to crumble into dust. The Greco-Roman world, united as never before by the victories of Alexander and the conquering arms of Rome, at last constituted a coherent whole. The old faiths were becoming obliterated, it was waiting in expectation of the dawn of a New Age. As to whence and under what conditions the New Age would be brought about there was no clear conception ; but if it was looked for in Palestine, it was looked for equally in Rome, and the Roman Poet, in one of the strangest prophecies in all history, sang of the Babe who was about to be born, and who would inaugurate its glories. No wonder the early Christian Church hailed Virgil as an inspired prophet, when he proclaimed the new cycle of ages which was about to commence,* and foretold, in such express words, the return of the Virgin † and the birth of one who, from the Christian standpoint, could clearly be none other than their great Master.

The New Age was ushered in two thousand years ago by the triumph of Augustus, after a long period of desolating civil wars following the death of Julius Cæsar. To many at the time the man who brought peace to the world after this long period of continuous desolating strife, who gave to the vast territories adjoining the Mediterranean the Pax Romana and a return of law and order, and a resumption of commerce and peaceful occupations to their inhabitants, seemed to be himself a superhuman figure. Boundless hopes were raised for the future of the world by this return of peace, and it must have seemed to not a few that, for the future, civilization and the Roman Empire would be identical, and the strife between nation and nation a thing of the past. Some of us, the more sanguine ones, entertain similar hopes with regard to the world which will emerge from the present conflict. All of us at least anticipate the coming of a new age in which much of the old order of things will be swept away. As the previous crisis demanded a new faith for mankind, so we may be sure that the present one will lead to a restatement of religious

ROME'S
CHALLENGE
TO PRO-
GRESS.

truths more in accordance with the present intellectual standpoint of mankind than either the Roman or the Anglican Church can offer. The Roman faith has long since become a glaring anachronism, a survival of an earlier age, all whose methods of envisaging life and its meaning, both from the social and scientific points of view, have passed away. It takes its stand on cast-iron dogmas, and makes a boast of its power to resist the

* *Novus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo.*

† *Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna.*

evolutionary processes which are transforming the whole world around it. Still at least it has the merits of its defects, and the virtue, if virtue it be, of unchangeability in a world of change. The Church of England has no such credentials. It took its rise in a popular and revolutionary movement, and depends in consequence for its stability on the favour or tolerance of that democratic spirit which gave it birth. It is with this very democratic spirit that it has now lost touch. The reformers who founded it were men who demanded for the thought of man a freer and less cramped expression. They rebelled against the intellectual tyranny of Rome and established a Church which was in the nature of a "protest" against the unreasoning dogmatism of the past. They have now themselves fallen back into the old rut of crystallized dogmas and intellectual sterility. To read their articles of faith with understanding we have to dissociate ourselves from the thought of our day. The attempt to interpret their creed in terms of modern evolutionary thought and scientific progress has resulted either in ignominious failure or in the most fantastic and casuistical misinterpretations of their doctrinal tenets. The gulf, in truth, cannot be bridged. The new wine is bursting the old bottles. Yet we tinker here and we tinker there, and we bolster up the crumbling edifice, waiting meanwhile for the coming of one who shall strike boldly in the name of simple Truth—who shall strike, and strike hard, and strike again.

WEAKNESS
OF PROTES-
TANT POSI-
TION.

It is because the modern world has lost faith in the Church as a channel of divine revelation that the man or woman of to-day who has lost friends or relatives in the great war, turns for consolation not to the clergy, or to Biblical records, but to such evidence as is obtainable from communications with the unseen world. In utilizing this source of information they are at least in a position to judge the evidence by self-chosen tests, and to "try the spirits," acting on the advice of St. Paul, "whether or not they be of God." One of the results of the present war has accordingly been a largely increased resort to mediumistic and clairvoyant guidance, however unreliable such methods have been frequently proved to be. In such cases there is at least the possibility of convincing evidence being supplied in the nature of the message which will satisfy the communicant of its *bona fides*, and bring a certainty of assurance of the reality of a future life which orthodox religion is incapable of offering.

COMMUNI-
CATIONS
FROM THE
OTHER
SIDE.

There is a far greater probability offered for the genuineness of such communications when they come unsought, as, for instance, in the case of those communicated in a book just published by Mr.

It is believed its strength - I thank God He has just enabled me to commit my Spirit to His Holy keeping & to find an lie in that true Faith & peace. I do not wish for or any of my beloved ones in England to think otherwise as it can be no real satisfaction to them to rest in such a belief. My intellect is clear as my supposed body lets weaker - It is at the bottom of all this though I know not from which motives but I doubt there being any real comfort to any of my friends to be made to suppose that I believe in anything. I am not strong with even so much as having right from wrong - My Spirit does not inhabit the frail body taken away now left to me - The other parts have been taken away my Spirit has passed through them - Too late now to do more than continue it to its labour - As well my beloved husband & I - may you be comforted from above - we shall meet in Heaven.

A DEATH-BED COMMUNICATION.

J. M. Watkins, entitled *Private Dowding*, to which I propose to make further reference in next month's issue. Nothing is more calculated to give rise to suspicion in such cases than boastful

language, and claims of high authority on the part of the communicating entity. The modesty and indeed the diffidence of the spirit alluded to, at least affords a prima facie case for believing his letters to be authentic. I have already alluded in an earlier number of this magazine to a unique communication of a very much earlier date, which was conveyed to my uncle by marriage by my father's only sister on her death-bed. I am reproducing here a facsimile of the greater part of this letter, which dates back to November, 1857. The husband, Captain Claudius Harris, of the — Madras Light Infantry, lost his wife on November 14 of that year, and the communication which is reproduced in the text was written by her two days before her death. The circumstances were quite unique. She was, as was supposed, in a comatose state, practically unconscious, and without power of movement as her doctor believed. Under these conditions to the surprise of those present she made a sign for pencil and paper and wrote the communication in question, in which she alleges, as will be noticed, that her spirit has already left her body and that she is in fact controlling it from the outside as a "spirit control" is commonly supposed to operate on a medium. A day or two previously she had informed her husband that she had had a vision of the Christ, and the doctor who was present had remarked to him that she was unquestionably wandering in her mind. The ostensible object of the communication was to contradict the doctor's statement and to assure her husband of her perfect sanity and consciousness at the time of the vision, at the same time taking a final farewell of him and of their newborn child. The phrase that will particularly attract attention is that in which she states that "my spirit does not inhabit the frail body that is all now left to me," and that "the other parts have been taken away"—"my spirit has passed through them." Another striking observation which she makes is that "my intellect is clearer as my supposed body gets weaker." It is worthy of note that she alludes to herself as "Alicia Shirley," and not by her married name, "Alicia Harris."

A transcription of the communication is subjoined herewith:—

Claudius, you have been made the victim of a most strange delusion about me, your own beloved wife. You were made to believe I had no real faith, it was only a vain idea about *seeing light* with the bodily eyes. I am dying now and have not time to give the proofs I could have given had my body had a day given it to recover its strength. I thank God He has just enabled me to commit my spirit to His holy keeping and to die

in that *true* faith and peace. I do not wish you or any of my beloved ones in England to think otherwise, as it can be no real satisfaction to them to rest in such a belief. My intellect is clearer as my supposed body gets weaker. Dr. S. is at the bottom of all this, though I know, not from unkind motives, but I doubt there being any real comfort to any of my friends to be made to suppose that I, Alicia Shirley, passed into Eternity without even so much as knowing right from wrong. My *spirit* does not inhabit the frail body that is all now left to me—the other parts have been taken away. My spirit has passed through them. Too late now to do more than commit it to its Saviour. Farewell, my beloved husband and babe—may you be comforted from above! We *shall* meet in Heaven.

I have had numerous inquiries lately, which I am sorry I have been unable to fill, owing to war conditions, for globes for crystal-gazing. Inquirers will, I think, be glad of the information that I am once more in a position to supply these, complete in box with instructions, at 8s. 6d. post free. The supply is not a very large one, so that those who require them would do well to write early.

GLOBES
FOR
CRYSTAL-
GAZING.

THE MUSIC OF MAGIC

BY SAX ROHMER, Author of "The Romance of Sorcery,"
"Fu-Manchu," "The Si-Fan Mysteries," etc.

I

THE earliest ritual known to man is a musical ritual, and the importance of music in those rites and ceremonies which may be classed, for convenience, under the head of Magic, is a subject worthy of a more exhaustive examination than any student has hitherto cared to attempt. It may well be, in fact, the Triple Key to the gate of sardonyx, guarding Persephone's pomegranate groves.

There is something profoundly suggestive in Gerrard's words, "Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds it is a perception of complicated nature, made up of a sensation of the present sound or note, and an idea or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus *Sense, Memory and Imagination* are conjunctively employed."

Knowing what we know to-day of the powers loosely grouped as Imagination, the significance of such a conjunction cannot well be over-estimated. It was to the creating of an identical mental state that the musical parts of the ancient rituals were addressed; *id est*, to the creation of Power—for this Trinity might well stand as the symbol of psychical potency.

One must step warily in any exploration here, for deep places abound, and the Pipes of Pan are no mere poetical figure. Since naturalists state that many snakes are deaf, the use of a reed pipe by snake charmers and the manner in which the reptiles respond to its strains are problems too lightly dismissed by the superficial inquirer. Who, that has visited Upper Egypt, is unacquainted with the venerable Arab whose post is close by the bench of the dragomans outside the Winter Palace? No serpent deep hidden in temple ruin, no scorpion shrinking from the sunlight beneath its sheltering rock, can resist the lure of his Siren whistle, to which is added the potent invocation: "I adjure ye by God, if ye be above, or if ye be below; I adjure ye by the Most Great Name, if ye be obedient, come forth: and if ye be disobedient,

die! die!" The very miracle of Aaron's rod may be witnessed to-day at Luxor.

The pipe, indeed, is an instrument whose history is indissolubly bound up with that of Magic, black and white. Does not Verstegan tell us how a certain musician, dressed fantastically, came into the town of Hamel, in the country of Brunswick, and offered, for a certain sum of money, to rid the place of the rats by which it was infested? Robert Browning has made the legend immortal. "The Pied Piper," having performed his task and having been refused the promised reward, resumed his mystic piping, and by the magic of his music, drew the children of Hamel, to the number of one hundred and thirty, to a cavern in the hillside, which, closed, after they had entered, and shut them in for ever. Sinclair, in *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, assures us that Asmodeus often acted as piper at the Witches' Sabbath, "where Music and Dancing, with lascivious orgies, were its most characteristic features." Boguet speaks, also, of Satan playing the flute, and Baron d'Aubonne, to cite an instance of "white magic," observed how "the camel driver follows the camels, singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the louder he sings and pipes the faster the camels go; nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music." Then, as illustrating a mystical use of the flute, we may quote Mr. S. H. Leeder, who says in *Veiled Mysteries of Egypt*:

There is one sect of dancing dervishes . . . which had its birth in purest mysticism, having continued for six hundred years. They were founded by the mystical poet, Rumi, who instituted the dances, which he ordered to be accompanied by the flute . . . the head of the Order has always been a descendant of the founder. The gyrations of this Order were intended to symbolize the wheelings of the planet round their central sun, and the attraction of the creature to the Creator.

Nightly, from the Nile, to this hour, arise the weirdly sweet notes of just such a pipe as we see in the ancient sculptures, and this pipe was the forerunner of the modern oboe. In Egyptian and Greek sculpture and paintings it may be traced from the earliest times; and the Kensington Museum contains numerous specimens from Arabia, China and India. The voice of the oboe speaks to that within us which is kin of the shadows, which dimly remembers the past; it is, fittingly, this most ancient of all instruments which enjoys the privilege of giving the pitch to the violin in the orchestra: if man, in the Golden Age when the world was young and gods walked in the pleasant groves, had not devised this magic pipe, then human ears had never known the *Lament for Adonis*,

which may be played upon no other instrument. Princely, above players on the magic reed, towers the immortal Chibiabos, of whom Longfellow sings :

All the women came to hear him ;
 Now he stirred their souls to passion,
 Now he melted them to pity.
 From the hollow reeds he fashioned
 Flute so musical and mellow,
 That the brook, the Sebowisha,
 Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
 That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
 And the squirrel, Ajidaumo,
 Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
 Sat upright to look and listen.

The lyre, of course, cannot be neglected, if only by reason of its association with Orpheus. For was it not the wondrous invention of Hermes which Apollo bestowed upon his son, that moved man and beast, the birds in the air, the fishes in the deep, the trees and the rocks ? When Orpheus accompanied the Argonauts in their expedition, the power of his music warded off all mishaps and disasters, rocking monsters to sleep and stopping cliffs in their downward rush.

After the death of his wife, Eurydice, he follows her into the infernal regions, and so powerful are his golden tones that even Persephone is moved to pity, whilst Tantalus forgets his thirst, Ixion's wheel ceases to revolve and the Danaïds rest from their eternal task. But, through the Neoplatonists, to the *Bacchica* of Avignota, daughter of Pythagoras, we may trace a thread of truth, winding in and out among the orpheotelistic pattern. This thread is Music ; and if, in Orpheus, we see, not the Greek hero, but the priest of Dionysus, we perceive at once that we have quitted the realms of Pluto and are come to earth ; we find ourselves dealing not with fable but with fact.

The semi-monastic orders which came into being in later times and which conserved the Orphic truths and carried on the Mysteries, had an authority sound, in its way, as the Keys of St. Peter ; their authority was the Lyre of Orpheus. In short, if we regard Orpheus as the founder of all Mysteries we shall be in agreement with the old Greek traditions ; if we regard the lyre as the symbol of Orpheus's wisdom we shall be on the track of the truth. Friedrich Creuzer believed that the Mysteries were but veils obscuring a pure light, blinding to the uninitiated, and which must perforce be hidden from the multitude ; he sought to trace

them to an eastern source—notably to Egypt—but seems to have lacked what I have ventured to designate the Triple Key.

