

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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No. 6

NOTES OF THE MONTH

A GREAT deal of interest was aroused some years ago among readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, and indeed among a considerably wider circle of thinkers, by the publication of a book entitled *Science and the Infinite*,* by Mr. Sydney T. Klein. The author took a very bold line, bringing to bear his great scientific knowledge on the most abstruse metaphysical problems, and notably on the conditions of our life here and their relation to the Absolute Reality beyond. He argued, in particular, that time, space, and motion were essentially illusory—necessary limitations of our finite consciousness—conditions, in short, under which the human race was inevitably bound to function, and which it accepted without question, but quite erroneously, as eternal verities. All the author's ample store of scientific knowledge and acumen were brought to bear to prove this point in transcendental metaphysics.

Mr. Klein was able to show how deceptive are human impressions

* London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net.

where the measure of time is concerned, and how the senses generally, and the sense of sight in particular, create impressions of actuality which scientific analysis will only too readily dispel. The effect of the book was to fascinate the reader, even when it left him bewildered and uncertain as to whether anything remained to accept as real in the region of concrete fact. Even those, and they cannot have been a few, who refused to accept the author's daring conclusions from his scientific premises, could not fail to be impressed by the enormous mass of apposite scientific evidence which was brought to bear to prove how hopelessly illusory are the everyday assumptions of the average man, and how totally at fault is the intelligence of ordinary humanity when attempting to discriminate between the false and the true.

One result of Mr. Klein's taking the public into his confidence was the not very surprising one of involving him in a considerable correspondence with those people whom the editor of a magazine knows so well, who, having read his book, were anxious for him to solve their own doubts and difficulties, to dot his i's and cross his t's, and generally to explain exactly what his beliefs might be with regard to another life beyond the present one—that is, if in reality the author really believed in any actual sense in the survival of the personality after death. For it must be admitted that on this point *Science and the Infinite* left the reader somewhat at a loss. I recollect sending a copy of this book when it first appeared to Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, with whom I had some very sympathetic correspondence, and the great scientist's frank observations with regard to the title of the work, which he unreservedly condemned, struck me not a little. *Science and the Infinite*, he argued, could have no conceivable relation to one another, and presumably, therefore, the evidence of Science could not be adduced to prove the actuality of the Absolute. The argument of the book was, in his opinion, founded on entirely false premises.

I confess I felt at the time a very strong inclination to dissociate myself from what appeared to me Dr. A. R. Wallace's rather hasty condemnation. I admit, however, on reading the sequel to this remarkable work, that my disbelief in the standpoint he adopted has been somewhat weakened. The study of this sequel compels me to state that I at least now fully appreciate the objection that Dr. Wallace raised. To take a single instance, where the problem of time is concerned, Mr. Klein's arguments satisfy us how entirely our conceptions of time are

DR. A. R.
WALLACE'S
CONTEN-
TION.

dominated by altered conditions and circumstances—that an insect in a single day of its life may live through as many experiences and sensations on its own plane as a man on his in his three-score years and ten ; that the transcendental measure of time has no relation to the normal measure, as shown by numberless dream experiences. But we are not justified in concluding from this that time or sequence in phenomena has no actuality ; that is to say, however copious the evidence we may bring to bear to

IS TIME AN ILLUSION ? prove the illusory nature of duration in time as judged by our senses, such evidence has no validity, is, in short, entirely beside the mark when we attempt

to bring forward evidence of a strictly scientific character to prove the metaphysical point that time itself is an illusion. I am not here arguing for or against, on this very difficult question. All I am attempting to do is to point out that Dr. Wallace's position that the Absolute cannot be proved scientifically was perfectly valid, and that in so far as Mr. Klein has attempted to do so, however cogent his arguments may be and undoubtedly are on less vital points, he has unquestionably failed. In his first book, however, we are not brought face to face with those conclusions, logically deduced from apparently scientific premises, which convince us by their astounding character that there is some fatal flaw in the author's argument. But in his second volume *From the Watch Tower*,* written in response to the appeals of his numerous readers, he has dotted the i's and crossed the t's of the previous book, in such a way as to bring us face to face with conclusions from which I feel justified in saying that scientist and metaphysician must alike revolt. There is, indeed, in the conclusions which Mr. Klein draws in his new work, something very closely akin to a very old and worn-out ecclesiastical superstition which has now, one may say, been rejected everywhere outside the narrowest theological circles, and to which the recent investigations of Psychical Research have helped not a little to give the *coup de grâce*. In this curious and startling book the author identifies the soul with the physical ego. In other words, he argues that all personal consciousness is bound up with the existence of the physical body.

In fact (he says) the building up of our consciousness of existence which we call the physical Ego is the result of the correlation of all those messages which are transmitted from all parts of the body ; these messages, and the memory of them which we call experience, are the very essence

* London : Methuen & Co., 5s. net.

of mental action; these transmitted influences include all movements our body has gone through, every image we have received of the outside world through the four great gateways of our sense organs, and the reminiscences of the conceptions we formed of them in the past; without these it is hardly conceivable that we should have any consciousness of the existence of a physical ego.

Taking this view, it is hardly surprising that Mr. Klein contends that when at death the physical film is annihilated for each one of us and passes away with all limitations of time and space, we shall naturally fail to remember the dear ones we have left behind, and obviously shall be equally unable to recall the happy times we have spent with them on earth. Why? Obviously because memory is based upon and requires for its very

AN
ASTOUNDING
THEORY. action the conditions of time limitation. And according to Mr. Klein's theory, there will be no limitations of the kind at all in the existence, if it can be called existence, into which some of us, not all, will pass, after the transition of death. For we shall then, if we are prepared to accept this theory—surely preposterous in the light of our modern scientific knowledge—be actually in touch with “unlimited omniscience” from which (our finite brains having been done away with) we shall be able to draw our store of consciousness. We shall, in fact—for this or nothing is what Mr. Klein's contention comes to—have reached the stage of Godhead.

Life as we know it in this world is, says Mr. Klein, “a movement in the ether. It is a transient physical force, and can thus only be looked upon as a reality in the same sense in which other forms of energy or matter appear real to our finite outlook. . . . The material basis of all life is the protoplasmic cell.” In dying, then, the author alleges that we pass straight from the finite to the infinite; from the plane of physical consciousness to the plane of omniscience.

“*Ut puto Deus fio*” (Methinks I am becoming a god), exclaimed the Roman emperor on his death-bed. Mr. Klein has gone one better in asserting that the transition of death will endow the poor undeveloped human with “omniscience and omnipresence.” The belief in miracles in the Middle Ages gave that period of the world's history a reputation for extreme credulity, but we should search the records of this period in vain if we attempted to discover such an amazing faith in the miraculous as Mr. Klein's. If, it may be asked, this sudden magical transformation occurs by the mere physical fact of death, how is it possible for Mr. Klein

to identify the omnipresent and omniscient being who emerges on the other side, with the individuality and personality of the dying man? If it be true that the divine spark returns to its Maker and all else perishes, then clearly the individuality is lost. The view has been widely held that this is the fate of those who repudiate the divine voice and sin beyond recall. But surely this is not a desirable destiny, and in any case does not imply the survival of the individuality. If Mr. Klein's capricious deity intervenes at every deathbed to perform this amazing miracle, this, it seems, is only one of his astounding and arbitrary acts. If I read Mr. Klein rightly, though his phraseology is not altogether clear, he sees also in the law of gravitation a further indication of something outside the laws of nature. He has satisfied himself indeed that there is nothing miraculous about the ether. "We know [he says] that its elasticity, although enormous, is still finite, as shown by the rate of transmission of those impulses or rills which we call light, radiant heat, etc." "If [he adds] the elasticity of the ether were absolute, namely perfect, those impulses would be transmitted instantaneously, whereas we know that they all travel at the same finite rate of 186,000 miles per second. Gravitation, *on the other hand*, does act instantaneously, showing that it is not the result of a transmitted impulse but is the result of some mysterious kind of pressure, or other influence whose character is quite unknown to us."

So gravitation, according to Mr. Klein, partakes of the nature of Infinity or the Absolute. It is, in short—this is what Mr. Klein's contention comes to, whether he will admit it or not—actually outside Nature's laws. Have Mr. Klein's scientific researches not taught him that the law is universal and that the laws of Nature and Super-Nature are one? Whatever we may think of the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Herbert Spencer, his philosophy is at least coherent and homogeneous, but there is no attempt in it to suggest that his hypothesis of the Absolute is anything but an assumption based on the fact that all our knowledge and experience lie in the region of relativity, and that therefore somehow at the back of all things we are bound to postulate an unknown factor, the Absolute, or, as it would be termed in algebra, x . To talk about this unknown factor as something with which we come in contact and are identified with immediately after death is surely the very acme of absurdity, and Mr. Klein's misuse of Mr. Spencer's philosophy is certainly

HERBERT
SPENCER
TRANS-
MORGRIFIED.

enough to make that great thinker turn in his grave. Mr. Klein tells us that immediately after death we become one with the Absolute, and personal consciousness and all conditions of time, space, motion, etc., have no longer any meaning to us. These are his words :—

All considerations of time and space will have disappeared, and with them the phenomenon of succession. Cause and effect will be one fact. . . . All records stored up by us in the past will indeed have been destroyed by the death of the brain, but with the passing of all limitations we shall become omniscient.

The fact is, Mr. Klein's arguments point inevitably to one conclusion, and one only, that of the annihilation of the individuality. He clothes his conception in glowing transcendental terms,

IS THE
INDIVIDU-
ALITY DES-
TROYED AT
DEATH ?

but he fails entirely thereby to blind us to the logical conclusion of his premises. How any one in the present state of scientific knowledge, especially one who is so thoroughly *au courant* with many of the most startling scientific conclusions of the day, can accept even hypothetically such a conception as the sudden transition of the human ego from earth-life to omniscience, I confess totally passes my understanding. To a limited extent the author himself revolts against the outrageous absurdity of his own deductions. He feels himself compelled to admit that there are many on this earth who, albeit through no fault of their own, have failed to develop their spiritual self, and who therefore will not survive the present physical existence. He observes :—

In the case of a child in this life who is so badly nourished physically that it dies in early youth and can have no existence in mature manhood and so is without knowledge of the Good, Beautiful and True, the real spiritual self is not nourished, and when the physical body dies, there is nothing left to have an existence hereafter. The case is similar to that of the lower animals and plants.

Will it be believed that the defender of this ghastly doctrine, an essential of which is the flagrant and shameless injustice of the Creator, is constantly throughout his book referring to the Maker of the Universe as the All-loving ! Surely he might have limited a phrase so totally inapposite to the whole trend of his argument, to the "Some-Loving !" "The plea," says Mr. Klein again, "of those who profess to believe in Reincarnation is that those lost ones will be given another chance in a better environment ; but this is surely based upon ignorance of the whole scheme of Creation as laid before us in the phenomena of Nature." For man, he contends, is the descendant of one out

of millions of brother germs, the heir of a protozoan which is propagated by division, and it is only by accident that he chances to grow up to be a man. "Every one [he says] of those millions of lost germs had the potential of becoming a perfect human being with a spiritual personality. But like those in the slums, they never had a chance of gaining that knowledge which could only give them eternal life. Nature indeed is very prodigal of her offspring. Physical life seems held of no account in the scheme of creation except for carrying on the race, and having now and then by accident, when circumstances are propitious, a chance of becoming itself or helping to weave the earthly clothing of the spiritual children of the All-loving."

It seems to me that throughout this book Mr. Klein makes the fatal mistake of confusing physical and spiritual life. He treats the human ego as if it was only possessed of the former, and yet, by some mysterious form of evolution which he does not attempt to explain, certain favoured ones of the species are able to graft on to the physical that spiritual life which will enable them to become, after the transition of death, instantaneously omniscient! Whence, one may ask, have these favoured ones obtained that germ of spiritual existence which clearly was not in them at birth or in early childhood? The oak, we know, is

implicit in the acorn, but the spiritual is not implicit in the physical; and I doubt if even Mr. Klein himself would be so audacious as to urge this contention. We are then driven to the conclusion that the spiritual is somehow or other grafted on to the physical in the process of the maturing of the individual. But if this is so, how comes it that the physical can attract the spiritual? We have always been under the impression that like attracts like, and that where there is no community of nature there can be no attractive force. This clearly is not Mr. Klein's view. "Except [said the great Teacher] ye be born again and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." According to the author of *From the Watch Tower*, the little children have not yet evolved the divine spark. If they die as little children they pass into that annihilation which is, in his view, the only alternative to omniscience!

Mr. Klein in spite of his great scientific acquirements, has clearly no knowledge whatever of recent investigations in Psychical Research. He never, indeed, alludes to the subject, and one might almost suppose, if such ignorance were possible, that he

had never heard of it. The conception of a dual personality involving the existence of a second semi-material envelope duplicating the physical, into which the consciousness passes at death, has apparently never entered into his mind. All his arguments suggest that outside the physical form he has no belief in any kind of limited consciousness whatever. The individual self, he would have us believe, either passes away into nothingness or becomes instantly identified with the Absolute. This is surely a tall order in any case, but when we come to realize that Mr.

A TALL ORDER. Klein hopelessly confuses this metaphysical conception of Herbert Spencer, which it is impossible to characterize by attributes of any kind, whether good or evil, with what he is pleased to call (heaven only knows why!) the "All-loving," we see at once that his philosophy is merely the result of a hopeless confusion of undigested ideas from the chaos of which he has made no serious attempt to extricate himself. It is clear that Mr. Klein in his previous work took us as far as his knowledge went, and up to a point this knowledge was not only great but brilliantly handled so as to support with all its cogency the full force of his argument. The admirers of his first volume have unfortunately by their questionings lured him on to write a second work for which by his education he was totally unfitted.

"Oh that mine adversary had written a book!" exclaimed Job in his anguish. Sometimes a more effective punishment is ensured when one's adversary has the temerity to write a sequel destroying at one fell blow all the brilliant reputation he has gained by his previous effort. The fact is, the knowledge any

A TERRIBLE ANTI-CLIMAX. one of us possesses is strictly limited, and there is a dangerous temptation to a man of expert scientific acquirements who has gained a reputation on the strength of his particular talent, to try his hand in other fields of enterprise, and the result is frequently, as in the present case, a woeful failure. This perhaps explains why Mr. Klein, who achieved such a well-deserved success in writing *Science and the Infinite*, has given us in *From the Watch Tower* so terrible an anti-climax.

To the student of occultism an escape from those insoluble problems in the maze of which we have witnessed the pathetic spectacle of Mr. Klein's hopeless floundering, is to be found in that recognition of the principle of parallel evolution ever going on both on the physical and spiritual planes, whereby the physical is ever used as a ladder for the spiritual, and in grasping the

conception of which we find disappearing, as by a magician's transforming wand, that wasteful prodigality of life and effort which troubles Mr. Klein, and which has so long constituted a stumbling block to those who would have otherwise willingly believed in the beneficence of Nature and of Nature's God. When once this is realized we see, alike on both planes, no loss or wastage any longer; but transmutation only and rebirth.

My sympathy goes out to the unfortunate searchers after Truth who, after reading *Science and the Infinite*, have addressed their inquiries to the author for further light and leading. The words of Matthew Arnold will be the best caution to address to them in their present plight:—

Fly hence, poor wretch, whoe'er thou art,
Condemned to cast about,
All shipwreck in thy own weak heart,
For comfort from without.

For Mr. Klein, too, I have a text that is apposite:—

πᾶς τις ἀπαιδευτος φρονιμώτατος ἔστι σιωπῶν.*

Two months ago, writing of the planet Neptune, I made allusion to my predictions of the recrudescence of submarine warfare based on the positions at the eclipse in opposition to this planet at the commencement of the present year, and its notable fulfilment. In writing on this subject I reiterated my belief as to the effects of this planet's influence on naval matters on the one hand and all forms of underhand and secret activities on the other, and drew my readers' special attention to the opposition of Neptune to the Moon by primary direction and to the Sun by transit in the Kaiser's horoscope, remarking that the effects of these aspects should be watched not only in con-

THE
INFLUENCE
OF
NEPTUNE
DEMON-
STRATED.

nection with the internal state of Germany, but also in connection with the progress of submarine warfare. These forecasts, like that of the prediction of the recrudescence of submarine warfare from the eclipse of the Sun, have been borne out in the most striking and most exact manner. The arc for the aspect Moon opposition Neptune in the Kaiser's horoscope is given in *Zadkiel's Almanac* for 1917 as $58^{\circ} 39'$, i.e., taking the usual reckoning of a year for a degree, the aspect measures to last September. We know now that this was the month in which there was a very grave outbreak and revolt in the German Imperial Navy, which was suppressed with great difficulty, and

* Whosoever is uninstructed is wisest if he holds his peace.

after considerable bloodshed. Furthermore it is not a little startling to note that the week during which Neptune was stationary in exact opposition to the Kaiser's Sun, coincided with what the *Daily Express* rightly described in its issue of November 15 as the "Sensational U-Boat Failure," only one big ship being sunk by the U-boats, and only five small ones. The effect of this evil aspect of Neptune in counteracting this form of submarine activity is thus abundantly manifest. The fulfilment of the forecast is, in fact, so startling and so exact, that it can leave on the minds of unprejudiced readers no further doubt as to the connection between this planet and the U-boat campaign.

