

# 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

I SHOULD be sorry to say the number of manuscripts of an inspirational or automatic character which are offered me for publication. The enormous majority of these strike me, I confess, as being undiluted twaddle; and I am therefore naturally prejudiced against anything of the kind. I am quite willing to admit that many of these rejected manuscripts may be genuine communications from the other side. That, however, does not in the least prevent their being perfectly worthless in character. The fact that a spirit has learnt the method of controlling a medium does not prove that his ideas and impressions of the other world

are worth transcribing. Nor, again, does it prove that he is able to secure their transmission in such a form that they will be anything but a very misleading version of that which he wishes to say. Add to this the fact that large numbers of these communicating entities are obviously posing under assumed names, and in false characters, and we shall readily recognize that the proportion of records weeded out from this vast mass of material, which is in any way worth giving to the world, is small in the extreme; in spite of

the fact that here and there one comes across some communication which impresses one by its apparent bona fides, and contains something of real interest in the reflection it imparts to the reader of other world conditions, and realities. So many people who have the gift of automatic writing or mediumship of an undeveloped type seem to jump to the conclusion that they have been specially selected as chosen vessels for the communication of some wonderful revelation to the world at large, and they do not dream of applying the ordinary canons of criticism to such productions as are transmitted through their mediumship. There are, indeed, I am afraid, only too many of us nowadays who are ready to imagine that we have been privileged to hearken to the chimes of the celestial bells when it is only the muffin-man after all. It is, however, true that the barriers between this world and the next, as Sir Oliver Lodge has told us, are growing thinner every day, and this is surely the cause of the very large output of this kind of literature, which is unquestionably of much greater volume than is generally realized, owing to the fact that only a very small percentage ever finds a publisher.

I am glad to be able to affirm my conviction that the little book just published under the title of *Private Dowding* by Mr. John M. Watkins, of Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, does not fall under the category just mentioned. There is something about the record of Private Dowding, as told by himself (through the mediumship of "W.T.P."), which disarms the hostile criticism of the sceptic by the very simplicity and unpretentious straightforwardness of its telling. The communicator, in striking contrast to many self-styled notabilities of the spirit world, adopts throughout a deprecating and indeed apologetic attitude with regard to his own personality. The message he has to give, he humbly suggests, may be of some value to the world, but the giver himself is a nobody, whose life has been just that of hundreds of thousands of others who come into the world and pass out again, leaving no trace behind them, good, bad or indifferent. Dowding was an orphan and somewhat of a recluse, and made friends slowly, and he seems to intimate that he has left no one behind who would be likely to mourn his loss. By profession he was a schoolmaster in a small East Coast town before the war, and became a soldier in the autumn of 1915, leaving his narrow village life behind. He joined the Army as a private, and died as a private, his soldiering lasting just nine months, eight of which were spent in training in Northumberland. He went

"PRIVATE  
DOWDING."

A SPIRIT OF  
NO IMPORT-  
ANCE.

out with his battalion to France in July, 1916, and was killed, he states, by a shell splinter, one evening in August. "As you see [he observes] I hasten over these unimportant events, important to me once, but now of no real consequence. How we overestimate the significance of earthly happiness! One only realizes this when freed from earthly ties. . . . I was afraid of being killed, and was sure it would mean extinction. There are still many who believe that. It is because extinction has not come to me that I want to speak to you."

Private Dowding, if this is his real name, for the transcriber gives it with some diffidence, thus describes how he met his death.

I have [he says] a perfectly clear memory of the whole incident. I was waiting at the corner of a traverse to go on guard. It was a fine evening. I had no special intimation of danger, until I heard the whizz of a shell. Then followed an explosion somewhere behind me. I crouched down involuntarily, but was too late. Something struck hard, hard, hard, against my neck. Shall I ever lose the memory of that hardness? It is the only unpleasant incident that I can remember. I fell, and as I did so, without passing through any apparent interval of unconsciousness, I found myself outside myself. You see I am telling my story simply. You will find it easier to understand. You will learn to know what a small incident this dying is. . . . I did not know whether I had jumped out of my body through shell shock temporarily or for ever. I seemed in a dream. . . . Soon I should wake up and find myself in the traverse waiting to go on guard.

Private Dowding, it will be observed, found death itself the reverse of alarming. "As in my case [he observes] thousands of soldiers pass over without knowing it. If there be shock, it is not the shock of physical death. Shock comes later, when comprehension dawns. Where is my body? Surely I am not dead!" Dowding then followed his body as it was taken to a mortuary and stood near it all night, watching, as he expresses it, but without thoughts. Finally he "lost consciousness and slept soundly." His first idea on coming to himself was to look for his body which had disappeared. It had been buried or burnt; he never knew which. It was at this point that he first realized that he had been killed by a German shell. His description of his impression of the difference between his present body and that which he possessed when in the physical state is curious, though a little bewildering.

When I lived in a physical body I never thought much about it. I knew very little about physiology. Now that I am living under other conditions I remain incurious as to that through which I express myself. By this I mean that I am still evidently in a body of some sort, but I can tell you very little about it. It has no interest for me. It is convenient.

Does not ache or tire. Seems similar in formation to my old body. There is a subtle difference, but I cannot attempt analysis.

Describing his state of consciousness under these new conditions, he observes: "When I first woke this second time, I felt cramped. This is passing, and a sense of real freedom comes over me. . . . I am simply myself, alive, in a region where food and drink seem unnecessary. Otherwise life is strangely similar to earth life." Private Dowding suffered at first from a sense of loneliness and solitude, but after a time met his brother, who had passed over three years earlier, and came down to welcome him. The brother took him to one of the rest-halls "specially prepared for newly arrived pilgrims." "Confusion [he says] at once dropped away from me. Never shall I forget my happiness. I sat in the alcove of a splendid domed hall. The plashing of a fountain reached my tired being and soothed me. The fountain played music, colour, harmony, bliss. All discordances vanished, and I was at peace."

In his next communication Private Dowding states that he is beginning to meet people and to exchange ideas, and expresses surprise that the only person he came across for a long time was his brother. The explanation given to him of this fact is that he was never in reality alone, but that owing to the isolated character of his life on earth he had shut himself up in his own shell and was therefore unable to realize the presence of those who were around him. The moral he draws from his experience on the other side is that it is dangerous to live to and for oneself, and that the life of a recluse is unwise except for the very few who have work which requires complete silence and isolation. In this sense Private Dowding realizes that the war was his salvation through dragging him out into real life and association with his fellow-men. "Each

of us [he says] creates his own purgatorial conditions." "If I had my time over again, how differently I should live my life. . . . I neither lived enough among my fellow-men nor interested myself sufficiently in their affairs." How many so-called Christians there are who, like Private Dowding, refuse obstinately to learn one of the most important lessons taught by the life of Him who was so often described as "the friend of publicans and sinners"!

A fresh shock was shortly after this in store for our friend. On returning to the rest-hall on one occasion he met a messenger from a higher sphere from whom he received a very decided cold-water douche. "Do you know [he asked] that most of what

CONVALESC-  
ING AT A  
REST HALL.

THE ERROR  
OF SELF-  
ISOLATION.

you have conveyed to your friend at the matter end of the line is quite illusory?" The Messenger suggested that Dowding had

WHAT  
THE  
MESSENGER  
THOUGHT.

better do a little living first in the new sphere which he had reached, before talking about it to his friends on this side of the barrier. Afterwards, however, having talked the matter over with his brother, he relaxed somewhat, only stipulating that he should not convey to his friends here the impression that his experiences were more real than they actually were. Our friend was ready to grant, looking back on his life from the other side, that his experiences here had been in the main in the nature of Maya or illusion—"A long chain of illusory episodes, as he expresses it, with my poor little self in the centre." But he did not like to think that his impressions about his present life were mere illusions

ILLUSORY  
EPISODES.

also. How much, however, of what we learn of that part of the other world which impinges on our own is of a dreamlike character! How many of the episodes narrated, for example, in *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, partake of this unreal character, the people Judge Hatch met frequently living in what was obviously an entirely illusory world of their own created by their imagination; as, for instance, the good lady [who fancied that she was living at some fresh boarding house, even more undesirable than its predecessors. Still, the experiences, even in our dream states, illusory as we justly term most of them, are at least EXPERIENCES; and it seems to me that the illusory character of our life on earth does not greatly detract from its importance in so far as our own growth and development are concerned.

What will perhaps attract most attention at the present time in connection with the communications of Private Dowding are the remarks which he records as having been made to him in a later interview by the Messenger above mentioned with regard to the causes and real character of the war as looked at from a higher and more spiritual plane. These certainly give food for thought, and throw a different light on the position to that with which we are familiar through our reading of the papers and the literature generally of to-day. "I am told [he

REAL  
CAUSES OF  
THE WAR.

says] that lust for wealth of one material kind or another was the real cause of the war. Nevertheless as the result of the war all the nations engaged will be far poorer than they were before." More interesting still is another point which has probably not occurred to many. The war, says Dowding, is, he learns, being turned into a celestial

instrument. It is, in short, an object lesson, to prove the impotence of material force. It is the faith in this which for many years past has been leading the nations, not Germany only, more and more astray from the path of truth, and has been plunging the whole world deeper and deeper into the quagmire of illusion. The moral of the whole cataclysm is the worthlessness of Prince Bismarck's gospel of "blood and iron."

Material forces [says our friend from the other side] are becoming exhausted; that is to say, the more they are used, the less they achieve. Strange thought! People will realize that material force leads nowhere, is indeed an illusion. . . . Apparently the impotent clash of material forces is creating a kind of vacuum. Into this vacuum spiritual power is to be poured and poured. He had seen with his own eyes the reservoirs. The Water of Life fills them. High beings, God's messengers, guard the sluice gates. They await the word of command. Then will the Water of Life be released.

All this Dowding confesses is rather beyond him. As he observes: "I never used my opportunities during earth life. My spiritual nature atrophied." His brother William blamed the Messenger for telling him more than he could understand, and as an antidote took him to a Hall of Silence, where strength and consolation came to him, and he seemed to realize something of the meaning underlying the Messenger's words. "One great truth [he says] has become my constant companion. 'Empty yourself if you would be filled.' The waters of Life

THE HALL OF SILENCE. can never flow through me till I have surrendered my whole self." He advises his amanuensis to try and find the road that leads to this Hall of Silence which he believes is available even to those now on earth. Perhaps we may find a confirmation of this idea in Mabel Collins' and Dr. Helen Burchier's visits to the Hall of Learning, some records of which have appeared in this magazine. Such spiritual travelling does not seem altogether impossible if we may accept certain psychic records at their face value. The following remarks may, I think, be helpful to many at the present time. "War [says Dowding] roars through your lives. The thunder of it is everywhere. I am still unable to shut out its rumbling completely. Somewhere within the soul there is silence. Attain unto it. It is a pearl of great price. I never remember being taught its vast import when on earth. I begin to realize what is meant by the still small voice of God."

Another of Dowding's experiences was a visit to Hell. This seems to have been rather a dangerous experiment to try with a new-comer to the spirit-world. However, brother William needed

help. He had been told off to rescue a soldier who had committed very evil deeds, and had died cursing God and man. The journey did not turn out satisfactorily, as the soldier refused to come away. "Fear held him." But Dowding got his glimpse, and at least learnt something more of conditions in the spirit-world. An angel accompanied them. Without this assistance they

A VISIT TO  
HELL.

would have been lost. One can understand how, through reading the narrative. "We descended [says Dowding] gloomy avenues. The darkness grew. There was a strange allurement about the atmosphere. Even the angel's light grew dim. I thought we were lost. At moments I *hoped* we were lost, so strong was the attraction. Something sensual within me leaped and burned. I thought I had emptied myself of self before undertaking this great adventure. Had I done so I should have been safe. I felt the giant lusts of the human race. I could not keep them out. We descended deeper. I say 'descended.' If Hell is not a place how can one 'descend'? I asked my brother. He said we were not moving in a physical sense. Our progress depended on certain thought processes evoked by the will." For Hell is a thought region where evil dwells and works out its purposes, and wherein are generated the forces used to hold mankind down in the darkness of ignorance.

Dowding was not allowed to go the whole distance with the Messenger and his brother, for fear of disaster, but waited for their return in what seemed to him a deep dark forest. Another curious observation with regard to Hell is made in this strange narrative. "Contrary to belief [says Dowding] Hell itself, or rather that part of it visited by my brother and the angel, is brilliantly lighted. The light is coarse and artificial. It keeps out the light of God." To this terrible abode the doomed souls

WHAT HELL  
CONSISTS  
IN.

hasten down into conditions that are the counterpart of their own interior condition. For here also the law is at work. Hell is a hell of the illusions, and is indeed itself an illusion. "Hell [says our author again] consists in believing the unreal to be real; in imagining that the only realities are the sense passions and the beliefs of the human I."

The Evangelical school of Christians have ever delighted to enforce and dwell upon the doctrine that man can be saved by faith, and his sins wiped away by some miraculous and instantaneous spiritual process in the blood of Christ. This does not accord with the teaching that Dowding

communicates. According to what he has been told by the Messenger the truth is the same as that which has been taught from time immemorial in all schools of occult philosophy, and as Matthew Arnold cited the Psalmist as proclaiming—

From David's lips the words did roll.  
'Tis true and living yet.  
No man can save his brother's soul,  
Or pay his brother's debt.

“No outside power can attract a man against his will. A man sinks or rises through a spiritual law of gravity.” So also says Emerson, “The soul rises by specific levity into the region, not of one virtue, but of all the virtues.” Thus in the case of the soldier whom it was attempted to rescue, no outside power could unchain the man whom fear had chained. “The angel said that Fear would be destroyed when Love came into her own.”

Those who are interested in startling predictions with regard to the future will turn to the communications from the Messenger himself at the end of this little volume. But to myself I confess that it is Private Dowding's unpretentious narrative, interspersed as it is with profound and suggestive thoughts culled from a higher spiritual region, that makes the strongest appeal. Perhaps, however, I may close these notes on a deeply suggestive volume with one quotation from the prophecies of the Messenger which will sound strangely familiar to students of Prentice Mulford and his theories with regard to the eventual elimination of death, even on the present terrestrial plane. “Physical birth and death [says the Messenger] are not for ever. Generation and dissolution as known to you will be transformed, transfigured. Herein dwelleth a mystery that cannot yet be unveiled. The road to its unveiling is the pathway of spotless purity.”