Almost exclusively, these rites consisted in *songs* and *dances*. Only the adept might know the mystic formulæ, *Deiknumena*, *Dromena*, *Legomena*. Music as a medium of spirit control was the basic truth underlying the whole. The mysteries of Light (that is, the occult significance of certain blendings of colour) and of Movement, were incorporated in the rituals; but the present paper cannot embrace these aspects of the ceremonies.

Though the outward symbol might be a Phallus, Thyrsus, or Mystic Casket; though the Rites of Cybele became corrupted and ultimately terminated in self-mutilation, whilst those of Aphrodite culminated in prostitution, Truth originally informed them and has not been wholly obliterated by the orgies which disgraced decadent Greece, any more than the Light of Christianity has been lost in the bloody intolerance of the Inquisition. The sixth epistle of Apollonius of Tyana, to Euphrates, may suitably be quoted here:

You think it your duty to call philosophers who follow Pythagoras magicians, and likewise those who follow Orpheus. For my part I think that those who follow no matter whom, ought to be called magicians, if only they are determined to be divine and just men.

The Greek Archæological Society have laid bare the whole of the world-famous Temple by Ictinus, at Lefsinæ, enabling us to form a good impression of the hall of mysteries wherein the Rites of Ceres were held, wherein was chanted the *Hymn to Demeter*, (probably dating back to the 7th century B.C.); and the Chambers of the Musicians occupy no unimportant place. It may be noted that fragments of the Orphic melodies survive to this day.

Perhaps no instrument is so generally associated with magical ritual as the *Sistrum*. Plutarch describes a *Sistrum* thus: "The *Sistrum* is rounded above, and the loop holds the four bars which are shaken. On the bend of the *Sistrum* they often set the head of a cat with a human face; below the four little bars, on one side is the face of Isis, on the other side that of Nephthys." In no temple do we find such prominence given to the holy *Sistrum* as in the Sanctuary of the Temple of Hathor at Dendera; but unfortunately we are reduced to mere surmise in any attempt to trace the history of this instrument. That it possessed a special significance, and particularly in relation to Hathor, is evident. Was its form modelled on that of the *Ankh*?—was the latter symbol based on the *Sistrum*?—or is the resemblance no more than accidental?

Research along these lines invariably leads us to a cul-de-sac ; but that everything connected with the Ancient Egyptian religion had a deep symbolic meaning, we know. Thus certain chapters of the *Book of the Dead* having reference to the heart, were written upon gems and served as amulets ; the 26th upon Lapis-lazuli, the 27th upon Green Felspar, the 29th upon Carnelian, and the 30th upon Serpentine. Professor Ebers has elucidated this mystery for us, but that of the *Sistrum* remains to taunt the inquirer.

In Chapter V of the same great ritual, " The Chapter whereby work may not be imposed in the Netherworld, " we find the " Saluter " shown in the papyri as an Ape saluting the rising of the sun. That, in their selection of an Ape in this connection, the unknown compilers of the *Book of the Dead* may have been guided by a sound knowledge of natural history is suggested by Le Page Renouf in one of his notes.

" I do not know," he says, " how far it is correct to illustrate this undoubted origin of the Egyptian name for the Ape, as "The Saluting One," by the following extract of a letter to Cuvier from M. Duvancelle, about the Siamang apes in the neighbourhood of Bencoolen in Sumatra :

They assemble in numerous troops . . . and thus united, they salute the rising and setting sun with the most terrific cries, which may be heard at the distance of many miles ; and which, when near, stun, when they do not frighten. This is the morning call of the mountain Malays, but to the inhabitants of the town, who are unaccustomed to it, it is a most insupportable annoyance.

According to the Ancient Egyptian belief, of course, the " Saluters " of the rising sun were neither real apes nor men, but the " Spirits of the East," who, as we are told in an inscription on the tomb of Rameses VI, " effect the rising of Râ by opening the door at each of the four portals of the eastern horizon of heaven. They it is who light him on both sides, and go forth in advance of him . . . and when he arises they turn into six cynocephali."

And in all the rituals of the world there is nothing finer than the *Hymn to Râ, when he riseth up from the eastern horizon of heaven* :

O thou radiant Orb, who arisest each day from the Horizon, shine thou upon the face of the Osiris who adoreth thee at dawn and propitiateth thee at the gloaming. . . .

Hail to thee, Horus of the Two Horizons, who art Chepera Self-originating ; Beautiful is thy rising up . . . enlightening the two Earths with thy rays. All the gods are in exultation when they see thee the King of Heaven, with the Nebt Unnut established upon thy head and the diadem

of the South and the diadem of the North upon thy brow, which maketh her abode in front of thee. . . .

Alone art thou when thy form riseth up upon the Sky ; let me advance as thou advancest, like thy Majesty, without a pause, O Rá, whom none can outstrip.

A mighty march is thine ; Leagues by millions, and hundreds of, thousands, in a small moment thou hast travelled them, and thou goest to rest.

II

First in fame among saluters of the dawn we must place the Vocal Memnon, once the wonder of the ancient world, owing to the sound which it was said to emit every morning at the rising of the sun. Like its fellow statue, it was a monolith ; but, it is conjectured that it was partially thrown down by the earthquake of B.C. 27, to which Eusebius attributes the destruction of so many of the monuments of Thebes. The repairs were made in the reign of Septimius Severus. No record exists of the sound which made the statue so famous having been heard whilst the statue was entire. Strabo, who visited it with Ælius Gallus, Governor of Egypt, speaks of the "upper part" having been "broken and hurled down by the shock of an earthquake," and says that he heard the sound but "could not affirm whether it proceeded from the pedestal or from the statue itself, or even from some of those who stood near its base ; for the cause being uncertain, I am disposed to believe anything rather than that stones thus erected could emit such a sound."

It would appear, from his not mentioning the name of Memnon, that it was not yet supposed to be the statue of the son of Tithonus. But ere long the Roman visitors, misled by the sound of the name Amenothos or Amenophis, ascribed it to Memnon, who was said to have led a host from Ethiopia to the siege of Troy ; and a multitude of inscriptions (the earliest in the reign of Nero, and the most recent in that of Septimius Severus) testify to its miraculous powers. Pliny calls it the statue of Memnon, and Juvenal thus refers to it :

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.

Various opinions exist among modern critics as to whether the sound emitted by this statue and which one writer describes as resembling "the breaking of a harp-string" and another "the ring of metal," was the result of a natural phenomenon or of priestly craft. Some authorities maintain that the action of the rising sun upon the cracks in the stone, moist with dew, caused the peculiar sound to be produced ; whilst others declare that it

was a trick of the priests, one of whom hid himself in the statue and struck a metallic sounding stone concealed there. The chief arguments in favour of this last view are, that such a stone still exists in the lap of the statue, with a recess cut in the block immediately behind it, capable of holding a person screened from below, and the circumstance that the sound was heard twice or thrice repeated by important personages, such as the Emperor Hadrian. An inscription states that, rejoicing (at the presence of the Emperor), it "uttered a sound a third time." "The fact, however," observes one critic, "of there being no record of the sounds having been heard when the statue was entire or after it was repaired, is very much in favour of their having been produced by the action of the hot sun on the cracks in the cold stone; similar phenomena being by no means uncommon." Without intruding any personal bias of my own, I will place in the opposite scale a passage from *A Descent into Egypt*:

The undecorated magnificence of the desert remains unknown, just as the proportions of pyramid and temple, of pylons and Colossi approach the edge of the mind, yet never enter it. All stand outside, clothed in this prodigious measurement of the past. And the old beliefs not only share this titanic effect upon the consciousness, but carry it stages further . . . the silent-footed natives in their coloured robes move before a curtain, and behind that curtain dwells the soul of Ancient Egypt—watching, with sleepless eyes of grey infinity.

As distinct from music phenomenal in its effect, we see, in the Vocal Memnon, a case of music phenomenal in its origin; and to the same category belongs the Astral Bell. In the paper "Madame Blavatsky" (*The Romance of Sorcery*), I wrote:

Here I may refer to the 'Astral Bell,' which occasioned so much comment. This was a clear, silvern note, or succession of notes, which sounded in the air around and about the High Priestess of Theosophy. It was said to be a mode of communication between Madame and the Brothers. Whilst the sound was sometimes produced under conditions which by no means excluded the possibility of deception, at other times it was heard under circumstances which, examine as closely as we may, defy explanation. Thus in the *Occult World* we read how Madame Blavatsky was, on one occasion, leaning on a balustrade, and "looking over the wide sweep of the Simla Valley: she remained for a few moments perfectly motionless and silent . . . and the night was far enough advanced for all commonplace sounds to have settled down, so that the stillness was perfect. Suddenly, in the air . . . there sounded the clear note of an occult bell." . . .

M. Solovyoff (author of *A Modern Priestess of Isis*) was also treated to a manifestation of the astral bell, and it is interesting to compare his account with that of Mr. Sinnet:

"She made a sort of flourish with her hand, raised it upwards, and suddenly I heard distinctly, quite distinctly, somewhere above our heads,

near the ceiling, a very melodious sound like a little silver bell or an æolian harp."

I am not aware that any explanation, covering all the facts, anent this bell device, has ever been advanced. Even if a purely mechanical trick, it was a trick difficult to explain. And what does M. Solovyoff say? He inquires: "Why was the sound of the silver bell not heard at once, but only after she had left the room and come back again?" With all deference I submit that a conjurer as clever as he would have us believe Madame to have been, was the last person in the world to have forgotten to wind up her apparatus!

The occult employment of bells, of course, dates to remote antiquity. The *Sistrum* we have already noted; whilst the Jewish high-priests wore golden bells attached to their vestments. The date of the introduction of bells into the Christian Church is not known; but bells are associated in various ways with the ancient ritual of the Church, and at one time they acquired quite a sacred character. They were consecrated by a complete baptismal service; received names, had sponsors, were sprinkled with water, anointed, and finally covered with a white garment or chrisom, like infants. This usage is as old as the times of Alcuin and is still practised in Roman countries.

Bells had usually pious inscriptions upon them; indicative of the widespread belief in the mysterious virtue of their sound. They were believed to disperse storms and pestilence, drive away enemies, and extinguish fires; whilst among singular ceremonies recorded to have taken place in old St. Paul's in London was the "Ringinge the hallowed belle in great tempestes or lighteninges."

Perhaps no legend of the golden youth of Mother Earth holds more of primeval truth and bears more directly upon the magical in music than the story of the Sirens. In the conflict between these nymphs and Orpheus we perceive a deeper allegory underlying the merely poetic one: the triumph of White music over Black. By means of the Triple Key we may unlock a treasure house hidden deep below the surface of Homeric legend. Between Circe's isle and Scylla they dwelt, Ligeia, Leukosia, and Parthenope; and of the song they sang, Mr. "Compton Leith," in a passage of mystical significance, conceived in ideally beautiful prose, has written:

They sang the splendid wells of colour, that tremble and change in their deeps, the blue at the hearts of great sapphires, the crimson in the poppy's cup at twilight, the wine of lonely isles. They praised the tongue of the beacons lapping at the darkness, as the lit pines of Ida above Troy fallen, the path of the moon over the sea, and the world's end, and the voids beyond the world. They sang of the unascended heights, of mountains indignant of tamed life from the beginning of remembrance, of the beauty

of lithe beasts that range free over the earth, the fawn bounding above the thicket, the panther instant upon the prey. Of the eagle in the height they sang, and the rhythm of wings in the suave air ; of divine unguarded spaces and the pure zones of starlight. Their song was also of tumultuous things, of the tempests sounding in the gorges, and of the wind upon the neck of the moaning forest. Then, fierce for men's deliverance, they praised the impassioned life, the foregoing of the wild will on its course, the tracts of infinity overgone. In quick notes of challenge, or lingering notes of tenderness, they awakened yearnings vast as a god's desire. They sang of slaveries redeemed, and brave revolts, and fate confronted in the high splendour of disdain.

Throughout the history of the nations, and at this present day, we come upon stray fragments of the profound mystery of music. Thus, according to *The Magus*, a certain lengthy ceremonial having been duly performed, "there will appear infinite visions, apparitions, phantasms, etc . . . beating of drums and the sound of all kinds of musical instruments," whilst another ancient writer tells us that a "drum made of the skin of the Rocket Fish drives away all creeping things at whatever distance it is heard." It was the blast of seven trumpets of ram's horn that encompassed the fall of Jericho, and the blast of Heimdal's trumpet that awoke the Seven Sons of Mimer. The significance of the number, *seven*, need not be touched upon here ; it will be well known to students of occult phenomena, and is an essential factor of the mystery of music. Apollo himself appears, in the opening of the *Iliad*, as the instructor of bards and the god of song, playing upon the *seven-stringed lyre*.

Again, a Moslem is rarely heard whistling, and never at night, since the evil *ginn* are supposed to be attracted by such music. On the other hand, if a woman become possessed of the *ginn* known as the *Sâr*, the fact is immediately made known to the neighbours—" *'Aleha es-sâr !*" Women and girls stream to the house of the sick person and are treated to *bûzah*, the half-fermented Arab beer. Songs are sung, and drums beaten, and the *sâr-dance* is danced—the women placing themselves in a squatting posture, their limbs bent under them, and rocking the upper part of the body and the head—as in the *zikrs*. Some are immediately seized with frenzy, and leap frantically about. All the proceedings are under the superintendence of the *Sheikha* of the *sâr*, who is a medium.

When she is in a state of ecstasy she is questioned as to the means to be employed to drive out the *sâr*. The cure usually consists in a thick silver finger-ring of the kind made by the Bisharîn Arabs, sometimes also bracelets and anklets ; and as

soon as the rapacious *sâr* is satisfied with this the cure is regarded as complete.