In the same issue I observed that "students of the signs of the zodiac and their influence on the various countries will 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 with Russia." "The malefics [I added] at the moment of writing are congregated in these two signs, Uranus occupying Aquarius and Mars, Neptune and Saturn being in opposition in Leo." I alluded

elsewhere to the astrological tradition that Italy
 ITALY
 AND LEO. was under the rule of Leo, without venturing to confirm or to deny this. It is a startling fact in this connection that the three malefics occupied this sign at the date of the recent reverses to the Italian arms. Nor does this stand alone. By reference to the horoscope of the King of Italy we shall find that exactly at the date of the first Austro-German victory over the Italian forces, Uranus was stationary in close square with the radical sun of King Victor, while Saturn had recently entered his ascendant, Leo. We may derive some slight encouragement from the fact that Uranus will shortly be passing away from the square of King Victor's Sun and also that at his birthday figure, Mars, the planet of war, had a close trine of Venus. Curiously enough this is succeeded on his following birthday by another close trine of Venus and Jupiter, while the Sun and Venus are conjoined (within three de-

grees. In view, however, of the fact that the malefic Saturn will remain in proximity with King Victor's ascendant for some months to come, too much stress must not be laid on the counteracting influence of Venus and Mars. Students in this connection should watch the effect of the stationary position of Venus for several days round January 21 on King Victor's Moon, synchronizing as it does with the recent entry of Mars into the sign ruling Austria. The planetary

KING
 VICTOR'S
 HOROSCOPE.

positions, indeed, about this time and in February present a very much brighter outlook, and a wave of optimism is likely to sweep over the country not long after, in place of that wave of pessimism under which we labour at the time of writing.

Astrological readers will also have noted with no little interest the British victories over the Turks in Palestine, the first of these, the capture of Beersheba, coinciding exactly with the entry of Mars into Turkey's ruling sign, Virgo. This planet, after passing out of Virgo in January into Austria's sign Libra, returns to cast a sinister influence over Ottoman affairs at the end of February and remains in this sign throughout March, April, May, and the greater part of June. By its transits while in this sign it afflicts the horoscope of the Kaiser in the latter part of December, and again in the middle of March, and the first half of June. The stationary position of Mars in the Austrian sign Libra close to the Emperor Karl's ascendant, takes place early in February, and is followed before the end of the month by the transit of Uranus across the opposition of his Sun. Clearly this month threatens disaster to Austrian arms. It is noteworthy that the birthday figure of Kaiser Wilhelm on January 27 gives the Dragon's Tail exactly culminating, and Mars just rising, the former indicating loss of position, while the latter, rising in the sign of its detriment, Libra, and afflicting the ascendant, is a threat of reverses, mitigated certainly by the trine of Jupiter, within two degrees. The significance of this figure is accentuated by the heavy affliction by Neptune, Saturn and the Moon, of the eleventh house, the house of allies.

In connection with the fateful positions in the Kaiser's horoscope in April it will be observed that while Saturn becomes stationary in the middle of this month in opposition to his Sun, seeming to forebode some disastrous defeat, the rapidly following square of Uranus to the Moon threatens in especial a sudden outbreak of popular hostility.* The fact that one immediately follows the other is not a little noteworthy, and a reference to the Ephemeris for 1918 will show that the square of Uranus to the lunar orb continues within a degree throughout the months of April, May, June and July, becoming stationary in June and returning once more to the exact square of the Moon at birth on July 21. This surely suggests that some grave disaster following a succession of lesser reverses will lead to a sudden and unexpected popular outbreak.

As I write the influence of the on-coming trine of Sun and

* The combined affliction of the Sun and Moon threatens the health.

Jupiter in King George's horoscope is beginning to show itself in more distant fields of warfare. It is curious to note that when this becomes exact, about the month of February next, a favourable aspect of Jupiter to the ascendant also occurs, while Mars in opposition and afflicting the King's Moon at the same

STRIKING
INDICA-
TIONS ON
THRESHOLD
OF NEW
YEAR.

period threatens some coinciding trouble* as well as sanguinary and hardly-won battles. The positions in the early part of the new year are indeed striking and significant, and will well repay close study. Nor should we lose sight of the signification of the position of Mercury just rising at the winter solstice in trine with Mars, the planet of victory, coinciding as it does with the presence of Venus and Uranus in the ascendant, and Saturn and Neptune in the 7th angle. Owing to the presence of Jupiter on the cusp of the Fourth House, the latter part of this quarter should be the most fortunate. It certainly looks as though the very notable positions above indicated will change the whole outlook of the war before the first five months of the New Year have expired.†

I regret that the figure for Mr. Lloyd George's birthday in the last number was given inaccurately. The mistake arose through a slight error in the position of the Sun as given in his horoscope in an earlier number of the magazine, and to which reference was made. The place of the Sun was there given as $26^{\circ} 56'$ instead of $26^{\circ} 49'$ of Capricorn. The result is to alter the ascendant and mid-heaven of the revolutionary figure by something like a whole sign of the zodiac. The correct figure is not, I regret to say, so fortunate as the one given. Jupiter is on the cusp of the 11th house, in close trine, of course, with Mars, and in sextile with the Moon—a very favourable augury—but the Moon is in the 9th in close opposition to Mars, while Saturn is almost exactly rising. The opposition of the Moon and Mars from the 9th to the 3rd house threatens the Prime Minister with danger in travelling, which should be very carefully guarded against. The ascending position of Saturn shows that some further delays and disappointments are ahead, especially as the ascendant of the revolutionary figure corresponds with the descendant of the figure at birth, which is vitiated by the transits of Saturn during the early months of the New Year.

* Possibly of a domestic character.

† Note should be made of the fact that the transit of Venus through Aries in May coincides with the transit of Jupiter over London's ascending degree.

I am asked to draw attention to a Devonshire Rest Home where tired, nervy, or sleepless people may obtain recuperation through the medium of psychic forces. The proprietress is a lady of psychic powers, who has recently started the Home in question in the neighbourhood of Teignmouth. I understand that there is a special spring in the house, the water of which is considered to be particularly beneficial to the nerves, and which was discovered in the first instance by the agency of a psychic dowser. To those who believe in the value of psychic forces for the recuperation of exhausted physical powers, this "House of Peace" should readily commend itself in these days of air-raids and alarms and anxieties of all sorts incident to the present war. It is not every one who is fortunate enough to be in a position to turn his or her back on the great Metropolis under present circumstances, but there are doubtless many among those who are, who will be glad to receive further particulars from Mrs. Scaling (Madame Zoa) at Newhaven, Combe-in-Teignhead, Teignmouth.

Readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will be interested to know that Messrs. McBride, Nast & Co. have just published at their London Office, 2 Bream's Buildings, E.C., a posthumous work by Mr. T. Troward, late Divisional Judge, Punjab, entitled, *The Law and the Word*. I understand also that these publishers are arranging for the reissue of certain other of Judge Troward's works which have gone out of print, and for which inquiry has frequently been made. For further information on this matter readers are referred to the advertisement pages.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

By E. M. MURRAY

IN battle's grim array
King Arthur passed ;
Stricken and low he lay,
Stunned and aghast.
Wrapped in a misty veil,
Hidden and hushed,
As one who seemed to fail
Yet was not crushed.

And o'er the shadowy waters, still and grey,
The weeping Queens went with him all the way.

In battle's grim array
They still go past,
Into the dim, dim, grey—
Into the Vast,
As kings who will prevail
Another day,
As men who cannot fail
They pass away.

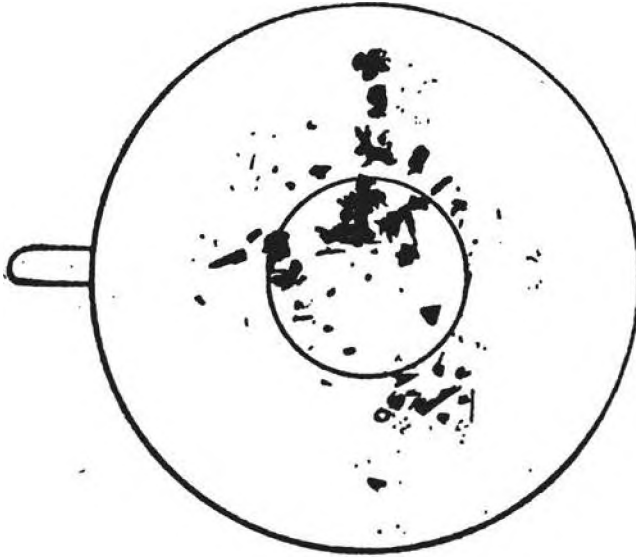
And ever o'er the waters, still and grey,
Some weeping hearts go with them all the way.

Watch with them while they sleep,
Sweet Queens of Grief ;
Watch proudly while ye weep,
For the Great Chief
Waits in the distant West
To cry " All Hail !
Followers of the Quest,
Knights of the Grail ! "

So ever o'er the waters, still and grey,
The Royal Barges pass upon their way.

HOW TO READ THE TEA-CUP

BY A HIGHLAND SEER



A SPECIMEN TEA-CUP.

INTERPRETATION.—By means of the hare on the side the consultant is shown to be on the eve of marriage. The female figure holding an ivy-leaf in the bottom of the cup shows that his partner will be true and constant, and the initial "A" conjoined to a heart and a ring on the opposite side of the cup provides a clue to the surname of the lady. Signs of prosperity, happiness, and pleasure are further provided by the triangles, by the flower on edge of bottom near handle, and by the butterfly near the rim. A very fortunate horoscope.

A GREAT many people anxious about the welfare of friends and relatives from whom they have been separated by the exigencies of the present war are daily consulting oracles of various sorts in the hope of receiving comforting news as to the whereabouts of those in whom they are interested.

One of the simplest means of obtaining a glimpse into the future is that of consulting the tea-leaves left in the morning or afternoon cup of tea; but few, except country-people, seem to know in what manner this may be done. There is no proper handbook to the science, although one has been prepared and will appear very shortly.* In the meantime it may be of use to

* *The Art of Fortune-Telling by Tea-leaves.* George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.

give some brief notes as to the principles of this innocent form of divination in order that uninstructed persons may practise it for themselves in the home circle.

The best kind of tea to use if tea-cup reading is to be followed is undoubtedly China tea, the original tea imported into Britain and still the best for all purposes. Indian tea and the cheaper mixtures contain so much dust and so many fragments of twigs and stems as often to be quite useless for the purpose of divination, as they will not combine to form pictures, or symbols clearly to be discerned.

The best shape of cup to employ is one with a wide opening at the top and a bottom not too small. Cups with almost perpendicular sides are very difficult to read, as the symbols cannot be seen properly, and the same may be said of small cups. A plain-surfaced breakfast cup is perhaps the best to use; and the interior should be white and have no pattern printed upon it, as this confuses the clearness of the picture presented by the leaves, as does any fluting or eccentricity of shape.

The ritual to be observed is very simple. The tea-drinker should drink the contents of his or her cup so as to leave only about half-a-teaspoonful of the beverage remaining. He should next take the cup by the handle in his left hand, rim upwards, and turn it three times from left to right in one fairly rapid swinging movement. He should then very slowly and carefully invert it over the saucer and leave it there for a minute, so as to permit of all moisture draining away.

If he approaches the oracle at all seriously he should during the whole of these proceedings concentrate his mind upon his future destiny, and "will" that the symbols forming under the guidance of his hand and arm (which in their turn are, of course, directed by his brain) shall correctly represent what is destined to happen to him in the future.

If, however, he or she is not in such deadly earnest, but merely indulging in a harmless pastime, such an effort of concentration need not be made. The "willing" is of course akin to "wishing" when cutting the cards in another time-honoured form of fortune-telling.

The cup to be read should be held in the hand and turned about, in order to read the symbols without disturbing them, which will not happen if the moisture has been properly drained away. The handle of the cup represents the consultant and is akin to the "House" in divination by the cards. By this fixed point judgment is made as to events approaching the "House" of the

consultant, journeys away from home, messages or visitors to be expected, relative distance and so forth.

The bottom of the cup represents the remoter future foretold ; the sides events not so far distant ; and matters symbolized near the rim those that may be expected to occur quickly. The nearer the symbols approach to the handle in all three cases the nearer to fulfilment will be the events prognosticated.

If this simple ritual has been correctly carried out, the tea-leaves, whether many or few, will be found distributed about the bottom and sides of the cup. The fortune may be equally well told whether there are many leaves or few ; but of course there must be some, and therefore the tea should not have been made in a pot provided with one of the patent arrangements that stop the leaves from issuing from the spout when the beverage is poured into the cups. There is nothing to beat one of the plain old-fashioned earthenware teapots, whether for the purpose of preparing a palatable beverage or for that of providing the means of telling a fortune.

The interior of the tea-cup when it is ready to be consulted will exhibit the leaves scattered apparently in a fortuitous and accidental manner, but really in accordance with the muscular action of the left arm as controlled by the mind at whose bidding it has worked. These scattered leaves will form lines and circles of dots or small leaves and dust combined with stems, and groups of leaves in larger or smaller patches ; apparently in meaningless confusion. It is now the business of the seer—whether the consultant or some adept to whom he has handed the cup to be read—to find some fairly close resemblance between the groups formed by the leaves and various natural or artificial objects. This part of the performance resembles the looking for “ pictures in the fire ” as practised by children in nurseries and school-rooms, and occasionally by people of a larger growth. Actual representations of such things as trees, animals, birds, anchors, crowns, coffins, flowers and so forth may by the exercise of the powers of observation and imagination be discerned, as well as squares, triangles and crosses. Each of these possesses, as a symbol, some fortunate or unfortunate signification. Such signs may be either large or small, and their relative importance must be judged according to their size. Supposing the symbol observed should be that indicating the receipt of a legacy, for instance : if small it would mean that the inheritance would be but trifling, if large that it would be substantial, while if leaves grouped to form a resemblance to a coronet accompanied the sign for a legacy a title would

probably descend upon the consultant at the same time. The meanings of all the symbols that can be formed by the fortuitous arrangement of leaves in a tea-cup are, of course, very different and numerous, and it would be impossible to give them in detail in the space of such an article as this. It must suffice, therefore, to generalize about some of the more common and important.

There are several points of this general character that must be considered before it is possible to form an accurate judgment of the fortune displayed. For instance, isolated leaves or groups of a few leaves or stems frequently form letters of the alphabet or numbers. These letters and numbers possess meanings which must be sought in conjunction with other signs. If near a letter B is seen a small square or oblong leaf, or if a number of very small dots form such a square or oblong, it indicates that a letter or parcel will be received from somebody whose surname (not christian name) begins with a B. If the combined symbol appears near the handle and near the rim of the cup, the letter is close at hand; if in the bottom, there will be delay in its receipt. If the sign of a letter is accompanied by the appearance of a bird flying towards the "house," it means a telegraphic dispatch; if flying away from the house the consultant will have to send the telegram. Birds flying always indicate news of some sort.

Again, the dust in the tea and the smaller leaves and stems frequently form lines of dots. These are significant of a journey, and their extent and direction show its length and the point of the compass towards which it will extend; the handle for this purpose being considered as due south. If the consultant is at home, and lines lead from the handle right round the cup and back to the handle, it shows that he will return; if they end before getting back to the handle, and especially if a resemblance to a house appears where the journey line ends, it betokens removal to some other place. If the consultant be away from home, lines leading to the handle show a return home; and if free from crosses or other symbols of delay, that the return will be speedy; otherwise it will be postponed. The occurrence of a numeral may indicate the number of days, or if in connection with a number of small dots grouped around the sign of a letter, a present or a legacy, the amount of the remittance, the number of presents to be expected, or the extent of the legacy coming. Dots surrounding a symbol always indicate money coming in some form or other, according to the nature of the symbol.