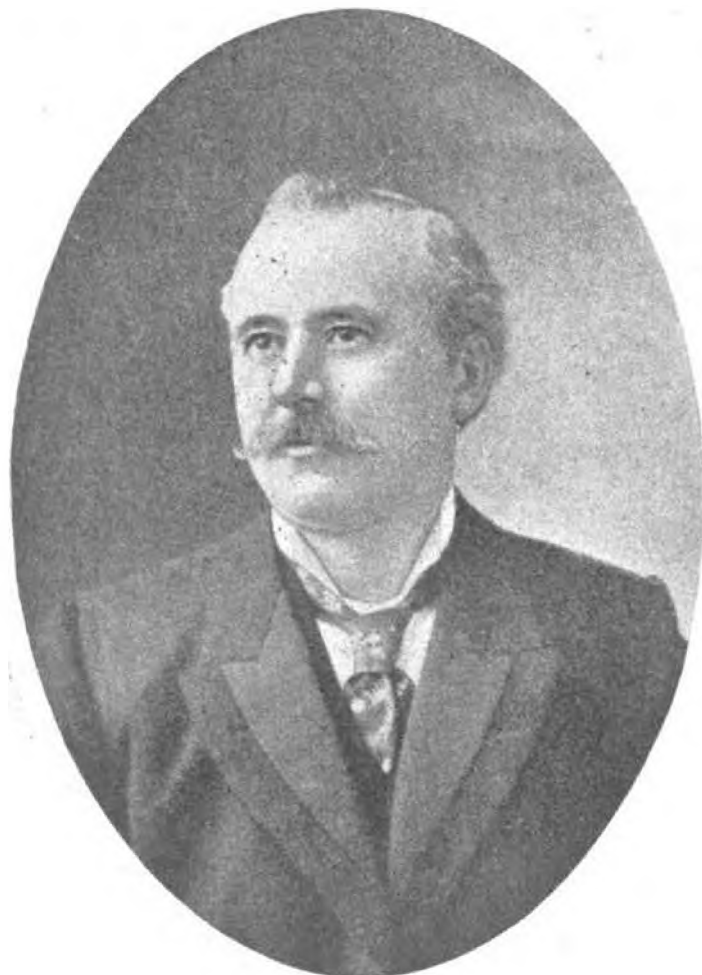
WAS MUL-  
FORD  
RIGHT?

Mr. Alan Leo, the Editor of *Modern Astrology*, and author of numerous standard works and primers on astrological subjects, who passed away at Bude, Cornwall, on August 30 last, at the age of fifty-seven, will be regretted by many readers of this magazine. It was only two months ago that I alluded to the trial of the case of *Rex v. Leo* and the legal questions which it raised. In speaking to Mr. Leo on this occasion it struck me that he was looking much aged, but there was no other indication that he was in anything but his normal health. It is actually twenty-seven years since he founded in conjunction with “Aphorel” the *Astrologers' Magazine*, which was subsequently enlarged and merged in



*Modern Astrology* after the magazine had been in existence some five years, at which date Mr. Leo took over the sole editorship. Volume after volume on astrological subjects appeared in connection with this magazine, generally embodying various articles that had appeared in its pages. A campaign for the popularization of astrology among the masses was started early in connection with the magazine, and

MR. ALAN  
LEO.



ALAN LEO.

test horoscopes for the low fee of a shilling were offered broadcast by way of familiarizing the public with astrological methods and their practical results. The remarkable accuracy of the delineations based on many of these radical figures naturally tended to rouse interest in a subject which had been hitherto almost taboo, and suggested to many of the less prejudiced minds that there was

very much more in the study than the scientific wiseacres of the day were willing to admit. Naturally the delineations in these test horoscopes which summarized the general positions of the planets in their various signs and mutual aspects to each other were not, and indeed did not claim to be, of a very precise character. But judged on the basis of hits and misses it was easy to see that the conclusions arrived at could not have been attained as the result of any chance method. A number of students of the present day have in fact dated their first acquaintance with astrology from the receipt of one of these test horoscopes, and though they met with a certain amount of criticism from those in the astrological field who demanded more exact work, there is no doubt that they served a very valuable purpose in arousing widespread interest in a too long neglected field of research. To myself it has always seemed that one of the great drawbacks in connection with the study of astrology is that when taken up whole-heartedly, it so entirely absorbs the time and energy of the student that there is little opportunity left for other occupation in life. This was certainly the case with the Editor of *Modern Astrology*, and Mr. Leo was not quite unique in this respect. Being relieved of the necessity for earning his own livelihood, he found himself, like Charles Darwin in another line, in a position to apply himself single-mindedly without the burden of any financial anxiety to the one object to which his life was devoted.

Alan Leo has been criticized in some quarters for interpreting Astrology in terms of Theosophy, giving it thereby a wider meaning than certain of its exponents are prepared to consider justifiable. Although, however, Mr. Leo regarded himself rightly as a staunch Theosophist, his first and last love was always Astrology. Such a subject, it seems to me, must needs find its proper niche

ASTROLOGY in our general philosophy of life, and I do not think  
AND THEO- we weaken its claim by fitting it into its own place  
SOPHY. in the scheme of things. There are, however, doubt-  
less many to whom Astrology makes its appeal quite  
apart from any general solution of the problem of life, and by these the idea that Mr. Leo associated it with a school of thought with which they had no sympathy was perhaps not unnaturally resented. After all, Astrology stands or falls by the mathematical evidence upon which it is based, and a science which is demonstrable mathematically does not admit any specific form of religion or philosophy as its necessary corollary, to one who has accepted it through the sheer cogency of evidence adduced.

Mr. Leo laid great stress on the factor of character in relation

to the horoscope, and he was, I am sure, fully justified in the attitude he took with regard to the signs of the zodiac and their vital significance in the natal figure as indices of character and temperament. The failure to master the essential meaning of these twelve signs and their relationship to the planets which occupy them had proved a stumbling block to many of his predecessors whose mathematical abilities were considerably in excess of his own. It was inevitable that the Editor of such a magazine in bringing out his publications fathered the work of many of his contributors, and as a consequence his books have not borne the stamp of a single individuality and a single point of view to the same extent as books by other writers on this subject. This fact gave rise to the criticism that the Editor of *Modern Astrology* was in the habit of "picking other people's brains" The criticism was not, I think, entirely illegitimate, but it was, on the other hand, the natural result of the position that Mr. Leo occupied as the informal President of a coterie of astrologers, the forum for whose views and discussions his magazine inevitably became. I gather that provision has been made for the continuance of Mr. Leo's work and that *Modern Astrology* is not likely to lapse with the lamented death of its Founder and Editor.

Astrologers will be watching with interest the effect produced by the opposition of Neptune to the Moon by primary direction and to the Sun by transit in the Kaiser's horoscope, and its effect not only on the internal state of Germany but on the progress of submarine warfare. In predicting the recrudescence of this form of war from the eclipse of the Sun in exact opposition to Neptune across the ascendant and descendant of the figure for the time of its occurrence at London at the commencement of the present year, I drew pointed attention to the fact that Neptune ruled submarine warfare, and that this being the case, the very striking positions at the eclipse were of ominous significance. Events fully justified the observations which I made, based as they were on a recognition of the double signification of Neptune, its influence on naval matters on the one hand, and on all forms of underhand and secret activities on the other. The violent afflictions of Neptune in the Kaiser's horoscope are beginning to produce their inevitable effects, and it is apparent that success by sea is for the next three or four

HIS RECOGNITION OF IMPORTANCE OF ZODIACAL SIGNS.

ASTROLOGICAL JOTTINGS.

months the last thing that can be anticipated from the influences operating in this horoscope.

Students of the signs of the zodiac and their influences on the various countries will also be following with great interest the violent afflictions of the two opposing signs, Aquarius and Leo, the former of which has, as I have often mentioned, a traditional relationship to Russia. The malefics at the moment of writing are congregated in these two signs, Uranus occupying Aquarius and Mars, Neptune and Saturn being in opposition in Leo. Though three of these malefics will remain in the signs in question for a long period to come, Mars rapidly passes out, and at the commencement of December Venus commences an unusually long sojourn for that rapidly moving planet in the sign Aquarius. During the four months from the commencement of December to April it is twice stationary in this sign, and it may be hoped, therefore, that its benefic influence will do something to alleviate the present woeful state of Russia's fortunes.

Another and very important influence to which I long ago drew attention will shortly be coming into operation—the trine aspect of the Sun and Jupiter by primary direction in King George's horoscope. This powerful favourable direction reaches its maximum of force during the first quarter of the new year, and will already be in operation before the present year has expired. It is worthy of note that a stationary position of Jupiter on Queen Mary's ascendant also coincides. We have thus three simultaneous indications of a more favourable outlook, indications which are also borne out to some extent by the ascending position of Venus in sextile with the Moon, and the angular position of Jupiter almost on the cusp of the Fourth House at the winter solstice. Against these must be set the presence of the malefics in the Seventh House, the house of open enemies, suggestive of the fact that the Central Powers are not yet ready to confess final defeat. The present autumn figure is noteworthy for the concentration of three malefics on the Western Angle in Central Europe, an ominous position in time of war.

## SOME CELTIC MEMORIES

By J. W. BRODIE-INNES,

Author of "The Devil's Mistress," etc., etc.

MANY years ago it was my good fortune, thanks to the kindness of a grand-uncle, to wander over a great part of the western islands, and pick up many experiences and traditions now fast fading into oblivion. Little more than a boy at the time, I readily made friends with all whom I met of the kindly and courteous islanders. Strangers were infrequent then, and the occultism and fairy lore of the west were much more freely spoken of. Moreover, among the peasants of the islands were many of my own kin, and possibly they spoke more openly to me than they would to many others. Now the islands have largely become a playground for the wealthy Southerner, and the Board schools have overlaid the old traditional Celtic wisdom with a thin veneer of superficial and sterile facts (so-called) in the name of education, and have taught the children to speak a clipped Cockney tongue, interlarded with some vulgar Americanisms, instead of the sweet pure English uttered with the lingering musical intonation of the western Highlanders. Altogether the foot of the Saxon has been heavy on the west, and the old occultism and the old fairy lore have retreated out of sight, and largely I fear out of mind.

Therefore I have tried to string together a few rambling memories, in the hope of preserving some traditions which the present generation is in danger of losing altogether. Others more capable must judge of their value; I can only vouch for their truth as personal experiences of a time when the occultism of the Celtic west was not only a very real thing, but was looked on as utterly natural.

I knew nothing of folk lore, and the idea of collecting and comparing legends and myths never occurred to me. But I had all a boy's keen relish for a fairy tale, especially when told as an obvious truth by people who really believed it. Sooth to say I was rather wearied of the superior folk who told me that there were really no such things as fairies. So it was with great joy that I wandered about among the crofters, and got the old people to tell me stories of the "little people," and the seal men and women, and the water folk, and the Riders of the Sidhe,<sup>1</sup> and of their own

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *Shee*.

experiences. Here it was that I met with a girl who had more knowledge of elementals than any one I have since met. Half-witted she was, so the schoolmaster told me ; it had been utterly impossible to teach her anything at school ; he doubted whether she could even read or write intelligibly, but he was a Lowlander from the Border country, and rather fancied himself on a certain intellectual agnosticism. Anyhow this girl had a certain sweet wisdom of her own, which was perhaps beyond anything that was taught in the school. She told me that whenever any of the Kings of the Elements came across the island, any one who knew could see their footprints, and know what was coming.

One day she showed me a mark in the soft ground at the edge of a peat moss. "That's the foot of the Sea King," she said. "He is going up to the heights of the Coolins. There will be a rain storm to-night." The mark, whatever it was, was perfectly distinct, six crescents arranged round a circle, quite unlike the track of any beast I am acquainted with. It was a blue and cloudless day with never a hint of rain, but sure enough at sunset ominous black lurid clouds piled themselves on the peaks of the Coolins, and before midnight there came such a deluge of rain as I have seldom seen.

"The crofters certainly get a wonderful weather knowledge," said the schoolmaster. "They beat any barometer." But neither he nor any one else ever explained that track in the soft black mud.

Another time she showed me a mark on the sands near by the Kyle of Loch Alsh. It was like a little spiral, such as a tiny whirl of air might make. "The King of the Air is on foot to-day," she said. "I must warn the fishers." Wiser than the schoolmaster, the fisher-boys heeded her, and no boats put out, though the weather looked ideal for fishing, and it was well they did not, for one of the sudden storms to which the western islands are subject blew up without any premonitory symptoms, and the loss of life might have been terrible. The schoolmaster naturally had his explanation ready. "Of course," he said, "that little whirl in the sand was the first puff of the storm. These people who are always watching the weather get to know these trifling signs, that would escape the notice of town folk."

But once she told me a sign of which the schoolmaster could give no explanation. On the bare high road was a dark mark which I can scarcely describe. It was like a little cluster of the Hebrew letter *yod*, and was several times repeated at distances of some two or three yards. I saw this first and called her attention to it.

She seemed distressed—"That is the Fire King," she said, "he is going west. There will be a blaze to-night, I trust it may not be the town." She was thinking of Broadford. But it was not there. Far away to the west a farm was burnt down that night. The schoolmaster could only suggest coincidence, and certainly farm-fires were not infrequent. Still the fact remains that her prophecies nearly invariably came off, and the crofters and fisher folk believed implicitly in her warnings. Sometimes too she would look down into the water on a day of bright sunshine when the white limestone of the sea floor gleamed green through the little waves that made fleeting shadows, and swung gently the red-brown seaweed that floated like a girl's hair in the clear water, and would describe with a wealth of imagery that many poets might have envied how the sea maids swam past, and how she heard their songs. I inquired if they had fish tails, but she repudiated the suggestion indignantly. "What would they be doing with fish tails anyway? No, of course not, they are made like ourselves, only beautiful. More beautiful than we ever are."

They are natural instinctive poets, these Celtic islanders of the west. I stood once with an old boatman on the western shore of Mull, looking out over the sea to the sunset, on one of those evenings when a faint mist lies over the water, and the eye fails to catch the line of the horizon. At one moment it looks at the breaking wavelets, or the tiny islets glowing in the golden light, the next with no perceptible break it is scanning the bright cloudlets that seem like islands in the sky. The old man gazed silently for a minute or two, then extending his arm he said, "Do you see! The gates are down to-night. We might just take a boat and sail on and on into Tir-nan-Oge," then after a pause, "My lassie's there waiting for me." I knew how the bride of the old man's youth had died some fifty years before, after a short year of married life. But he had never forgotten.

Among the old people of the islands—a race, I fear, now fast vanishing, but of which a few yet survive—money was a thing of no account. The traditional Scottish thrift and saving habit had no place. If money came their way, from a shooting tenant or otherwise, they would spend it, probably wildly, but took little pains to get it, and none to keep it. I remember once how, with a boy's presumption, I criticized that same old boatman for his carelessness over money.

"Money!" he said, and there was some scorn in his tone. "What's the use of money? All the best things of life

you get for nothing." I suppose I looked a little incredulous, for he went on, "Why, don't you see—there's the sunshine, and the sea, and the sweet air, and the music, and the love of woman, and what more would you want?"

In those days and among the old people the music entered into their lives in a way that the strangers from the south could never realize. The lore of the fairies and elementals, that defied the colder vehicle of words, was expressed in music on the pipes. Often as the strains of the pipes came from some lonely shielding a listener would say, "That's a fairy tune." They said that the old pipers would sometimes fall asleep on some fairy knoll, and in their dreams would hear strange music underground, and on waking would set the tune on the pipes. But no man could ever compose the fairy music. It was handed on from piper to piper, and was at once recognizable by anyone who knew the Celtic music.