Like the tarantella, the *sâr-dance* is contagious. One woman after another in the company leaps up and seems to begin dancing involuntarily, and boys, and even men, who are occasionally admitted to these orgies, are affected in the same way. The features of some become altered, they strike their own faces, knock their heads against the wall, weep, howl, and try to strangle themselves, being often difficult to restrain; they seemingly become possessed, sometimes by the *sâr* himself. They are asked for what they crave, and are shown a silver ring, some henna paste, or *bûzah*. They fix a furious glance upon the offerings, seize them suddenly with wild haste, put on the ring, clutch the henna paste to their bosoms or gulp the *bûzah*. With this, the *sâr* is, as a rule, appeased, the one possessed wipes off the perspiration, and now becomes restored to reason.

Something very similar is recounted by the French traveller, the Abbé Huc, of the curative employment by the Lamas of Tibet of musical instruments. He writes in *Travels in Tartary*:

The ceremony began at eleven o'clock at night. The Lamas ranged themselves at the back of the tent, armed with bells, tambourines, conch shells, and other noisy instruments. The Tartars of the family, to the number of nine, closed the circle in front, crouched on the ground; the old woman—the possessed—was on her heels in front of the doctor, who had before him a large copper basin, filled with grains of millet and little images of paste. Some sods of burning argol threw a lurid and fantastic light on this strange scene.

At a given signal, the orchestra performed an overture "capable of frightening the most intrepid devil"; the secular assistants beating time with their hands to the charivari of the instruments and the howling of the prayers. "When this infernal music was over, the chief Lama opened his book of exorcisms, scattering the millet seed around as he proceeded." Sometimes he spoke in stifled, hollow tones, sometimes he raised his voice to a loud pitch, and abandoning the rhythmical measure of the prayers, appeared to throw himself into a violent passion, and addressed warm and animated appeals, with much gesticulation, to the evil spirit. Following this terrible exorcism, he gave a signal—the Lamas thundered out a noisy chorus in rapid measure; the instruments crashed and blared, "and the members of the family rushed out in file and made the circuit of the tent, striking it violently with stakes, and uttering cries to make one's hair stand on end. They then rushed in again, and resumed their

places, hiding their faces with their hands." Finally, the Grand Lama rose and set fire to an image into which, by virtue of the exorcism, the evil spirit had been cast ; as the flame rose he uttered a loud cry, which was repeated by all the assistants, who then seized on the burning devil and bore it to a distant spot.

Soon afterwards the whole party issued tumultuously from the tent, every one holding in his hand a kindled torch, and surrounding the old woman, supported on each side by two members of her family ; the Lamas followed, "making night hideous with their horrible music." The patient was taken to a neighbouring tent ; the Lama physician having decreed that a whole month must elapse before she returned to her former habitation.

In conclusion, since space forbids our following this fascinating subject further, I may mention that there is a poetical legend among the Moors to the effect that the flowers of mullein and mothwart will fall from their stalks at the playing of the *Miz-moune*. I append an arrangement of my own of a portion of this magical melody, in order that the curious reader may be enabled to attempt the experiment :



DREAMS

BY KATHARINE COX

“SUCH stuff as dreams are made of” is a quotation which has often been used lightly, if not indeed contemptuously; but although most dreams, certainly, are trivial, and leave no lasting impression after the sleeper awakes, there have undoubtedly been instances when dreams of the most remarkable portent have occurred.

Very often, too, the dreamers have been quite ordinary individuals, not gifted with second sight, or any psychic powers of which they were aware, and yet, for some reason or other, from some source entirely unknown, dreams have been sent to them which have contained warnings, advice, or information which have in certain instances affected their whole future!

I remember an aunt of my own telling me that once, soon after she was married, she dreamt that she was driving in a carriage, with my uncle, down a long, straight road bordered on either side with tall trees. All the time she was conscious of a curious feeling of coming disaster, and suddenly the horse reared violently as a heavy tree was blown down by the wind across the road in front of them, and just as it seemed inevitable that she and my uncle must be thrown out of the carriage, and perhaps killed, she woke up!

Some weeks later, she and my uncle were driving to return the visit of some neighbours who had recently paid their first call upon them. It was a stormy day in autumn, and their way lay along a road which, although she knew that she had never seen it before, yet somehow seemed strangely familiar to her. And then, suddenly, she remembered—she had seen the long, straight road, bordered by tall trees, in the dream of a few weeks ago, which, until this moment, had vanished from her memory! And as she remembered the dream, the same curious foreboding of coming disaster which she had then experienced overwhelmed her again, and she besought her husband to turn the horse's head and drive to their friends' house by another route. He demurred considerably at first, saying that the only other road leading to the house was a mile out of their way, and they were late as it was, but eventually, seeing how agitated she really seemed, he

yielded to her entreaties. And, just after he had turned the horse's head round, there was a horrid, crashing sound, and a huge tree was blown down, by the wind, across the road, behind them.

Had they been under that tree, or had the horse shied at it, my aunt would probably never have been there to tell me the tale!

Another relative of mine once had a somewhat curious experience in a dream. She was a member of a large family, of which perhaps her favourite was her youngest brother, for whom she had a very deep affection, which was fully reciprocated. One night, in her sleep, she distinctly heard him calling her three times by her name "Isabel! Isabel! Isabel!" in a tone of acute distress, as if he was in great suffering or trouble, and wanted her. So vivid an impression did this dream make upon her that the next morning, at breakfast, she told her husband about it, adding "I am sure something must have happened to George! I cannot help feeling anxious!" Her husband laughed at her forebodings, saying that it was absurd to attach any importance to what was merely a dream—but before the meal was concluded a telegram was handed to the lady, asking her to come to her brother George at once, as he had sustained a bad accident in the hunting-field the day before, and was seriously injured.

The devoted sister lost no time in obeying the telegram, needless to say, and nursed her brother back again to health. She was told afterwards that he had constantly called out "Isabel! Isabel! Isabel!" during the night following the day of his accident.

The next dream I shall relate was in the nature of a warning against the sin of suicide. The dreamer was a lady who had been suffering great family trouble, and when things came to the worst, although hitherto not a dreamer at all, she commenced to continually have a dream which was full of horror—a dream of lost souls, not in the hell of popular imagination, but in a different sort of hell which was even more hideous—the abomination of desolation! The unhappy lady dreamt that she was continually in this place, seeking rest, but finding none, surrounded by lost souls, whose whole dreadful life seemed to be written in their ghastly faces. Nobody spoke to her, but every time she asked the question "What is this place?" a hopeless lost look came into the eyes of the beings inhabiting this Inferno. There was never any sound in this place, and mere words were quite inadequate to describe the depths of its awfulness.

Eventually, the troubles in this poor lady's life grew, in her opinion, too great to bear, and she made up her mind to commit suicide. For days she walked about with a bottle of chloral, and then one night—it happened to be a Sunday, which had always been an unlucky day with her—she was pacing up and down her bedroom in the darkness, contemplating drinking the poison, when, as she passed the dressing-table she caught, in the glass, a vision of a white, despairing face and two dreadfully sad eyes. And to her unspeakable horror she recognized it as the face of one of the unhappy beings she had been so constantly seeing in her dream—one of the "lost souls."

And then, all of a sudden, she understood that a warning had been given her, and she realized that, if she committed the deadly crime of suicide, the peace and rest, even annihilation which she craved would not be granted to her, but instead another life—or perhaps living death—in the terrible abode of her dream!

She laid the glass containing the poison down, and walked out into the cool, sweet night, miles and miles, and at last lay down with her head pillowed on mother earth, and listened to the faint, lonely sounds of Nature—the occasional drowsy chirp of a bird in its nest, the whirring of the wings of a bat—and, as she lay, a certain peace began to steal over her, and she tried to draw together again the threads of her poor, tangled life. She had long ceased to look for earthly comfort anywhere, she had long ceased also to believe in God, and yet she could not help believing that this warning had been sent her direct from God, and some of the old faith, which she had had in her far-away childhood, revived. She rose, presently, comforted and refreshed, determined to be brave and go on with her life, until it was the Divine Will that it should come to an end—and the dream of the lost souls in their nethermost hell never came to her again!

In an ancient book—*Records of My Life*, published in London in 1832, a curious dream is recorded by John Taylor. John Taylor was the author of *Monsieur Tonson*, a popular humorous poem of the day, and a well-known member of theatrical and literary circles, being connected by marriage with both Garrick and Kemble. The narrative in his book, which was told to him by a friend about another friend, a man of upright, truthful character, and a Member of Parliament, is as follows:—

In order to be near the House of Commons the gentleman who experienced the dream took apartments in St. Ann's Churchyard,

Westminster. On the evening on which he moved into them he was struck with something that seemed to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised, and made a very unpleasant impression on him. This feeling was strengthened by a similar impression made upon him by the mistress of the house, who also looked as if she was a man in woman's clothing. He, however, tried to dismiss these suspicions regarding the two women from his mind, deeming them foolish, and soon retired to bed, and fell asleep. While asleep, he dreamed that the corpse of a man who had been murdered was hidden in the cellar of that house. The dream disturbed him greatly, and awaking at 5 o'clock he rose, put on his hat—it was summer-time, and therefore light—and resolved to quit the house of ill-omen. To his surprise, just as he was opening the front door he encountered the landlady, also dressed, but looking as if she had never gone to bed at all! She seemed much agitated, and inquired her lodger's reason for wishing to be abroad so early. He hesitated for a moment, and then told her that he expected a friend who was to arrive by a stage-coach in Bishopsgate Street, and was going to meet him. He was therefore allowed to leave the house, and when revived by the fresh air he felt, he afterwards declared, as if rescued from impending destruction! A few hours afterwards he returned with a friend, to whom he had told his dream and the impression made on him by the maid and mistress, and on entering the house they found that the sinister-looking owner of it and her servant had fled, and calling in another gentleman, who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, where they found the corpse of a man in exactly the state which the Member of Parliament's dream had represented!

A few years ago a farmer in the Blue Mountains (New South Wales) turned out three working bullocks on to the mountains, to get a rest and to "pick up a bit." As the season was a good one for grass they soon recovered their lost flesh and became fit for the butcher. After a time the owner went out to bring them home, but no bullocks were to be found, and he spent many days without gaining the least clue to their disappearance. One night, during this search, he dreamt that he was attending a social gathering at the house of a neighbour who had been dead many years. He and the dead neighbour were standing together, when suddenly the dead man said "Have you found your bullocks?" and on being answered in the negative the "shade" told him that they had been stolen, by whom they were stolen—giving the name of another neighbour well known to the farmer—to

what town they had been driven, and to what butcher they had been sold. Furthermore he said "If you go at once you will get them alive." The farmer told his wife of this dream directly he awoke; he also told his mother, and she said to him: "*You should always believe what the dead tell you in a dream.*" The farmer, however, took no notice of the dream, beyond mentioning it to several friends. As time wore on, however, and he still did not find his bullocks, he put an advertisement in the local newspaper, offering £5 reward for such information as should lead to the conviction of the thief. One day, a man well known to him rode up and offered to tell him who had stolen the bullocks, provided his own name was kept secret. The farmer was quite willing to do that, but explained to the informer that there would be no £5 forthcoming unless the thief got convicted. The informer then told the farmer, almost word for word, what the dead man had told him in his dream, only leaving out the part which informed the owner that if he went at once for the bullocks he would get them alive. However, even then the farmer did not put much faith in what either the dead or the living man had told him, but some weeks later he actually did make up his mind to visit the town where, as he had been informed twice, the bullocks had been sold. He told the police of his dream, and they were sceptical at first, but at last reluctantly sent an officer with him to the butcher mentioned by his two informants, the living and the dead.

In New South Wales all cattle are branded with hot irons, each owner of stock has his own registered brand, every butcher must give notice to the police when he is going to kill, and he must also keep a register in his books of all cattle killed and their brands. The first thing, therefore, that the farmer did on his arrival at the butcher's was to look over the brand book, but as it happened the butcher at once remembered the bullocks, which he had allowed to run for some weeks before killing. The hides had already been sent away to Sydney market, but when the farmer examined the heap of horns of the bullocks recently killed he immediately picked out the horns of the animals he had lost!

A somewhat similar dream, in that it contained a visit from, and valuable information given by, the dead, recently came to my knowledge. A certain Mr. Rutherford, a gentleman of landed property in the Vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum of money, the accumulated arrears of teind

(tithes) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, who were the titulars (lay impropiators of the tithes). All the time, however, Mr. Rutherford himself was strongly impressed with the belief that his late father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these teinds from the titulars, and that therefore the present proceedings were unjust. But after making an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation among the public records, and a careful inquiry among all who, so far as he knew, had ever transacted legal business with his father, no evidence could be found to support his defence, and he therefore reluctantly resigned himself to the fact that his lawsuit must be lost. One night his father appeared to him in a dream, and asked him why he was so disturbed in mind. Mr. Rutherford told the apparition of his trouble, adding that he did not want to pay away a large sum of money which he felt strongly was not rightly due, though unfortunately he could find no evidence in support of his belief. The father then told the son that he was quite correct in his surmise, that during his own lifetime he had acquired right to the teinds, and the papers relating to the transaction were in the hands of a Mr. H——, an attorney who had retired some time since and lived at Inveresk. The apparition added that it was quite possible that the attorney had forgotten the matter, which was of very old date, but that his recollection might be recalled to it by the reminder that when the time had come to pay his account his client—Mr. Rutherford senior—had experienced some difficulty in obtaining change for a piece of Portugal gold, and the two gentlemen had been forced to drink out the balance at a tavern!

Mr. Rutherford awoke in the morning with this extraordinary dream vividly impressed upon his mind, and immediately journeyed to Inveresk. He there found the old attorney of whom his father had spoken, and, without saying anything about his dream—asked him whether he remembered conducting the transaction concerning the teinds. The old gentleman had as a matter of fact entirely forgotten it, but recollected it again at once on the mention of the incident connected with the piece of Portugal gold. He made an immediate search for the missing papers, recovered them—and Mr. Rutherford won his lawsuit!