It will be seen that to read a fortune in the tea-cup with any real approach to accuracy and a serious attempt to derive a

genuine forecast from the cup, the seer must not be in a hurry. He or she must not only study the general appearance of the horoscope displayed before him, and decide upon the resemblance of the groups of leaves to natural or artificial objects, each of which possesses a separate significance, but must also balance the bad and good, the lucky and unlucky symbols, and strike an average. For instance, a large bouquet of flowers, which is a fortunate sign, would outweigh in importance one or two minute crosses which in this case would merely signify some small delay in the realization of success ; whereas one large cross in a prominent position would be a warning of disaster that would be little if at all mitigated by the presence of small isolated flowers, however lucky individually these may be. This is on the same principle as that by which astrologers judge a horoscope, when, after computing the aspects of the planets towards each other, the sun and moon, the ascendant, mid-heaven, and the significator of the native, they balance the good aspects against the bad, the strong against the weak, the benefics against the malefics, and so strike an average. In a similar way the lucky and unlucky signs in a tea-cup must be balanced one against the other and an average struck ; and in this connection it may be pointed out that symbols which stand out clearly and distinctly by themselves are of more importance than those with difficulty to be discerned amid cloud-like masses of shapeless leaves. When these clouds obscure or surround a lucky sign it weakens its force, and *vice-versa*.

In tea-cup reading, however, the fortune told must be regarded chiefly as of a horary character, not, as with an astrological horoscope, that of a whole life ; and where it is merely indulged in as a light amusement to wile away a few minutes after a meal, such nicety of judgment is not called for. The seer will just glance at the cup, note the sign for a letter from someone, or that for a journey to the seaside, or the proximity of a gift, or an offer of marriage, and pass on to another cup.

It should be observed that some cups when examined will present no features of interest, or will be so clouded and muddled that no clear meaning is to be read in them. In such a case the seer should waste no time over them. Either the consultant has not concentrated his or her attention upon the business in hand when turning the cup, or his destiny is so obscured by the indecision of his mind or the vagueness of his ideas that it is unable to manifest itself by symbols. Persons who consult the tea-leaves too frequently, are very liable to find this muddled state of things supervene. Probably once a week will be often enough to look into

the future, although there is something to be said for the Highland "spae-wife's" custom of examining the leaves of the morning cup of tea in order to obtain some insight into the events the day may be expected to bring forth. To "look in the cup" three or four times a day, as some silly folk do, is simply to ask for contradictory manifestations and consequent bewilderment; and is typical of the idle, empty, bemused minds that prompt to such ill-advised conduct.

Of course the tea-cup may be employed solely for the purpose of asking what is known to astrologers as "a horary question," such, for instance, as "Shall I hear from my lover in France, and when?" In this case the attention of the consultant when turning the cup must be concentrated solely on this single point, and the seer will regard the shapes taken by the tea-leaves only in this connection, in order to give a definite and satisfactory answer.

A question that will very naturally occur to persons of an inquiring turn of mind in regard to the figures and symbols seen in the tea-cup is: Why should one symbol necessarily signify one thing and not something quite different?

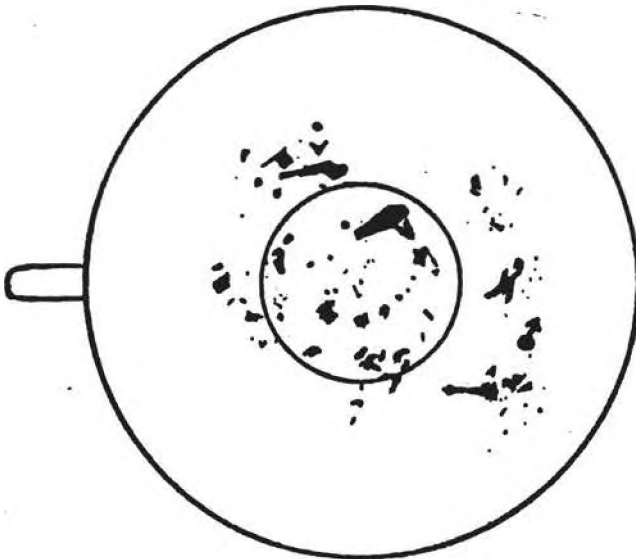
The answer of course is that the meanings given to the symbols are purely arbitrary, and that there is no scientific reason why one should signify one thing and not another. There is no real reason why the ace of clubs, for instance, should not be considered the "House Card" instead of the nine of hearts, nor why the double four in dominoes should signify an invitation instead of a wedding like the double three.

It is obviously necessary, however, in attempting to read the future by means of any kind of symbols, whether pips, dots, numbers or anything else, to fix beforehand upon some definite meaning to be attributed to each separate symbol and to hold fast to this meaning in all events. In the case of tea-leaves, where the symbols are not mere "conventional signs" or numbers, but actual figures like the pictures seen in the fire or those envisaged in dreams, there is no doubt that the signification of most of them is the result of empirical experience. Generations of "spae-wives" have found that the recurrence of a certain figure in the cup has corresponded with the occurrence of a certain event in the future lives of the various persons who have consulted them; and this empirical knowledge has been handed down from seer to seer until a sufficient deposit of tradition has been formed from which it has been found possible to compile a detailed list of the most important symbols and to attach to each a traditional meaning.

Thus it has been established by long experience that certain symbols are invariably signs of approaching good-fortune; certain others of threatened ill-luck. Among the former may be mentioned triangles, stars, trefoil or clover-leaves, anchors, trees, garlands and flowers, bridges or arches, and crowns: among the latter coffins, clouds, crosses, serpents, rats and mice and some wild beasts, hour-glasses, umbrellas, church-steeples, swords and guns, ravens, owls, and monkeys, which are all ominous symbols.

The novice must make a beginning by considering these plain symbols first, and will soon find from practice how to combine them so as to read simple fortunes. Many of the symbols possess significations similar to those given them in the ordinary "Dream Books" or to the omens commonly attributed by seers to the appearances of various birds and animals.

In conclusion, an example of an actual tea-cup duly read, the reading of which was subsequently fulfilled to the letter, is appended as an instance of the accuracy with which this form of Divination may under favourable circumstances be carried out.



AN ACTUAL TEA-CUP.

INTERPRETATION.—*The flag and rifle on the side of the cup conjoined to the letter "V" not far from the handle prognosticate that the consultant or some friend whose name begins with that initial will shortly be wounded in battle. The coffin in the bottom in conjunction with another "V" threatens danger of death from wounds. On the opposite side of the cup, however, the sceptre surrounded by signs of honours with the astrological sign of Mars intervening between it and the initial "K" accompanied by a letter sign shows that he will receive recognition of his valour from the sovereign.*

(The subject of this horoscope died of wounds received in the Battle of the Somme, and was posthumously awarded a military decoration).

A LODGE OF MAGIC

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THERE was a period in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and more especially in France, when the evolution of High-Grade Masonry embraced within the circle of its concern the chief branches of occult science. Rites were established in which the symbolism and procedure of Alchemy were illustrated and explained, while more than one among these laid claim to a peculiar knowledge concerning the mystery. For the most part, however, they were instituted to incorporate persons having a common interest and to place at the disposal of Lodge, Chapter, or Conclave whatever individual discoveries might be made from time to time. So also there were Grades for those who were disposed to the study of Astrology, and systems were devised to elucidate, under the pretence of Masonry, sometimes in a practical manner, the phenomena of Animal Magnetism, Somnambulism and Clairvoyance. The so-called Egyptian Rite of Cagliostro bore this complexion, though it had other and wider aims. It is now generally known that a lucid or clairvoyant—a young boy or maiden—was employed in one of the Degrees to obtain visions in the crystal and to pronounce oracles. Finally, there were Grades which belonged in one sense or another to the multifarious concern of Magic. Most of these inventions were of an exceedingly puerile kind, and speaking on the basis of research into their now obscure byways, it is difficult to understand how they were tolerated even for a moment, above all in Paris—perhaps in that day the most enlightened city of Europe.

But though this criticism is of wide application it must not be supposed that it obtains everywhere. As the great hosts of High Grades, or things superposed on the original Craft of Symbolical Masonry, are for the most part negligible, and in the majority even worthless, but a few items stand out as stars in the emblematic firmament, and are not for an age but for all time in Ritual, so in the particular sections which belong to the occult order there is one Rite which emerges, at once peculiar in its claims and important in respect of its brief history, because of the personalities connected with it. This was the Rite of

Elect Priests,* which appears to have had a Sovereign Tribunal at Paris in the year 1767, at the head of which was that mysterious, magnetic personality, Don Martines de Pasqually. He himself is first heard of at Toulouse in the year 1760, furnished with a hieroglyphical charter and the title of Inspector-General. About 1762 he proceeded to Bordeaux, where he instructed certain brethren and laid apparently the real foundations of his Rite.

To what extent he may have been the actual creator of his own Grades and their Rituals must be left an open question in the present state of our knowledge. That they do not come before us, so to speak, ready made, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, is shown by the fact that in the autumn of 1768 he was working towards their completion, seemingly amongst many distractions.† That in their root-matter they were not of his own invention would follow from a single statement made by himself ‡ and depends, therefore, on his own sincerity, in which I register my personal belief—at whatever value may attach to it. He testified as follows on the occasion in question: “I have never sought to lead any one into error or otherwise deceive those who have come to me in good faith, that they might share in certain knowledge which has been handed down to me by my predecessors.” It has been suggested that those predecessors were Brethren of the Rosy Cross,§ which is by no means impossible, having regard to Rosicrucian activities at and about that time, but evidence is wanting on the point.

As I am not writing a chapter of Masonic history from a Masonic point of view, the question of origin may be left at this stage. The Rite itself, as we know it, made use to a certain extent of Masonic symbolism, subject to a particular unfolding of its inward spiritual meaning. In the latter respect it differs from Masonry, more especially in the Craft and its immediate dependencies, where interpretation does not extend beyond the simple matter of ethics. While the apprentice of the great

* *Le Rite des Élus Cohens*, the last word being corrupt Hebrew, as it is supplied with a French plural. The number of Grades varies in different accounts, but they were probably ten, of which the last was a variant of Rose Croix Masonry, or otherwise of the old Rosy Cross presented in Ritual form.

† See the letter of Pasqually to J. B. Willermoz, dated September 2 1768, and quoted by Papus in his monograph entitled *Martines de Pasqually*, 1895, pp. 32, 33.

‡ See *Ibid.*, Letter of April 13, 1768, p. 122.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 150.

Emblematic Order is instructed to act always as a moral man and a brother, the apprentice, or rather the novice, of the Elect Priesthood was—at least by the hypothesis—taught (a) the knowledge of the Great Architect, (b) the spiritual emanation of man from the Divine Centre, and (c) his direct correspondence with his Master.

The distinction thus established leads to another which is neither of symbolism nor instruction of the intellectual kind. It separates as such the Rite of Elect Priests from anything that is called Masonry in the recognized acceptation of this term. Masonry is circumscribed always within measures of symbolism, figurative procedure and emblematic ritual hereunto belonging. Pasqually came forward under warrants of another kind. As a man of interpretation he was unquestionably in the chain of the mystics, but in his practical work he was a Magus, and his Rite was a Magical Rite. However much it may have been "veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols," so far as liturgies are concerned, behind all this there lay—by the hypothesis concerning it and actually on the faith of the records—a very remarkable form of occult procedure. It may have taken place only in the inner circles, that is to say, in the highest Grades of the Order, but there were certain ceremonial workings which, according to the available evidence, produced actual results. It differed considerably in method as well as utterly by intention from the extant processes and formulæ of the thing called Practical Magic, yet it had sufficient analogies with this to show whence it was in part at least derived. It is possible indeed to identify the actual sources up to a certain point. They are not of our concern here. The purpose in view was not one of communication with either good or evil spirits belonging to the dubious hierarchies of occult literature and undertaken for the trumpery if not evil concerns with which we are all acquainted, by the repute of Grimoires and so called Keys of Solomon. It was, according to one of its descriptions, "the acquisition—by bodily, psychic and spiritual purity—of powers which enable man to establish relations with invisible beings, called angels by the churches, and to attain thereby not only the operator's personal reintegration"—or restoration of the bond of living union between the human and Divine—"but also that of all his disciples who are persons of goodwill." *

It was more, however, than this, and was actually to mani-

* See Papus: *Martinisme, Willermosisme, Martinisme et Franco-Maçonnerie*, 1899, p. 7.

fest within the circle of assembly a Being, who is described in a veiled manner as the "Unknown Agent charged with the work of Initiation" and "the Unknown Philosopher," but is unquestionably understood to have been a manifestation of the Christ of Nazareth. The depositions affirm, moreover, that He came as a teacher among the Brethren, and—if we may judge by the literary remains of Pasqually, as a reflection of the things so received—that which He taught was a hidden meaning and wisdom behind the letter of Christian doctrine.* The instruction was reduced into writing, for it is said that "the Agent dictated," † and in this manner it became available for a period within the sanctuary of the Rite—presumably the centre at Lyons. It has been said that a part of the record was subsequently incorporated by Louis Claude de Saint-Martin into his first work entitled *Des Erreurs et de la Vérité*. ‡ I do not believe this in any literal sense, but—on the assumption that we are dealing throughout with genuine archives of the Order—it is not beyond possibility that something was reflected into the work just mentioned, for Saint-Martin belonged to the circle in his earlier days, and we must remember that he wrote usually under the pseudonym of the "Unknown Philosopher." He testified, moreover, to his certitude (a) that a great power was manifested in the presence of Pasqually; (b) that it was the power of the "Repairer," or Christ; and (c) that there was every token furthermore not only of the Christ-Presence, in the sense of the Divine Man of Nazareth, but also of the Divine Word.§ This is very high testimony on the part of an honourable and distinguished witness, who is unimpeachable on the score of good faith, whether or not it may be possible to accept his verdict as to the actual source of communication. The evidence otherwise rests upon certain archives which came—it is thirty years since—into the possession of the Supreme Council of the Order of Martinism. There is no question as to their general authenticity, and a mass of similar material is also in private hands. So far as it has been made public we are indebted to the zeal of the late Dr. Papus, who was President of that Order. He was not, unfortunately, a

* See Martines de Pasqually: *Traité de la Réintégration des Êtres*, Bibliothèque Rosicrucienne, 1899; and Franz von Baader: *Les Enseignements Secrets de Martines de Pasqually*, 1900.

† Papus: *Op. cit.*, p. 15.

‡ Papus, *Ibid.*, p. 14.

§ See *Mystical Philosophy and Spirit Manifestations*. Being selections from the Correspondence between Saint-Martin and Baron de Liebistorf, 1863.

man of critical mind, and he was not to be trusted as a safe guide on matters of research or on inferences drawn from facts. Independent writers in France, who have had access to other memorials, and by no means challenge his own, have thrown a curious light on some of his views and findings.* But there seems no question as to the end of the story.

The Rite of Elect Priests had not only its Sovereign Tribunal at Paris, its active centres at Bordeaux and Lyons, but Lodges in various places were in some way attached thereto, when Martines de Pasqually was called to the West Indies on personal business and left France—*pour aller recueillir une succession*—on May 5, 1772. He died at Port-au-Prince on September 20, 1774. In this manner the medium of communication, Magus or whatever he may be called, was removed from the Rite. The Rituals thereunto belonging and some remarkable catechisms attached to the Grades remained, but the phenomena within the secret circles passed into suspension. The most active members of the Order seem to have regarded it as in a state of paralysis, and even thought that its extinction was at hand. The body-general of Elect Priests at Lyons went over to the Rite of the Strict Observance, Willermoz, perhaps the most active among the disciples of Pasqually, becoming Provincial Grand Master of Auvergne.† All this notwithstanding, the Order of Elect Priesthood was not destined to perish till it was swallowed up in the Revolution. Moreover, according to the archives, ‡ Willermoz began himself to develop some of his master's powers, and they are said to have reached their culmination in the year 1785. The result was that the Unknown Agent reappeared within the circle. Presumably his instructions continued, but in the early part of the year 1790 § one-half of the dictated record is said to have been destroyed by the Agent himself, "who desired to prevent it falling into the hands of the emissaries of Robespierre, who were making unheard-of efforts to secure the whole."

So ends the story of the Elect Priests, for the Revolution was raging already, and—as I have mentioned—it engulfed the Rite.

Enough has been said to justify the general conclusion that

* The most drastic of these termed himself Chevalier de la Rose Croissante, and wrote an introduction of nearly 200 pages to *Les Enseignements* of Franz von Baader, already cited.

† Introduction to *Les Enseignements Secrets*, p. liii.

‡ Papus, *Martines de Pasqually*, p. 113.