My old friend Dr. Keith Norman Macdonald picked up many of these fairy tunes by ear, and scored them for the first time; some of the best known are included in his Gesto Collection. And most of them have legends connected with them. Many of these were told to me over peat fires, when one or two pipers met and played against each other. Thus it was that I heard the legend of Crodh Challein, or Colin's Cattle, a typical fairy story of the west. Colin was betrothed to a beautiful girl, but one day she was carried off by the Riders of the Sidhe, who are fairy knights-adventurers, and bold gallant lovers, so 'tis said. But Colin, who had fairy blood himself, and was a person of influence, sought the fairy queen and begged for the restoration of his sweetheart. This, however, could not be immediately granted by fairy law, but it was permitted that every evening she should come and milk his cattle, and that he should hear her milking song, and at the end of a year she should be restored to him, and this milking song was heard also in dream by a piper, who set the tune on his pipes and so it was handed down, and a bard composed words which are still sung in the islands, and have been translated and included in Malcolm Lawson's *Songs of the North*.

Even in those days the islanders were very loth to speak about the fairies unless they were certain of a sympathetic and believing audience, and at the present day, though the fairy-faith is still strong, the islanders will often affect a cynical scepticism in talking to strangers. My friend Mr. W. B. Yeats accuses the Scots of taking away all the joyousness of fairy-life. But I think he



knows not the fairies of the western islands. Different regions of the astral world are familiar to different branches of the Celtic race. One must go to Brittany for the cult of the dead, and certainly any one who wishes to find fairy-lore as a real and vital faith should go to the western islands, and should go with a comprehension of, and love for, the Celtic music. Niel Munro has told the story of The Lost Pibroch as few others could tell it, and there were variants of the legend current in the islands in my boyhood, but it was generally said then that the tune was forgotten, and the last piper who could play it was dead. I was told, however, that in the recruiting days, some three years ago, the strains of the Lost Pibroch came booming over the islands, and many of the boys who were hesitating went straight off to the recruiting stations and enlisted, but none knew who played it, and the old man who told me said solemnly, "It was no living piper who set that tune on the great pipes."

Many strange stories too I have heard when sitting by the shore, and watching the gambols of the seals in the offing, for to the Celt of the islands the seal is at least half human, and is capable of taking human form. But woe to the man or woman who is beguiled by one of the seal people, "the form of a god with the heart of a beast," they say. It was in the north of Skye, not far from Portree, that a young fisherman took me once to see a seal that had got stranded in a rock pool. "Many's the one she has killed," he said. "Look ye only at the eyes of her now." Anyone who has looked into the eyes of a seal may be pardoned for believing all the wild tales that are told of them, the human beauty, and pathos, and yearning in those eyes, seem to hold an infinity of romance behind them. "She nearly killed me," he went on, "and she took my foster brother. A beautiful girl she was, and none knew where she came from. We were both in love with her, and we who had never had a wry word, fought each other with knives for her; but he was the better man, and she went away with him. He came back alone, and would say nothing of where he had been or what had chanced, but the gloom had settled on him, and he went away to the fishing alone, and she capsized his boat and killed him." The fairy-faith of the island is very strong and real. To my young fisher lad the strange fair girl who came out of nowhere was clearly the same as the stranded seal in the rock pool. He would as soon have doubted the identity of any of the village folk, and the old feelings of love for her struggled hard with the desire to avenge his brother's death, which he as certainly laid at her door. As he talked he took

his chanter from his pocket and dreamily fingered the old air—"There is snow on the mountains of Jura"; and there it was that I first heard the story of that tune, which I wish I could give in his own picturesque poetic language. In bald Saxon it was thus—

"Malveen was the prettiest girl in the village, and all the boys were in love with her, but she would have none of them. And one day there came a boat rowed by a solitary oarsman who sang as he rowed, in time to the beat of his oars, "Tha Sneacht 'Air nam Beannaibh Diurach.' Beautiful he was as a god, with a curious, swaying turn from the hips as he walked, and his eyes were deep and dark, fierce with the wild gleam of elemental passions, but again melting with the glamour that would lure a babe from its mother's breast. None other had a chance with Malveen. One stalwart boatman in hot wrath met and fought Angus, for so he called himself. He was found in the morning horribly mauled, with his throat and shoulders torn and bitten. Many of her old lovers warned her, but she would not listen. They knew he was one of the sea-folk. As the summer waned Angus said he was called away, and little Malveen went white to the lips with the anguish of losing him—"Sweetheart," he said, as his lips rested long on hers, and the dark curly head lay on his arm—"I shall come back when the snow is on the mountains of Jura." One long kiss and he was gone.

"And the royal robes of heather clad the grand old mountains, and their ermine tippets of snow were laid on their mighty shoulders, and then the snow melted and the gold of the broom and the whin clothed the hill-sides, and again autumn grew to winter, and still he came not, and little Malveen grew pale and wan with watching, but always she sang as she waulked the cloth—"There is snow on the mountains of Jura." And at last one early winter was heard again the click of the oars in the rowlocks, and the wonderful voice singing his rowing song—"There is snow on the mountains of Jura." And little Malveen heard it, and with a glad answering cry of 'Angus,' she ran, light as a fawn, down the brae to the shore, and the boys saw her join her lover, who wound his arm round her waist, and that was the last they saw, till in the pale morning light they came on her body, drowned in the wash of the waves, and the harsh barking laugh of a seal was heard far out in the offing.

"But the old men say in Skye, when the tide rises through the hollow caves, and the boom of the winds and the waves makes wild music, that through the uproar they can hear the old rowing

song—'There is snow on the mountains of Jura,'—and they know that Angus the Seal is still mourning for his little love."

That fisher lad was full of strange stories. He was more communicative than most of the islanders, and to him the fairy folk and the sea-people were as real and familiar as the birds and beasts, and so he told me stories of their nature, as simply and naively as he told of the habits of the gulls or the fish, and it was strange how the stories seemed to be illustrations of the learned treatises of Paracelsus on the nature of the Elementals. "They are human," he said, "but they don't come from Adam, as we do. They never fell. But they are like us, whether they live in the land or in the water. Some of them are very tiny. Oh, yes! I've seen them often, little people about as big as small birds may be. But there are others as big as we are, but their bodies are like mist you understand, or like a cloud in the water, so you can't see them unless your eyes are used to them. But they can make themselves solid like us; I don't know how, but they can. And then it happens that one of them will sometimes marry one of us, and the old men say the fairy gets a human soul then."

All the time he was talking he was fingering his chanter at intervals, as if helping out the ideas that he could not put into words, and as he spoke of the marriages between the fairies and mankind he played the plaintive notes of "Oran an Teach,"\* the "Lament of the Water Kelpie," and told me the story that Matthew Arnold has rendered immortal in his "Forsaken Merman," a story by the way that is as familiar in Norway as in the western isles, only there the Merman is a fierce and cruel god of the sea, but in Skye he is gentle and kindly.

Out on the mountain side, as the shades of evening descended, there were strange dancing lights, bog-fires I suppose we should call them and have a scientific explanation ready. But to my fisher-lad they were corpse-lights, and told of a death, either one that had just taken place, or that might be expected within a few hours. "And it makes no difference," he said. "You may call it marsh gas, or what you will, but it is the soul that's going out to meet its Maker. And you may say there's life in the body yet, and the doctor may be doing what he will, but the soul has gone out when ye see those lights, and there's no skill o' man can lure it back again. Aye! though there's breath yet left in the body. And ye may tell sometimes whose death it will be. Now what manner of colour will those lights be looking to you."

To me they always looked white, and I said so. "Aye!"

\* Pronounced *Thak*.

he said. "They will be white to-night, but not always. White is for a child. The soul is pure, you see. It will be the baby up at the hill-croft, I doubt. It's been sick. Now do ye see aught coming down the hill-side?" I saw a little mist wreath clinging to the ground, just over a rough path. "It's not a mist," he said rather impatiently; "it's a little procession. There's a man carrying a wee bit coffin on his shoulder. I doubt they would not get a cart up there, and there's twelve men, and three women following. But why will they be going the other side of the burn, 'tis a mile round by the stone bridge. Well! it will two days from now; come ye here and ye shall see that funeral, and then go and talk about your marsh gas if ye like. Marsh gas indeed!" He walked off rather contemptuously. But there is no question that on the second day from that I saw the baby's funeral as he had described, and the reason they went round by the far side of the burn was that a flood in the meantime had washed away the wooden bridge by which they usually crossed.

Many were the tales I heard of the corpse-lights, and of the Toille, or phantom funerals, and of the death-wright who might be heard hammering at a spectral coffin. But this is the solitary instance in which I myself saw the funeral that had been described to me before, and can testify that the description was absolutely accurate even to the number of the followers, and the man carrying the rough little coffin on his shoulder. Whether it be the second-sight that thus interprets and reads into the common phenomenon of the bog-fire the death warning, I cannot say. The island men assert with absolute conviction that the parting souls are thus physically visible, but in the remote glens the second-sight is so usual as to attract no wonder. Mostly it is associated with death, the winding sheet is seen around the person whose death is foreseen. If it is round his knees death may be some distance off, but as it rises the time draws near, and when it covers his mouth it is within a few days, or hours it may be. The death of the eighth Earl of Seafield was thus foretold to me by an old shepherd, fully two years before it occurred, the winding sheet being seen about his feet, and gradually rising. So far as my own experience goes this is an unusually long time. Mostly it is a matter of days, or weeks at most, and seen round a person notoriously in feeble health, wherein we may perhaps infer some suggestion aiding the sight. But this cannot explain the vision seen about a man in the prime of vigorous youth, and persisting for two years against all material evidence. But not always is the second-sight concerned with death. It may relate to utterly trivial and ordin-

ary affairs. Thus a minister in West Ross, not long ago, told his housekeeper to set out tea for a dozen persons in half an hour. The manse was in a lonely glen, and there had been no word of any guests expected. Nevertheless the minister persisted, and sure enough within the half hour a motor-car drew up at the manse door, with a large party. They had only stopped for a moment to greet the minister, who was a friend of the owner of the car. But he pressed them to stay, assuring them that they were expected. They replied this was impossible, as they had only thought of stopping there ten minutes before. But the ample preparations were convincing proof. The minister then asked where was the boy on the bicycle? They knew of no boy on a bicycle, but in due course the boy also turned up, having followed the car unknown to its occupants. The minister had seen the whole scene half an hour before it happened. Similar instances of prevoynance are cited by Maeterlinck in *The Unknown Guest*. In the west Highlands they hardly excite surprise.

One of the most remarkable instances of second-sight coupled with a very beautiful spiritual vision was told me half a century ago, under the walls of Dunvegan castle, in connection with the well-known and exquisite Highland air, "Mac Crimmon's Lament," by an old, old woman, who was the grand niece of the composer of the traditional words. The narrator was Marsaly Macdonald, she had married a Glasgow man, and had left Skye for many long years, and when I saw her she had come back in her old age to see the Isle of Skye once more. And she told me how she had nursed her grand-aunt in extreme age, till one lovely winter's day at sunset in January 1788, the old lady sat at the door of her cottage looking out over the western sea, and the second-sight was upon her, and she saw no longer the things of earth, and as nearly as I can reproduce them this was Marsaly's account of how old Shiela told the story of the famous lament. Of course it was not as I have tried to write it, in a continuous narrative. There were many pauses and many queries of my own. But I have endeavoured to set down Shiela's words as Marsaly remembered them.

"Cha till! Cha till!\* Dost hear the sound, Marsaly. No! Comes it then only for me? Child, 'tis now nigh on half a century since I heard that lament come booming from the pipes. Why comes it back now? when the January winds are wailing, and the fateful eighteenth century draws to its mournful close. Five and forty years ago our hearts were all a-dance with joy and hope

\* Pronounced *Ha Cheel*.

in the western islands, the dreary time of the German domination was ending. Our Prince had landed—our Bonnie Prince Charlie was among us, and all the loyal clansmen were flocking to his standard. Only with us here in Skye there was grief and trouble. For our Chief (shame that it should be said of a Macleod of Dunvegan) looked on his own interests, and forgot his loyalty, gave his adherence to the German usurper and the cruel redcoats, and what could we of the clan do.

“ See, Marsaly ! how dark stand the gloomy walls of Dunvegan over yonder. Often from the turret have I sung to my harp the greeting to the returning Chief, or wailed the coronach when one of the race was carried to the grave. For, ever in Dunvegan the bards were honoured, and I was one of the chief of the bards, and my sweetheart was Donald Bain Mac Crimmon, the finest piper the west had ever known, whose fathers had been the pipers of the Macleods for generations, and he was the best of them all.

“ Ah, my bonnie boy ! True man ! True poet ! best dancer in the glens ! Loyal was his heart to the race of our ancient kings, and how we both rejoiced when from Moidart came the tidings that our Prince had landed, and down in the cave by the sea Donald played the great Pibroch, that was to hail Charles Stuart king of his lawful heritage, with none but me, and the gulls, and the waves to hear. Ah me ! only in heaven will that Pibroch be heard now I fear me. But then how light were our hearts, till like a black cloud, the news came to us that our Chief was mustering his men, not for our country, and our king, but to help the base German crew and the redcoats.

“ But what help was there ! For ever a piper must follow his lord, whatever his lord may do.

“ ‘ We sail to-morrow, my lass ! ’ he said. ‘ The galleys are all ready, and I must play a Pibroch. No, no ! not that one, that is all our own, yours and mine, lass ! But I pray that I may die, for I cannot wish our Chief defeat, and I dare not wish him success, for his cause is evil, and I must play his march. But I shall die before either my Chief or my rightful King gain the victory, and I shall see my Shiela no more. But cherish the memory of my Pibroch ; some day perhaps it will sound in your ears again.’ And as he spoke there was the winding sheet around his breast.

“ And early next morning was great commotion, for the clansmen were all embarking, and the chief stood in the prow of the foremost boat, and beside him was my lover, with the great pipes under his arm, the streamers flaunting in the breeze, and the sun

glinting on his shoulder brooch, and he sent a full man's wind into his bag, and started bravely into the Macleod's war-march. But as he played the time and the notes changed in spite of himself as I think, and the glorious, racing, fighting tune wailed away into a low lament, and still the spectral winding sheet clung round him.

"Never was such a strange starting from Dunvegan, with a Chief gloomy and depressed, with downcast head, to the music of a wild lament, leading an unwilling clan to fight against ~~one~~ they loved better than life, in the cause of the Germans whom they loathed. So over the waters floated that weird lament, as the galleys lessened in the distance, and ever the burden sang to me the words—'Macleod shall return, but Mac Crimmon shall never.' And I seized my harp and poured out all my soul in answer, for I knew it was my last farewell, and I should see my bonnie boy no more, and my harp wafted a message to him that somewhere in the world to come he should play *our* Pibroch, when the royal race should come to its own again.

"They were dreary days in Dunvegan then, when all our men were gone, and never a skirl of the pipes, nor the lilt of a dance in the hall, or on the hill-side broke the monotony for us women left behind, and weary were the days while we waited for news.