The late Lord Digby, who died in 1889, often related a remarkable dream experienced by his father, Admiral Sir Henry Digby—a dream which, in fact, laid the foundation of the family fortunes, and gained for the Admiral the *sobriquet* by

which he was ever afterwards known in the Navy, of the "Silver Captain."

On October 14, 1799, Admiral Sir Henry Digby, who was then the captain commanding the frigate *Alcmene*, on a cruise off the coast of Spain, shaped his course for Cape St. Vincent, and was running to the southward, in the latitude of Cape Finis-terre. Twice during the night the captain rang his bell summoning the officer of the watch, and asked him if he had seen any one go into his cabin, and "No, sir, nobody," was in each case the officer's reply. Digby rejoined that this was very odd, as each time that he had dropped asleep he had distinctly heard some one shouting in his ear, "Digby! Digby! Go to the northward! Digby! Digby! Go to the northward!" "I shall certainly do so," continued the captain. "Take another reef in your top-sails, haul up your wind, tack every hour till daybreak, and then call me!" These extraordinary orders were obeyed, although the sailors thought their captain had suddenly gone mad, and the frigate was tacked at four, at five, at six, and at seven o'clock. She had just come round for the last time when the man at the masthead called out that there was a large ship on the weather bow. On nearing her a musket was discharged to bring her to. She was promptly boarded, and proved to be a Spanish vessel, laden with dollars and a very rich cargo of spices as well. By this prize the lucky captain of the *Alcmene* secured a large portion of the great fortune which he amassed in the naval service.

The late Lord Roberts, in the first volume of his Memoirs, tells how his father once put off a dance because a dream that with him always foreboded trouble had come three times running—and he was justified in his confidence in it by shortly afterwards losing a relative.

Andrew Lang is responsible for the following dream record.

A certain barrister sat up late one night to write letters, and at about half-past twelve went out to put them in the post. He returned to his rooms, and while undressing for bed missed a cheque for a large sum which he had received during the day. He hunted everywhere in vain, went to bed, slept, and dreamed that he saw the cheque curled round an area railing not far from his own door. He woke, got up, dressed, walked down the street and found his cheque in exactly the spot where he had seen it in his dream!

A little girl kept ducks, and wanted to sell the eggs to her

mother. But when she came one morning to take the eggs out of the nest they had mysteriously disappeared, and in spite of an exhaustive search could be found nowhere. On going to bed that night the child said, "Perhaps I shall dream of them." The next morning she exclaimed to her mother: "I *did* dream of them. They are in a place between grey rock, broom, and mallow—that must be in the 'Poney's Field.'" And there, sure enough, the eggs were found!

MORE ABOUT "MR. ISAACS" * GEMS AND JEWELS

By EDMUND RUSSELL

" *Ameera wore all that she valued most. The diamond nose-stud which takes the place of the Western patch in drawing attention to the curve of the nostril, the gold ornament in the centre of the forehead studded with tallow-drop emeralds and flawed rubies, the heavy circlet of beaten gold fastened round her neck by the softness of the pure metal, the chinking curb-patterned silver anklets hanging low over the rosy ankle-bone. She was dressed in fade-green muslin, and from shoulder to elbow and elbow to wrist ran bracelets of silver tied with floss silk, frail glass bangles slipped over the wrist in proof of the slenderness of the hand, and certain heavy gold bracelets that had no part in her country's ornaments, but since they fastened with a cunning European snap, delighted her immensely.*"—RUDYARD KIPLING.

READING the very comprehensive and interesting article concerning precious stones by Katharine Cox in a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW, some further memories of Marion Crawford's hero come back to my mind so definite and special in regard to the *wearing* of gems from an astrological standpoint, they might seem of supplementary importance.

Connoisseur *facile princeps*, the Sun of Simla, when Recluse of Haiderabad, told me much of their mystic lore. After those wonderful vegetarian breakfasts cooked by his own hands, the Aladdin caves would be opened and the tables covered with treasures. Value had long been a common trade-attribute to him. He attached more significance to the chord of their vibrations with those of the planets and our own:—

Sunday—wear rubies.

Monday—pearls.

Tuesday—coral.

Wednesday—emeralds.

Thursday—topaz.

Friday—diamonds.

Saturday—sapphires.

These, with the two "dragon-gems":—

Head—catseye,

Tail—hyacinth,

* See "Mr. Isaacs of Simla," reminiscences by Edmund Russell, in OCCULT REVIEW, March, 1917.

Make the *nau-ratan*, or nine stones of fortune, which many Hindu ornaments compound to be always on the safe side, no matter the protector of the moment. Mr. Isaacs changes his talismanic jewels every day to accord with the dominant planet, but the ordinary business man feels safe with the *nau-ratan* in his pocket.

Re metals—to him gold favours the day of the Sun.

Rubies, the gems then worn, must be set in gold, thus giving double power.

Silver belongs to *Chandra*, the moon, and is the occult setting for pearls.

The emerald goes with Mercury.

Topaz, copper—there is a precious white topaz in India which has almost the brilliancy of the diamond.

To attract the right influences, diamonds should be always set in tin. Sapphires in lead. Which will not sound attractive to our bedizened beauties who only care for the noise made by a falling cheque.

Can there be any connection between such tin-affinity and the fact that the diamond, crystallized carbon, is after all only a more highly concentrated lump of coal?

According to Puranic tradition this gem adorns the breast-plate of Vishnou, and is of the same substance as the thunder-bolt—perhaps the same electric force brings both into being.

These are the occult combinations which woo fortune by keeping one in perfect equilibrium with nature's forces, which awaken holy thoughts or attract holy influences, said this man of mystery who rose to such dazzling heights by means of his forbidden knowledge, then was cast down by his infatuation for one gem.

If I met Mr. Isaacs on Monday he was always wearing a pearl scarf pin. Nothing but silver filled his pockets—lined with gold on the day one admired his ruby cuff-links. On Wednesday of course it was emeralds. Thursday, if the Oriental topaz seemed too common, he showed the rarer yellow-ruby. He was most particular about this, as in eating certain things at certain times. He drank nothing but a special brand of water always carried with him, even when invited to vice-regal dinner parties. Almost the only consistent star-gazer I ever met.

Each gem according to colour, form, composition, had for him special astrological meaning, as to the *magi* of ancient time when the world was ruled by the stars. The pattern of a Persian rug

where the original thought has long been lost. Now but the symbol-of-a-symbol.

Our jewels are worn in the pride of possession, regardless of inappropriateness or consequence, as we tread with muddy boots the Songs of Solomon.

In the East precious stones are looked upon as actual personalities—direct emanations from God, almost—nay quite—alive.

Each divinity has its insignia. Thus Mr. Isaacs showed me, of Yama, the god of death, his trident, his strangling cord, his club and sword of green chalcedony, yellow sard, red agate and almandine ruby, in Indian manner with the perfection of Greek intaglios.

Some interesting life-rules he gave in his characteristic manner. The parentheses are his:—

"When you leave home on Monday be sure to see your face in a glass. (This need not be told to women, as Monday is not likely to be left out)."

"Tuesday, take a few carraway seeds in your mouth as you cross the threshold."

"Wednesday, eat milk-curds before you go."

"Thursday, it is coriander seeds that will bring happiness."

"Friday, brown-sugar day." (Don't tell the children.)

"Saturday, mustard." (Directions not given.)

"On Sunday a man will be forgiven for cardamon seeds."

Friday is the special day of the Indian *Freiä*—Lakshmi. The Venus-jewel diamond, which she knows and always instinctively chooses—in every land goddess of wealth as well as love. Parvati, who rules home affections, prefers pearls. Emeralds are sacred to Savasvati, daughter of Brahma, Minerva, protectress of learning and music.

The diamond is male, as also ruby, sapphire, topaz. Emerald and pearl female.

Of the sapphire the *Pouranas* relate how Vishnou, lord-compassionate, in one of his nine incarnations as Saviour-of-the-World, committed a single sin, that he might know the torments of remorse and thus feel all mortals feel.

On his return, as he began repeating the *mantras*, or prayers of purification, a tear dropped to earth in his grief. The hottest tear that ever fell. From this, the anguish of a god, crystallized the first sapphire. Thus the jewel of repentance. It is said to be easier to repent in sapphires and sables than any other way.

In the ruins of Buddhistic cities found all over India they dig for "Eyes-of-Sulaiman," which are polished into great beads such as the ash-smeared *yogi* strings into his rosary with spotted bezoar stones for the cure of snake-bites and the vertebrae of flying-foxes whose dust allays jungle-fever.

Mr. Isaacs himself told me the legend: how the genii presented their occult-master, King Solomon, with a fresh rosary every day on which he said his prayers, then threw aside. It is a common mistake to think that the idol itself is worshipped. In the East it is only considered a symbol to concentrate upon, constantly renewed and disregarded. In temples the old gods are often used as fire-wood.

This story accounts for the prevalence of Sulaimani onyxes, but not for the presence of Solomon in India. What was he doing there with a llama's rosary?

Was he teaching Buddha, or Buddha teaching him?

Each religion claims and adds all the rest.

Thibet shows records of Christ studying in its monasteries during his unaccounted years.

When in Kashmir they told me of Adam coming there after the Fall to buy shawls for Eve.

There is always an underlying esotericism in the ornaments of these masters of magic, however fantastic the collection may seem. Each form, bead, pattern, colour, string—even twist and material of string—has its mystic meaning. The Ramayana tells us that adepts recognized each other by this symbolic language, and could talk together unperceived by fingering their beads.

The ornaments of a Hindu woman are both symbolic and ritualistic—as our own wedding ring, for example—certain forms denote a married woman, certain absences a widow. Gold may be permissible to one caste. Silver obligatory in another. Cotton, linen, silk, the same. Would it were so with us! Mere buying and selling indiscriminately produces a confusion which destroys art.

Every Mohammedan necklace, girdle, armlet or button contains or has suspended from it a case to hold a talisman. I have seen an ankle-ring formed of eleven small caskets of gold, each lid a single gem. A noble lady in Ireland possesses a ruby an inch and a half in length engraved with Kabalistic characters and the names of Akbar, Jehangir, Shah Jahan, and Aurungzebe, the four Mogul emperors who had successively worn it.

All the aboriginal races—the *vanars* or "might-be-humans"

put down as bear and monkey-friends of Rama—live in the greatest dread of the power of *jettatura*, the evil-eye.

You must not praise the beauty of a child for fear such regard will attract the attention of the devil. The mother will utter some obscene phrase or daub some mud on its face to counteract. You may even notice a scar that has been intentionally cut to break the charm.

For the same reason no Oriental will write a letter without a blot.

All OCCULT REVIEWS should contain some printers' errors—and frequently do.*

In the *shishidarpulkaris*, the looking-glass-flower-designs of blue and yellow with which we cushion our cosy-corners, one always finds some unfinished spot to mark that perfection is only of God, whom we must not seek to rival for fear of provoking His wrath. The flash of the looking-glass is especially prized by the poor. Evil spirits mistaking for the human glance thus spare the beautiful eyes. It is often found also mixed with the costliest jewels. The substance was unknown in India till modern times, though Rochegrosse told me while showing his picture, that when the Queen of Sheba visited the thousand-eyed-monarch she walked on mirrors to show she had not cloven feet.

In the South children run about in their birthday-suits, with jewels gummed in patterns on their faces, which with their beautiful eyes make them look like little living gods.

From a cord around their waists depends an actual silver fig-leaf copied from the *ficus-religiosa*. This custom is all the more singular, as these districts form one of the traditional sites of the Garden of Eden.

I stood once at a great function by the wife of a high-caste student whom I had known at Oxford; and was permitted to talk with her; and although she made a pretext of holding her veil across her face with one jewelled hand, the whole back of which was covered with an ornament which also twisted around her wrist in design of dragons swallowing dragons, I found her well-informed, observant and witty, and after the first few embarrassed replies she positively astonished me at her frank criticism:—"How immodest they look! Naked and unashamed! See those skinny shoulders coming out of the black

* Yes, but there would be more still if the Editor left some of his contributors to pass their own proofs for press!—ED.

satin straps! Aren't they funny with their patronizing airs of superiority! Such scraps of treasured lace! So proud of their little pins and brooches!" She was wrapped in cloth-of-gold, of crimson woof, her nostril full of rubies that looked a gorgeous nose-bleed. Yet no doubt when the grand *mem-sahibs* referred to her they said—"Poor little thing!"

This nose-ring is the badge of wifehood. At night a tiny gold wire is carefully inserted as the more massive circlet is withdrawn, for it is unlucky to leave *la cloison du nez* for an instant without its symbol.

It is considered an insult or extremely indelicate to refer to the *pakchabi* or "nose-key"—lady visitors behind the *purdah* often give offence and frighten at their first question.

Like all ornaments ugly-on-the-ugly it is very fascinating in the *narines frémisantes* of the fascinating.

The most cherished possession of the humblest. A poor *dhobin* or washerwoman may toil all her life for the single real gem between her two imitation pearls which themselves become real with the economies of her daughter and granddaughter as they inherit and give the toil of two more lives.

On dozens of Punjabi women packed into the third-class railway compartments one sees in many nasal-organs circlets set with five or six pearls of astonishing size considering the poverty of their wearers. Some so large they must eat through them or starve.

Ruby flanked with pearls signifies heart with two guardians of purity.

In some parts of Ceylon a pink pearl is placed between the lips of the dead before cremation—ashes-of-roses.

Mr. Isaacs told me that the Maharajah of Dohlpur had the finest pearls in India. The Nizam of Haiderabad coveted, and through Mr. Isaacs offered thirty *lakhs* for them. The Maharajah's only reply was: "Go hang yourself—I do not keep a shop!"