§ Papus, *Martinésisme, Willermasisme, Martinisme*, p. 15.

it was something which belonged to itself, having neither precursors nor successors in the great field which is covered by the name of Masonry. And now as regards the phenomena affirmed to have been produced: it is stated that they occurred in full light, while the manifestations were sufficiently substantial to handle and destroy documents. We may draw circles and inscribe Divine Names therein, may light ceremonial tapers and burn consecrated incense, may observe certain fasts and wear certain ritual clothing, may clear and sanctify the precincts, may "accompany and terminate the séances" by "most ardent prayers," and may submit ourselves utterly to "the will of heaven"—all of which was done by the adept priesthood;* but séances remain séances. My personal certitude is that whatsoever took place in the secret workings of Pasqually's Rite, as all deponents testify, was in virtue of psychic powers possessed by him or by his pupils, and that these powers were identical with those with which we have been familiar for more than fifty years under the name of mediumship. Moreover, as is also the case in phenomena of the modern denomination, Pasqually could by no means invariably command his gifts, and there was one occasion when his complete failure caused him to be regarded as an impostor in a Lodge at Toulouse, from which he was driven forth in disgrace.†

The Abbé Fournié was another disciple of the Rite, who offers a still more signal instance of continuous or recurring mediumship, and we have the advantage of his personal record in a printed book.‡ I have said elsewhere§ that he was filled at an early age with "an intense desire for a demonstration of the reality of another life and the truth of the central doctrines of Christianity." He came to know Pasqually and was brought within his occult circle, though it is possible that he did not attain the higher grades and was therefore a stranger to the experiences of the "Unknown Agent." He describes himself as a simple unlettered man: "I have no knowledge of human sciences, without being for such reason opposed to their culture. I have been a student at no time. The only books which I have read are the Holy Scriptures, the Imitation of our Divine Master Jesus Christ, and the book of prayers 'in use among Catholics' under

* Papus, *Martinisme*, etc., pp. 14, 15.

† Introduction to *Les Enseignements Secrets*, p. xvi. et seq.

‡ *Ce que nous avons été, ce que nous sommes et ce que nous viendrons*, 1801.

§ *The Unknown Philosopher*, p. 40.

the title of *Petit Paroissien*." He became more and more consumed with the desire of God, more and more haunted with the dread of annihilation. Two years after the death of Pasqually, he heard his voice in the evening, and turning round saw him with his own eyes. "With him," the Abbé adds, "were my father and mother, both also dead in the body." The conversation which they held together "might have passed between men and women under ordinary circumstances." The manifestations continued. He saw the Christ of Nazareth on the Cross of Calvary, afterwards in the resurrection state of Easter, and finally in the glory of ascension. He saw Mary, the mother of Jesus, and other persons. As regards the visions generally, he says: "I have beheld them during entire years; I have gone to and fro in their company; they have been with me in the house and out of it; in the night and the day; alone and in the society of others; together with a being not of human kind, speaking one with another after the manner of men." The inspiration following on the Christ visions enabled him to write his one book with extraordinary celerity. It should be added that he lived to a great age and died probably in London. The work itself is a pious memorial, rather of the nature of reverie, and after translating many passages for the purposes of this notice, I have concluded that there is nothing sufficiently distinctive to demand quotation. So also there is nothing in the Abbé's experiences to distinguish them from natural vision and mediumistic phenomena. The apparitions of the Divine Master were of the picture kind with which we are familiar as much in these days as in the old annals of Christian seership. As regards the Unknown Agent, that final destruction of documents is sufficient of itself to determine in the negative any question of its identity with Him Whom we call Christ or to make us regard seriously the claim that this was a being "charged with the work of initiation." Such an ambassador from beyond would have found other ways of checkmating the devices of Robespierre. Moreover, the whole scheme was frustrated otherwise and came to nothing in the end. The Unknown Agent expounding the mysteries of God, man and the universe reminds me somehow of that other Divine Master and Christ of Nazareth Who guided St. Catherine of Siena through long years, speaking the language of the Vatican. These things are veridic as experiences, but the mystery concerning them is just this—that while they may be good, and even admirable, within their own measures, they are not that which they seem or that which they may claim to be.

THE MYSTERY OF CHILDHOOD

BY J. COCHRANE

I WONDER if it has been generally noticed that the young people and the children of to-day are more highly strung and more imaginative than they have ever been in the past.

I think I am right in saying that some time ago it was predicted by Theosophists that the children of the coming generation would be more sensitive and more in touch with the spiritual world than ever before—that many of them would have what we call in the Highlands, the “second sight.” That prophecy seems to me to have come true.

There are many reports from France of our young soldiers seeing visions, such as have rarely been heard of since Bible times. These reports have come from so many different sources that we are bound to believe some of them.

Joan of Arc saw visions when her country was at war and was in real need of a leader. The French soldiers in the present war have had the same experiences in that way, as our own men. Pastor Saillens, of Paris, speaking in London recently, said: “Our young men have seen visions, and heard the voice of God. They will return to their villages as the evangelists of the coming time.”

Again, many of the little children of to-day have their “invisible playmates.” Whether the children really see those playmates, or simply imagine that they see them, it is impossible to decide. They are very positive that they *do* see them, although certainly to us it is a mystery. A mystery indeed, whether they see them or not.

I know one little girl, not quite three, who is constantly playing with a friend she calls “Gillet.” Gillet seems to be absolutely real to her. She takes her for walks out in the garden and talks to her as she goes, first of all going through all the motions of putting her coat and bonnet on, carefully tying the ribbons under Gillet’s chin. It gave me quite a curious sensation to see her do that. It was so difficult to believe that she wasn’t seeing the child that she was dressing and talking to.

I used to ask for Gillet when I went to the house and the child was quite matter-of-fact about it, and always had an answer

ready. When I asked if Gillet was well, she would say: "Yes, but she's tired and feeling rather pale to-day. She has had a long walk with me." Or, if we looked around inquiringly, and asked where Gillet was, she would apologize in some way for her absence, perhaps saying: "She's been naughty and I've put her to bed."

She is only one among many children I know who have had invisible playmates. Of course, almost all children, particularly girls, like to "make believe," although, at the same time, they are generally more frank and honest in their speech than grown-up folks.

This child had the most serious way of pretending she was grown-up. One afternoon her aunt said: "I must go out and get my knitting."

"I must get my knitting, too," said Elinor, following her aunt out of the room. When she came in again, her mother said:

"Have you got your knitting?"

"Yes, I've got it."

"Where is it?" said mother.

"There it is," she said, holding out her little hand as if closed over something. Then she sat down on the floor and began to go through the motions of knitting, looking very serious over it.

"Are you knitting socks for the soldiers?" her mother said.

"No," said Elinor, decidedly, "body belts."

In spite of her "make believe" she wasn't at all a solemn child. She enjoyed a romp immensely. One afternoon, when she was having a game with some visitors, she suddenly stopped, beaming all over, and said: "I'm having awfully, awfully fun!"

I have another tiny girl in my mind, the youngest in a family of eight, who has been acting almost ever since she could walk. She is only three now, but she knows the story of "The Tempest," and calls her brother Ferdinand and one of his sisters Miranda. She herself is Ariel. "Peter Pan," too, is a favourite play. She is Wendy, and, as she has no small brothers, she pretends that they are there, and talks to them just as she thinks Wendy would.

Although only three years old, she has intuition enough for a hundred. She seems always to know what is in her mother's mind, and startles her sometimes by suddenly asking a question about the very person or thing her mother happens to be thinking of at the time. It is quite uncanny in such a young child.

When she has done something that she thinks her mother won't be pleased about, she tries to take the edge off the expected

rebuke by saying herself what she thinks her mother would say in the circumstances. One day, when she was barely two, she was playing in the garden with her aunt. She got her knees rather grimy, and, when her mother appeared, Rhoda took the first word, and looking down at her knees as if they belonged to some one else, said: "Where did those knees come from, I wonder?"

Her latest play is to pretend that she is her mother's mother, and talks to her just as she thinks mothers ought to talk to their children. For example, at lunch one day she said to her mother: "Now, dear, take your pudding nicely, and don't take such big spoonfuls."

Her eldest sister was very imaginative, too, if "imaginative" is the word for it. She had an invisible cousin whom she played with often. She also had another mother, who was very useful to her at times. When she was reproved for anything she used to say: "My other mother lets me do that."

Many children nowadays show great talent for drawing, music or arithmetic when they are little more than babies. One small girl I heard of drew flowers beautifully and in her flower pictures she always had some fairies. She said that she really saw those fairies among the flowers. One of her ideas was a drooping lily, with a fairy supporting it, as a mother would support a sick child.

Such talent doesn't always grow with age. It usually fades away as the child gets older. I have known particularly clever children who grew up to be very ordinary, and, on the other hand, many dull children develop great talent as they grow up. The latter is understandable, the former is one of the mysteries of childhood.

In many of those small children the "aptitude for life is so extraordinary as to incline one to believe that this is not their first expedition through the Corridors of Time."

REINCARNATION: FRAGMENTS OF MEMORY

By JOCELYN UNDERHILL

A BELIEF in the teaching of Reincarnation has been growing steadily for the past forty years amongst the thinking minds who are devoting time and study to a consideration of the well-being of man, his past efforts and future destiny. The teaching was brought under modern notice most largely by Dr. Anna Kingsford—a brilliant and eccentric psychic and mystic who left no successor to carry on her teaching—and Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, the co-foundress of the Theosophical Society. Both these extraordinary teachers laid stress upon reincarnation as the key which unlocks the problems of life, to be used in solving the riddle of existence. A very large literature has grown up, especially round the views expounded by Mme. Blavatsky, much of which is dogmatic and most of it the result of clairvoyant research on the part of two or, at most, three individuals, whose results often conflict with earlier testimony, and who give little information as to methods of research, beyond hinting at a special training in psychic investigation.

The conception of reincarnation is itself so helpful, so satisfying, even when crudely expounded, that many people eagerly accept it without any direct perception or personal knowledge as to its truth. Although unable to remember past lives, they are resolute in believing that such lives have been lived. In some cases direct memory is claimed, but in these, generally speaking, the incongruity displayed between the present position and character and the previous character is so marked as to make one pause and wonder if self-deception has not entered in. Usually the individual in his or her present position in life is so commonplace and the previous life one so highly placed that it seems as if an inverted ratio existed! The writer has met Cleopatra reincarnated in three different ladies, according to their firmly held belief, Mary Queen of Scots in yet another three, and Jeanne d'Arc in another. Yet these Cleopatras were worthy and estimable ladies, far removed from coquetry, models of virtue and—may they forgive me!—not over beautiful. The

various Marys were not greatly charming, and Jeanne d'Arc was a domestic servant, woefully, lamentably ignorant of French history !

With these cases in mind I hesitate to record my personal memories. I do not know if any value will be derived from them ; in the past I have given hints and echoes, but have remained silent largely for two reasons. Both still hold good to a very large extent, but weightier reasons outweigh them. I am profoundly afraid of the effect upon Humanity of the recrudescence of psychism that is manifesting itself like a rising tide throughout the world, believing that unless wisely directed it will eventually bring about universal shipwreck, or at least incalculable harm. Therefore I deprecate anything likely to suggest lines of development along the psychic path, and give no hint as to how the memories were recovered or why they satisfy me as to their truth. The other reason is that my personal experiences are not wholly in agreement with the results arrived at by prominent theosophical writers—especially, in regard to the periods between lives—and I hesitate to submit facts and evidence which a very considerable public would feel justified in sweeping aside as worthless, if not actually untrue.

Yet at this present time in the world's need, when the whole of Humanity is seeking a basis for faith, when Christianity in the Church interpretation no longer affords spiritual sustenance, I am emboldened to put forward some fragment of memory concerning past lives. I do so in the hope that it may appeal to, and may be accepted by, some as evidence for the truth of reincarnation, a hint of the continuity of memory from life to life, an echo of the certainty of life after death, and a suggestion of reunion in future lives with those we have loved and, for the present, lost.

I

Leading up to the memory of the earliest completely recognized life is a waking vision, which came suddenly in church, in the spring of 1901. An ordinary service was proceeding when suddenly the face of the priest altered, grew much older, and the language and nature of the service changed. On glancing round the whole of the church was transformed, colossal pillars stood around me, and a mighty temple took the place of the tiny brick church. The service grew into a mystery drama, intense beyond words, significant beyond understanding. Dim

suggestions of spiritual things grew upon me, and a poignant knowledge of things long since forgotten.

Many years later, when the Book of the Memory of Life was opened to me, I recognized it as an Egyptian incarnation, but it was not until the spring of 1916 when I visited Luxor and Karnac, that I really *knew* when and where the temple had stood. This Egyptian incarnation was of great importance, for therein the whole attention of the real Ego, the Higher Self, was devoted to spiritual things, looking outward as well as in upon Himself. The life was not one of remarkable accomplishment, but it set the keynote for the remaining lives to be mentioned, and its results are not yet wholly reaped. It made for me some friends who have come with me down the ages, it gave me a passionate love and adoration for Egypt that is stronger, if possible, today, and it gave me the connecting link with my Supreme Friend, whose watchful care has never since left me utterly alone.

It required my actual presence in Egypt to identify the spot and make certain that the record and memory were real! Moreover it was tremendously helped by the meeting with one of those who shared very largely in the actual life. He too, had been an Initiate of the Mysteries, had learnt much, and had been greatly attached to me personally. Yet we had not met again until the tide of war brought us together in Egypt, a half-way house, as it were, between his birthplace and mine, and from a casual meeting in Cairo grew anew a friendship that was only ended (for the present) by his death in action a year ago.

II

The next incarnation was one hurriedly taken in Greece, pushed on by the driving force of the Spirit, to take advantage of certain conditions. It was a mixture of high endeavour and terrific failure, ending disastrously, by reason of the conditions of life and facts known to those deeply versed in Greek lore. The sting of this failure is being slowly worked out now, and may yet profoundly affect this incarnation.

Two friendships were re-formed here—fruit of a still earlier life—two friends who were brothers and who had associated with them another whom I was destined to meet only twice in this incarnation, yet sufficiently to profoundly alter his outlook. This young man, together with the others, uncle and nephew, although very close in age, died in action in France. It may be that the Karma of certain events in this Greek life is being finally settled in the great and willing sacrifice of the Present. And

incidentally the tide of war has brought me to France likewise—for what purpose I know not !

III

Many strands in the rope of Karma appear in this life which was completely overshadowed by results and effects of the past. It was, generally speaking, dark and loveless, with some amount of misery, and was chiefly redeemed by reason of a great affection for one much more highly placed. This person reappears in the present life, a good many years my junior, and a great bond of brotherhood exists between us, although there is no blood tie. He was a very highly placed Roman, living a life much above his contemporaries in vital things—virtue and goodness particularly. He still carries many physical marks of this incarnation—recalling vividly the type made famous by statues, busts and frescoes. As a slave in his household, and adoring him from a distance, much of the past was expiated, especially by humiliating work done uncomplainingly and well. But, as said above, the shadow of the past rested heavily upon this life, and comparatively little forward work was accomplished. My master was sent to take up a high military command in an outpost of the Empire, whilst I remained in Rome. Towards the close of this life my teacher of the Egyptian life reappeared, and the tie was renewed for a brief time, which is a splash of colour in an otherwise empty and colourless old account.

IV

There are those who are gifted with clairvoyant vision who tell me that they frequently see me in clerical garb—either as a monk or as a bishop. This is, I take it, a hint or a survival of the life I now describe. Born again in Italy in the early centuries of the Christian faith, the marked feature of early life was a deep interest displayed in spiritual things—the fruit of the Egyptian incarnation, interwoven with the occult failure of the Greek life. A monastic order, entailing terrible austerity, was entered while the life was still young, and many of the intensely bitter theological quarrels participated in. A somewhat wider view, of distinctly gnostic leanings, led to much hostility, and when ecclesiastical rank was attained a suspicion of heterodoxy hung round and brought about much unjust criticism. My Egyptian teacher had become an Archbishop and did much to remove the sting, but he himself became involved in a series of conflicts and died well-nigh broken-hearted. A perfervid type

of oratory gave me many a hearing, and many thousands listened to sermons and addresses, while the austere life and intense aspiration resulted in a measure of psychic vision and attainment never since wholly lost. It was very helpful in the latter years of this incarnation and brought about a reputation for knowledge and sanctity that prevented persecution in those bitter years of intense zeal and stupendous hatreds.

V

A hurried dip in physical life in the Middle Ages. An obscure mystic, attached to one of the brotherhoods, a student of occultism under many forms, a practitioner of occult arts, and as such known to many who achieved lasting fame. A Faust-life, not wholly perfect, but a resting place and a stepping stone to the present incarnation.

VI

My present incarnation demands a very brief allusion. It will, perhaps, be sufficient to say that I was born 120 miles north-west of Melbourne, Victoria, on March 10, 1886, between the hours of 4 and 6 a.m. Astrological students, if sufficiently interested, may care to investigate these data.

ALAN LEO :

AN APPRECIATION

BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED

I HAVE read of a certain people who honoured their dead by the building up of cairns of stone beside the high-roads, and each passer-by who wished to give tribute to the dead man's memory would lay a pebble on the heap. And so, according to the number of friends and admirers, the simple monument grew often to great proportions.

This then is the small pebble of affectionate respect which I place reverently to the memory of Alan Leo.

The news of his sudden death came upon N—— and me with the shock of an irreparable loss. There had gone from our lives not only a valued teacher but a greatly valued friend.