"And at last came tidings of what they called the 'Rout of Moy,' when the whole army of Lord Loudoun fled in confusion from half a score of highlanders, and it was my own cousin told me, who had taken part in it; and how they grappled in the dark and the rain while the lightning flashes scarcely showed them each other's faces, and the pipes wailed the lament with no pretence at a war march, and he knew it was Mac Crimmon's piping, for there was no piper like him; and how it ended in a sudden skirl, for my boy was shot through the lungs, the only one who was hurt in that mad fight, yet he gathered all his last strength, and blew all that remained of his breath into the bag, and over the struggling host of the frightened Whigs, and over the great burst of laughter of Simon Fraser and his comrades, there pealed a great Pibroch, only the opening bars, and my cousin whistled it for me, and I knew it was *our* Pibroch, and that my boy as he died had played the welcome of the royal race."

She stopped then, Marsaly said, and rested long, thinking over the days that had been. Then she said—

"Since then, Marsaly, I have been as you have known me, a broken old woman living in this little cottage, watching the sunrise over the Coolins, watching the green water swirl and surge over the white stones, and the green and red seaweed float upwards, and the lashing of the waves in winter.

"And I have heard how our hopes were broken, and the Germans were victorious, and our Prince was a hunted fugitive, with a heavy price on his head, but though hundreds of our people knew where he was, not one would betray him, though they were starving. No! we leave treachery to the Germans and the House of Hanover, and cruelty and oppression to the butcher Cumberland. But for all the wealth of mighty England I would not be with their souls."

Again she fell silent for a space, and then the second-sight came back to her and she spoke as if in a dream.

"Cha till! Cha till! I hear it again. Marsaly, what is this I see? The mountains grow dim, the landscape fades. Child, where are you? The sight comes on me once more. A bare room, a girl, a priest in cardinal's robes. One lies dying. Ah! It is our Prince. Squalor and desolation, forsaken by his friends, only those two dear ones watching, faithful to the last by the bedside of the Lord's anointed.

"Cha till! Cha till! I hear the lament wailing through the mean room, recalling how it wailed when the galleys sailed from Dunvegan. The room melts away; up in the sky I catch the gleam of tartan, and I see him at last—my boy—beautiful and brave as I saw him last, and now comes swelling the grand cadence of our Pibroch. There is a great white light that issues from the Eternal Throne, and falls on the Soul of our Prince, lighting up the serried ranks of the loyal clans, waiting there to welcome him, and to breathe down on Scotland the gracious promise: The night shall pass, and the royal race shall yet return."

So did old Marsaly tell me the story of the famous lament, and of the composer of the words. But before the end of my holidays she had left Skye, and I never saw or heard of her again.

One may fancy that even now, from the world of souls, Shiela and her Donald Bain may watch with rejoicing how the call of the "Lost Pibroch" has roused the men of Skye to go forth once more to fight against the Germans. But with a very different spirit, and different ending now, we trust, than in the "Forty-five." Ghostly Pibrochs have been heard pealing over the trenches in France and Flanders, leading the highland lads to victory. May we not dream that Donald Bain himself may be playing his great Pibroch, in the joy of knowing that all those who died fighting against the Germans more than a century and a half ago, did not die in vain, and their cause and their deaths are amply avenged now.



# SLEEP AND DREAMS

By P. H. PALMER

IT is a paradoxical truth that although our knowledge increases our ignorance is not diminished. Doubtful matters become better understood, but in the act of understanding, the margin of the field of knowledge is seen to be much more extended than we had thought. So the world grows increasingly complex. There are no longer things that can be known in their simplicity. Indeed, the simpler things of life, when we peer into them, disclose mystery upon mystery. Such an increasing mystery is sleep and the dreaming which it brings.

The fact of sleep is known to all, and is ancient enough. The man who cannot sleep dies even more quickly than he who does not eat. But in spite of its common occurrence and its vital importance the true nature of sleep and its office in life's economy has yet to be discovered. Some of its physiological and pathological accompaniments are fairly well known, some even of its psychic and mental conditions have been observed and recorded. But sleep itself, the disappearance of consciousness and its return, remains still to be explored. If this be true of sleep it is also true of the dreaming which interrupts it. The difficulties in the way of understanding these two common life conditions are profound, yet the search and inquiry should be worth an effort, for it may happen that the explanation of our daily life lies hidden in the bosom of our sleep, and the tattered and disorderly fragments of our thought which masquerade as dreams may yet throw some light upon the absorbingly difficult problem of our waking consciousness.

The problem is one of absence. What is it that has disappeared from our life when we sleep? and what is lacking that our dreams cannot be controlled as can our waking thought?

Bergson's view—that sleep is inattention—describes the fact exceedingly well. It is the attention of consciousness that ceases and rests, all else appears to proceed much as usual. The consciousness of animals centres in physical life and activity, and principally in such activities as appertain to the needs of nutrition. It is true that some animals and birds have interests but slightly connected with vital processes, which express them-

selves in the form of "play"; but even this play is mostly directed to the keeping of the body in good order and proper training for the acquiring of a sufficiency of food. As soon as the animal ceases to be interested in these physical activities it is asleep. Observation of domestic animals will show that when the needs of the creature have been attended to, its food eaten and its toilet completed, it becomes quiescent, and unless anything occurs to disturb it it falls asleep.

But man lives another life than that of the body, a life into which the consciousness of the animal does not penetrate. It is a mental life of memory, reflection, and imagination, and can be pursued most readily when bodily activity is at a minimum. The power to keep awake mentally, that is to pay attention to conceptions in the absence of perceptions, is a fair index of the stage of mental advancement. In persons of low mentality or those whose lives are almost solely occupied in strenuous bodily labour wherein the mind has but little part and is not strengthened in its own peculiar activity—in these persons the cessation of labour is quickly followed by sleep.

On the other hand those whose life is mainly expended in arduous mental work are frequently sufferers from insomnia. Consciousness is so habitually focussed upon the working of the mind that it becomes impossible to cease attention and, since mental action appears to proceed whether we are attending or not, even in sleep itself, it is obvious that this insomnia is nothing more than the unrest of attention.

Again the mind which is compelled to follow a set of ideas to which it is unused and in which it has little or no interest, quickly wearies, and if there be no mitigating circumstance sleep is likely to follow. Sleep during sermon time is a good example; or we can conceive the utter ennui of a non-musical person among a company of enthusiasts who are discussing Brahms. Whatever can engage the attention of the mind has power to keep us awake, even against our will, but when attention is wearied sleep follows easily, other things being equal. Hypnotic sleep is similarly produced. Attention is concentrated upon some object so fully that exhaustion follows as a matter of course, and the subject falls into a condition resembling sleep.

Sleep is thus the dying down of the normal consciousness. It can by no means be said that the body sleeps, the brain does not sleep, and there is a good deal of evidence that the rational mind is not altogether inactive during sleep. It is perhaps one more indication of the essential unity and functional polarity of all

life that the alternations of anabolism and metabolism in the cell should be reproduced in organic life by successive periods of rest and activity.

Yet although in sleep the functions of life and thought proceed almost unchecked, there seems lacking the power of co-ordination. To this is due the usually incoherent nature of our dreams. Sensations are still perceived, but are misinterpreted. The ticking of a watch becomes a horse galloping. The fall of the fire-irons is a great explosion. The striking of a match in the room is received into the sleeper's dream as a glorious sunrise or a devastating conflagration.

One may note here how the real character of the dreamer, and particularly his mental habits, may emerge in clear dreaming. The writer has not infrequently dreamed of taking part in arguments and debates of most vigorous character. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that the victory in these dreamland debating societies is monotonously one-sided!\* Yet the significance of this particular phase of dreaming entirely escaped notice until the writer observed that waking thought—of the "brown study" kind—upon difficult and abstruse subjects quite frequently followed the Socratic method, debating with an impersonal adversary, if one might so express it.

Dreams are notoriously fading in their character, leaving but little trace upon the memory. Unless in the moment of waking a deliberate attempt is made to recall the scene and movement, even the most dramatic dream will usually disappear from the mind in an incredibly short time. There may be, and probably are, many reasons for this. But great importance attaches to the fact that memory is largely muscular, and in dreaming the muscular system takes scarcely any part, and hence is unable to aid memory. This view of memory is confirmed by the methods adopted to assist it. To memorize anything we repeat it many times, not merely mentally but vocally, or by writing, and the pianist memorizes by "practice." Nor is the view necessarily materialistic although at first sight it may wear that appearance. The inference is rather against that mistaken view which would localize the psychic life within the brain, wherein the ego is supposed to sit like the operator at a telephone exchange. There is no such localization. Specialization of tissue there is, and the functions of the brain cannot be undertaken by any other organ :

\* This is hardly correct. There is the story of Dr. Johnson's vexation at his opponent's triumph over him in a dream argument, until he finally reflected that his opponent was in reality himself.

but the fingers remember no less than the brain, and one of the surest aids to memory is the repetition of some movement associated with the matter it is desired to recall.

We may indeed suggest that one reason for the provokingly faulty memories of "spirit friends" is the absence of the muscular sense and bodily activity, and the consequent atrophy of large tracts of memory which were more or less bound up therewith.

That our dreams are apt to take a symbolic form when they do possess meaning cannot be questioned. It is equally established that they are frequently of a predictive nature. These two characters are generally fused together, and hence arises one of the difficulties of evidence, for the symbolism may be so intricate as to be indecipherable until after the event, when the evidential value is diminished. "Dream Books" with their dictionary of interpretations are practically useless, since the symbolism is individual to the dreamer, and displays his idiosyncracies.

An interesting example of this predictive symbolism is contained in the following dream.

N— dreamed that he was in a room watching over a sister-in-law, B—, who appeared to be ill. Gradually he became aware of the presence of a third person, a man in the white overall of a surgeon. But by one of those startling changes which occur in dreams the surgeon became B—'s husband, and in attempting to defend her from him the dreamer awoke. Now the facts are that N— was at that time acting the part of defender to his sister-in-law to whom her husband was doing a great deal of wrong, and on the very next day B— was the victim of an accident in consequence of her husband's behaviour.

A dream of another person was neither predictive nor symbolic, but nevertheless raises a further interesting issue.

H— dreamed that he was in a strange bedroom at a unknown hotel. Everything in the room was as it should be, nor was he then aware that he was dreaming. His own language will best complete the story. "I wished to go downstairs, so I opened the door and walked out. But on the staircase I was confronted by a good-sized lion which was coming up. But somehow I knew that he was only a dream lion anyway, so I shoo'd him away—just as one would shoo away a chicken or a cat. He faded out of sight and the dream ended."

The first item of news which caught H—'s notice in the following morning's paper was an account of a lion which had escaped from a menagerie in Berlin (this was before the war!) and

had held up an hotel for an hour or two, straying around the passages and staircases until recaptured. Since the dream occurred on Sunday night there was no possibility of a careless glance at the evening paper having unconsciously provided the facts, and it is difficult to account for the matter save by some theory of travelling clairvoyance or telepathic rapport, either with the Berlin hotel, or, more probably, with the London papers, which were in course of printing at the time.

✓ Dreams of this character provide most interesting material for study and comparison, and may assist eventually in determining the nature of the mind's activity during sleep. Yet in truth its activity in sleep may not be so very different from that of the waking life. In both states more than one current of thought flows at one and the same time. In the rational thought of waking life our attention is more or less devoted to one of these streams by excluding the rest ; whereas in dreams such attention as there is appears to wander uncontrolled among the many conceptions and images which are the mind's furnishings and implements.

# THE DOCTRINE OF TRANSCENDENCE AND EMANATION IN JEWISH MYSTICISM

By SIJIL ABDUL-ALI

IN all ages, probably, there are minds predisposed to contemplate and seek their rest within an abstract principle and equilibrium which in conception at least may harmonize the world of action with the world of philosophic thought. For them, as for Sebastian van Storck in Pater's *Imaginary Portrait*, is an element of pain in the constant stimulation of experience ; so that " the restoration of equilibrium, the restoration of the primary consciousness to itself," becomes, if not an end to be helped forward by their own puny efforts, at least a final goal of attainment—inevitable perhaps, and in any case not altogether unlovely.

A study of speculation shows in what dread paths such minds are fain to wander. Without a feature of humanity, how awful is the sublimity—even the holiness, of God ! " Equilibrium," " the primary consciousness," the unknowable absolute, the untroubled reality that lies beneath the agitated surface of being—these are cold phrases, and that which they are thought to name is lonely and desolate and dark : yet the shadow of a dread world-weariness creeping sometimes over the soul, will cause even the withering thought of a reality behind what we term the existent—a reality in which all, including ourselves, must inhere and ultimately be absorbed—to assume, as it were, a kind of joyless beauty—too still, too bare, too lifeless to inspire in the soul aught but a kind of passionless longing painfully akin to despair. Somewhat of this nature is the void we have to face in seeking the root of speculative mysticism in Jewry. The logical understanding, driven to its utmost limit, to a point where no Beyond is conceivable, stands to contemplate, not only the primary form of God wherein exists the " equilibrium of balance " (which is itself incomprehensible), but also that containing region which is declared to be " negatively existent in the Ancient One." Inverting, as one feels, the process by which the mind has been urged to the boundary of thought, the Zohar postulates the " negative existence," folded in three veils : these in themselves " formulate the *hidden ideas* of the Sephiroth not yet called into being, and they are concentrated in Kether, which in this sense is the Malkuth of the hidden ideas of the Sephiroth." It is clear that such an hypothesis leaves an infinite abyss between the

Creator (though, as we shall see, that term is not strictly applicable) and, not the sensible Universe only, but also the world of intelligible being—let us say, the world of Plato's "ideas." It is the doctrine of God in transcendence, and it issues in the doctrine of emanation, which is an attempt to bridge the inevitable chasm.