An English duchess came to India expressly to compare her pearls with those of the Maharajah, who spent much of his time at Simla and was a favourite of "the set." Unfortunately he showed his *colliers* first. Though hers encircled her neck under a heavy Spanish lace scarf, she said her maid had stupidly forgotten them, and left Simla immediately.

When King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, returned from his early tour of India, he gave away some dull-looking orna-

ments which were scarcely appreciated till Bernhardt wore them in "Izyel" and "Theodora," and it was discovered that they were cabochon pigeon-bloods and sea emeralds set in Jeypore enamel. His scattering of inlaid turquoises started the baroque and matrix craze which became a disease.

Fringe and flower form the chief motives of female adornment, while aigrette and boss belong to men—here worn without regard to expression or propriety.

In her last portrait, Queen Victoria was painted in a long pearl necklace with pendant tassels of the *mala* type, which also decorated the beautiful Alexandra at her coronation.

Unparalleled in European crown jewels, the finest I have ever seen, is the seven-row *briolette* diamond necklace which the Gaikwar of Baroda has never brought to Europe. "Will you wear all your jewels?" I asked when I gave him a reception in New York. "Why, I have not even a turban with me. I did not know that you republicans cared for such things."

The "Star of the South," one of the most celebrated diamonds in the world, formerly belonging to the crown of France, was secretly sold to Khanderao, former Gaikwar, at the moment of the flight of the Empress Eugenie (the Maharajah of Patiala took the Sancey diamond at the same time). It has its own prime minister and the right to a state-entry whenever it arrives at a capital.

One *raja* told me the most astonishing thing he saw in London was Queen Victoria holding her own umbrella over her head at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and that there were no fringes of pearl on it.

A country of Art where the voice of God still speaks. With us, through our abasement from the machine, the voice of the people is the voice of the devil. They are only allowed to express their burdens and their sorrows. But it will not always be so. One is conscious of a gradually growing spiritual wave. The dawning of a new light! The coming of a new race! Our black clothes seem very dismal after a return from India. We all look like escaped jail-birds or begrimed workers in dirty factories. One feels if such had appeared in ancient days they would have been instantly exterminated before it was discovered they were human.

There are distortions too of royal taste. We must arrive at poised expression. A radiation without fear or limit. Pierpont Morgan would have been considered a madman had he worn one of his embroidered copes. He was only allowed to possess

them. With all his millions he had to dress like a waiter—a servant.

I recall the treasury of Constantinople as a veritable chamber of horrors of jewelled caprices. Such art must be all swept away. Perhaps real splendour and beauty will slowly venture back as we build our cathedrals again.

There I have seen heaps of bed-quilts embroidered with thousands of pearls, some as large as the fattest chestnut. One need not be a Hans Christian Andersen princess to be made uncomfortable with them. A gold cradle covered with precious stones, in which seven sultans had slept. A baby's bath-tub of solid gold. A toilet-table of lapis-lazuli with carbuncle claw feet. On one now useless sword-hilt I counted fifteen diamonds each as large as a man's thumb. Bushel baskets full of jewelled watches and singing bird mechanical snuff-boxes.

All of these will vanish with the "Peacock Throne." But the song of colour remains. We shall have need of every note of splendour and glory.

This throne—"Lotus-Lion-Seat," a grand old Sanscrit name—is one of the legends of the Orient and said to be still at Teheran. It was as large as a bed. All orient thrones are capable also of seating the honoured guest of the sovereign. Two peacocks spread their tails studded with every gem, a parrot cut from a single emerald swung between, while twelve gem-encrusted pillars held the canopy. Five millions sterling is said to have been its cost. One of the peacock's eyes was the *Koh-i-nor*. When Delhi was taken by the Persian despot this gem was missing. A woman betrayed the Mogul, and told Nadir Shah that the emperor had hid it in his turban. At a great ceremony Nadir Shah proposed an exchange of turbans as an expression of good faith. There was no apparent reason why the emperor could decline his conqueror's proposal—the offer seemed a great condescension. That of the Persian monarch was glittering with gems beside which the Delhi *paggari* seemed but poverty rags. Nadir made excuse to retire to his tent—untwined the folds—behold, the "Mountain-of-Light"!

When kings were ill they had a way of having themselves weighed bed-and-all against a pile of gold, then flinging it to the crowd.

We are now throwing gold and gems away to be made well, but all the glory is coming back to shine as never before.

IRISH CHARMS AND INCANTATIONS FOR THE CURE OF DISEASE

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

IRELAND has had for many years the advantage of an excellent dispensary system by which advice and medicine are given free to the indigent by the medical officers of the Poor Law Unions. Yet, in some of the backward rural districts the people are still disposed to trust rather to charms and superstitious rites for the cure of their infirmities and ailments.

This modified survival of the primitive faith in witchcraft and enchantment may be in part ascribed to the Celtic faithfulness to tradition. Notwithstanding the spread of education, and the constant railing of the priests against "pishogues"—as omens, charms and incantations are called in the Irish—the people are loth to give up the ways of their fathers for countless generations in the treatment of disease. This adherence to tradition owes much of its strength to an impulse or inspiration which is supernatural. The idea is still entertained in some quarters that the fairies exercise influences, both malign and beneficent, in worldly affairs; and that there are human beings, rare and specially favoured with secret powers—magicians they would be called in olden times—who can propitiate the "wee folk," or else do things unexplainable by science and the natural laws of cause and effect.

My inquiries have led me to the conclusion, that the popular confidence in those who practise cures without any medical training—"quacks" and "charlatans" if you like—has in the main a more rational foundation than the belief in supernatural agencies and influences. In its way it is just as curious a manifestation of the vagaries of the human mind. It is due to the notion that the skill of doctors is but ordinary or natural, being obtained at schools and colleges and limited to common ailments, whereas the "wise women" and "knowledgeable men" who practise the healing art have compelled Nature to deliver up to them her profoundest secrets, and, therefore, can extract properties from herbs and weeds which are particularly efficacious in those obstinate or chronic cases of illness or

physical disablement which seem to defy orthodox medical treatment.

These pretenders to medical knowledge or skill may be divided into three classes. There are those who by the use of charms and incantations insist that they can raise their patient above and beyond the established course of the laws of Nature. There are others who employ a judicious mixture of the supernatural and natural, who use a potion or lotion, obtained from sinister weeds which flourish in such fearsome localities as the deserted and overgrown country graveyard, on the crumbling walls of ancient ruins, or in the dark depths of the wood, and as they administer it chant a prayer three times—the mystic three—in honour of the Blessed Trinity. The methods of the most numerous class, however, are empirical. Their treatment is without any regard to science or theory, but is based somewhat on experiment or observation.

Among the latter class is, or was, a family named Lyons, living a short distance from Kilrush, in County Clare, who have possessed for generations a secret cure for cancers and tumours. I had a talk once with the head of the family, a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and undoubtedly a very honest and respectable man. It was on a Sunday, the day he receives patients, that I saw "the herb doctor," as he is known throughout West Clare; and I found three or four men and women of the agricultural labouring or small farmer class awaiting his ministrations. After a consultation with these people in regard to their ailments he gave them ointments and lotions for outward application. He told me he made no claim whatever to receiving aid from the fairies in working his "cures." His remedies were extracted exclusively from herbs, the compounding of which was derived, he said, from a secret prescription which has been in the family for more years than he could tell. I asked him how the prescription was originally obtained, and he replied, "From an old medicine book." His fees vary according to the position of the patient and the seriousness of the disease, and, as he boasted that he has a record of hundreds of supposed cures of cases of cancer and tumours, pronounced hopeless by the doctors, he has what may be described as quite a lucrative practice. In fact, patients came to him from all parts of Munster, most of them being old-fashioned and simple-minded rustics.

"Herb doctors" of the like of Lyons must not be confounded with the itinerant quacks who are to be met with at fairs and

markets. Such men as Lyons would disdain publicly to traffic in their "cures" with all and sundry, or even to advertise them. They insist upon "consultations" with patients; and rely for custom upon the air of mystery with which their specifics are invested, and the circulation of their fame by talk throughout the country-side. But the wandering "doctors" and "professors" are a still larger class. You will see them on fair greens or in the market place mounted upon improvised platforms, or upon the tail-board of their own horse-drawn vans, declaiming persuasively on the virtues of their concoctions—tonics, ointments, mixtures, pills—which they offer as magic remedies for every ailment affecting the human body, from baldness to corns.

One of the most noted of these persons is "Doctor Conroy," who is a favourite everywhere he goes on account of his jovial disposition and quick wit. He protests that he has "no patience with those rascally impostors, who delude the public by pretending that all diseases have one and the same cause, impurity of blood, and therefore can all be cured by one specific, a pill or a potion," and proclaims that he possesses for each complaint a separate and distinct remedy, which never fails. Usually, before starting his harangue, he mystifies the crowd by performing some simple chemical trick. Then, with a triumphant smile, he will address the crowd as follows:

"My dear friends—I have come to this town to-day not for the purpose of making money; but simply on account of my interest in suffering humanity. I do not dispense my wonderful cures with a view to making money by them (for the prices are too small for that); but with the intention that you, my dear friends, may profit by them. Ah! little you know what I have undergone that you may enjoy good health. How often have I crossed the deserts and penetrated the forests of Africa, where no human foot but mine has ever trod before or since, in search of these priceless herbs, when you were lying at home in your comfortable beds! I have purchased the famous Black Lava from the natives in the mountains of India, where water is boiled in the sun, and you could not get stout for one-and-six a bottle.

"I have received the wonderful Oraculum Diaculum from the Arabs, and paid for it at the rate of sixteen shillings the teaspoonful; and I have exchanged gold and precious stones with the wild men of Borneo for the powerful Acid of the Barley Straw, which is not made elsewhere. I have travelled six thousand miles on foot and otherwise, to obtain the concentrated Turkey-in-

Asia-Rhubarb, which is unequalled in strength and efficacy for impurities of the blood. I have all these splendid products, and many others, here in my bag ; and I can supply a bottle for every known disease and many unknown ones. They are all guaranteed to give relief in the twinkling of an eye ; and the price for each bottle is only sixpence. If you do not purchase you save a paltry sixpence ; if you purchase you save yourselves unutterable suffering."

Sometimes the "Doctor's" great rival, "Professor Charman," known in his native place as Paudeen Murphy—a solemn looking person with bushy whiskers and blue spectacles—will set up his stand close by. According to his own account, the "Professor" had studied at the "most important German and English universities," and had, therefore, more knowledge of human ills than any other living man. He would darkly advise his audience to beware of trusting "persons pretending to be doctors, who would rather pour out a libation to Bacchus than sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius." The "Doctor" would retort by exhorting his hearers to "shun, as they would the devil, foreigners from Germany and England." "Remember," the "Doctor" would warn them impressively, "such impostors only come here for the purpose of making money : and you may thank them for bringing among you diseases which you otherwise would never suffer from—German measles and English cholera !" Such a charge as this would be enough to unnerve any man—even one educated in German and English universities, and the "Professor," utterly routed, would pack up and betake himself to some other part of the fair, leaving the "Doctor," as he would put it himself, "monarch of all he surveyed."

There are many local cures of the magical or supernatural sort for hydrophobia throughout Ireland. A fairy charm was possessed by two sisters named Hodges, of good social position, in County Clare, who died some years ago. When a person who had been bitten by a mad dog called upon these women to save him from hydrophobia, they got him to look into a charmed mirror, and, if he saw therein the image of the dog, he was pronounced incurable ; but if the reflection of his own face met his gaze the remedies prescribed were, it is said, certain to prove effectual. This cure is now in the possession of a woman to whom it was bequeathed by the Misses Hodges. But the most famous charm for rabies in Ireland is in the keeping of a County Cavan family named McGovern. According to the legend of the charm, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, or the

beginning of the eighteenth, the only son of the family lay dying of hydrophobia. The distracted father knelt beside the bed, appealing to God to leave him his son. Suddenly a deep sleep fell upon him, and in a dream an angel came and told him of the cure. At the same time the angel insisted upon McGovern giving a pledge that he and his descendants would always place the miraculous antidote at the service of all poor sufferers from the disease. Since then the family have worked the charm. It takes the form of a herbal mixture and incantations. So jealously guarded is the secret of the herbs from which the mixture is compounded, that it is only imparted to the eldest son of the family by the father, when he is lying on his bed of death. It is said the charm is invariably effective, even in cases of persons and animals actually in the convulsions of rabies, after six or nine days' use. It is also said that several tempting pecuniary offers have been made to the McGoverns to induce them to reveal their secret—one was from an agent of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, no less—but this they will never do, they declare, alleging that the antidote would lose all its magical power if it were to pass out of the family possession. I have heard statements of a similar kind in regard to occult charms for other diseases, which, in like manner, have been bequeathed from parents to children for many generations. In some instances the secret must be transmitted from male to female, or from female to male. A man who has a charm for cancer, told me it was whispered to him by his mother on her death-bed, and that its wizardry would depart unless he, in turn, when dying could pass it on to a female relative, his wife, daughter or sister.

The "Boy Doctor of Duhallow," with whose fame as an annihilator of all the ills to which flesh is heir the counties of Cork and Kerry were full a little while ago, was also a curious phenomenon. The youth's name was Timothy Dineen. He was the son of a poor Kerry farmer, eleven years old, and, so far as intelligence was concerned, a very ordinary lad. But he was born on Good Friday and baptised on Easter Sunday, and from this extraordinary conjunction of circumstances, he derived his healing gifts, in the opinion of the simple, superstitious country-folk. He first exercised them on cows and horses, and when induced by his parents to extend their operation to human beings, suffering from sores and swellings, he met with such success that the call came to him to make a tour through portions of Cork and Kerry. Hundreds of the sick and disabled, mostly children, were brought to him for treatment, which consisted solely of his

rubbing his spittle on the affected part and blowing his breath on it three times ; and as a fee varying from five shillings to ten shillings was charged in each case, the tour was successful, at least in the money-making sense.