In my case, the friendship was of later growth than in that of N——. For though we both met Mr. and Mrs. Leo for the first time the same evening, when dining at the flat of a common friend, N—— had already for several years been deeply interested in the study of Astrology, groping her way without the help of an adequate guide till she made Alan Leo's acquaintance. For a long time she had tried in vain to make me share her interest, but in those days Astrology never particularly appealed to me. I am afraid I classed it with fortune-telling, for which in truth I have no liking.

One day, however, I happened to take up Alan Leo's *Art of Synthesis*, and Astrology thereupon became a vital reality in my life.

Taught as Mr. Leo taught it, Astrology now seems to me to be one of the best possible guides to right living. Spiritually, as he often said, it was his religion. Intellectually, it is, as all astrologers know, an accurate science based on unchanging laws, while in dealing with other people and in all everyday affairs, the knowledge it gives of character and conditions makes it of the greatest practical benefit.

But I never grasped the wonderful occult truths of Astrology until I heard Alan Leo explain them in talks we had during part of a winter we all spent together at Cannes. Those talks showed

me too something of the inner man himself and made me realize how great a soul dwelt within that quiet, unassuming personality.

The Leos wrote asking us to find them accommodation in the hotel at which we were staying at Cannes, and N—— and I chose the big south room, on the same floor as our own rooms, which they occupied during their stay. A delightful room full of sunshine—palms, late roses and early mimosa in the garden below, and beyond, that incomparable view of the bay and the Esterels which all who have stayed in the *Californie* must know so well.

I remember one early morning in December, N—— and I watching from our balcony the omnibus drawing up at the hotel entrance and Mr. and Mrs. Leo, who had been travelling all night, stepping from it, and our wondering whether we should go at once to meet them or wait till they had settled down to give them our welcome. We decided to wait, but it was not long before three mysterious single knocks, which N—— and Mr. Leo got into a way of calling "the masonic signal," sounded at the outer door leading to our rooms: and there stood Mr. and Mrs. Leo ready for a chat.

This was the first of many an informal gathering, either in our rooms or in theirs—sometimes a quartette, sometimes a larger party when other friends interested in Astrology or attracted to the Leos themselves, would come in for a sort of picnic tea provided from Mrs. Leo's tea-basket and our spirit-lamps and teacups. Sometimes there were not chairs enough to go round, and, occasionally, Mr. Leo would seat himself Buddha-fashion, cross-legged on the floor. Then we would overflow into the balcony, where, at tea-time, there was the beautiful sunset over the Esterels to admire, and anyhow, we much preferred our funny little tea-parties in our own quarters to the hotel teas in the smart palm-decorated lounge where our talk might puzzle uninitiated listeners. For astrological society has its own language, all conceivable earthly happenings being translated into planetary terms such as aspects, transits and the like.

Unfortunately, evil transits in Mrs. Leo's case caused her to be ill for some little time, and though Mr. Leo was the most devoted of nurses, he had to have meals and to take occasional exercise and recreation. During his wife's absence from the dining-room, we persuaded him to eat his vegetarian fare at our table—he never touched meat in any form nor alcohol, nor did he smoke, but he would sit with us after dinner in the lounge. Among strangers he was always rather silent, but he observed everything. I keep a vision of him in his immaculate evening dress, sitting a

little apart half-buried in a big arm-chair, his thoughtful eyes following the movements of scattered units and couples in the motley crowd under the palms as they smoked and drank coffee and listened to an excellent string band playing in a recess by the stairs. To sit in the lounge with Alan Leo was an astrological lesson with human illustrations. He would tell by a glance to what signs of the zodiac particular persons belonged, judging from their appearance, gait and manner what were their rising planets, which of the mundane houses were at their birth most heavily tenanted, as he phrased it, and what were their characteristics due to these planetary relations. We soon got into a reprehensible habit of christening people astrologically. There were Mr. and Mrs. Gemini, tall, slight, brown-haired, energetic: Mr. and Mrs. Taurus, handsome, musical and cheerful in a slow way; long-limbed Miss Sagittarius; peevish, melancholy Mrs. Capricorn; the capable but censorious Virgo sisters who worried over trifles and always knew better than anyone else; the lovely, fiery Martian maid; gloomy Mr. Saturn with his iron-grey hair and downcast mien—one might go on multiplying types interminably.

In all these revelations of the characters of unknown people, I was much struck by Mr. Leo's wide tolerance and sympathetic understanding. I have heard him since the war began, when every one has been abusing the Kaiser, even speak with kindly pity of that arch-enemy whose stars had ruled him so ill-omened a destiny. Alan Leo judged all men by their horoscopes, knowing the temptations by which they were likely to be assailed, and longing to help them with his superior knowledge. Himself, owning in astrology a weapon against fate, his mission was to teach the use of it to his fellow-men. And he was never tired of preaching that it is man's duty to govern his stars, not to allow himself to be governed by them. He regarded humanity with the impartial wisdom of one who has obviously surmounted more rungs of the evolutionary ladder than the generality of his fellows, though in his modesty he would have shrunk, I feel sure, from that suggestion. Yet to my mind, he was certainly what the occultists would call "an advanced ego." Clearly, he had lofty sources of inspiration and dealt in other-world activities of which he would have been the last to speak. I judged from many indications, often from his reticences. Indeed, chiefly, it was the veil of personal reserve, dropped immediately after any stray hint of esoteric knowledge inaccessible on the material level, which told one more plainly than words how high he stood on immaterial levels.

The little that he has said to us of the manner in which he wrote his books and the Influence of which he was conscious—he described it as a wonderful yellow light surrounding him when at work—put it beyond doubt—to us at any rate—that his hand and brain were the vehicles of a lofty Intelligence. Perhaps it was his Higher Self who had stored up and was now transmitting the ancient esoteric traditions of Astrology, garnered when the science was held to be divinely taught. “I ought to know something about Astrology,” he used to say laughingly, “for I believe I have been an astrologer in several former lives.”

Talking one evening of the possibility of functioning on other planes of being during sleep, we four made a half-jesting compact to meet that night in the dream-world and to bring back, as far as we were able, the remembrance of the meeting and of what we had done.

As it happened, I believe I was the only one except Mr. Leo who brought anything back, and that was a recollection of finding myself in the private study of some political personage, of whom I got but the vaguest impression, under whose direction I was copying a document that I understood to be important. Then, of Mr. Leo coming in—*he* was quite vivid: of his having some conversation with the personage, of which I remembered nothing, and of their going out together and leaving me alone to finish my piece of work. After that all was lost to my waking consciousness. When I told Mr. Leo of the dream he nodded as if it were quite true, but when I asked him to fill in the blanks, he only nodded again and smiled oracularly.

Those weeks at the *Californie* passed too quickly. Every day was full of interest. One does not often have a tame astrologer on the premises to whom holiday lessons appeared to be a labour of love. The three mysterious knocks would sound of mornings at our outer door. “Well, and how is Mr. Log to-day?” would be the astrologer’s greeting. N—— was struggling valiantly under Mr. Leo’s tuition with what I think are called Proportional Logarithms. It seemed a little difficult to master “Mr. Log.” She and her teacher would sit at the table, their heads bent over astrological charts, making curious hieroglyphics and talking a sort of Abracadabra, while I, listening, gleaned scraps of learning that had a sound as of mediæval sorcery. Nothing, however, could have been less suggestive of the traditional mediæval astrologer than that kindly, home-like figure in grey tweeds who so patiently explained the mysterious workings of “Mr. Log.”

But by eleven o'clock—we started work early at the *California*—it was time for our morning outing. The weather then was typical Riviera weather. No frosts: no mistral. Sapphire seas and sapphire skies: a soft wind murmuring down the pine-gorges and setting the palms in the garden whispering to each other; and that winter nip in the clear air which made walking a delight.

Mr. Leo and I were the best walkers of the quartette, and sometimes Mrs. Leo would, as she put it, "borrow N——" and allow me to "borrow Alan." My walks with him stand out as almost the pleasantest memory of that time. There was one, round a steep hill at the back of the hotel and along a gorge where myrtle grew wild and a little stream ran over rocks between beds of greenery. Gum trees, like those of my girlhood, also grew on that slope, and once, when I had clambered down to gather some especially succulent and aromatic shoots and stood wondering how I should climb up again in a manner befitting the dignity of my years, I heard Mr. Leo calling down to me from the top—

"Oh Aries! Aries! Aries never will grow old." Aries being in astrological parlance my "ascending sign."

In fact my elderly Arian energies were a continual source of banter with Mr. Leo, just as N——'s "first house" giving her a certain Scorpio faculty of seeing below the superficial motive, would set Mr. Leo's eyes twinkling, and we would hear from behind her chair, "Ah, you little Scorpio, you know too much!"

One of our favourite walks led past a flower-farm, where we would stop on our way home for Mr. Leo to buy a bunch of violets or carnations for his wife. Our road went along the hillside above Golfe Juan, and I remember an afternoon when we sat upon the parapet of a little stone bridge and he talked of the influence of planets upon human relationships and the desirability of comparing the horoscopes of couples wishing to marry in order to see whether the union was likely to prove harmonious or not. He described how certain counterpart planetary positions would indicate in the horoscopes of any particular man and woman a fatalistic bond from which it might be impossible to escape—at least in the case of souls not yet capable of "ruling their stars."

He quoted the horoscopes of persons whose love-stories have become public property, and spoke of cases of sudden, violent attraction brought about by an aspect coming into force of the Mars of one upon the Venus of the other and, when the aspect had passed, ending in revulsion and disaster. It was all very fascinat-

ing, opening up wide issues, and especially the old question of Determinism and Free-will.

I gleaned that Mr. Leo regarded the astrologer's mission as that of a priest or physician whose office it is to probe human nature to its depths, and that to him, as to the priest or doctor, such searchings were sacred. This impression of his loftiness of outlook was the one I always took away from my talks with him, and I may say that before we parted at Cannes I had touched closely the esoteric side of his profession. For seeing how much N—— had gained from Mr. Leo in philosophic and spiritual understanding of the science of astrology, I thought that I too would like to know more of that part of his teaching. *Saturn the Reaper* was written later, I believe, but I remember how, at some exhibition of N——'s antipathy to Saturn as a malefic, he said with his whimsical smile and the twinkle in his eyes, yet a note of gravity in his voice—

“Oh, I think Saturn a beautiful planet!”

And then followed an eloquent discourse on Saturn—the Chastener: the Purifier; the Bridge between man's higher and lower natures, across which every ascending soul must pass on its passage to the Divine. I have said that Astrology was to Alan Leo a religion. To him, the Angels of the Stars were sublime Beings instrumental in the evolution of the Race—the Spirits of the seven superior planets even as the Seven Angels before the Throne.

My technical knowledge of the science is small, but Alan Leo opened to me by means of Astrology wonderful vistas of the long journey of the Soul: her slow growth under the zodiacal signs and planetary combinations from life to life: her progress through various states of being—what she has been in the past: the stage at which she stands: the stage at which she will arrive under those future planetary influences for good or evil that she has called into force by the thoughts and actions of this incarnation. Once he drew three lines on a horoscope we had been studying—between the first house, the fifth house and the ninth house. “This is the Mystic Triangle,” he said. “Whoever can interpret this can read the Past, the Present and the Future. Puzzle it out with the help of your *Esoteric Astrology*”—that wonderful book of his which just then appeared.

I wished of course that my astrological talks should be a professional matter, for they had taken up some of Mr. Leo's leisure. But he always asserted that he was “on holiday” and strenuously evaded any attempt I made to approach that business-like

part of the subject. . On the last occasion he escaped abruptly, then his beaming face reappeared for an instant in the aperture before he shut the door.

“ There are some things,” he said with his benevolent smile, “ that money can't buy.”

Later on, he and Mrs. Leo came in their travelling coats for a parting word. They had chosen the new moon and a favourable aspect for their journey and were leaving Cannes by the evening express. And thus ended a time that N—— and I can never forget.

In a letter to one of us—the last—written from Bude just before his death, he spoke of our all meeting again at Cannes “ when the War is over.” His letter ended with words which have now a prophetic pathos—

“ God's will *will* be done at any and all times.”

Thus truly has it been. Alan Leo has been called to higher work. Our friend has joined the great and noble army of the living dead, the tramp of whose feet is sounding now as they pass over that Bridge of which he so often taught us.

OCCULT REVELATIONS OF A FLYING MAN

BY A PHILOSOPHICAL AVIATOR

THE facts which I am about to reveal will startle not a few readers, and I anticipate a certain amount of scepticism because I have no knowledge of anything more extraordinary having been published before. It has taken me several years to decide to commit these facts to paper for the public's gaze. Indeed it will be readily understood by any sane reader that I should experience quite an amount of hesitation before finally deciding to make known such curious phenomena. I adopt this course chiefly through mere accident.

An acquaintance of mine recently wrote to me for the purpose of asking me a question which ran as follows: "Kindly think over all your experiences of flying, and try to recollect if you have had any uncanny experiences in the air. If so, would they lead you to suspect that there is a personality (a real one) invisible but ruling over the power of the air?" The gentleman who wrote this rightly anticipated that such a question had not been put to me before, but he was quite unaware that I had been perplexed by various unusual experiences which had occurred to me in the lighter element.

To many, happenings of an unusual character in the air are nothing more than instances of the mirage, but to me that explanation is not sufficiently satisfying, and if the reader is patient enough to bear with me till the end of my story, he will see just where the mirage theory fails. My first knowledge of what might, for the want of a better term, be conveniently called "occult aerial phenomena," came from a very experienced pilot who has flown as often as any other man, both during the war and previously. He told me confidentially that at a very great height he had seen a curious coloured dragon-like animal apparently floating in the air and approaching him rapidly. The pilot became a little unnerved and at once descended to earth, but for fear of being ridiculed and accused of over-indulgence in alcoholic refreshment he said nothing to anybody till he mentioned the affair to me. Since that day he has been through various similar experiences, and has quite naturally been

somewhat perplexed again. The man, let me explain, is a sane, sensible sort of fellow, and believes that other pilots may have had like experiences, but through fear of ridicule they also may feel disinclined to own up.

My own acquaintance with "occult aerial phenomena" has not been quite so appalling or bewildering. They may more easily be explained as simple cases of clairvoyance happening in unusual circumstances. Contrary to general belief a pilot's mind often relaxes in the air, and at great altitudes he feels very lonely, I might say almost *distract*. When I was flying a biplane at Y—— some time before the war, I was coming in towards an aerodrome when I noticed a mist in front of me. I subsequently learned that the mist was illusory. It opened and I plainly saw an aeroplane, similar to the one I was flying, enveloped in flames, the pilot struggling to get away from the temporary furnace. For some time I wondered whether the vision was a warning to me or whether it applied to anybody else. Three days later a fellow-aviator was burned to death through his machine falling and catching fire. The machine was identical in type with the one I was flying and with that which I saw in the "aerial vision." That instance is but one among others.

The former case, of course, presents the most difficulty. To return to my acquaintance who first queried me on so-called uncanny happenings in the air, it is his theory (though I do not accept it personally, and am indeed thoroughly opposed to it) that there is a personal devil residing in the lighter element, and that accordingly man was not intended to explore these regions. He advances various Scriptural quotations to support his contention. Quotations, however, from any sacred writing can prove or disprove anything if the context be ignored. I cannot offer any explanation myself, but I should welcome any theory from those competent to form an opinion. If different aviators could be induced to reveal themselves and relate their individual experiences, such further evidence would prove valuable. It will be readily understood that for the present I must remain anonymous for reasons which must be sufficiently obvious to readers who realize that too much publicity is liable to vulgarize those who present new experiences to a sceptical world. I should resent most strongly any effort of the daily press to make me and my revelations the nucleus of a newspaper "stunt"—that daily food of the less influential periodicals.

OLD MRS. CAMPERFIELD'S GHOST STORIES

BY GERDA M. CALMADY-HAMLYN

THE other afternoon, a dear old lady called Mrs. Camperfield, who lives at the further end of the village, came to take shelter at our house from a shower of rain ; and she told us no less than three ghost stories "straight off the reel," as she sat on the drawing-room sofa facing us all, and twisting a shabby pair of grey cotton gloves round and round in her hands, her bright old eyes peeping merrily, first at one young face, then at another among her audience, from beneath the shelter of her wide black coal-scuttle bonnet.

"My first ghost story," she announced mysteriously in her husky quavering old voice, "is an *American* one. It was told me by my young friend, Daisy Heseltine, who some years ago was staying with relations near Colorado Springs (a well-known health-resort) and while there received an invitation from a girl she had lately met—Adela Morrison, to come and spend the week-end at Adela's parents' ranche, situated in a wild and distant part of the country, forty miles or more from any neighbouring homestead, and close underneath a gigantic 'spur' of the famous Rocky Mountains.