The question may well be raised, how speculation of this kind would have developed out of Judaism—a faith that, unlike the great religions of India, had never been essentially metaphysical and in which mystical intuition was strictly subordinated to the claims of a scripture based on historical experience. To answer completely, if that were possible, would take us very far afield, but a few points deserve notice. It was natural, I think, that the Jewish mind should revolt at some time from the rigid formalism of the Talmud, just as the mind of Europe revolted from the self-restricted logic of the Schoolmen. According to Dr. Hirsch, mysticism was one of the "stages through which an effete scholasticism had to be metamorphosed into a methodical philosophy and study of nature. It was a psychological necessity that Mysticism should form one of the links between dogmatic philosophy and an independent exploration of nature, of metaphysics, and of the human mind." \* But there is an important distinction to be drawn between European mysticism generally and Jewish mysticism, and it is indicated by Dr. Ginsburg when he says that "whilst mysticism in general is the expression of the "intensest religious feeling, where reason lies dormant, Jewish mysticism is essentially an attempt to harmonize universal reason with the Scriptures." Jewish mysticism is in harmony, too, with the spirit of scientific curiosity that swept over Europe in the Middle Ages, giving rise to those multitudinous speculations which may be classified very broadly as "occult philosophy." All subjective research in the philosophy of religion was of course directly discouraged by orthodox Judaism, and in this connexion Dr. Karppe goes so far as to state that the Jewish mind took refuge in mysticism as a means of legalizing science without attacking faith. "Une revanche de la science sur la foi": that is the expression used by Dr. Karppe to sound what he believes to be the distinctive note of Jewish mysticism; and certainly we may go so far with him as to believe that the scientific instinct, prompted to an examination of the soul with its immemorial hunger for Divine truth, for an *experience* of Divinity more intimate and rapturous than anything provided by the intellectual formalism of the Torah and the Talmud, had held its sway in Jewry and had turned there the mind's eyes inward and inward until the mystery of man became the mystery of the world; and across the starry firmament and in the spaces beyond, humanity, male and female, with its inscrutable secret of body and soul, appeared as the unescapable feature of all that had been or that was to be in time. The form of man is the universal form. That doctrine, by implication

\* See *The Jewish Quarterly Review*, vol. xx, October, 1907. *Jewish Mysticism: an Appreciation*, by Dr. S. A. Hirsch, p. 67.

or extension, embraces, and solves after its own manner, the problems of spirit and matter, subject and object, sense and substance. Man is the Kabalistic Balance : in him is the mystery of Duality and Equilibrium. He is the meeting point, the theatre of conjunction of nature with the soul. " The creation of man made all perfect," declares the Zohar. Before him there was none to seek after knowledge of God, and hence, in respect of this circumstance, God in reality nameless and utterly alone, was AIN, the " *non-ens* dwelling in the *non-est*." " Man," says a modern Kabalist, " is so related to the universe, and the universe is so related to man, that the two are aspects and conditions of each other. Neither can exist without the other. That Kabalistic form of man, which is also the form of the universe, is nothing other than the adaptation of the universe to the existence of man, and of man to the existence of the universe." We have seen in our first study in what sense the doctrine is of necessity to be accepted. It is the inevitable ground of scientific inquiry in its incipience, and we have but to look at the beginnings of chemistry in alchemy, or of astronomy in astrology, if we need further illustration of the fact. The unknown is explicable only in terms of the known, and the human mind, which is itself the seeker, must take its own nature as the starting point and basis and work outwards from that.

Herein then is an occasion and in its own degree an explanation of the mystical development in Jewry. We have spoken—and intend to speak—only of the metaphysical aspect, though it is well known that there was a practical development of the scientific instinct which led to the grossest folly. But reason, though its wings were growing, could not yet move with freedom : it must keep within the bounds of official theology. This was partly an external restriction, but partly also it was a bondage of the soul of Jewry itself. An outward limitation was of course operative upon all European thought in the Middle Ages, but in the case of the Jews, as already suggested, there was the peculiar, perhaps almost instinctive necessity of reconciling all new speculation with the exact letter of the Torah and even of finding a justification therein for the very act of speculation itself. " The principal elements which the Jewish mystic had to blend together "—to quote Dr. Hirsch once more—" were reason, mystical promptings, and his Torah. This latter element, the Torah, served as a wholesome check to an untrammelled licence in his speculation." A check undoubtedly it was ; but whether entirely " wholesome " may well be doubted, in view of the strange aberrations to which it led. This, however, may be said justly, that it contributed not a little to the preservation of the doctrine of Divine transcendence, which is of considerable metaphysical value. On its highest level, Kabalism was saved from the mental *cul de sac* of anthropomorphism, and also from the unsatisfying conclusion of pantheism, though both elements are there by implication, and the former on occasion may be thought to be openly declared. " God is called ' ha makom ' (place) " says



Philo of Alexandria, commenting on Genesis xxviii. 11, "because he encloses the universe but is Himself not enclosed by anything." That is, God was not separate from the world, but, although manifested, he was not contained therein. This is also the Kabbalistic doctrine, and so far it is in accord with the mysticism of the Talmudic period, which was still transcendental. To attain "the place of the world," while of necessity the end in life for every mystic, was a process involving the passage of a chasm infinitely wide and deep. To solve the problem of creation and establish a thinkable connection between God and his universe, the Kabbalists invented the doctrine of emanation, grafting, so to speak, a pantheistic conception on to transcendentalism. The attainment of God then became possible by traversing the "paths of wisdom" that connected the Sephiroth or Emanations. But the written law had still to be reckoned with, and the Zohar is an attempt to demonstrate that all is contained finally and exactly in the Torah.

It is a very strange position, and we cannot possibly appreciate the Kabbalah until we have understood the peculiar conditions under which the Jewish mind was forced to speculate. The rising spirit of inquiry demanded an explanation of the universe, Jewish tradition and instinct required that there should be one God, above the manifest creation, containing it but not contained therein, and that the study of the Law should be a *sine qua non* of piety and attainment in God. Moreover there was the hunger of the soul for union, the "panting of the heart," coming out of immemorial time, and recording itself under a thousand symbols in literature and art. But in Kabbalism it is not exactly "the flight of the alone to the Alone" that we hear of—not, we may suppose, because the central quest was essentially different from that of the Neo-Platonists and the Christian mystics, but rather, perhaps, because the Jew, whatever his aspirations, whatever indeed his knowledge, laboured under limitations other than those of literary expression or of the incommunicableness of the doctrine in its own nature.

The Jew sought liberation: but it must come by and through the letter of the Law; by prayer indeed also—"the words of the lips and the meditations of the heart," that is, oral prayer and prayer in the rapture of divine silence—but the drawing nigh of the soul must be by the channels appointed and without violation of the eternal world. If the written word be the symbol of bondage—and previously I have tried to indicate the sense in which it might be so regarded—we have in Kabbalism a pregnant image of the soul's quest. We have also the required condition, as already seen. If God were contained in or identical with the Universe, as this term is generally understood, there would be no possibility of union—no hope in the quest, no goal of realization in the consciousness of man. But the conception of AIN, the sentiment of a THAT beyond all our thinking, void and desolate as it might otherwise seem, is after all the saving element, not only for our intellect, but also for the heart of longing within.

Let us consider now the doctrine of emanation, which, as we have already seen, became necessary to explain the existence and intelligibility of the Universe, God being postulated as unmanifest and unknowable in his ultimate being. *Ain Soph*, which has been referred to as a veil of the "Negative Existence," "is understood in the Zohar," says Mr. Waite, "as the limitless mystery of Divine Thought, the centre of all, and the secret of all secrets—God unknown and unknowable in respect of his essence." I speak of veils, but the term is inaccurate, though it is hard to find a better. The "Negative Existence" is comprised in *Ain*, *Ain Soph*, *Ain Soph Aur*, and the last of the Trinity, the "Limitless Light," is actually as incomprehensible as the first until it concentrates in *Kether*, the Crown, the first of the *Sephiroth*, the chariot for the first degree of the Divine Essence, containing the universal plan that was to extend itself in time and space. Strictly speaking, *Kether* is not an emanation: it is rather the point of coalescence of the unmanifest infinite, the first undifferentiated effect of *Ain Soph*, the centre of issue containing all the *Sephiroth*, which were still hidden therein. Mr. Mathers calls it "the *Malkuth* of the hidden ideas of the *Sephiroth*"—*Malkuth*, the tenth and last *Sephira*, being "that in which the will, the plan, and the active forces became manifest, the sum of the permanent, immanent activity of all *Sephiroth*." In other words, we might say, very roughly, that *Kether* bears to the Cause above it a relation somewhat similar to the relation between *Malkuth* and the intermediate emanations, the primary difference being that *Kether* is absolute unity, whereas *Malkuth* is the Kingdom of final manifestation in diversity.

"In the beginning was the will of the King," says the Zohar. *Kether* was its primordial manifestation. "When the Concealed of the Concealed wished to reveal himself, he first made a single point: the Infinite was entirely unknown, and diffused no light before this luminous point violently broke through into vision." In its sevenfold mystery it is the Crown, the Aged, the Primordial Point, the White Head, the Long Face (*Macroprosopos*), the Inscrutable Height, and, in the Bible, *Ehejeh*, or I AM (*vide* Exod. iii. 14). "Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold the King of Peace with the Crown!" (*Song of Solomon* iii. 11). "He who sees the Crown," declares the Zohar, "sees the glory of the King of Peace." It is the base of the Divine Consciousness, the point wherein the *non-Ego* becomes *Ego*, the Crown of Adam Kadmon, the Egg of the World, and, in a special sense, the Spirit of the Living God. It issues in *Chokmah* (Wisdom) and *Binah* (Intelligence or Understanding), which are male and female respectively, the archetypal forms of object and subject producing in conjunction a quasi-emanation called *Daath* (reason or knowledge). "When the Holy Aged, the Concealed of all Concealed, assumed a form, he produced everything in the form of male and female, as the things could not continue in any other form. Hence Wisdom, which is the beginning of development, when it proceeded from the Holy

Aged, emanated in male and female, for Wisdom expanded and Intelligence proceeded from it, and thus obtained male and female, namely, Wisdom the Father and Intelligence the Mother, from whose union the other pairs of Sephiroth successively emanated" (Zohar). The first product of the union was Gedulah or Chesed (Greatness, Magnificence, Mercy, Love), whence emanated Geburah (Judgment, Justice), and these conjoined to produce Tiphereth (Beauty or Mildness), which is as the Sun and summarizes the Divine Goodness. Thus the first reflection of the Supernal Triad is complete, and all is once more unified, as originally in Kether all had been one. Now proceeds Netzach (Victory or Firmness) and Hod (Glory, Adornment, Splendour), and these are termed the Armies of Jehovah, as corresponding to extension, multiplication and force. Jesod, the Basis or Foundation, storehouse of all forces, of life, and nourishment of all the worlds, completes the third Trinity, issuing finally in Malkuth (Dominion, Royalty, Kingdom), which is termed also "the Mother of all the Living," the Shekinah, the place of the manifestation of God.

I have summarized very briefly here for the sake of clearness, and must perforce omit reference to most of the multitudinous speculations that have arisen on this theme. There are a few, however, which are of value in our present survey, and must be noticed. A certain "Commentary on the Ten Sephiroth" by Rabbi Azariel ben Menachim (born about 1160 A.D.) divides the Sephiroth into three worlds, corresponding to the intellectual, the moral, and the material parts of our own nature. "The first three Sephiroth form the world of thought; the second three the world of soul; and the remaining four the world of body." It is more usual, however, to separate Malkuth and regard it as the world of action, or material universe (Assiah). Kether, Chokmah and Binah constitute Atziluth, the world of Emanation; Chesed, Geburah and Tiphereth make Briah, the world of Creation; Netzath, Hod and Yesod are Yetzirah, the world of Formation and Manifestation. Otherwise these are the worlds of (1) intellect, (2) moral qualities, (3) power and stability, ultimated in (4) the world of action and matter; and they have as their astrological correspondences the *Primum Mobile*, the Sphere of the Zodiac, the Planetary Chain and the World of the Four Elements. The four worlds are, however, essentially one, just as the corresponding parts of a man are essentially one. The relation of a world to the world below it is that of prototype and copy, and everything that exists in any of the lower worlds has its archetype in the world above. Nature itself reflects all the worlds: inorganic nature is the seat of mechanism: organic nature is formed by powers working from *within* rather than from *without*, and these represent the Yetziratic World: the intelligence manifested in nature is the world of creative ideas or Briah, and these ideas proceed from Atziluth, the realm of eternal truths that are independent of the manifest universe. There is also a vertical diversion of the Sephirothic

Tree, and this gives us three columns or pillars, namely, Binah, Geburah and Hod constituting the Pillar of Judgment ; Chokmah, Chesed and Netzach, constituting the Pillar of Mercy ; and between them, Kether, Tiphereth, Yesod and Malkuth, forming the Middle Pillar of Mildness, or the Trunk of the Tree.

"The Commentary on the Ten Sephiroth" (according to Dr. Ginsburg, "the most ancient document embodying the doctrines of the Kabbalah") defines *Ain Soph* as "the cause and Governor of all things, a Being infinite, boundless, absolutely identical with itself, united in itself, without attributes, will, intention, desire, thought, word or deed." The Sephiroth are "the potencies which emanated from the absolute *Ain Soph*, all entities limited by quantity, which like the will, without changing its nature, wills diverse objects that are the possibilities of multifarious things." *Ain Soph*, as the cause of every effect, of everything that is visible and therefore limited, finite, and not absolutely identical, is itself invisible, unlimited, infinite, absolutely identical, in a word, *transcendent* ; and as it is infinite, nothing can exist without it, and hence it is *immanent*. "The Sephiroth are the medium between the absolute *Ain Soph* and the real world. As the real world is limited and not perfect, it cannot directly proceed from the *Ain Soph* ; still the *Ain Soph* must exercise his influence over it, or his perfection would cease. Hence the Sephiroth, which in their intimate connection with the *Ain Soph*, are perfect, and in their severance are imperfect, must be the medium." "Just as cogitation or thought, and even the mind as a cogitated object, is limited, becomes concrete and has a measure, although *pure thought* proceeds from the *Ain Soph* ; so limit, measure and concretion are the attributes of the Sephiroth. The Sephiroth are emanations and not creations." They cannot be created because they share the perfection of the *Ain Soph*, they do not diminish, and their activity never ceases. "The first Sefhira was in the *Ain Soph* as a power before it became a reality ; then the second Sefhira emanated as a potency for the intellectual world, and afterwards the other Sephiroth emanated for the sensuous and material world. This, however, does not imply a *prius* and *posterius* or a gradation in the *Ain Soph*, but just as a light which shines sooner or later and variously, so it embraces all in a unity. The Sephiroth are both active and passive, receiving and imparting."

As the Sephiroth are divided into a trinity of triads (*plus* Malkuth, the final manifestation of all) so each Sefhira is a kind of trinity itself : it has its own absolute nature, it receives from above, and it communicates to what is below it. "Just as the Sacred Aged is represented by the Number Three, so are all the other lights (Sephiroth) of a three-fold nature," declares the Zohar. There is also a trinity of units, namely, Kether (the Crown) used to designate the Intellectual World ; Tiphereth (Beauty), the Sensuous World ; and Malkuth (Kingdom), the Material World. Tiphereth is called the Sacred King, and Malkuth,

uniting all the Sephiroth, is called the Queen or the Matron, "the Mother of all the Living." These are in the Middle Pillar, or the Trunk of the Tree. "It is not Ain Soph," says Dr. Ginsburg, "but the Trinity (Crown, Beauty, Kingdom) which created the world; or rather the creation has arisen from the conjunction of the emanations. The world was born from the Union of the crowned King and Queen; or (according to the language of the Kabalah) these opposite sexes of royalty produced the Universe in their own image. Worlds were created before ever the King and Queen or the Sephiroth gave birth to the present state of things, but they could not continue and necessarily perish because the Ain Soph had not yet assumed the human form in its completeness, which not only implies a moral and intellectual nature, but, as conditions of development, procreation and continuance, also comprises sexual opposites."