A seventh son is supposed to have wonderful curative powers. That is, a seventh son in a continuous line of brothers, unbroken by the intervening birth of a sister. His gift is especially effective if he is an orphan and has never seen his father. The parish in which I was born and brought up was the fortunate possessor of such a seventh son. I remember, when a boy, being brought to him to be touched for ringworm. All he did was to moisten his finger with spittle, and rub it on the spots. I had expected an elaborate ritual of incantation by a mysterious ancient being who lived a life aloof from the common mass, and felt it a grave indignity thus to be treated by one whom I knew well as a fellow attending the same little school as myself. Johnny Spellacy often had reason to feel sorry for having been born to such greatness. As he played with other boys at marbles or whipping-tops his mother would come to him and coaxingly say, "Johnny, love, come home awhile ; you're wanted to do the cure," and the lad would go away grumbling to breathe on the tongue of an infant suffering from thrush or ulcers in the mouth. In some parts of the country the owner of a pure white horse is also regarded as the possessor of strange wisdom in the treatment of bodily infirmities, but he must be driving or riding the horse to be able to exercise this gift. Whooping cough succumbs to the treatment he prescribes. When this disease manifests itself in a family the head of the house looks out for the coming of a white horse along the road, and, after the usual salutation of "God save you," asks the driver what will cure whooping cough. If the driver is a man of a cheery disposition and fond of children he will at once recommend chicken, soup, jam ; but if he is sour-minded, as the unhappy owner of such a horse often becomes on account of the frequency with which he is accosted on a hurried journey, he will say water or gruel. But whatever he advises is rigorously carried out. A white horse, like the dread pale horse of the Apocalypse, appears affrightingly in many Irish legends and superstitions.

Other samples of medical folklore which I have picked up in various parts of Ireland are as follows :—

The whooping cough can be cured by passing the child three times under an ass's belly and three times over the cross on the animal's back, thus completing three whole circles.

A person can get rid of warts in the following manner : Make a small bag with calico ; for every wart you have put into the bag a pebble on which has fallen a drop of blood obtained from each wart by pricking it ; then place the bag at a cross where two roads intersect so that a passer-by may readily see it. Whoever finds the bag and handles the pebbles takes the warts.

A sty on the eyelid can be charmed away by picking ten thorns from a gooseberry bush, throwing away one and getting some one to prick the sty with the remaining nine in the names of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, three times repeated.

All these charms are the common property of the countryside. The secret charms possessed by "wise women" and the "knowledgeable men" are often equally ridiculous. They have none of the beautiful, wise and wayward fantasy which distinguishes the other legends and folklore of the peasantry. A very prevalent complaint in Ireland is one called "an' impression upon the heart," or "heart fever" for short. An old woman whose sister was cured of it by a charmer gave me an account of the treatment. A cup is filled with oaten meal and covered with a cloth ; the charmer holding the cup in both hands walks round the patient three times, and draws the cup across the heart, chanting at the same time "Chree a chree Christa cree crean." When this is done the cloth is removed and the meal in the cup examined. Some of the meal usually disappears in some mysterious way during the ceremony ; the quantity vanished being in proportion to the seriousness of the malady. The remainder of the meal is made into a scone and eaten by the patient, but if any one should come between the patient and the fire while the baking is going on the charm is useless.

Erysipelas, known commonly as "the rose," is another complaint for which there are many secret charms. I have heard of a very peculiar one which was practised by a "wise woman" upon a young girl. She put flour on the patient's nose and faintly scratched a cross on it with a penknife, muttering some cabalistic words. In most cases the efficacy of the charm lies wholly in the pronouncing of such mystic, unintelligible phrases. In another cure for erysipelas that I have heard of, fresh butter was rubbed by the charmer on the inflammation of the skin ; but he insisted that he relied most upon his cabalistic words for scaring away the ailment.

For a charm to be successful there must be an absolute and unwavering faith in it. Accordingly when the result of the treatment is disappointing, as not infrequently happens, the

failure to effect a cure is usually ascribed to the unbelief of the patient. The charmer has also to protect himself against the law, which is very sceptical as to his honesty. He, therefore, usually refrains from asking payment for his services. He tells his patients that his spells would be broken if they were worked for money; so he wisely "leaves it to themselves," with the result that his patients give him generous presents or thank-offerings, far in excess of the fee any doctor would think of asking or expect. One of the charmers is reported as having said "the rale doctors would skiver me if they caught me taking a fee." But it is the policeman he really fears. He knows that unless he acts circumspectly he may lay himself open to a charge of receiving money under false pretences by selling charms.

The prosecutions have been few in number. Naturally it is difficult to get the peasantry to prosecute, or to give evidence, for that would mean the deriding or condemnation of their ancient and fond superstitions. But when cases have come into Court deeply interesting glimpses have been afforded of the baffling ignorance, credulity, and mystery which lie beneath the placid surface of the everyday occupations of these intelligent and shrewd people.

A small farmer in Galway, who has the reputation locally of being a "witch doctor," and is described as "a tall cadaverous individual, peculiar both in his dress and manners," was recently charged with fraud. A strange story was told by the prosecutor, a farmer in good circumstances. He said he had been under the care of a doctor for two years, before he consulted the charmer, who assured him he was only suffering from piles and that he would make him as sound as a rock. He then gave the charmer 11s. 10½d. to buy some stuff which was necessary for the cure. A few days later the charmer called at his house. The first thing he was told to do was to produce three coins, gold, silver and copper; and accordingly he placed a half-sovereign, a two shilling piece and a penny on a chair. The charmer next asked for a prayer book, and directed the patient to go down on his knees with him and pray. The patient prayed in Irish, and as he did so the charmer mumbled words which he did not understand. After that the charmer stripped the patient naked, rolled him in a sheet and got him to sit in a chair, under which he placed a griddle containing two bricks that he had made red hot in the fire. The patient said the heat from the bricks caused him intense pain. Then the charmer played tricks with the three coins, gold, silver and copper, as if to suggest the mysterious and supernatural.

He said he was going to bury the coins with something he had in a paper. But before wrapping them in the paper, he placed them separately in the patient's mouth, at the same time warning him not to touch them with his hand.

The wife of the patient was present in the kitchen during these proceedings ; and one can imagine the state of the poor woman's mind, what with her dread of assisting at such dark mysteries and her anxiety as to the fate of her husband. The charmer brought her outside so that she could see him burying the paper containing the coins. He sent her to fetch him a stone, and when she rejoined him he told her he had buried the coins, and pointed out that he had marked the spot with a harrow-pin. Then on returning to the house he said the patient was quite cured, and solemnly warned him that if he desired to remain well he must on no account go looking for the coins. Indeed, if any one were to dig up the place they would most likely find three "dharkdiels" (an insect credited with the powers of the Evil One) instead of the money. However, two policemen were examined to prove that they dug up the place and found neither coins nor "dharkdiels."

In another case heard in the Courts—this time in Ulster—the charmer, who was described as "a retired weaver," brought an action for libel against a local newspaper. In the course of a long cross-examination he was made to disclose his operations. He said he had never studied medicine, and cured solely by prayer. If the prayer was pleasing to God, He sent the relief. "Did you ever fail?" asked counsel. "It was God sent the cure," said the witness, after some hesitation. "I suppose there were people you treated who were not cured?" "Well, I done them no harm." (Laughter.) About one in a hundred, he admitted, derived no benefit. This rare failure of his treatment might be due to want of faith. All who had faith when they came to him were cured. "One of them told me," he said, "he found relief as soon as he left home to come to me. I ask God to relieve the patients, and He sends the cure."

"I understand," said counsel, "that erysipelas is your speciality—how do you treat it? Do you pray aloud?" "I pray to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," replied the witness. "I pray alone. I have known a case where a sore on a man's leg ran a cupful in a day, and after I put my hand on it it dried up." "Do you rub the parts?" "Likely, in the case of some who can stand it, but there are some who cannot."

"Do you put your tongue in the sores?" "I have done it

many a time and licked them, but the virtue is in the prayer." He added that he was called to see a man who he believed was suffering from mortification in the leg, and who gave him £1. The man died, but that was after the doctors amputated the leg. "Do you know the meaning of mortification?" asked the Judge. "I am no doctor," replied the witness evasively, "and I don't go into them matters."

The cross-examining counsel wanted to know the form of prayer that was found so beneficial. "Well, you won't know it from me," replied the witness; "you'll not hear it. It's not here that I'm going to repeat it. It is handed down from one son to another. I got the prayer 'larned' to me. I saw a man getting great relief by means of it when I was only a boy. He was so much swelled that you would have wondered how the skin stretched—(laughter)—and it was the prayer I heard then that I believe cured him. It is to the Trinity—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." "Don't you think, as a God-fearing man," put counsel persuasively, "that it is your duty to make that prayer known to other people who are suffering, if you believe it to be so efficacious?" "If the people," answered the witness knowingly, "are generous, isn't that all right?" (Laughter.) "Did you not tell a man," went on counsel, "'That it is the prayer Our Lord made going across the mountain, when He sprained His leg'?" "That was not for erysipelas," parried the witness. "Did you ever hear of Our Lord going across the mountain and offering prayer?" "I am not going to answer that," said the witness. "Have you cured heart disease?" asked counsel. "Yes, with God's help," replied the witness, but he declined to disclose his treatment. "Did you tie a ribbon round the patient?" asked counsel. "Yes," answered the witness, "round the body. It was a green ribbon, and it has to be pure silk. I roll it up myself in a particular way, and put it on in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the patient gets relief from God."

These statements fairly describe the mode of operations common among Irish charmers. As may be seen, the charmers rely a good deal upon prayer. But they maintain that most of the curative powers they possess are due to their charms and incantations. By means of these supernatural agencies, they can throw those who come for relief to them into another state of being in which mysterious forces do things that are impossible within the sphere of actuality and the normal.

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.*]

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Since May 21, 1916, I have been passing through the Valley of Sorrowful Search, seeking for those who possess knowledge of life after death, to support the faith which I have always possessed.

It is easy to be satisfied with faith when the one who makes your earth world a heaven is beside you. But when that one goes where you can neither hear, see or touch, and when the hours, days, weeks and months pass, with nothing to break the appalling silence and not one sight or sign is given to starve the awful emptiness of earth, faith cries out for *knowledge*, to ease the awful anguish of desolation.

Many of my friends have told me of comforting experiences and helpful messages received through psychics, and others have assured me of personal impressions which seemed to them convincing evidence of the existence of those who had passed out of the body. The following letter, however, brought me the greatest amount of comfort of any, and I am giving it to the public with the consent of its author because I believe it will help hundreds of others as it has helped me. The writer of the letter is Kate Jordan (Mrs. Vermilye), whose novels, plays, and moving picture dramas have made her name familiar to the reading world.

Kate Jordan has been my friend for more than twenty years, as was her beautiful sister, Martha, who died in the prime of her young womanhood in the spring of 1909. The affection between the two sisters was unusual in its closeness and complete sympathy. Martha's death, sudden and unexpected, was a crushing and colossal blow to Kate Jordan. Although many members of her family had died previously, Kate had always been a questioner and a seeker, rather than a firm believer, in the continuance of personality after death. Therefore the following statement made by her to me possesses peculiar significance. Replying to a letter of mine wherein I expressed despair of obtaining the direct proof which I seek, and in which I said that I believed my beloved must also be unhappy in his inability to communicate with me, my friend wrote as follows:—

“ Ella, Dumaurier says in *Peter Ibbetson* what makes it all so logical in a way, that what is Beyond may be at times so incommunicable to mortals that it is not always possible to get even frayed edges of it over to our

understanding. I know this was conveyed to me one dark wet day when I sat alone in deep grief for Martha, thinking how rebellious she must be at having to leave the world she loved so young. Then suddenly and softly the most ineffable joy touched me. I sat as one with every pore expectant—not moving. It was a breath of a feeling for which there is no name in language, and I had a sense as of golden sunlight rolling through the room and out. I came to reality, to find myself in the corner of the sofa open-eyed, just as I had been, the room shadowy, the rain pouring. It was afternoon, and I was, and had been, wide awake. Something out of the Great Secret had touched me, so beautiful, so belittling to everything that humans call happiness, that I was thrilled and could not move. One thing this wonderful moment did for me—I never did, never could again, think of Martha as rebellious for having died. I knew she was happy, mine alone was the grief.

“On other occasions, before and since that marvellous moment, I have felt Martha with me, entirely in a vague, subjective way. I am sure that which you seek will yet come to you, perhaps most unexpectedly.”

It seems to me the above interesting words from a brilliant and gifted woman must carry comfort and hope in this crucial hour to thousands of suffering hearts.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(MRS. ROBERT WILCOX.)

“THE BUNGALOW,”
GRANITE BAY, SHORT BEACH,
CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have undergone a series of experiences which I believe to be of a character not usual to men engaged in ordinary practical life.

They are as follows:—

I had been in bed some minutes, when I heard the command “Speak no words.” And immediately I seemed to be within a gigantic lily, the measurements of which would have compared to the dimensions of an ordinary room. The structure of its walls resembled newly fallen snow and appeared to sweep above and beneath me in ample curves.

Thence I was borne along in a flood of golden light over a vast floral landscape.

My first impression was of watching a moving panorama passing beneath my feet, but with a growing conviction, I shortly realized that I was myself in motion and accompanied. Travelling in a vast circle, we coursed a wall of a delicate rose colour, iridescent and beautiful to gaze upon. Buttresses rose at intervals, tapering from the base and culminating in square turrets.

The masonry, if such it may be called, might be compared to rose-coloured salt both in texture and general appearance. From the

base, variegated foliage carpeted the ground, sweeping beneath in a profusion of leafy beauty. Meanwhile, I had the consciousness that I was in fact skirting a city, not that I was within its walls.

Some week or two later, I seemed to be descending a well at night. It was the approach, as it shortly appeared, to a journey into a wholly different sphere of life.