"Adela's people, as it happened, were away from home at the time ; her mother having gone to nurse some sick relation at a township two days' journey, at least, away by rail—her father and brothers on a hunting expedition ; so the two girls were left to manage the ranche by themselves, with only the hired labourers and other stock-hands to help them. Not that *they* minded, being used to a free life—and old Joe, the head stockman, was the most trustworthy of creatures !

"Sunday morning dawned bright and clear—a most gorgeous day ; and Adela suggested to Daisy they should go for a picnic, and incidentally, explore a certain deep 'canyon' or creek of the great mountain which they had never been up before ; so the two girls saddled their horses, put some lunch into their pockets and set off.

"About a quarter of the way along the canyon (the furthest point to which Adela herself had ever dared penetrate though she

had lived so long in the neighbourhood) stood a miner's deserted hut—just as its owner left it, containing a few broken chairs and a table—a mere shell of a place, the sport of wind and weather: and beyond it one saw nothing but the roughest of mountain pathways, with thick pine-forest upon the right hand, and a mass of low scrub and brushwood leading away to the distant prairie on the left; while high over all towered a gigantic mountain-peak clothed to its very summit with dense virgin forest, save just where the snow-capped glittering crest showed clear against the brilliant autumn sky.

“‘I do want to get to the very end of that canyon,’ exclaimed Adela; and she and Daisy hurried their surefooted ponies forward, though every moment the path seemed to grow yet more narrow and steep, the brushwood higher and more dense, till when they had covered a considerable distance, Adela held up one finger and cried, ‘Hush! Listen! What can that strange sound mean?’

“‘Both drew rein sharply and again there fell on their astonished ears a curious low moaning, like the voice of some creature in pain, coming from the masses of dense dark undergrowth on the left-hand side of the path.

“‘It is some wretched wood-cutter or trapper, I expect,’ declared Adela, ‘who has caught his foot in a hidden hole or tree-root and fallen, breaking his leg. There he may lie for days in hopeless agony, and perhaps die of hunger and thirst, as no one is likely to be passing this way or hear his cries for help. Come, we must go to him!’

“‘So saying, she promptly turned her pony's head away from the narrow pathway and plunged deep into the brushwood; Daisy following her rather more doubtfully, though Adela assured her there was nothing to fear.

“‘There are no bears or Indians in these parts, and I've got a revolver, you know.’

“‘Further and further they pushed on into the lonely trackless scrub; where bushes and trees grew so closely together one could scarcely see an inch before one's face. And always, just ahead of them, came that curious mournful wailing—now nearer, now far off (it was not at all easy to calculate distances in that wild echo-breeding region), and for some time at any rate, after they first heard it there was no doubt at all in the youthful listener's minds but that the tones proceeded from a genuine human voice; each moment they expected to burst through the thicket upon its owner.

“ At length they reached a part which was so overgrown it was impossible to press through on horseback : so the girls dismounted and tied their ponies to a tree, deciding to push forward on foot—they could still always hear ahead of them that weird pitiful sound, now to the right, now to the left, yet never, strange to say, could they manage to catch up with it.

“ They tramped on for a few more moments in dead silence, then suddenly each turned and faced the other ; there came flashing across the mind of them both that something was not quite ‘ canny ’ about that singular wailing. They turned and fled backwards, fast as their feet could carry them to the open glade where they had left their horses, leapt to the saddle, and were on the point of galloping full-tilt home to the ranche, when Daisy, happening to turn her head and glance upwards, exclaimed:—

“ ‘ Look, Adela, look !—right up there on the side of the mountain !—what *can* that most extraordinary creature be ? ’—and Adela, following her companion’s outstretched finger, gazed equally dumbfounded ! For there—high up on the very crest of the huge peak, where no foot save that of the Red Indian or grizzly bear had ever trod, was an enormously tall figure, robed from head to foot in purest white (its garments reminding the two girls of grave-clothes !)—though whether it were ghost or bird or gigantic human being was impossible to tell at that far distance—waving two great white arms (or were they wings ?) and flitting disconsolately to and fro upon the mountain-side ; though how it had got up there or what it was doing no human tongue could tell.

“ ‘ Do you think the moaning came from *that* ? ’ murmured Daisy, her eyes wide with terror ; but Adela made no reply. Both set spurs to their horses and never drew rein till they had reached the welcome shelter of Adela’s homestead.

“ And though many a time afterwards, when they had more or less recovered from the first effects of their fright, they rode once more all the way up the canyon, past the ruined hut, and on into the very recesses of the mountain, never again did their ears catch a sound of that wild mysterious wailing, nor their eyes a glimpse of the curious white-clad figure, ‘ moping and mowing,’ in solitude and silence, between the forest and the sky ! ”

* * * * *

“ My next tale,” said old Mrs. Camperfield after a brief pause, “ is set in very different surroundings ; an old English manor house—hoary, grey, and famous in song and in story—with oak-

panelled passages, tapestried bedrooms, and all the rest of the paraphernalia dear to the hearts of ghost-lovers.

"Agnes Williamson, whose experiences I relate, lives with her parents at a lovely old house called Marke Hall, near Maidenhead ; which possesses on its own account no less than three ' family ' ghosts ; the Williamsons are not in the very least nervous or fanciful people, and if Agnes wanted to conjure up or invent ' psychic appearances ' she need not go further than her own historic home ! Its owners being by nature very lavish and hospitable, Marke Hall is always a specially gay centre of entertainment during Henley Regatta ; and among their numerous guests one summer were a Lady and Miss Murray from Wiltshire, casual acquaintances who happened to be staying in the neighbourhood, who said to Agnes when they were leaving :—

" ' Oh, Miss Williamson, you have been so kind and friendly to us during our sojourn here that we do hope you will pay us a visit later on in the autumn—we shall be having some shooting parties and one or two dances ! ' "

"Agnes thanked them politely, and then forget all about the matter till September, when she received a letter from Lady Murray asking her to Wiltshire for two or three days.

"Arriving, she found their home a most exquisite old place, dating from the Wars of the Roses or even before that—ancient it is true, but a most cheerful-looking old house ; nothing in the least ' ghostly ' about its appearance ; added to which it was crammed, as full as it would hold, with a party of high-spirited young people whose laughter and pranks might suffice to scare away the most obdurate of spooks or bogies !

"The only point that Agnes noticed particularly with regard to her own room was that it seemed to be a good long way from any of the other guest-chambers ; down a long oak-panelled passage which echoed as one walked and was very dim and shadowy ; yet the bedroom itself was the brightest and daintiest of little nests, though it was panelled with oak like all the other rooms in the house, and contained a big old-fashioned tapestried bed in the centre, all in orthodox fashion. But with bowls of sweet violets and Michaelmas daisies on the mantel-shelf, a blazing fire in the grate, antique silver candelabra on the Louis XV dressing-table, not to mention a book-case full of up-to-date and interesting novels close to hand as one lay in bed, what need was there to grumble ?

"All evening the crowd of gay young people danced, played Bridge, or games of ' hide-and-seek ' along the corridor ; and

it was past midnight when Agnes dismissed her maid, undressed quickly, and popping into bed went off into peaceful slumbers as soon as ever her head touched the pillow. And she ought to have slept till daylight, only—

“ She awoke with a start about three hours after midnight, and turning over on her side, saw a stable-lantern fully lighted (of all curious things) hanging from the wall close to her bed !

“ ‘What an extraordinary thing!’ she muttered, ‘that lantern wasn’t there when I blew out my candle. Some one must actually have come into my room while I lay asleep, and hung it up, I suppose. Anyway, I don’t like this bright light in my eyes!’ and she sprang out of bed, drew the heavy tapestry-curtains all round her and went to sleep again.

“ Next night, if you please, exactly the same thing happened. Agnes awoke with a shiver as the clock in the stable-yard outside boomed out the hour of three, and there beside her bed shone that aggravating light ; so clear and vivid was it as to illuminate every object within range only too distinctly. Yet the strange point seemed that only the day before Agnes had examined the wall carefully all around the bed-head and tried to discover some hook or ‘holder’ upon which the lantern might have hung ; but there was nothing of the sort. She began to feel more than a trifle uncomfortable, there was something unspeakably weird and uncanny in that steady unblinking gleam. Dare she tell her hostess and ask to be moved into another room ? she wondered, but on second thoughts ‘No ; people are not fond of having stories invented about their houses, and the Murrays were such new acquaintances—I had better not offend them ; luckily there is only one more night of my stay !’ So saying, she once more pulled the curtains around her bed and banished the hateful vision.

“ The third night in succession the same thing happened again, and poor Agnes by this time felt terribly frightened ; so much so that when she was saying ‘Good-bye’ to her hostess, and Lady Murray hoped she had enjoyed her stay—found her room comfortable, and everything as she would wish it, Agnes looked her full in the face and remarked rather coldly :—

“ ‘Oh, the *room* itself was comfortable enough, Lady Murray, but perhaps now that I’m leaving, you won’t mind telling me who it was that every night while I was in bed and asleep, used to come into my room and hang a stable lantern, fully lighted, close to the head of my bed !’

" Her hostess's face grew crimson with annoyance. ' Did you see that ? ' she stammered ; and as Agnes nodded assent : ' Did you see anything else ? ' she asked again.

" ' No, I did *not*, I am thankful to say,' replied the astonished girl, ' I couldn't bear the light of the lantern in my eyes, so drew the curtains all round me to banish it.'

" Lady Murray breathed such an evident and deep sigh of relief that Agnes added quietly : ' Is there any story connected with that room ? What do you mean by asking me if I saw *anything further* ? '

" ' Well,' replied Lady Murray, ' there is a story of sorts, though I myself refuse to believe in ghosts or any of that kind of nonsense. As a matter of fact the room hasn't been slept in for years : and it was only because we've an unusually large party of guests to entertain this autumn, that I said to my husband : " Jim, I'm not going to allow that fine large bedroom at the end of the ' priest's passage ' to stand empty any longer, just for the sake of some ' old wives' tales ' invented by the servants most likely. It's airy and lofty and more commodious by far than many of the other bedrooms. I intend to put somebody to sleep in it this year and make an end of such wicked nonsense ! ' "

" ' As for your seeing anything further than you did, my dear girl,' she continued hurriedly, ' I only know the story as it was told to me when I first married and came here. The tale runs as follows : That, had you *not* drawn those curtains, you would have most certainly seen, gradually appearing under the lantern's ruddy gleam, the head and shoulders of a man with the *throat cut from ear to ear* ! '

" ' Rumour has it, that about two hundred years ago the owner of this house was murdered in that particular room by a revengeful stable-boy, who cherishing some secret grudge against his master, entered the room as the latter lay asleep, and *cut his throat*, by the light of a *stable-lantern* ! ' "

* * * * *

Mrs. Camperfield's third ghost story turned out to be a very brief one. She had been taking tea at the Rectory on the previous afternoon, and conversation happening to turn towards Hampton Court—that play-ground of historic ghosts—a young lady who was present—Miss Hammond by name—remarked that she very often stayed at Wolsey's famous palace with an aunt who had rooms there.

The last time Evelyn Hammond was at Hampton Court, she happened to go upstairs to her bedroom immediately after lunch,

and sat idly sewing or reading beside the open window, which looked straight down into one of the great courtyards of the palace, empty of life save for two or three chattering sparrows, in the clear pale sunlight of an early spring afternoon.

Suddenly, and to Miss Hammond's great surprise, she noticed that the courtyard was no longer deserted; but a large concourse of people most curiously dressed—they reminded her of figures in some of Holbein's famous pictures—was slowly making its way across it. And in the centre of the group, with hands tied tightly behind her back and a scarf across her eyes, walked a beautiful young girl of about seventeen, dressed in a quaintly cut brocaded-velvet gown, with long fair hair, all dishevelled and escaping from under her hood or wimple.

"What were they going to do with her: where were they taking the girl? Could a fancy dress fair or anything of that kind be going on in some other part of the palace?" Thus Evelyn pondered, leaning as far out of window as she could and watching the motley procession pass slowly and majestically across the courtyard and then disappear from view—either round the corner of a projecting turret, or (as it seemed to her fascinated gaze) *into* the wall opposite—she was never quite sure which of the two things happened!

But a few minutes afterwards, her aunt coming upstairs and into the room, Evelyn described to her the whole strange occurrence.

"Who could those odd-looking people have been, auntie, and what were they doing with that charming young girl?" she gasped.

Old Miss Hammond, a stout, elderly, and eminently prosaic person, let herself down on the side of Evelyn's bed and drew a deep breath after her toilsome journey up two flights of rather steep stairs. Then she replied very slowly and deliberately, as one who only half-believes what she is going to say:—

"My dear, it's a point of honour with those of us who happen to reside in this curious old-world place never on any account to speak about the strange things that we see here!"

ANGELS

By F. FIELDING-OULD

WE may lightly believe a thing to be true without at all realizing it, or entertaining even the least hope that it might one day be demonstrated as an undeniable fact. Such is the belief in the "Communion of Saints," which the Church has never ceased to profess and proclaim, but which has, in recent years at least, become little more than an empty form of words. The study of the occult, the exploration of the "things invisible" from a new and unorthodox standpoint, has since about 1870, been steadily and with cumulative authority throwing light upon many neglected and half understood tenets of the Christian faith. Good Christians have never denied the existence of angels, but for most men they had come to be almost classed with fairies and mermaids, while theologians explained that Providence, fulfilling Himself in many ways and divers manners, had changed His methods, and that neither miracles nor angel visitants need be expected any more. An angel releasing St. Peter from prison shocked no one's sense of the fitness of things—it was a long time ago, and who knows what might have happened in those days?—but to think of angels as entering our common homes to-day, angels going up and down the Strand or Regent Street, helping, guiding, prompting, dissuading, whispering and watching people in black coats, who have *John Bull* in their pockets, seemed as impossible as it was profane, and if there are many thousands to-day who do believe such things with all their heart and soul (as there undoubtedly are), and find in this belief one of the noblest and happiest, most inspiring and comforting of their thoughts, then it is not Popes and prelates, general councils or May meetings which we must thank, but the spiritualist and his friends over the border.

But the belief in angels has not only been revived, it has been revised and re-stated in new and profoundly moving terms.

The venerable tradition taught still from the pulpit is that angels are of a nature and essential quality quite distinct from that of their "fellow servants," men. They were created full grown and perfect in power and virtue, we are told, knowing no

change throughout the uncounted ages of their existence, but that involved in their progressive penetration into the Infinite mystery of the Being of God.

Father Lepicier, in his book *The Unseen World*, pp. 19-30, summarizing this tradition says: "According to Catholic teaching, these pure spirits are to be acknowledged as quite distinct in kind from the souls of men, whether united to a body as in the earth life, or separated from it by death." "Angels possess from the very commencement of their existence the whole store of knowledge peculiar to their state," which implies that they have no need of either probation or education.

St. Thomas Aquinas, in his *Summa Theologiæ*, recognizes three hierarchies of angels:

1. Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones.
2. Dominions, Virtues, Powers.
3. Principalities, Archangels, Angels,

and thus distinguishes their nature from that of men. "The orders in the angels are adequately distinguished by the gifts of grace, but dispositively by natural gifts, forasmuch as the angels are given gratuitous gifts according to the capacity of their natural gifts; which is not the case with men. Hence, among men the orders are distinguished according to the gratuitous gifts only and not according to natural gifts."

Dionysius the Areopagite and St. John Damascene (*De Fide Orthodoxa*) make a somewhat similar division. St. Gregory the Great gathers the nine orders mentioned in Ephesians i. 21, and Colossians i. 16, into three hierarchies, each of three ranks or sub-divisions.

Profound veneration for these sinless and god-like beings culminated in positive worship as we find recorded in Colossians ii. 18. The abuse is condemned by St. Theodoret commenting on the passage, and heretics who fell into this error, such as the Simonians and Cerinthians, are refuted and reproved by Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Epiphanius and others. Jerome speaks of Jews in his day who were addicted to the practice, and the heresy was formally disowned and condemned by the 35th Canon of the Council of Laodicea, A.D. 394.

The angelic ministry was a great reality to the early Church. The festival of St. Michael and All Angels on September 29 was instituted in the sixth century, a feast with its three days' preliminary fast which Ethelred in 1014 maintained and enforced with the severest penalties. Origen, in a letter against Celsus, says: "Angels offer the Christian's prayers to God and bring

back blessings and gifts," and St. Basil commenting on Psalm xxiii. observes that "as smoke chases away bees and stench dogs, so the ordure of sin driveth away the angel, the keeper of life."

The Jews received their angeology, including the idea of the radical difference between their nature and ours, from the Persians during the Babylonian captivity, whence they got the names of the orders of Seraphim (love angels), Ophanim (wheel angels), Chayoth (living creatures) and much besides. (See Edersheim, *Messiah*, appendix XIII.)