It remains to be said that the Sephiroth are diagrammatically disposed in the form of the human body, so that the tendency and underlying assumption already referred to find thus their conventional expression. The doctrines, then, of Transcendence and Emanation with an element of Anthropomorphism, are bound up in the speculative Kabalah, and they are displayed, after the quaint manner of the period, in the famous drawing with which all students are familiar. I have tried to show in what manner the essential problems of speculation were present in the confused notions of the Kabalists, and how the subject thus connects with the general field of philosophic inquiry. To the mystic especially the Kabalah has a two-fold interest—firstly, as an example of the necessity under which all true religion must issue at last, as it began, in mysticism—in the hunger of the heart, which can be satisfied with nothing less than an *experience* of God; and secondly, as showing how a mind peculiarly gifted and peculiarly circumscribed endeavoured to satisfy its mystical impulses while answering the acutest question of its reason. We have seen how, in following out the labyrinths of speculative Kabalism we arrive at last, and inevitably because the system was of the intellect as well as the heart, at a first principle absolutely impersonal, negative, void and unintelligible, neither created nor creative, and nameless. It is, as I have suggested, the objective aspect of that depth within the self that we can never fathom, because it leads out to infinitude. That is a depth from which normally we shrink; but there are conditions under which it may, and does undoubtedly, exercise an unusual fascination. Amongst the adventurers herein may be named the Kabalists, many of whom did indeed go far on the soul's pilgrimage and peer into that abysmal region, "dark with excess of bright," through which we can never pass. I have indicated that such speculation, carried to the extreme that we find in Kabalism, is not normal, and perhaps scarcely significant of a perfectly healthy mind. Yet it is the expression in Jewry of a quest known to the Masters of Wisdom in all ages. It is the search after knowledge by introspection, coupled

with a quasi-scientific instinct, and a somewhat narrowing doctrine of traditional revelation. If it had a morbid side it had also an intensely sublime one; and the kind of ignorance that it confesses is an ignorance which metaphysicians are bound to acknowledge. Abstruse, cold, and complicated as the doctrine undoubtedly is, it yet touches very nearly at times the heart of the eternal quest, and stands as a monument to that, coloured with the devotional fervour of those who made and expounded it. I think that in its metaphysics and in its aspirations, surviving all that is accidental, crude and barren, will be found most important elements of truth, not without beauty in conception and expression and certainly not without meaning for the mystics of this age.

## THE MASTER

BY FREDERICK JAMES

BEYOND the sphere of right and wrong,  
 Watching the passions of the throng,  
 The round of incarnations done—  
 Desires of gossamer unspun—  
 Clothing himself with flesh at will,  
 Calm, impassive, vibrant, still—  
 The Master waits.

Making the sacrifice supreme,  
 Renouncing the Nirvanic dream  
 To see the earth a wine-red stain  
 Pulsating with the chords of pain;  
 To shield the world in evil surge—  
 Flaming with love, the Demiurge—  
 The Master waits.

The blazing chalice of the Sun  
 Oblation from the Heavens has won;  
 The Master knows that all is well,  
 That love alone can break the spell;  
 The Thurifer, He stands with balm  
 To cense each soul with mystic calm:  
 The Master waits.

# DEAD MINDS

By BART KENNEDY

**TIME** is a word that man has invented for something that he does not understand. Past, present, and future are also words that he has made for mysteries that are beyond his scope of comprehension. Whether they exist or not in the sense in which he understands them is more than doubtful. For it must not be forgotten that it is not possible for man to grasp the life-mystery out of which he has evolved. In reality he knows no more about it than the mite knows about the cheese from which it has drawn its life.

In the beginning man was puzzled even as he is now about the life that surrounded him—and out of which he sprung. He made all sorts of wild guesses concerning things. And he impressed these wild guesses upon his fellows.

Many of these wild guesses as to things, and the origin of things, still pass currency amongst us as being what might be called the minted coin of thought. I don't say that they are all out of accord with our existing surroundings. But many of them are. The acid test of what is called Time has in no way affected them. They are as wide of the mark now as they were at the time of their mintage hundreds of thousands or, perhaps, millions of years ago.

Time is as it always was—purely an arbitrary concept of the human mind. Man puts it forward as a gauge of measurement. Whether it is really so or not is doubtful. It is quite true that he goes by it—that he obeys its behests. After a certain lapse of it he dies. But it may well be that this is largely a question of self-hypnosis. It may be if a man thought he would live three hundred years he might do so.

That man has a dim inkling of the fact that self-hypnosis comes into this particular phase of the matter is proved by the fact that there is a proverb, or saying, to the effect that a man is as old as he feels. He feels that death has a good deal to do with the attitude of mind. Though he is bounded and constricted by the time-concepts that he calls years, he feels, nevertheless, that they are not absolute gauges of his life-span.

I do not deny that this gauge of time seems to fit other things besides the life of man. But I hold that it only seems to fit. I hold that man very largely sees in the surrounding phenomena of life only what he wants to see. His wish is very much the father to his thought.

I am driving at this: The concepts that govern man are simply things that he has accepted from others through thousands upon thousands of years, and they are not necessarily in accord either with himself or with the life that surrounds him. He is, in my view, very largely a follower of false directions. The things that seem true to him, and that affect him, may not be true at all. If a concept existed to the effect that his allotted span of life ought normally to be very much longer than it is, he most probably would live it out. Suggestion is the power of powers on this earth. Man is simply a complex bundle of suggested impulses.

Past, present, and future have very largely no other basis, in my view, than that they are notions springing from out the mind of man. Some egotistical savage conceived them a long, long time ago. And they have been perpetuated to this very hour. What they really mean no one really knows, or can really know. The only thing that a man can be positively certain of is the sensation of actual being, of actual life. Yesterday is but a dim dream. To-morrow is but a dim forecast. It is true that we give to them a significance, and that we build upon them. But this comes mainly from auto-suggestion.

Here again man has felt that there was something wrong about this attempted dividing of life into the life past, the life actual, and the life to come. For man is not always so foolish as the philosopher supposes him to be when he lays down his cast-iron dogmas. Man, I repeat, has seen that there was something wrong in this attempted division. And he has at times borrowed the wisdom of what are called the lower animals. He has realized that the moment of sensation, of actual life, was the vital moment—the moment of value. The moment that was past was dead! The moment that was to come was in the air—was a thing that might never be! And, realizing this, he was wise enough to crystallize his conclusion into an aphorism that ran to the effect that it was better to make the best of the time in which he was living, and not to bother his head about the time that had gone or the time that was to come.

The things that surround us, and that we call material, are but projections from out our minds. It is true that this does not



explain why a man will be affected by things of which his consciousness knows nothing. But we are surrounded by things that no one understands. And we doubtless have powers of mind that our consciousness is not aware of. The bullet that comes from behind, and that kills, may be known to us through the agency of some mind-sense that is outside the vision, so to speak, of our consciousness. Yes, it may be known to us and we may therefore accept the dictum of death that the bullet—or whatever lethal agency it may be—imposes upon us.

Whether this is so or not I cannot tell, of course. It is but speculation. However, as near as I can see it, the world of thought is very largely composed of speculation put forth in the guise of rigid dogma.

My feeling is that the time will come when man will be immensely more intelligent than he is now. A time when he will have solved the secrets of his own being.

He will, amongst other things, find out the way of living in amity with his brother. But he has a long way to go. He has many, many things to unlearn.

At present he is mainly under the dominion of suggestions laid down by sinister minds of the past.

Minds that still live virulently even though they are dead.

# THE WART-CHARMERS OF WARWICKSHIRE

BY GEORGE MORLEY

Author of "Shakespeare's Greenwood," etc.

AMONG the characteristics of Warwickshire country dwellers, especially those who live in isolated places upon a wild heath or by the side of a dark wood, none is more marked than the belief that they have the power to charm away certain ugly excrescences—such as warts, moles, and corns—that sometimes appear upon the person.

Though the custom of wart-charming is not now so much in vogue as formerly in the hidden villages and hamlets of Shakespeare's country, it is still practised much more frequently than many townspeople would imagine. Whether it is the superstitious incantation with which the charm is accompanied, or the power of some magic unguent, surreptitiously applied to the excrescences, which completes the cure, I do not know; but it is positively true that many a native of rural Warwickshire *can* make warts disappear, as if by sinister means, from the hands or other parts of the human body.

## THE WOODLANDER OF EREBURY

I have myself had ocular proof of this art of rustic wart-charming, and of the success which attends it in the hands of competent practitioners, such as the woodlander of Erebury.

A young lady of my household, to be precise my elder daughter, was the luckless possessor of what is known among the wart-charmers of Shakespeare's greenwood as a "seed-wart"—that is, a family wart, full of fibrous growth, and as big and hard as a large-sized grey pea. On the third knuckle of the middle finger of her left hand, this excrescence, growing larger and larger, became a very unsightly blemish, and caused considerable pain to the unfortunate owner whenever she put on or took off her glove; or if at any time she chanced to knock the wart.

The woodlander of Erebury—who might have been own brother, or cousin, to William, the lover of Audrey in the Forest

## WART-CHARMERS OF WARWICKSHIRE 227

of Arden of *As You Like It*, so very rustic was he, though he many times came into town—one day chanced to see the wart, and undertook to remove it one evening at sundown. He held the girl's hand in his, felt the wart with his fingers, bade her look before her, and uttered some words unintelligible to her. Nothing more than that; and that was the Charm!

### THE MAGIC INCANTATION

"It'll goo, missie," he said, upon leaving, "it'll goo. 'Tis a seed-wert, to be sure, and therefore, hev more power. But never you fear; it'll goo."

And it did—straight off her hand—suddenly and cleanly, a short time after the rustic charmer had charmed it!

Though the young lady who had possessed it, perfectly well knew she still had the wart upon her hand only a few minutes before she lost it, and though the house was searched from top to bottom and from bottom to top the wart was never found. It had vanished as completely as if it had never been, and had not left the vestige of a scar behind!

Meeting the woodland charmer some time afterwards, he made inquiries concerning the wart, and learning that it had disappeared, he said to me in a whispered voice, "'Tis the words as make 'em goo, sir. Even a old seed-wert canna stan' again the words."

By this he doubtless meant the incantation he used at the charming; but whether there is, as some think, "witchcraft in it," or whether it is a purely scientific mode of operation, it is perfectly clear to me that the custom of wart-charming is practised—at least it was in the case to which I have referred—with complete success by many of the so-called unlettered and ignorant dwellers of Shakespeare's greenwood. The cabalistic utterance in this charm does no harm to anything but the wart or warts, and so powerful do the words seem to be that the ugly excrescences fly before them.

### THE EVIL SIDE

As might be expected, however, among a people so solitary and isolated as some of the dwellers in woody Warwickshire, there is an evil side to wart-charming, which, though undoubtedly weird and displeasing, is not entirely devoid of the picturesque elements.

There is a belief, amounting in some cases almost to a practice, that warts can be transferred by the sinister designs of the

charmer or the possessor of the warts, from the hands of one person to those of another. For example, if one rustic beauty, with a graceful hand, incurs the displeasure of another beauty, with hands not so white or so prettily shaped, and, moreover, disfigured by little families of warts upon fingers and thumbs, it is considered possible for the warted girl to vent her spleen upon the graceful hands of the other by charming the warts from her own hands to those of the object of her detestation.

This, as related to me by the woodlander of Erebury, is the evil side of the art of wart-charming.

Happily such cases are rare, and all the more interesting because of their isolation ; for, as a rule, the maidens of Shakespeare's greenwood are fond, tender, and loving one to another, and would be stricken with shame and remorse even at the thought of accomplishing so disfiguring and wicked a design. Whether by accident, or design, however, I know not, but there is a curious and uncanny principle of wart-charming, or wart transference, in operation among the dwellers of this poetic district, which almost suggests that some occult and evil power must be at the bottom of it.

#### THE RUSTIC YOUNG CHARMER

A story, illustrating the influence of this charm, has been told by many Warwickshire villagers, with a picturesqueness more charming, perhaps, than the charm itself. The young rustic maiden concerned, one day discovered, to her dismay, that warts were beginning to grow upon her hands—not in single excrescences, but in battalions, so to speak. Like most girls who are natives of rural Warwickshire, this one was well acquainted with some of the different charms by which warts are said to be removed from human hands ; and she chose the pebble charm.

She gathered a number of white pebbles from the brook, corresponding to the number of warts upon her hands. She placed one pebble upon each wart, after the manner of the charm, then counted them one by one, dropped them into a small paper bag, and ultimately threw the bag, with its contents, away in a secluded spot, where she thought no one would find it. That performance constituted the charm. Nothing else was needed. In a short time the warts began to fade away, and before very long quite disappeared from her hands.

But the sequel to the charm, though somewhat tardy in coming, brought with it far more consternation to the maiden

in question than that occasioned when the warts vanished from her fingers.

### THE TRANSFERENCE

It was about a year after the disappearance that the maiden was with a friend whom she had not seen for nearly that space of time.

Chancing to look at her girl friend's hands she was inexpressibly shocked to find that they were disfigured by warts in many places, singly and in groups. On a closer examination, she discovered that their number corresponded exactly to the number that she formerly had upon her own hands. Further inquiry elicited the fact that her friend had found and opened the paper bag containing the pebbles with which she had charmed the warts from her own fingers and had thrown away a year ago!

To this cause was at once ascribed the transference of the warts from her own hands to the hands of her friend; though in this case the result was one of accident rather than design.

This is one of the curiosities of wart-charming in Shakespeare's greenwood, and I believe it is well understood by the rustics who dwell there that to find the pebbles, peas, beans, or snails, with which warts have been charmed from other people's hands, invariably results in the warts being transferred to the hands of the unlucky finder. Packets and paper bags, therefore, that are thought to contain pebbles, or other charms, which have been used for touching warts, are looked at sideways and quickly passed by.

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### A PROPHECIC WARNING (?).

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—To-day I was reading J. Arthur Hill's little book on *Spiritualism in the People's Books*. This, I gather, was published in 1913. I was rather interested to discover the passage which I transcribe:—

This reminds me of another catastrophe prophecy. Quite recently I received a long communication from an American automatist. . . . These famous entities had a somewhat alarming tale to tell. They inform us that there is going to be some sort of geological upheaval and subsidence on a gigantic scale in Western Europe, and that the British Isles will sink bodily below the level of the sea. The date of this event is fixed at July, 1914, or thereabouts; and we are warned to flee while there is yet time. Probably my readers, being—like myself—of an incredulous and stiff-necked generation, will neglect the kindly warning, and will continue to take thought for the morrow, even for morrows extending beyond July, 1914. Perhaps the messages were the result of telepathy from the mind of some Canadian emigration agent.

Mr. J. Arthur Hill's attitude was sufficiently indicated by his closing sentence. But I am wondering if he still holds *quite* the same view? It appears to me that the warning may, after all, not have been entirely nonsense. At any rate the "message" may be construed as a parable more fittingly than many others with higher authority.

This much is certain, that there *is* a great upheaval in Western Europe, and even if the England beneath our feet has not disappeared, yet the England we knew as a state of society has disappeared almost completely. Conventions, social barriers, accepted institutions, catch-words and shibboleths, are all fast sinking from sight.

I should like to know more of this particular message. We might then be able to judge whether it is a genuine warning—although symbolical in form.

101 KING'S ROAD,  
READING.

Yours faithfully,  
P. H. PALMER.