Descending to a region that may be described as the antithesis of that above referred to, I was borne down irresistibly to where weird forms peopled the sombreness with a vague malicious movement of the arms. For the most part they were rooted, as trees, to the ground.

Before me sat on what appeared to be a floor of dark, copper-coloured rock, an object in human shape, the enormously long arms extending towards me and the hands moving before my face. Yet I seemed to be screened from contact by a transparent medium.

This took place in a region that seemed to be caves of hewn rock, which appeared to emit a semi-luminous radiance of a dull copper hue pervading the atmosphere with a metallic gloom.

I now pass to an experience which differs in several material points from either of those with which I have dealt. It was accompanied by a definite physical feeling of gradually losing sensation, as though under galvanic influence, whereby all control of muscle gradually faded, yet for a moment left me in conscious possession of my body. Preceded by a firm pressure on the middle of the forehead, an irresistible finger pressure, I recollect mentally preparing myself for the inevitable.

Whirled, as it were in the warm radiance of a midsummer sun, I was again aware that I had a companion.

Although at first not definitely conscious of any objective surroundings, until alive to the fact that we were gliding rapidly along a wide corridor, we entered a room, and thence we progressed by the same gliding motion along a chalky road, and stood on the grass at a bend in the road. Two men passed, then turned and addressed my companion, seeming oblivious of my presence.

On turning round I beheld a number of well-dressed women, who were in animated conversation and congregated on a platform overlooking a stretch of grassland, which seemed to convey the notion that they were overlooking a race course. From my interest in these surroundings, I turned again to my Guide, and was dismayed to find that he had vanished.

A point of some interest arises in respect of my re-entry to normal conditions. Great distress indeed accompanied this. My breath was being taken in gasps, while before me revolved a luminous disc about the size of a dinner plate.

Differing from those narrated is an experience in which I seemed to be looking at a lantern projection, a lattice movement of dark periods on a dull silver background. This shortly resolved itself into

a forest of stems of giant seaweed, rising fantastically, and swinging from the roots like poplars fretted by a breeze. While I gazed an object elliptical in shape, and of an apparent length of rather under five feet, and of a width of something under two feet, glided through the water at an angle of forty-five degrees, travelling with the periphery towards me in elevation, the general shape being that of a lozenge. In substance it resembled a jellyfish. Advancing from the left, it passed out of sight, merging into the distance, with a slow, apparently resistless progress.

This was immediately followed by the appearance of a figure that I can only describe as animal-frog-man, who stood upon the bank. His head appeared to slope from the jaw back and up to a small dome or point. The limbs were massive as was also the body comparable to the body of a frog, yet the attitude was erect and aggressive, while over the right shoulder there rested a club, grasped as such by the hand. Small black eyes, of which there were two, shone out with an alert and eager glance. On reflection the impression is forced upon me that what appeared to be a glistening skin was probably but the evidence of his recent immersion, the surface of his body shining with a dull yellow hue much of the shade and general appearance of a frog; the mouth also resembled a frog's more nearly than that of any creature with whose appearance I am acquainted.

The last experience for which I will claim space in your valued columns is, I think, of the nature of clairaudience. Day and night when awake, I am conscious of listening to selections from the operas, also Scotch airs, and old popular hymn tunes, bugle and trumpet calls. Quite frequently I can hear two at once, one in each ear, and sometimes even a third, as though in the far distance.

I am of course familiar with the annoying experience of a tune active in one's mind for days together, but that to which I now allude is something of a wholly different character. It is definitely objective, if I may apply the term in this connection. It is, moreover, continuous, and apparently unaffected by any mental wish or desire on my part.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. SLATER.

SOUNDS AND COLOURS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am very much interested in the letter on sound and colour contributed by A. Watson in last month's issue of your magazine and would be very much obliged if you, or any of your readers, can give me any information on the following:—

If I strike the key of C \sharp it gives a certain rate of vibration corresponding to the colour of blood red, but if I strike the same key again (which still gives the same rate of vibration), but call it this time B \sharp ,

according to B. Watson's chart, we get white, iridescent, dazzling. Seeing that the rate of vibration does not change, how is it that we get a different colour ?

I am a regular subscriber to your magazine and really enjoy reading it.

I am, sir, yours sincerely,

NEW MALDEN, SURREY.

P. FRASER.

TELEPATHY IN RELATION TO ANIMALS.

(ANOTHER INSTANCE.)

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested in the letter which appeared in the June issue of your REVIEW, signed "A Hampshire Clergyman," and it may perhaps interest you to know of a similar case.

While residing in Brazil, we possessed as pets several little Marmoset monkeys, who used daily to be let loose in the garden, whereupon they would gain access to our neighbour's garden, by means of a large Avocado pear tree. Our governess, who was extremely fond of them, appeared one morning, looking very distressed, owing to a dream she had had the previous night, in which our favourite Marmoset had been attacked by our neighbour's fox-terriers. And though he took refuge on a pole, he died, showing no marks, however, of any wounds. This dream was mentioned to our neighbour, who thereupon assured us that he would not allow his dogs to be loose until he had had his breakfast, as our little monkeys generally went in to see him during his breakfast time. About a week passed, when one morning at about 7.30 we heard fearful shrieks from our Marmosets and shouts from our neighbours. A new servant had allowed the dogs out. My son then rushed down and looked for the Marmosets, who had run to a little tool-house in the garden, and there found "Teeny-Wee" (the one of the dream) on the top of a long broom handle, apparently uninjured; but when he brought the little creature to me, it trembled and began to moan, and crept close to me, and though I carefully examined him, no blood or wound was visible anywhere, but within an hour he was dead.

Several incidents of the same kind have happened to me, which I mentioned in the lecture I gave on April 25 at the "International Psychic Club," Regent Street.

Yours truly,

NITA O'SULLIVAN-BEARE.

"THE HYDRO,"

RICHMOND HILL, SURREY.

THE PSYCHIC TELEGRAPH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid that exasperation at the length which my last letter was reaching led me to cut down parts of it to something less than coherence.

The last sentence of the first paragraph on page 48 (*July OCCULT*

REVIEW) should have read: "Concentration of the attention in expectation of a message would probably accentuate the tuning of the fundamental note, thus excluding waves not in close harmony with it, and, as a result, lessening the chances of reception," since close mental sympathy would at present be a very rare phenomenon. I entirely agree with your comment.

My remark as to "decrease of power" was culpably vague. I was referring to your observations as summarized in the first paragraph of my letter. I intended to convey that, if the brain waves were transmitted by a force of the same order as that which transmits wireless waves, direct transmission from point to point, which necessarily involves passage through part of the earth, would still demand an enormous expenditure of energy. If the force, however, were of a different order and operating on a different plane no comparison would be possible.

Simultaneous discoveries and inspirational messages may, as you suggest, often fall under the same heading: but we ought not, perhaps, to exclude altogether the possibility of communication of the former, should we be justified in regarding ideas and thought respectively as, in a sense, equivalents of potential and kinetic energy?

Yours faithfully,

J. L. CATHER.

c/o S.N.O.,

ALEXANDRIA.

A DISAVOWAL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—On May 15 last, the Press generally stated in connexion with the prosecution against me, Mary Davies, of 93 Regent Street, that I was the protégée of a man of evil reputation and a traitor to this country. I desire emphatically to disavow any such association. I have no knowledge whatsoever, nor ever had, of the views and actions—political, social or private—of the person referred to. The only link I had with this person was on Masonic grounds, in the mysteries of which no one could be more profound. It is scarcely necessary to stress my own patriotism, as my public know since the beginning of the war my Intercessory Services at Kensington have been solely such as to encourage and to fortify every patriotic effort, and I deliberately repudiate the stigma implied by the quotation given above.

MARY DAVIES.

[The injustice of the charge above alluded to will be sufficiently evident when I mention that Mrs. Davies' son has fought through two South African campaigns, being specially mentioned in General Smuts' despatch of February 10, while her husband is an old sailor pensioner, possessing three war medals; her father was in the Crimean War and had medals with Alma, Balaklava, and Sebastopol clasps; while her husband's grandfather was with Sir Colin Campbell, and the Duke of Wellington in the Battle of Waterloo,—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

REGARDED as an outcome of careful thought at first hand, Professor Hyslop contributes an important article to *The Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* on the limitations of our knowledge concerning the nature of life after death. It is motivated by criticism which has befallen certain *post mortem* revelations in *Raymond*, but apart from this the chief points are as follow: (1) The fundamental difficulty of ascertaining by known methods of psychical investigation the kind of life which follows disembodiment resides mainly in limitations which characterize also our normal earthly estate. (2) Success in making ourselves understood here depends upon "the extent of our common knowledge and experience." (3) We can demonstrate nothing to another mind "unless that mind has the capacity" to perceive in the given direction. (4) Insight is indispensable, like language; indeed "language is worthless unless our neighbour has experience and insight to interpret it," discerning the truth conveyed. (5) Therefore "we do not transfer ideas from one to another," as may be proved in attempting to communicate knowledge to one who has not already had experience along the lines of that knowledge. (6) Experience is the *sine qua non* in each and every case. (7) Knowledge is never transmitted; we can only arouse the memory of previous experience or stimulate capacity for its acquisition or extension. (8) But if we cannot "convey direct information about that physical world" in which we have our being, what is our position towards a world in which we do not live? How should it be possible to conceive on our own part concerning it? And how shall its denizens convey to us some notion thereon when there is no common ground of experience to make understanding possible? (9) It follows that in spiritistic communications we must "remain content with the analogies of experience," involving attempted presentation of the other life in pictures and symbols of the present one, "the experience of the discarnate" having "no equivalent in our physical world to enable them to make themselves understood otherwise." Professor Hyslop thinks evidently that the value of such figurative, pictographic communication may be, and often is, unduly minimized, as it is also unreasonably exaggerated by simple, uncritical persons. We agree on our own part, assuming the truth of communications and an implied sincerity in efforts to transmit knowledge from the other side of life. It then becomes part of the sacramental system of things, and though it looks often a very clumsy use of that system, it is not more clumsy than innumerable attempts of our own—in literature and life—to convey from our own minds to others in our own life. We agree also when Professor Hyslop says otherwise

that "the volume of incidents proving the existence of supernormal knowledge lies wholly in their verification by the living and in the ignorance of the facts by the medium through whom they come." Here the important thing is the testimony to a reality beyond, the essential nature of which remains to be determined. This, however, is a counsel of experiment; and, for the rest, as regards that nature and the root of the difficulty in its determination, we have to remember that the latter characterizes, and for the same reason, the attempt to communicate knowledge of higher spiritual and mystic states to those who have not shared therein.

The Emmanuel Press is a small periodical, published for some years past at San Francisco and claiming to give instruction in the harmonious application of spiritual, mental and religious forces—presumably from the standpoint of the American Episcopal Church. That Church, however, suffers a certain change and receives a certain new tincture in its pages, which are held to present the true doctrine of "Emmanuelism." While there is nothing new, there is much which can scarcely fail to be helpful, as a kind of spiritual refreshment. The doctrine concerns the practice of the presence of God, understood as the inward Christ realized, the fellowship of Christ with man and the unity of man in Christ. The term salvation connotes health and wholeness in the trinity of our human nature—body, mind and spirit—while the secret of attainment is the old, transparent secret of conformity with the Law. One maxim is that God is the health of His people, even as the source of that life shared by all. Surgery and medicine may continue to be needed for a long time yet, but in an age to come people will begin to work out their own salvation in this as in spiritual things. Meanwhile, doctor, psychologist and minister should realize that they are "God's men."

The Progressive Thinker considers that question of re-embodiment which Prentice Mulford affirmed to be universal in Nature. Under the more familiar name of re-incarnation, it is held to be non-proven, as alleged evidences are explicable otherwise in the light of science—meaning apparently the kind of science embraced by spiritualism. The loss or inhibition of memory by the alleged reincarnating spirit—a familiar difficulty—is of course presented to view, and such spirit is said to be in the same position as if it had not been individualized previously. As to prodigies like Mozart, their explanation is to be sought in phrenology. It is not a convincing article, but it reminds one of old arguments, and that various attempts to meet them have been satisfactory chiefly to those who are either believers already or disposed in that direction. Our contemporary is concerned also over a recent papal decree against attempted communication with spirits, whether good or evil. All kinds of violent opinions of Roman Catholic writers are collected, mainly on irrelevant subjects; and though they tend to show that militant Romanism is a little like militant Kaiserism, we prefer Professor Hyslop's more restrained conclusion that the decree

will not hinder the development of spiritism. We may add that our contemporary demands "an up-to-date American pontiff" as a pope for progressive Americans.

A curious memorial indeed is that which appears in *Vedanta Kesari* on a certain Tamil Scripture, called *Nalayiram*, and described as a great collection of hymns by twelve different saints, who entered into sanctity from all sorts and conditions of external life. One was of royal birth, another a simple grower of flowers; one was a bandit chief, one a lovesick lady, and yet another a person of debauched life. To three who were itinerant Brahmins the Lord Vishnu appeared when some simple acts of mercy had brought them together under a humble shelter. They passed into ecstasy and composed verses in praise of the resplendent vision. The bandit was initiated into the meaning of a Divine Name when in the act of waylaying the Lord Himself—presumably meaning Krishna. A woman contributor was an emotional Krishna devotee, described as "mad after God." She was an eastern Catherine of Siena, and her vision of mystic nuptials with Krishna is still sung at weddings. Among male poets, one who is credited with unrivalled richness of imagery and beauty of expression disclaims desire for riches or even fame, but asks to be "a doorsill in front of the Lord, over which devotees could walk." But the greatest of all is one whose works indicate that he was "ever in the super-conscious state, in communion with God." The anthology is said to have "shaped the morals and inspired the faith of millions."