The names of seven archangels have been handed down by tradition. But it is to be noted that twice in the Scriptural accounts of their appearances angels have manifested great reluctance to give their personal names (Gen. xxxii. 29; Judges xiii. 18). Names were considered in ancient days as having a potent significance and were used for magic purposes as "Words of power" (Acts xix. 13; Acts iv. 7), and we are told that the cautious secrecy with which the ineffable name of God was guarded among the Jews has resulted in its true form being utterly lost. A spirit speaking through a medium has said: "If a name be called with vehemence by those on earth the owner of that name cannot but be notified of it. He attends and acts as is possible and best," and it is to be observed in this connection that spirits who are regular controls of mediums use pseudonyms or their old discarded earth-life names and not those new and appropriate designations which express what they really are, and by which they might be invoked and possibly to some extent constrained.

The Jewish converts of the first age carried their angelic traditions with them into the Church, where they have been received and elaborated ever since. "The angels," says Alban Butler, summarizing the teaching of Ignatius, Gregory and Theodoret, "are by the perfection of their nature superior to men—man is in natural perfections essentially inferior and subordinate to these pure spirits." And again, "the angels are all pure spirits, that is, they are uncompounded immaterial substances, or subsisting simple beings, which have no parts as bodies and matter have. In them nothing is to be found of colour, shape, extension or any other qualities of matter." The "proof" text quoted in support of such a position is Hebrews ii. 16, where in the Authorized Version the author of the epistle seems to exult that Christ took a human rather than an angelic nature, thereby presaging a super-angelic destiny for mankind. The passage however, is certainly mistranslated, and really should

run "For surely it is not angels but the seed of Abraham that He *taketh by the hand to help*" (R. Rendall's translation).

The word angel (*ἄγγελος*, a messenger) implies no qualitative superiority, but connotes an office, and men engaged in similar work are also called "angels" in Scripture (Rev. ii. 1).

It is possible that angels visiting the earth might temporarily assume a human form, but if they invariably wear our likeness, the first and natural conclusion is that it is also their own normal appearance, though perhaps for the duration of their mission bereft of its native beauty and glory. Yet Daniel saw "a certain man clothed in linen—his body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire" (Dan. x. 6). Owing to his merely human appearance the angelic visitor is not always recognized as such, his quality only being detected on a closer scrutiny (Judges xiii. 16).

If angels are called in Scripture "Sons of God" and even "Gods" no less are men (Ps. lxxxii. 6; John x. 35). Moreover Christ promised that the righteous should one day be "as the angels," which would seem an impossibility if their natures were fundamentally distinct. The writer who said, "I am the tadpole of an archangel," was right, and though our elder brethren may have completed triumphantly the successive stages of their education and unfolding before this world was, we late comers have our feet upon the same road.

A spirit speaking the other day through a well-known medium emphatically confirmed this idea, and offered an ingenious explanation of the old tradition of the essential difference between angelic and human natures. Many persons die in infancy and grow to maturity on "the other side." These might be considered as beings of another nature from man's, for being quite ignorant of earthly experience they are untouched, when they occasionally revisit the earth, by motives, impulses and tendencies to which we by reason of use and past indulgence are readily subject and responsive. Such "angels" on their mission of mercy may enter the most alluring dens of vice with entire impunity, and without the least risk of mental defilement. "Pure" spirits indeed, but not in a theological sense.

The fact that a belief has been held unchallenged for centuries is, though imposing, no real test of its truth. The earth is not flat, and surrounded by a river because former generations thought it so. Man, however, from a mistaken sense of loyalty and a natural suspicion of what is new and untried, will cling to his old opinions though one rise from the grave to refute his errors.

The Jews believed that every nation had its guardian Angel, St. Michael being the protector of their own race. Under Christianity the guardianship of the peoples has rather been considered as the function of certain of the glorified Saints, St. George for England, St. Andrew for Scotland, St. Denis for France and so forth.

The Jews also believed each individual had assigned to him at birth a guardian angel whose duty it was to conduct him safely through the mazes of difficulty and temptation to the hour of his death. The Church adopted this teaching and has always maintained it. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation?" asks the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. "Grant that as Thy Holy angels always do Thee service in Heaven, so by Thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth," says the collect for St. Michael and All Angels.

St. Frances of Rome (A.D. 1384) habitually *saw* her guardian angel, whom at the command of her superior she thus describes: "His stature was that of a child of about nine years old, his aspect full of sweetness and of dignity, words cannot describe the Divine purity of his gaze. His brow is always serene and his glance kindles in the soul the flame of ardent devotion. He wears a long shining robe and over it a tunic either white as the lilies of the field or of the colour of a red rose or of the hue of the sky when it is most deeply blue. When he walks by my side his feet are never soiled by the dust of the road." She goes on to tell how if her conduct or thought falls below her highest ideal the radiant figure seems to fade and grow dim, but that repentance and amendment restore him clearly to her sight.

St. Thomas Aquinas lays it down that the guardian cannot be grieved or pained by our unworthy behaviour, his knowledge of God's supreme control and his sense that all is well lifting him above the level of disappointment. Though if "there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" we might well expect the incorrigible backslider to cause his unseen friend corresponding sorrow.

Jeanne d'Arc was another who actually saw her guardian angels and even clasped their feet on occasion. Her "angels," however, she clearly recognized as glorified saints, St. Catherine, St. Margaret and others (though St. Michael the Archangel also came), which affords additional evidence for our contention that there is no essential difference in their being, but that man may fulfil the functions of an "angel" as he also shares his nature.

The teaching of modern spiritualism, while fully confirming the ancient belief in guardian angels makes some modifications in the doctrine. The guardians, or guides as the communicating spirits prefer to term them, are not authoritatively appointed to their charge by God, but voluntarily attach themselves to a soul incarnate, frequently with some specific end in view, such as the development of a special talent which they see latent in the mind, or for the accomplishment of some definite work. And though the association may last for years it is not necessarily a life-long relation.

Several spirits may at one time be interested in the same human soul and help him in various ways as opportunity occurs. A man may, they further tell us, by degenerating into a coarser and more degraded way of life, fall below the level on which his guide can act, in which case another of lower grade attaches himself to him, one more capable of penetrating the denser and darker conditions or one more in sympathy with a soul tried by such forms of temptation. The nobler and more aspiring the life, the greater and more exalted the unseen guide.

A beautiful story of the Middle Ages is told of St. Cedric, who with his aged mother made the great and arduous pilgrimage to Rome. At an early stage of the journey a maiden joined them and asked to be allowed to accompany them on their way. She found them sleeping places, begged food for them, and bathed their weary feet when the day's tramp was over. The vow was duly accomplished, and at last the returning pilgrims came once more in sight of the towers of Southwark. Then the girl stood out before the simple couple and courteously asked permission to depart: "I have," she said, "a glorious dwelling-place, and I am now expected there." Leave was granted with surprise and regret, and immediately the maiden vanished from sight. But it would be easy to give examples of much more modern instances of the visible guidance and succour of the angel guardians.

Let a man once clear his mind of the supposed celestial nature of the winged angel of tradition and realize that love and sympathy are not dimmed nor destroyed by death, and he will have no difficulty in realizing the truth that the departed are often near his path; a husband still solicitous for the partner he has left to struggle alone, a mother still yearning for her lost children's welfare; while other and greater spirits, denizens of higher spheres of life, may, full of missionary enthusiasm, once more penetrate to dim earthly conditions on errands of mercy and help.

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.*]

EVIDENCE OF A FUTURE LIFE: MRS. WILCOX'S EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—So many letters have come to me since my communication appeared in your September number, relative to seeking *proof* of continuity of life beyond the grave, that I feel called upon to write again, and state that since the first of September, or rather since the tenth of that month, the most glorious and unquestionable proofs of that great fact have come to me.

I am not ready to tell the details; my experience is too wonderful, too amazing, too unusual, and too extensive to permit of hasty recital.

Then, too, it is still continuing, and growing in value, and in proofs of its authenticity.

An eminent member of the Theosophical Society has twice put aside most important work, to come to my home and witness what is coming to me; and he and the two or three other friends who have taken part in it feel as I do, that not even Sir Oliver Lodge, in his wonderful book *Raymond*, has been given such overwhelming proofs of life and memory immortal, as have been accorded me.

When the time is ripe, my experience will be made known to the world, and he that has ears will hear and understand.

That which has been given to me increases my great love and reverence for the God behind this Universe, and for all His holy angels. Since this privilege has been granted me, all my sorrow over the passing out of my beloved husband has been changed to joy that he is permitted to be the messenger of such glorious truths to the world. And never again can I know loneliness, gloom or sadness. The whole Universe seems to me radiant with light, and my pathway, which I thought utterly desolate as it descended toward old age, now seems an ascended highway to Glory Infinite.

Where two months ago I was rebelling at the thought of being compelled to remain on earth, I now thank God for the fact that I am allowed to stay and receive this message from my husband, and transmit it to the souls in suffering, who are ready to receive it.

At present, I can only beg these suffering ones to dry their tears, and seek serenity, and to PRAY WITHOUT CEASING for the calm state of mind which will allow their beloved dead to say to them, "WE STILL LIVE AND STILL LOVE. Immortal life is a fact: we retain our memory of dear ones, and for those who still love us, REUNION IS INEVITABLE."

THE FORM OF THE SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am a subscriber to your REVIEW of ten years' standing, and many a weary hour in a lonely tea garden has been solaced by studying the current number or the volumes of back numbers that I possess, and I am truly grateful to you and your contributors, to you especially for your very interesting "Notes of the Month." But there is one question that I have never seen discussed in your Magazine or, for that matter, in any other, and that is, what *form* do we manifest in higher existences? I agree, of course, with the statement that man is made in the image of his Maker, and all spiritualistic experiences seem to show that the "revenants" come back in forms resembling those they used on earth; but if you come to consider that most, if not all, of our earthly organs are not required in the next state, and that these organs go to make up the form we use here, what is the use of the specific *human* form in the next world? Perhaps this was the difficulty felt by the artists of old in describing the Cherubim, and who tried to get over the difficulty by drawing them as winged *heads*, but even this sublimation of the human form does not quite overcome the difficulty, as we are given to understand that we shall not require to use our mouths for eating, drinking, or even speaking, and physical eyes and ears are no good for spiritual sight or hearing. So what remains? A form in outline by which we may be recognized by our friends? but even this is not necessary, as we all know that the mere *presence* of an enemy or friend can be *spiritually* cognized even here on earth. Pure spirit, as such, has no form, but we must not forget that, though the Son of God is manifest in human form, still God is also manifested in the million forms of nature, and that the stars and planets are manifested forms of God, and are considered by some writers to be actual living beings with spirit, soul, and body.

So perhaps hereafter we may all be manifested only as living globes of light! and after all a globe—a perfect sphere—is the simplest *form* there is in nature.

I should feel grateful to you or any of your contributors if you could resolve this point which has exercised me from childhood.

Yours very sincerely,

W. W. HARRIS.

MOKHUMPORE,
DEHRA DUN,
U.P. INDIA.

SOUNDS AND COLOURS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I point out to Mr. P. Fraser, who has written to your September magazine in reference to my letter on "Sounds and Colours," that he has not read mine quite clearly. I mentioned distinctly that on the violin, sounds, which on the piano are obliged

to be notified by *one key*, may be produced on strings in their actual pitch. I think the explanation is really owing to this—that in our minds, we naturally feel things more nearly connected that have the same name, hence it follows that most people would sense *D and D#* as being nearer together than *D and E*.

The piano is only a modern instrument, and I doubt greatly as to its correctness of intonation.

I have recently come across at least two people who could not realize our intervals easily. One, a girl, sang a chromatic passage of twelve separate sounds and only ascended from middle C to A above instead of reaching the octave C, so that the intervals were *all* smaller than normal semitones. Another, who had lived in India some years, said our semitones seemed quite *large* intervals to him, and thus made it extremely difficult to recognize ordinary intervals on the piano!

I am hoping soon to discover sounds and colours in sympathy to each other; that is, to find the rate of vibration which produces at the same time its own colour *and* sound.

I am, sincerely yours,

(MRS.) ALYS WATSON.

5 WORDSWORTH CRESCENT,
HARROGATE.

PORTENTS IN THE SKY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—On October 3, about 5.30 p.m., some remarkable clouds were seen in the north-east. The observer, a reliable person, was near Mold and thus describes them. "At sunset I was sitting by the window when an extremely bright golden cloud caught my eye. To my surprise I saw it was like an immense eagle with beak open and outstretched wings, which drooped; the attitude denoted distress. Resting on its tail were a lion and unicorn clearly defined, while close behind, but detached from the others, was a huge bear, in a peaceful attitude, sitting upright. All faced the east, and although they took shape one after the other, all were distinct as a picture for some seconds before the eagle began to fade away, the others following.

Later the same evening a complete lunar rainbow was seen by another person in the same locality.

Yours truly,

MARY CROSLAND TAYLOR.

THE MICROSCOPE OF THE FUTURE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—On Sunday evening, October 15, 1916, a small circle of students, interested in all phases of occult thought, met, and during the discussion which ensued, we were unconsciously led to a consideration of the probable cause of the dread malady of cancer, the apparent inability of medical practitioners to detect the presence

of the disease in its earlier stages, and failure to eradicate it in many instances when discovered.

It was felt that in the treatment of this and similar diseases medical skill would be supplemented and its efficiency enhanced, if to such appliances as the X-rays was added the faculty of clairvoyant vision. The mention of various instruments used in connection with the practice of medicine and surgery led to a discussion on the adaptability of the modern microscope to research work in the laboratory, and the possibility of the evolution of a still more powerful and efficient instrument in the future, as an aid to scientific research.

At this juncture a spirit friend joined in the conversation, and after explaining some difficult points for our instruction, concluded his remarks by saying that the microscope of the future would be of such fine and delicate construction that man's fingers would scarcely be able to handle it. He likened the present day microscope to a horn window compared with the instrument of the future.

The description of the microscope, as revealed to me, is as follows :—

In place of the usual lens, a half sphere made of glass so fine and highly polished that the glass of an electric bulb appears coarse beside it and dim in comparison. It was like a beautiful bubble and appeared to be equally fragile. When in use the convex portion of the glass pointed upward, and the flat surface at the bottom was presented towards the object under examination. I was impressed with the idea, however, that the magnifying power did not consist in the shape of the glass. I observed that the half sphere was hollow, and that it was provided at the base with a minute valve through which was introduced, by means of a tube, a perfectly colourless gas, which seemed to be the emanation from some fluid. I was permitted (clairvoyantly) to look through an ordinary microscope at an object resembling a pebble, and yet not a pebble, which was marvellously enlarged by the instrument, and then I was directed to observe the same object through the microscope of the future. The result was so amazing and wonderful that it baffles my powers of description. I can only say that the effect produced by the lens of the present day microscope was similar to the clouded vision one would expect when viewing an object through—in the words of the guide—a horn window, in contrast with the finest crystal glass. The tiny speck or pebble, which previously appeared as a solid mass, was now revealed to be in reality composed of myriads of infinitesimal globes, each of which were revolving, and the light they emitted so hurt my eyes that when the vision was withdrawn I felt acutely the reaction in the physical organs. It was the minute particles composing the object under examination which emitted the light which seemed to be golden in colour, and yet its rays through the globe appeared more like lightning flashes.

Yours faithfully,

EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA.

J. F.

A MEDIUM'S PREDICTION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your correspondent, A. P. Palmer, who wrote in the October issue about a curious prophecy quoted in my little *Spiritualism* volume, I admit that I do not now feel quite so flippant about it. It seemed absurd at the time, for a sinking of the British Isles beneath the sea was unlikely; but there certainly was an “upheaval” and a beginning of world-shaking events at the time stated—July, 1914—and the message may have been a genuine prediction in symbolic form. Perhaps “they” were trying to get a definite prediction through, but failed in consequence of the medium’s mind interpreting the idea too materially.

The medium was a non-professional, and genuine enough, but her controls were rather pretentious, alleging themselves to be certain great ones of the earth, as is so often the case, and I did not feel able to take their communications very seriously.

Yours faithfully,
J. ARTHUR HILL.