## CHRISTIANITY AFTER THE WAR.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The subject of Religion is now attracting more and more attention on the part of the intelligent portion of the world's population, so your remarks in last month's number are both opportune and appropriate. I do not pose as an authority on these matters, but I have read a good deal of the literature of the subject, and the conclusion I have come to is, that Churchianity (alias Priestcraft) has neither reason, nor science, nor history to support it.

You allude to the question by Jesus, "Whom say ye that I the son of Man am?" I assume that you are referring to the well known passage in Matthew xvi. If you will refer to the R.V. you will find it altered to "Whom do men say that the Son of Man is?" This puts a quite different construction on this passage, especially when one bears in mind the divergent opinions regarding what is meant by "Son of Man." The Gospel of Matthew appears to have suffered more from mistranslations, deletions, and interpolations than other parts of the New Testament, and the reason for this may be, that at one time it was universally regarded as the first gospel, and therefore could be quoted as the indubitable authority. Lately the allusions to Peter have been under suspicion, and some time ago I read a book by (even) a Roman Catholic writer who refused to accept verses 18 and 19 as genuine. But this is only one of very many dubious passages. Professor Nestle in his introduction to the textual criticism of the Greek New Testament has gone into this matter. But why look up to the Greek text as an authority? The one commonly in use may be wholly or partially taken from the version published by Cardinal Ximenes in 1514, and the question is: Can it be considered reliable? In fact we cannot be absolutely sure about any passage or (even) word in the Bible, because the authorized editors in the interests of orthodoxy may have been at work, altering as they thought fit. It is now stated that it can be proved that the whole record of eternal punishment, so utterly contrary to the teachings of the Master, is a deliberate interpolation by Jerome and other early writers to keep the laity (the lewd people) in order and in a proper state of subjection to their spiritual rulers and advisers.

There are many passages, especially in the Old Testament, that all religious minded men, I should think, must wish had never been published, and I recently read, but have not yet verified, that in a very modern translation of the Pentateuch, the authors have stated that some details of lewdness are so disgusting that they have been omitted.

There appears to be practically no limit to forgeries and misrepresentations perpetrated in the name of religion. I saw it mentioned somewhere, that the ecclesiastical records of the vices of ancient

Rome, and the persecutions of early Christians, are now regarded as quite unreliable.

You have referred to the differences between the teachings contained in the Synoptics, and the views held by St. Paul as recorded in the Acts and in his letters. In the opinion of some critics they are at absolute variance. Jesus never said that His blood cleansed away all sin. St. Paul is responsible for the Fall and the Atonement, and, I may add, the subjection of women; the latter view and the resurrection were essentially Pharisaical tenets. However, when he said that the things which are seen are temporal and the things which are not seen are eternal, he impressed a great truth upon Christianity. Lewis Carroll undoubtedly hit the mark in his remarks about Christianity as quoted by you. To be more definite I change the word to Churchianity. Take as an example the Church which has the largest number of so-called followers. Has there ever been any institution in this world's history that has such a record of bloodshed, cruelties, vices, and fraud? I know it has, and I fully appreciate, its good points, but what are they when contrasted with its defects? Could the Master have meant to found any institution when He taught that the end of the world would come in that generation, and He left no instructions that His teachings were to be committed to writing. In judging of these matters, the Synoptics must be our arbiter, the Fourth Gospel is not history, and St. Paul's writings are vitiated by his non-acquaintance with the Master when on earth. I believe that the purpose of our (perhaps partial) embodiment here is to awaken us to a larger consciousness. When discussing religion we should get rid of sectarian narrowness and dogmatic crudities. I can epitomize my views by saying that I am unable to believe in patent religious shops, because I believe God is infinite love, and that His mercy is as free as air, and as unlimited as the Universe. I can only add that since I have had these views, my faith in, and my affection for, the Master is greater than ever.

H. J. H.

MR. ISAACS OF SIMLA.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I was very much interested in the account of Mr. Isaacs of Simla, appearing in a recent issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. As quite a young school girl I remember frequently passing his house, and it always seemed to have scores of butterflies surrounding it. We young people often remarked on this, and I afterwards heard that he was able to summon butterflies through his magic art. One day I went to see his wonderful collection of curios—his famous peacock of Damascus steel, his magic mirror, his ivory and inlaid boxes worth their weight in gold, which, together with his whole collection, were sold at an enormous sacrifice years afterwards—a piece of vandalism which made every true lover of



art furious, for Mr. "Isaacs" himself was not there to control a sale, which was left to ignorant auctioneers who knew less about such things than about household furniture. It was a wicked sale. During my visit Mr. Isaacs, hearing that I was fond of pictures, showed me some most unique and wonderful old Indian water colours; some of which, he told me, had had precious stones ground down and mixed with the colours. Amongst other things he showed me the photograph of a beautiful girl's face—which I immediately recognized as that of a certain Miss F. P., whom people in Simla thought at one time might marry Mr. Isaacs; but it evidently did not come about, and he remarked as he showed me the photograph, "I had her picture in a diamond frame once, but I gave it to her, diamond frame and all; what do I want with looking at another man's wife!!" One day, many years afterwards, I was on a visit to Simla and saw him do some of his "magic." He brought an all black and an all white pigeon before his audience and said: "I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen, that I must do a cruel thing, but it cannot be helped." He then turned aside and we next saw the two pigeons on a tray with their heads off!! There was a feeling of disapproval throughout the room, but Mr. Isaacs unconcernedly tied the two dead birds in a pocket handkerchief and waved his wand over them. There was a movement in the handkerchief, and as he undid the knot the pigeons reappeared—*alive!* the white one with a *black head* and the black with a *white head*. Mr. Isaacs simply said: "I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, for this slight mistake," and popped them into the handkerchief again. One wave of his wand and they reappeared as a pure black and a pure white bird—having to all appearance exchanged heads in the twinkle of an eye! Mr. Isaacs was often seen riding on his shaggy little hill pony. He had several beautiful horses, and they were led out daily; but I never remember seeing him ride any other. His was a wonderful personality, and when, about nine or ten years ago, I happened to be having a meal in a big hotel in Bombay, and recognized in a broken and very much aged man at another table Mr. Isaacs of Simla, I felt impelled to go and say something sympathetic and kind to him regarding the loss of his beautiful home and art collection, but somehow my courage failed me, so that the opportunity was lost and I have never again had the pleasure of meeting him.

GANGTOK, SIKKIM.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. D.

### UNFAMILIAR PHENOMENA.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago while nursing a sick patient some peculiar phenomena occurred.

My patient was rather seriously ill, and requiring some assistance to lift her I rang for the servant who usually helped me.

The maid afterward went down to fasten the French windows of the drawing-room, and came tearing back in a terror-stricken state, exclaiming that she had seen Miss T—— sitting upright a corpse in a chair inside one of the windows, and when she turned to fasten the window she had a sensation that some one was going to put their fingers on her back. I said: "You cannot have seen her, for she is here in bed, isn't she?" She answered: "Yes, but I saw her as plainly as I see you now!"

Some days later while standing by the bedside I suddenly went blind, and a terrible death chill overcame me. I felt as though I were going to die.

Then a mist seemed to be forming, then gradually a vision of my patient—a corpse with arum lilies on either side of her—appeared.

My patient, who was suffering from senile decay and bronchitis, got much worse and seemed likely to choke. After endeavouring to prevent this by trying to keep the patient in an upright position and failing, we decided to get the patient into an easy-chair, and finding the chair back was not high enough to support her head, some one suggested a chair in the drawing-room was higher. (The maid was in bed and asleep at the time.) The chair was brought and the patient made as comfortable as possible and died in the chair. Last offices were performed, and a friend brought arum lilies and placed on either side of the corpse.

No one remembered what had previously occurred until later.

Why did these visions appear to us?

Perhaps some scientist could explain the cause of this phenomena?

29 SHIRLAND ROAD,

ELIZABETH HARMAN.

PADDINGTON, N.W.

### THE BURNING OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Apropos of the article in a recent OCCULT REVIEW by Mr. Brodie-Innes, and the mention of the custom of burning Judas Iscariot, it occurs to me that Mr. Brodie-Innes and perhaps others might be interested to know that the custom survives to this day in Peru, South America, where, on the Saturday morning following Good Friday, Judas is taken out in effigy and publicly burned, to the accompaniment of a regular pandemonium of joy-bells, fireworks, and shouts of execration and excitement. I have myself witnessed the scene many times. May I say how very interesting I find your Review, especially the correspondence columns, the only fault being that there is not enough of it! I do hope whatever else you may have to curtail, it will not be that particular feature.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ALICE M. DAWSON.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

WE cannot help thinking that many persons besides ourselves who have known and liked *The Channel* from its inception, just two years ago, will regret the suspension which is announced in the present issue. It is explained under several heads, including difficulties of the present time and the editor's projected journey to the Far East, by which Adyar is signified. A hope expressed that publication will be resumed when peace is restored to the world, cannot be otherwise than shared by us as by others; and if it sounds a little dubious and remote—knowing, as we do, that these large undertakings are arrested more easily than they are renewed—we are sure that Mrs. Hotchner will find new fields for her activity, and we wish her success in all her ways, now and hereafter. The number before us has several points of interest, but we miss the pen of its editor, which is absent except in notes. There is an article on the mystical message of the East, and this is good within its own measures, without offering anything that is new. It defines Mysticism as "the pathway of the soul to the Divine Mind." But the best contribution of all is an account of a travelled lady concerning a hidden street which she has seen in her dreams from childhood and has always been looking to find through the cities of earth. She has seemed at times in the next street to it or at the very turning, but it has not been the place of vision.

The recent issues of *Azoth* contain excellent portraits of Mrs. Piper, described as the world's greatest living medium, and of Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie, who has written of recent moons a challengeable book on Spirit Intercourse. The literary contents are curious, though not especially convincing. We have been exceedingly diverted by the latest developments concerning the Apocalyptic Number of the Beast, which has acquired a new lease of life and meaning in the personality of the German Kaiser. About some of it we have heard already, but it would almost seem that in whatsoever direction he may be turned to the light a sinister revelation follows. Naturally this comedy of numbers carries no conviction, save in the opposite direction. There is a jugglery which produces the fatal figures out of the word Kaiser, but it would apply to the Emperor of Austria with the same force, while every person who attains a certain age corresponds to the beast in respect of his months of life. At the present moment the German Kaiser has outlived that correspondence. But, if prophecies are falsified and numbers fail, the stars remain in their courses, and our contemporary finds beyond question that they indicate the coming bankruptcy of Germany. . . . *La Revue Spirite* sounds certain trumpet notes on the old unrealized truth that among the titles of life and immortality which were brought to light by Christianity was the equality of all men, from pope and emperor to meanest serf and slave, proclaimed once and for ever in the call of universal humanity to the

soul's salvation in Christ. By virtue of the solidarity of all things the French journal proceeds to draw the right and only inference : those who are equal according to the law and truth of a heavenly heritage must by analogy and correspondence be equal in the equity of this world before any just laws thereof. . . . The prodigy of *Patience Worth*, which has been a nine days' wonder, and not without warrant, in America, has perhaps run its course, like another "comet of a season." It brought no satisfaction to our friend Professor Hyslop, who says in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* that "the psychological features of the case were neither studied nor recognized nor exhibited for the scientific student." In yet more forcible words "the record was garbled to suit the reader and the purpose of money making." It is otherwise, however, with yet a new wonder, being that of the return of Mark Twain, though the presumption was in a contrary sense when the case began to be examined. Mainly by a process of cross references, Professor Hyslop succeeded in eliminating the secondary or subconscious personality of the medium from a monopoly in the explanation of the facts ; and he has found abundant evidence that whosoever behind the scenes is adopting the humorist's name, someone is there in actuality, independent of psychic and sitters—there "colouring the facts quite as much as the psychic." The result has been two *post-mortem* books—*Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts*—one of which is available already in book form and will no doubt be followed by the second. The mock archaisms of *Patience Worth* tried our endurance hardly, but her matter was curious, whencesoever derived. As regards Mark Twain, we are content to wait and see, as his memorials will surely cross the Atlantic. The most rigorous cross references pursued with the most convincing results can of course do nothing to prove that the Mark Twain of the place beyond the threshold is the Clemens whom we read and loved ; but there are canons of literary criticism from which help may come.

*The Kalpaka* contains some thoughts on Buddhism by a native writer who is concerned chiefly with rebutting the charge of atheism made against the system by professed critics and opponents. As to this, we must remember that the same charge figures as a title of excellence with certain Western minds, who believe that they have embraced the system, pure and entire, and who write themselves down as Buddhists. Unfortunately, the article under notice carries the debate no further than a few platitudes on Karma, through the medium of which Buddhism is held to teach that moral and immoral deeds cannot fail of their effects, while the proclamation of a moral order in the universe is the proclamation of theism. Such is the thesis in short. But if this fails to convince, there are two traditional stories about Buddha mentioned in the course of the article and they are worth quoting because of the lesson meant to be conveyed therein. Buddha being pressed by a disciple confesses that he has not taught whether the world is finite or infinite, and whether or

not the saint survives death. The reason is that "the knowledge of these things does not conduce to holiness, nor contribute to peace and enlightenment." The things which do contribute are "the truth of suffering, the truth of the origin of suffering, and the truth of the path to the cessation of suffering." On another occasion he said to another disciple: "To affirm that the Ego is would confirm the doctrine of those who believe in permanence: to affirm that the Ego is not would confirm the doctrine of those who believe in annihilation." One thing at least is evident, that the Buddha had a practical key to the way of escape in argument. . . . There is an article on the theory and practice of Tantra in *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, with special reference to Tantric Rituals. Setting aside, as we must, from consideration in the present place that part of the processes which is called in the article "ceremonies of the left hand school" and the *apologia* offered concerning them, the general thesis about Tantric worship is that "ecstasy is sought as a state in which to receive Divine Influx." In this condition the human soul pierces beyond the encumbrance of the body and enters into communion with the Sakti, understood as the bisexual aspect of the Creator. So far this is clear, but as regards some of the processes there is admitted to be no test of their truth, which means presumably validity in result, "nor any literature which gives much insight" therein, while the true meaning of Tantric texts is said to be guarded jealously, not appearing on their surface, and the "chela" who accepts a "guru" as his guide into these mysteries has to crush all mental freedom and believe everything that he is told. Mr. Arthur Avalon has thrown a great and unexpected light upon Tantra claims and literature, as a result of very rare scholarship, and it is possible that he would not regard the article herein referred to as written with adequate authority; but it has been worth citing, so far as this is possible, because of the considerable literature with which it professes to deal. It is stated, we may add, that in Tibetan literature the Tantric cult degenerated into a school of pantheistic mysticism after 700 A.D.