Rays from the Rose-Cross continues its study of relations between Freemasonry and Catholicism, though it has passed outside the issues suggested by that title. It proceeds to fulfil an intention already noted—a consideration of the central Masonic legend respecting the Master-Builder. This is made to begin with the Queen of Sheba, whose marriage with Solomon had been arranged. When, however, she beheld the Builder her admiration was transferred to him, which enraged the heart of the monarch, and the murder of the great architect was the result of a conspiracy initiated by Solomon himself. The Queen of Sheba is still unwed, for she is the soul of humanity, whose true and only spouse is the High Priest after the Order of Melchisedek, namely, the Christ Mystical. This interpretation placed upon the story is none of our concern: our point is that it is not the Masonic legend, but a later travesty, probably derived from Heckethorn's *Secret Societies*, the work of a person who, like the interpreter himself, was confessedly not a Mason, while he failed to indicate the source from which he drew on his own part.

It is long since we have seen the Spanish psychical review entitled *Lumen*, though it has appeared at Barcelona for no less than twenty-two years. A recent issue has articles on evolution and involution, on the religious idea from the standpoint of a rationalist and on practical psycho-therapy.

REVIEWS

A MUNSTER TWILIGHT. By D. Corkery. Dublin: The Talbot Press.
Pp. vi.+ 150. Price 1s. net.

ONE needs no more evidence than the first story in this collection of stories and sketches to warrant the statement that the author is a rare literary artist; and, on closing the volume, the critic sighs to think that Art is a word of little power in the ear of the crowd. The story referred to—"The Ploughing of Leaca-Na-Naomh"—tells of the baleful effect on the mind and activity of a half-witted Gael of what he thought a sacrilegious scheme. A Leaca is a slope of land, and this particular leaca was venerated as having been the abode of holy hermits. When the Gael's malicious and mercenary master allowed his "fool" no respite from the teasing idea that the sacred leaca must be ploughed and made to bear wheat, the fool decided to plough it, but the result of his ploughing served only to add to the mystic prestige of the leaca.

"The Lady of the Glassy Palace" is a story which reveals the author as one who triumphantly shows the difference between invention and transcript. This story of a brutal practical joke which frightened the life out of a lady who was not present in the mind of the joker, has all the veracity of manner that goes with journalistic "sketches;" but the whole thing is, after perusal, vividly perceived as a little masterpiece.

"Vanity"—a tale of a passion for posthumous advertisement—is also an excellent invention. Let me add that admirers of Miss Julia Crottie's *Neighbours* (a veritable treasure-gallery of portraiture), cannot fail to admire D. Corkery, who in the family of art, which (genealogically speaking) is treeless, is obviously related to her.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE CITY OF CHRIST. By Paul Tyner. London: Elliot Stock, 7
Paternoster Row, E.C. Pp. 44. Price 1s. net.

This small book is a reprint of certain chapters from a larger work by the same author, entitled "The Living Christ." It tells of a vision of a city of Light and Love and Harmony, brought about through the agency of one whom the author speaks of as his Teacher. The experience is simply described, and leaves an impression of genuineness, while the contrast between the conditions of life in this city and in those of earth is made very apparent. The principle on which it is founded seems to be expressed in the words: "For ye are all members of one body and one of another," and the question of rhythmic breath, speech and movement is one which the narrator considers to be of great importance in human life.

E. M. M.

ON LEAVE: POEMS AND SONNETS. By E. Armine Wodehouse.
London: Elkin Matthews. Pp. 80. Price 1s. net.

It is very true, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch remarks in his Foreword to this little book, that much of the verse that comes from the trenches is "curiously quiet and meditative," though one could name several soldier-poets whose work has a surprisingly lyrical quality. Mr. Wodehouse, how-

ever, writes in a thoughtful and scholarly style, very careful as to form and metre, and suggesting much of the influence of Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold. His poems are extremely interesting as showing the effect of war on a mind of this calibre, and the most striking thing about them is the note of high faith in the future that runs through each and all. It is hard, indeed, as he points out in some memorable lines entitled "There was war in heaven," for the fighting man to keep before him any vivid realization of the great Cause for which he risks his life :—

" All the romance that haunts about his lot,
Others may see from far :
Alas ! for him his Star
Is muffled up in one drab cloud of " duty,"
Until he sees it not ! "

Yet in spite of this, in spite of all the boredom and drudgery and horror and pain, this poet, at any rate, still keeps his faith in " the Transcendent Plan."

" The New Age dawns in blood ! Upon our night
Red-orb'd thro' mists it riseth. Yet anon
It, too, shall win the heavens and silver-bright,
Led by the fire of starry souls, mount on
To its high noon of pure and stainless light."

Of the longer poems, " The Temple of Sorrow " stands out for its extreme beauty and deep thoughtfulness, while many of the sonnets are worthy of quotation. Those who are war-weary, and apt to long for the end at any price, will find their souls refreshed and hearts uplifted by a perusal of these poems, and this is, without doubt, the highest praise their author will desire.

E. M. M.

WONDER TALES FROM SCOTTISH MYTH AND LEGEND. By Donald A. Mackenzie. With Illustrations by John Duncan, A.R.S.A. Pp. 224. London : Blackie & Son, Ltd. Price 6s. net.

FOLKLORE has ever had for me the attractiveness of the Bible augmented by greater variety and larger representativeness. Words are unnecessary to proclaim the charm of such a volume as this in which an appreciative author with an easy style tells of Angus the Young, Michael Scott, Thomas the Rhymer, of a Hand that depilates dogs with dreadful violence, of human seals, fairies and giants. From a scientific point of view the book is not ideal, but it is very easily read and does not fail to prepare the mind for something more than a world where Time and Matter, like a death-watch beetle opposite an idol, rule even people who fancy themselves independent.

W. H. CHESSON.

MY REMINISCENCES. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. With Illustrations. London : Macmillan & Co., Limited. Price 7s. 6d. net.

It was Plato who made the sweeping assertion that boys are the most intolerable of all wild animals, but doubtless he would have modified so harsh an opinion in the case of the author of this enchanting volume of Reminiscences. As Sir Rabindra himself observes, " the Book of Boy Nature is even older and more authentic " than any literature. The Platonic definition applies more correctly to some of the author's school-fellows, who would seem to have been imps of the first water. In Tagore's budding years one may easily discern that the mystic, the poet, and even

the thinker, were paramount; for to this Bengali child life seemed continually to pass as a series of beautiful and wonderful dream-pictures.

There is humour and pathos quaintly blended in the author's vivid sketches of his earliest experiences in England, which he first visited when he was a youth of seventeen; of his lonely student days in dreary London lodgings, which fortunately gave place to happier experiences amongst English friends with whom, later, he went to live, and whose many interests included a leaning towards the occult.

"Some evenings I would join the girls in a table-turning séance," he writes. "We would place our fingers on a small tea-table, and it would go capering about the room. It got to be so that whatever we touched began to creak and quiver. Mrs. Scott . . . had her doubts about its being right. She bore it bravely, however. . . . But one day when we put our hands on Dr. Scott's 'chimney-pot' to make it turn, that was too much for her. She rushed up in a great state of mind and forbade us to touch it. She could not bear the idea of Satan having anything to do, even for a moment, with her husband's headgear!"

Very attractive are the later chapters in which the poet reveals somewhat of the circumstances that led to the writing of many of his poems, and the various phases of mental and spiritual evolution to which they are the key. His Reminiscences do not, in detail, extend beyond his twenty-fifth year, when, one gathers, the shock of death suddenly changed for him the whole outlook on life, which up till then had been a thing merely of past and present, expressed chiefly in sense emotions. This chapter has perhaps the most intense appeal of all, for from it radiates the upward glance which searches through all space and time. The author takes his leave of the reader "at the door of the inner sanctuary."

EDITH K. HARPER.

SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS OF A GREAT WORLD-TEACHER. By Gertrude de Bielska. New York: Goodyear Book Concern. Pp. 19. Price 30c.

THE authoress of this booklet points out that we are at the end of the cycle which marked the passing of the equinoxes from Aries to Pisces, and that another cycle of 2,160 years is beginning with the passing of the equinoxes from Pisces to Aquarius. "Thus are we in the throes of this momentous change, with all its unparalleled adjustments." Further, Madame de Bielska remarks that when the equinoxes enter and pass through a *fixed* sign, tremendous revolutions take place, and she expresses her firm belief that the second coming of the Christ is at hand. Her expectation seems to be that this coming will take place in America, "for into no other nation has there ever been gathered the people of all nations and all tongues," and she looks forward to new and wonderful developments on every plane of human existence.

E. M. M.

STARLIGHT. By C. W. Leadbeater. India: Theosophical Publishing House. Pp. 104. Price 2s. 6d.

THIS little collection of seven Addresses, "given for love of the Star," has a directness and simplicity that is very attractive, but it seems a pity that the objects and rules of the Order are not printed at the beginning or end of the book for the benefit of inquirers. The chapter entitled "The Peace of the Star," is full of helpful thoughts for these troubled times—as indeed are the other sections also, as a few quotations will show.

"No man who is in a condition of fear of anything whatever can be a free or a happy man."

"Whether in the outer world there be peace or war, the man who understands will be following out the line of his own duty, undeterred by external circumstances, and so for him inside there will be peace, even while he fights."

"Because men are selfish instead of unselfish, because they are grasping instead of giving, discontent comes to them, and disturbance, both mental and emotional."

"Like fire, emotion is a good servant, but a bad master."

"Bad taste is criminal."

"To deny is often a more foolish thing than to believe credulously."

On the subject of the "love" that a man gives to the few, and the "loving kindness," which he should give to *all* his fellow-beings, Mr. Leadbeater writes very wisely, and prophesies that there will come a time "when our love for all men will be quite as strong as our affection for our nearest and dearest is now." He points out how, even now, "the love shows through when a great emergency calls," as, for instance, when men rise to heights of heroism to save others from danger. The final address on "The Symbolism of the Star" will interest not only those who wear the emblem, but also all who see it worn and wonder as to its meaning.

E. M. M.

THE RIVER OF DEATH AND OTHER ALLEGORIES. By A. E. S.
London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road.
Pp. 67. Price 1s. net.

ALLEGORIES are not always the most successful form of literary expression, but these by the late Lady Stapley have a great deal of charm, and bear the imprint of a pure and beautiful mind. To quote from the *In Memoriam* verses by Cloudesley Brereton:

"At peace with self, into a world distraught,
A sense of peace she brought,
Blessed with that second sight
Whereby the Pure behold the Infinite."

The first one, called "The River of Death," is perhaps the best, and it is obvious that much of the author's own personality is expressed in it. "The Wise Man and the Cadi" is the story of a poor beggar who, when asked what were the things that brought a man the most happiness, replied: "Pain, sorrow and death"; and thereupon was thrown into prison. But he proved his answer true in the end, though "none understood but perchance the cadi."

"Life's Tapestry" is pathetic and full of suggestive ideas, and decidedly original is the one of "The Soul's Choice," telling of a strong and selfless spirit, and the way in which he chose to serve the world. The book closes with a poem entitled "The Hidden Name," the secret of which is discovered by the pilgrim-soul only when face to face with death. It is a little volume which should find many appreciative readers. E. M. M.

THE VISION SPLENDID. By John Oxenham. Author of "Bees in Amber," etc. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 1s. net.

THE immense popularity of John Oxenham's poems is not surprising, so strong is their appeal to the human heart, to love of home, kindred, and

country. He "touches the toil about our doors with the hue of heaven," and through all his verse runs the golden thread of idealism. Now and again one is reminded of Longfellow; markedly so in the lines entitled "The Valley of Decision," also in "St. Anthony and the Cobbler," in which the cobbler explains to the monk that the true secret of saintliness lies simply in always doing one's best. "A Little Te Deum of Renewal" is full of the joy that only a soul at one with the Great All-Soul could so fitly express. In these days of arrogant orthodoxy shrieking over its broken idols it is good to get into the sunlight of a simple faith which never doubts that "having paid in blood and tears and bitterness of woe,—now with the Spirit of God in us, with enlightened souls and widened hearts, we look forward to the Vision Splendid of a new-made world."

EDITH K. HARPER.

WHITE KNIGHTS ON DARTMOOR. By Olive Katharine Part (Beatrice Chase). London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row; Fourth Avenue, 30th Street, New York; Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. 1917. Price 1s. net.

SURELY never was a greater task undertaken than Olive Katharine Part set herself when she founded at Whitsuntide last year her Order of White Knighthood, having for its guardian St. Michael, the patron saint of all true knights. Many of us have felt that sudden sense as of a horror of great darkness which impelled her to begin her crusade. Her book is a beautiful and touching record, vibrating with enthusiasm and with the love of humanity. It tells how she came to found the Order; why she chose "that particular form of remedy for the social evil"; how she organized its working; and the extraordinary response it has met with. Its appeal is not based on religion but on chivalry, a man's simple word of honour. Day by day "white hosts of prayers" are sent forth from the little sanctuary on Dartmoor for preservation from all danger to soul and body, of every knight whose name is inscribed in the book of olive wood; and marvellous has been the power of those "waves of grace." Let all pessimists who despair of their fellow-creatures read the heaven-sent message contained in this book and take courage: "The depth to which a soul has fallen can be the measure of the height that it may climb."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE RACIAL CURSE. By Frances Swiney, Author of "The Bar of Isis," etc. Published by "The League of Isis," Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham; or, Mrs. Stanesby, 93 Regent Street, London, W. Price 6d.; post free 7d.

WHEN Hercules set out to cleanse the Augean Stables his task was a mild one in comparison with that undertaken by the author of this terrible pamphlet (No. 5, of a series entitled Race Poisons). Frances Swiney does not shrink from calling a spade a spade, and those who realize the horrors of the White Slave Traffic and its inter-related problems may be grateful to her for the courageous manner in which she has set forth the various factors by which the divine in humanity is kept down,—one had almost written driven out!

EDITH K. HARPER.