THE OCCULT REVIEW represents neither officially nor otherwise any formal movement belonging to the field of occult research, but is interested impartially and sympathetically in all. Among many others, the Theosophical Society has a position of importance in that field, and the work which it has done and is doing commands our interest as independent observers. We cannot therefore do otherwise than express our satisfaction that, according to a statement made in the Legislative Council on the part of Sir William Vincent, "the Government of India are prepared to remove the restrictions placed on Mrs. Besant and others, if the Government are satisfied that these persons will refrain from unconstitutional and violent methods of political agitation." Our information comes solely from the daily press, and with the political aspects of the question we have nothing to do. We entertain no opinion thereon and can

therefore have none to offer. But the effect of the original Order in Council appeared from its wording to put an end not only to Mrs. Besant's political activities, whatever these happen to be, but also to her work as a President of the Theosophical Society. The impressions of our contemporaries on the point of fact have been expressed with no uncertain voice, though in perfectly constitutional terms, and we would refer especially to remarks which have appeared in *The Vahan* and *Theosophy in Scotland*. We have observed, moreover, that papers like *United India*, which are not normally in particular sympathy with Mrs. Besant or with Theosophy, have been heard in her favour during the hour of trouble. We shall look with satisfaction to any conclusion of the affair which will enable Mrs. Besant to resume her presidential work.

*The Progressive Thinker* has been marked by some trenchant articles in its more recent issues. One of them deals with messages purporting to come from the late W. H. Colville, respecting Jesus of Nazareth, considered as belonging to an eternal order of archangels, and concerning an expected "revelation of eternal truth which shall enlighten us on the person and mission of Christ." A well expressed commentary on these views and foreshadowings reminds us that W. Stainton Moses, in *Spirit Teachings*, was a medium of communication for tidings of a new revelation made through a new messenger and inspired by the Christ of Palestine. We are reminded also that, according to the testimony of *Raymond*, Sir Oliver Lodge was "told things so startling" by his son that some of them have been held over, and the suggestion is that these also dealt with a new dispensation. We know otherwise that the "Imperator group," which, in the common vernacular of the subject, "inspired" *Spirit Teachings*, was at work through Mrs. Piper in 1897, speaking of an awakening to come, and that Professor Hyslop's wonderful record in the Doris Case seems to indicate that their activity continues to this day, possibly not apart from the same end in view. . . . We are not surprised to find that in another issue of *The Progressive Thinker* a not too convincing article in opposition to reincarnation which had appeared in its columns, and to which we referred recently, has provoked a rejoinder on the part of one who does not think that phrenology "disproves re-embodiment." We are content to note the fact, as the argument revolves about the everlasting thesis of Mozart as a child-prodigy in music, and whether this is more easily explained by "spirit control" or by the hypothesis of reincarnation. If, on the whole, the rejoinder herein referred to seems to be a little better reasoned, this is not to say that finality, or even its shadow, is reached on the subject. . . . Yet another issue of our contemporary affirms that spiritualism alone "teaches immortality," which is obviously untrue. That it has done something, or attempted something, after its own manner, to bring survival to light, would be another and very different thesis. It is that also which is meant.

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## REVIEWS

LIGHT ON THE FUTURE. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS anonymous little work consists of "Extracts from the Note Book of a Member of the Society for Psychical Research, Dublin," and comprises a number of communications received through a small table and sometimes through the ouija board. Only relatives and intimate friends composed the circle, which was able to dispense with the services of a professional medium. It is interesting that the messages convey in substance much the same kind of general information that has been and is now being received by thousands of earnest students of a subject which will have an ever-increasing fascination for those who, like Goethe, are asking for "Light, more Light." Sir Oliver Lodge considers that the strength of the evidence for personal survival is cumulative, and therefore one must accord a hearty welcome to everything that may help "To make the pile complete." But, of course, it would be idle to pretend that the same value can be attached to anonymous testimony as to that which emanates from a source either well-known, or of which the authority and good faith are otherwise vouched for. In the present case the communications are so simple and direct and ring so true that none of the many who have had similar experiences would dream of disputing their veracity. But why shrink from the privilege of openly identifying oneself with what Mr. Gladstone called "by far the most important of all studies"?

EDITH K. HARPER.

MEDICAL BOTANY; OR, HERBAL GUIDE TO HEALTH. By William Joseph Simmonite, A.M., Professor of Mathematics, etc., Author of "Arcana of Nativities," etc. Revised and Modernized Edition. London: W. Foulsham & Co., Ltd., 61 Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1s. 6d.

THIS newly published edition of Dr. Simmonite's well-known *Medical Botany* will be appreciated by all those who are interested in the astrological side of herb culture. Like Culpepper and many another of the eminent bygone authorities he quotes, Dr. Simmonite was a firm believer in the influence and government of the flower-kingdom by sun, moon, and planets, and he claimed that "a remedy for every disease is to be found among the herbs of our own clime." The publishers state that every effort has been made to retain the character and spirit of the work intact, as it was originally written. This they have certainly achieved, while at the same time bringing it into line with the taste of modern readers. By the way, how is it that Dr. Simmonite places Southernwood under the government of Uranus, while Culpepper, in his *British Herbal*, describes Southernwood as "a gallant Mercurial plant"? Evidently another case in which opinions differ and experts disagree!

E. K. HARPER.

THE ROSE OF DAWN. By Kate Chadwick. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. Price 1s. net.

IN the tumult of our days it is refreshing to come upon a little book so quiet in style, so earnest in purpose and so spiritual in quality as *The Rose of Dawn*. The idea upon which it is based is nothing new. It presents the intimate drama, lovingly depicted in clear, direct word-painting, of the Soul's sojourn in the gay and careless City of Every-soul and of the final redemption by Christ—the Rose of Dawn. In the Market Place, amidst the vendors of a thousand pretty toys, stands the Man of Sorrows offering to all who will the soul-gifts that are without money and without price. But the Soul scorns all such wares. And it is not until the Angel of Counsel comes in the silence of night and whispers to the sleeping Soul, that he awakens to the value of the gifts once scorned.

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London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price (each) 1s. 6d. net paper, 2s. 6d. net cloth.

THESE books have already achieved a large degree of popularity, and those who can accept the teachings of that branch of "new thought" which is most allied to "Christian Science" will welcome the present revised and enlarged editions. For my own part, I feel that this teaching deals only with one aspect of truth, which it over-emphasizes, and, by exhibiting it out of its relations with other aspects, renders it false.

No doubt the common concept of God as a limited personality is woefully crude, but Mrs. Cady makes the opposite mistake of reducing God to a mere abstraction, identifying Him with the sum total of all love, goodness and truth which men exhibit or possess. Nor is she quite logical in this, because, at the same time, she treats of God (quite rightly, I think) as being the Source of such love, goodness and truth. In other words, she confuses Being with its manifestation. No doubt also it is well for us always to look on the bright side of things, to hold to the truth that goodness and love are stronger than evil and hate, to posit good and never evil. But this is not equivalent to denying the existence of evil, as Mrs. Cady would have us believe. Indeed, "Christian Science" metaphysics do not eliminate evil from the Cosmos, they merely transfer it from external nature to the "mortal mind," whose nature "Christian Science" writers never tire of vituperating, but whose existence they cannot explain, and whose use they cannot dispense with. Again, no doubt it is perfectly true that God wills eternal happiness for every individual and is not, as is commonly held, the Author of calamities; but we must remember that spiritual bless-

ings are of value incomparable with those that are merely material, and were we granted every material blessing we desire we might find the gift a spiritual curse. Nor do I consider Mrs. Cady's treatment of the problem of the personality of Jesus satisfactory. *God a Present Help* is much the better book, and I quote the following from it, because it seems to me admirably to express a not-always recognized fact:—" . . . there is but one substance of which all things visible and invisible are made. . . . This one Substance is Spirit, for ever invisible but indestructible. . . . God is not only the creative Cause of every visible form of intelligence or life at its beginning, but at each moment of its existence." This book also contains many counsels of love and kindness which it would be well for us to put into practice; and Mrs. Cady well maintains that we can only receive the good gifts of God by unselfishly making ourselves channels whereby they may freely flow to others.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE DUALITY OF THE BIBLE, OR THE SCRIPTURAL CHURCH AND CHRISTIANITY. By Sidney C. Tapp, Ph.B. 7½ ins. × 5¼ ins., pp. v. + 328 + 3 plates. Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A., published by the Author.

THE author of this book may be credited with a consciousness of many of the evils of these present times and the consequent terrible state of society, and with a keen desire to remedy these evils and effect, if possible, a better state of affairs. But the remedy he proposes belongs to the realm of sheer fantasy, and his book is entirely worthless save as an illustration of the aberrations to which thought is liable. His thesis is that all evil results from the sex-impulse and its gratification, and that the prime object of Christianity is the control and ultimate annihilation of this impulse. Were indeed Mr. Tapp's concept of Christianity valid, it is difficult to imagine any sane and normal man or woman not immediately embracing paganism; but, although ideas similar to his have managed to insinuate themselves at times into Christian doctrine, one has only to read the Gospels to realize that Jesus was, at least, a real social reformer, and not a teacher of a fanatical doctrine which contradicts nature and the Creator who speaks to mankind therethrough. Mr. Tapp, of course, persistently misuses the word "pure" to mean virginal in thought and act. But there is certainly no ultimate value in virginity, nor is the desire for permanent virginity virtuous. And as Prof. Michels well points out in his *Sexual Ethics* (1914)—a book which I had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages, and which I recommend to Mr. Tapp—"The sexual act, as the complement and the crown of the psychological demands of sex, may not in itself possess an 'ideal' character; but considered in its essence, and in the light of the sexual intoxication associated with it, it affords one of the few moments of intense pleasure and pure joy known to us in this poor life of ours." The illustrations are photographs of the author, of the log schoolhouse where he commenced his education, and the original main building of the Furman University where he graduated.

H. S. REDGROVE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. Selections from his Writings. Edited with Introduction and Notes by G. E. Hadow. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Pp. 212. Price 3s. 6d. net.

OF all characters in history, Sir Walter Raleigh is one of the most fascinating and lovable. Courtier, admiral, explorer, and soldier, he also

"found time to be an active member of Parliament, a poet, a musician, and an historian, and spent his leisure time at sea in the study of chemistry to such effect that he claimed to have discovered "the Great Elixir," and was called upon to prescribe for the heir to the throne when the Court physicians had given up all hope." Miss Hadow, in her Introduction, gives a concise and extremely attractive account of the life and activities of this remarkable man, and the extracts from his writings that follow serve to increase our interest and admiration. There is, as she truly remarks, "something magnificent about a man who, ruined, disgraced and imprisoned, can calmly sit down to write a *History of the World*," and the passages from this work that form the chief part of the book are written in so delightful a style, are so rich in quaint philosophy and deep wisdom, that one only wonders why they have not been published in an accessible form before.

"What is the applause of the Multitude, but as the outcry of an Heard of *Animals*, who, without the knowledge of any true cause, please themselves with the noyse they make?"

"Who-so-ever in writing a moderne Historie, shall follow truth too neare the heeles, it may happily strike out his teeth."

"It is certaine, let us claw the Reader with never so many courteous phrases; yet shall we evermore be thought fooles, that write foolishly."

This last is a fear which need scarcely have troubled Sir Walter Raleigh's mind. Mistaken some of his actions may have been, for he was impetuous and sometimes over-hopeful, but a man who could so look upon life and so meet death could never be accused of "foolishness." Regarding death, he says: "It is he that puts into man all the wisdome of the world, without speaking a word"; and in one of those last pathetic letters to his wife, written from prison, occurs this touching passage:

"I knowe that my redeemer lyveth, farr is it from me to be tempted with Sathan, I am onely tempted with sorrowe, whose sharpe teeth devoure my harte. . . . O death hasten the unto me, that thowe maiste destroye the memorie of this, and laye me up in darke forgetfullnes."

This is a book of no ordinary charm—a book to be grateful for.

E. M. M.

THE SENSE OF THE PAST. By Henry James. London: W. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd. Pp. viii + 351 + portrait of Author. Price 6s. net.

FEW if any critics have had to find more phrases in definition of and admiration for the art of Henry James than have I, who, after reviewing him during three lustres of his literary career, wrote his obituary notice for the *Athenæum*; but it is impossible to read a typical novel by him without a feeling that the vocabulary of praise can be shuffled into an infinite number of arrangements, for his art is almost incessantly an exhibition of the plasticity of language.

The novel before me is, alas! one of two unfinished achievements, both of which, however, can be read without the usual uncertainty as to the character of the ending, owing to the fact that in each case the author's plan or sequence of intentions follows the extant chapters of elaborated narrative.

"The Sense of the Past," is a novel implying reincarnation, because its hero, an American author, through some magic of association to which

he succumbs in a London house, goes back ninety years in time and finds himself living a life which he seems already to have lived, but living it with the difference made by a haunting and exciting sense of familiarity with it and by the little surprises and misgivings caused by the publicity of his prescience, to which one must add the difference made by the finer delicacy of 1910, confronting souls accustomed to the standards of 1820. Is it, would it have been, a success, this novel in which the past becomes, as it were, a cage for a lover of its relics and the moods evoked by them?

The answer is not baldly No, for James's writing is often beautiful (though on one occasion, *vide* pp. 112-113, bewildering), and his feminine portraiture is admirable and fascinating. But granted that his plot has a tender and pretty symmetry, the excursion into the past or entrapment in dreamland, whichever it be, troubles one as a story of reincarnation in the natural order of time could never do. Perfect acceptance of it requires a credulity for which childlike is not the severest adjective. Yet the discerning reader knows surely enough, by strokes of style and technique utterly beyond the power of uninspired writers, that though his entertainer might for once have tried to authenticate by sheer force of vision and interplay of voices an unbelievable fantasy, he is, even on the evidence of this work, one of the finest writers of his time.

W. H. CHESSON.

CANADA THE SPELLBINDER. By Lilian Whiting, Author of "The World Beautiful," etc., etc. With many Illustrations in Colour and Monotone. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., 1917. Price 6s. net.

"By night or by day it is all a spellbinding land, the celestial heavens glittering by night, the sunshine flooding the world with illumination by day; and silver mists and ethereal shadows lurk in the deep pinewoods. To the initiate there are magic guides in all these haunts, unseen save of him who hath the 'Spirit-gifted eyes'." So writes Lilian Whiting in her latest book, and it is indeed with "spirit-gifted eyes" that she has looked upon the Land of the Maple-leaf. In thirteen vivid chapters, charmingly illustrated, she discourses on her wonderful tour through the vast regions penetrated by the Grand Trunk Pacific, a tour extending from Quebec to the Golden Gate. Needless to say, a subtle touch of mysticism runs like a silver thread through all Miss Whiting writes, whether it be a practical exposition of the complex life of a modern city, or the dream-like word-painting of a Canadian sunset among the mountains. In her opening chapter the author traces the creative forces of the Dominion from earliest times, and defines them as: "the pioneers of the physical world in a degree similar to that of lofty beings in the realms unseen"; and in a most felicitous chapter on "Canadian Poets and Poetry," she reminds us that, in truth, "The Poet has no country save that of the kingdom of song. . . ." Miss Whiting likewise dwells on a fact of deep and peculiar significance, the consecration of one of Canada's highest and most glorious mountain-peaks to the memory of Nurse Edith Cavell. "The naming of Mount Edith Cavell is the tribute of the Dominion to one great-souled woman . . . and on its precipitous slopes may be read by all who have the inner vision, the scroll of human fate."

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