CLAREMONT,
THORNTON, BRADFORD.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

BIBBY'S Annual for the year 1917 appears well in advance to serve the purpose which is served so regularly and well by the Christmas numbers of popular illustrated magazines. On the present occasion the best of these must look to their laurels. Even our admirable friend *The Bookman*, which has long held the field, will find it scarcely possible to surpass and difficult perhaps to equal. The issue is a great pageant of pictures from cover to cover, the cover itself included and the inside pages of these, which are after the manner of end papers in a costly gift-book. The pictures within the text are for the most part reproductions of well-known master-works of great modern artists. They are therefore familiar enough, but it is the kind of familiarity which holds up a torch to our devotion; and whether they are in colour, in monotone, or in black and white, the reproductions are in all cases exquisite. As it is impossible to speak of all, a word shall be said especially of *King Arthur in Avalon*, from the unfinished picture by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It seems to us beyond all words for beauty and suggestion, the kind of suggestion and the kind of beauty with which true genius alone could give expression in colour to the divine intimations of the old Arthurian romance. The son of the artist, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart., describes the picture and provides a note on its history. Mr. Harold W. Bromhead writes on the legend of King Arthur and reminds us of some things about which it is good to be reminded, for they are on the spiritual side. Those who are familiar with the annual will know that the letterpress is usually theosophical in complexion; and on the present occasion there are articles on reincarnation, on the "causal body" of adeptship and on thought-forms as illustrating the power of thought. In conclusion, we are much impressed by Mr. Sullivan's two illustrations to Leigh Hunt's famous poem *Abou Ben Adhem*, and by the wonderful boldness and beauty of that great ship—on page three of the cover—which illustrates one of the more notable poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Under the editorship of Mr. Harold Baillie-Weaver, *The Vahan* is taking its place among the more important theosophical magazines. The current issue gives naturally a prominent place to the unconditional liberty which now ensures to Mrs. Besant the resumption of all her activities, while the next important point treated in the leading article is of a kind which comes home to the society in a different but not less particular manner. This is the commandeering of the new Headquarters Buildings in London, the Temporary Hall included, for the present needs of the War Office. We note with interest, under the new editorship, an apparently increasing sympathy with Christian

aspects of mystical doctrine and experience. An article on the future of Christianity in the present number makes allusion to what may be called on our own part the state of consciousness in Christ Mystical, while its mode of expression might not be unacceptable to several schools of Christian mystical thought. . . . In *The Theosophist* we are glad to note that some papers on the nature of Mysticism by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, which have been held over for a very long time, now reach their conclusion in a brief consideration of the subject from the theosophical point of view. Taking the series as a whole, we feel that some aspects have been missed, as if the writer had set out with a wider programme in view; but there is at least a certain truth in one of the closing remarks. It is suggested that "the more mystic ways a soul will attempt and sympathize with, the more fully he will live his own characteristic life of Mysticism." This could scarcely be otherwise when it is once realized that—if ways in a sense are many—the goal is always one. The ways meet at the goal and draw so near to each other as this is approached that a time comes when they may seem to be one way. . . . The last issue of *Divine Life*, which comes to us from Chicago, is almost exclusively occupied by editorial diatribe on the incorporation of "Old Catholic" forms, ritual and doctrine with official theosophy, more especially in the person of Mr. J. I. Wedgwood, who has become a bishop of the sect. We hold no brief on either side of the subject, and make no pretence to understand why or under what circumstances certain theosophical leaders have gone through some form of "ordination" by representatives of the particular episcopacy. We may doubt very much whether the Dollinger movement, or that which lay behind it in and about the year 1870, will be in a position to realize its own identity when things have developed further. At the same time the kind of comments which appear in *Divine Life* are not calculated to promote the interests of that Independent Theosophical Society of America of which it is the official organ. . . . In an article on "the value of theosophy" which has appeared in *Theosophy in India*, a native Judge of the Mysore Chief Court reminds us that the society was established in India so far back as 1879. Taken as a whole, he affirms that it stands for a philosophy which satisfies the "changing conditions and requirements" of humanity. He speaks also of the approaching advent of a World-Teacher "who will give a fresh direction and a powerful impetus to the progress of the world."

There are useful intimations in a contrast between Hindu Scriptures and Rationalism in a recent issue of *The Vedanta Kesari*. It is said that the Vedas have long since ceased to be the practical basis of religion in India, and that although the Upanishads are the actual groundwork of Eastern religious philosophies they are no longer of much weight with the mass of Hindoos. A similar story is told of the other great texts, not excepting most of the Puranas. The Gita, however, stands forth as still of universal authority and as the one

textbook regarded with respect by the thoughtful and by the ignorant with veneration. Out of it has come the universal belief in Krishna as descended Deity in person. His gracious utterances in the sacred work are the last words on every point of religion and also on moral law. With this general position the writer compares that of the educated Hindoo, whose mind has been cultivated under contact with Western thought. He has to choose between orthodox views on the eternity and infallibility of the Vedas—their connexions included—and the standpoint of critical modern scholarship. It comes about that the alleged eternity is taken to symbolize an immeasurable antiquity in time. So also as regards the inherent efficacy of sacrificial and other rituals, he comes and can come only to look at them as outward symbols of spiritual ideas. Whether satisfied or not with these qualified methods, the writer of the article desires that the educated and intellectual native classes should go back to the study at large of their sacred books, and he suggests that they should do so on this basis and from these points of departure. In respect of the Gita, though it is first and foremost a textbook of religion and philosophy, it is claimed to contain true guiding principles for estimating the relative values of all the sacred writings. . . . *The Vedic Magazine* gives several quotations from the text of the Rig Veda on the subject of marriage, the ordinance concerning its institution and on conduct in wedded life. It is held that the marriage of one man with many women, or vice versa, is clearly prohibited, but this is without prejudice to the subsequent remarriage of widowed persons. A bachelor should not, however, enter into the married state with a widow. There is, moreover, that class which is termed "twice-born" and to these a second contract seems forbidden under any circumstances. The essay with which we have been dealing is distinct from those papers on the philosophy of Hindu marriage which are concluded in the same issue. Their author claims to have shown that as ancient Hindu Law is based on eternal principles of religious philosophy, so are the Hindu marriage-rituals grounded upon principles of relation. The papers have been exceedingly diffuse and are difficult to follow by a Western mind. Furthermore, the point reached seems to be a foregone conclusion.

La Revue Spirite discusses the phenomena referable to spiritism in the annals of Christian sanctity. It distinguishes two kinds, of which the first is inferior and is explicable by what is termed cerebral automatism. Beyond this there is a superior order, which remains unexplained. Both are apparently characteristics or manifestations of subconscious being, and both are represented in the lives of the saints as well as in abnormal occurrences at this day. Explanations differ as hypotheses concerning the facts are distinct. According to theological findings they come from a divine source, but according to spiritism they come from disembodied entities. It is argued that the latter is in a better position because it does not exclude the former,

whereas the first, in the hands by which it is used, is made to exclude the second. The writer proceeds to distinguish between the records of rational mysticism, represented, e.g., by Santa Teresa, and the communications which came through such saints as Hildegarde, Bridget, Gertrude and Maria D'Agreda. . . . *The Harbinger of Light* continues to represent the psychology and philosophy of spiritualism in Australia with credit to itself and the subjects. One contemporary has been always edited with care, discrimination and considerable reserve. Unfortunately it reaches us somewhat intermittently in these days of stress. Some recent issues have contained interesting excerpts from the editor's psychic diary, being records of automatic writing through an exceptionally well-developed medium. Among the personalities claiming to communicate there are such names as Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Charles Lamb and Bismarck. The difficulty in many cases has been to obtain evidences of identity; but in some—as a result of patient inquiries through various parts of the world—the statements contained in messages have been verified in a way which is held to justify an opinion that the question of identity has been established. Dr. Isidore Kozminsky is contributing a series of articles on mythology as an aid to astrology.

In the last issue of *The Builder* Dr. Fort Newton gives an interesting biographical and critical account of Albert Pike, characterized as a master-genius of Masonry. Such undoubtedly was he who desired that his only monument should be in the hearts and memories of his brethren of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. He had raised that Rite from a comparatively obscure position, encompassed by many competitors, to its present unrivalled state as a High Grade system of Masonry. Dr. Newton says in his picturesque manner that Pike found Masonry in a log-cabin and left it in a temple. Whether this is true of the great Brotherhood at large may be scarcely an open question. The Craft or Symbolic Degrees developed along other lines and under other auspices. But it is true, as we have indicated, in respect of the Scottish Rite. Pike rewrote its Rituals and managed its affairs for a long period with the most conspicuous success and with the results stated. We believe that he has long since attained that incorruptible monument which he sought, that his name will be ever green and of precious memory in all American Masonry.

The *Quarterly Bulletin* of the Grand Lodge of Iowa is instructive reading as regards the general progress of Freemasonry, and especially the work of research therein. We learn also that the Supreme Council in the Northern Jurisdiction of the Scottish Rite is making plans for the relief of Masons with the American Expeditionary Forces. The Grand Lodge of New York in a recent communication has pledged to the Government of the United States its unswerving support, so that victory may crown the American arms and so that the government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

REVIEWS

THE RELIGION OF TO-MORROW: A STUDY IN THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. By W. J. Colville. 7½ ins. × 4½ ins.; pp. vi + 320 + 1 plate. London: William Rider and Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C. 4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a notable volume. The author, who departed from this life whilst the proofs of it were still in the press, had already won for himself a position of high esteem as an exponent of what is termed "New Thought," but I venture to think that were this book his sole literary production his name would not lightly be forgotten. He has rightly seen the lines along which Religion must evolve, unless it is to become merely an historical curiosity, and the latter alternative is barely thinkable if it be admitted that man is essentially a spiritual creature, with spiritual aspirations. No doubt there are points of detail here and there in the book which it is possible to criticize. Some readers for instance, may consider the Decalogue a less lofty and reliable guide to life than Mr. Colville suggests (p. 218), whilst others may think that he has not adequately dealt with the *pros* and *cons* of the reincarnation-hypothesis in the chapter devoted thereto (though the undogmatic tone of that chapter and its conclusions are altogether admirable). But of the book as a whole, of the spirit in which it has evidently been conceived and executed, and of its main lines of argument and conclusion, I, for one, can speak only in terms of the very highest praise. It is the work of a mind wise, liberal and cultured—a mind that has achieved something higher than mere toleration (how Mr. Colville rightly hates that word)—a mind fully alive to all the great issues involved.

The religion of to-morrow will be in the very best sense an eclecticism, embracing all that is best, not only in the various phases of Christianity, but also in the other great world-religions, embracing too the things that are of true worth in Paganism (old and dead say some, though its spirit is as alive as ever to-day) and of those newer cults, which, judge them how we will, nevertheless, have met with a reception proportionate to the needs they satisfy. It will by no means dispense with sacramentalism, but rather aim at including and utilizing all means that various minds find of service in leading them to God. And above all it will be practical—it will have a social conscience—and whilst by no means neglecting the spiritual need of mankind and the development of his spiritual powers, will serve also his physical needs. It will aim at, and God grant secure, social justice and happiness and world-peace.

A. S. REDGROVE.

THE INVISIBLE GUIDE. By C. Lewis Hind. London: Headley Bros., Kingsway, W.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Hind, in his "Dedication," observes of the various essays which make up his book, that they are "now composed into the Pattern Planned," the pattern is, at most, a mosaic.

But people who regard a butterfly-flight from topic to topic as the thing most desirable in wartime literature, will find much to enchant them in this clever little sequence of six-and-twenty chapters, with their slender yet unbreakable connecting link of a dead friend's influence, and unseen companionship.

The news of the death, from wounds, of Jimmy Carstairs reaches a little band of his intimate friends on a Surrey hill, whither, according to an old endeared custom, they have climbed, with rugs, torches and a Kamp-ite outfit, "to watch the moon swing clear of the trees."

The writer, in an impulse of grief, goes a little apart, to keep a lonely watch till dawn breaks. Soon there comes to him an overwhelming consciousness of the dead man's presence; and the involuntary ejaculation "Jimmy is not dead!" becomes the inspiration of the sequence.

We come to know the dead man with some degree of intimacy—through the mirror of his friends' loving memories, through the long illuminating excerpts from his letters and journals, and (more, perhaps, than all the rest!) from the talk about his pictures, which, for all their realistic simplicity, had, we are given to understand, such essential other-worldliness. . . . "See, there's . . . the one he called 'Glimmer and Mass'—that old barn of a factory, as ugly and menacing as anything can be. . . . The mass of the material, the glimmer of the spiritual."

And, for the rest, Jimmy is made to come and go, pause and pass, speak and be silent, with something of the true ghostly manner. He *haunts* the book; even that part of it which deals with a period wherein, we are told, his "guidance faded" and his "image was blurred."

His "silent voice," his softly-breathed comments from "behind the hills of death," stimulate rather than hinder the flight from topic to topic. We are carried from the Surrey hill to the "muck" of the trenches; from Christ to Germans; from the social problems of the planet Mars to the morphia habit and the Imperial Memorial of Gratitude to the Fallen. The author, however, falls somewhat often into the snare set for writers who have read much. We grow a little tired of the quotation marks. But still we cannot leave Mr. Hind without a word of gratitude for the cordial cup he has contrived to brew from his bitter grief, and to offer to other mourners.

G. M. H.

THE MYSTERY OF GABRIEL. By Michael Wood. London: Longmans Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 5s. net.

HERE we have before us another psychological novel from the author of *The Penitent of Brent*, and those who enjoyed that story will read Michael Wood's latest with equal pleasure.

The plot is simple enough and consists in the finding of a deserted child in some meadows by the woman Honor Foranner, who rescues and decides to adopt it as her own.

The boy, however, soon shows signs of an unusual temperament, exercising at school a curious influence over his companions, an influence so marked, disastrous and extraordinary that his master is forced to advise his withdrawal. In later years his character develops along strange and unpleasant lines, he becomes the victim of what he imagines to be evil hereditary influences, and is tempted to commit horrible and inhuman crimes. Being a very decent fellow at heart and endowed with a strong will, he resists these abominable suggestions and is led at last to confide his condition in Father Standish, and ultimately finds safety and salvation in Brent.

But to relate how this is accomplished and the final ghastly dénouement would only spoil the story for the reader.

The real interest of the book lies in the question as to how far "suggestion" was really responsible for the lad's strange character, the abnormal side of his nature developing only after he overheard an unguarded conversation between his violin master and another concerning dark possibilities in his heredity.

It is not made very clear which of the two great forces were responsible—suggestion or heredity. Perhaps the author is not sure himself and presents the story as a character study to be determined by his readers. Certain it is that the key to his soul remains wrapped in mystery and for ever hidden from imperfect human knowledge. VIRGINIA MILWARD.

TELEPATHY, GENUINE AND FRAUDULENT. By W. W. Baggally, Member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research. With a Preface by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, W.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

SIR OLIVER LODGE, in his Prefatory Note to Mr. Baggally's book, defines Telepathy as "the direct action of mind on mind apart from the ordinary channels of sense," and remarks that "it is not a coping-stone completing an erection, but a foundation-stone on which to build." Mr. W. Wortley Baggally, a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, is a well-known investigator of supernormal faculties and phenomena, to which he has devoted many years of careful study. In the present volume he has divided his researches into three groups: Part I, Genuine Telepathy; Part II, Fraudulent Telepathy; while in Part III he details many public and private experiments with the world-famous Zancigs. The author briefly mentions the several theories which have been offered to "explain" the action of telepathy. "Not one of these theories," he observes, "has been accepted as proved by the Society for Psychical Research." (This need occasion no surprise!) Mr. Baggally's own experiments with Miss Felbin are extremely interesting, and he also gives one or two authentic cases of "spontaneous telepathy." Such cases, by the way, are probably more frequent than is generally known, and if carefully recorded would always be of value. The author makes it quite clear that his researches have led him fully to believe in the existence of the telepathic faculty, and one must cordially agree with him that even so far as it goes, the establishment of telepathy as a scientific truth would "modify the materialistic scientific view of the relation of mind to matter." Readers, especially those who are but on the threshold of this fascinating realm, will find Mr. Baggally's book an incentive to further study of the vast possibilities it reveals. EDITH K. HARPER.

BLACK AND WHITE MAGIC. By E. H. W. M. and Wilfrid Blair. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. Price 3s. 6d. net.

It is seldom that the work of two writers can be gathered into one volume without one or the other—or both—suffering somewhat from contrast or comparison. But in this blended music from Elfland no such disadvantages are felt. Like the ever-recurring refrain in a symphony the elusive call of Faëry runs through the book from cover to cover. Never was a happier mating of sweet singers from Titania's realms.

The book is divided into two parts: Witchery, by E. H. W. M., and Faëry, by Wilfrid Blair. E. H. W. M.'s gnomes and goblins are rather

terrible folk. They will as soon curse you as look at you. But they are so dainty and frolicsome, even in their fiercest imprecations, that their spell is irresistible. There is a fine reticent suggestiveness in such lyrics as "Provence" and the "Two Witch Songs." Wilfrid Blair follows the trail chiefly of the "good" fairies, although he also is occasionally caught in the snares of the more tricky sprites as in the delightful "Panic," which by its music and its fancy brings you into the very heart of our English Fairyland. He is a master of rhythm and of the inevitable rhymes that "sing themselves." With what wistful magic he presents "The Strange Servant"—a fairy changed by a spell into a domestic servant. It is good to know that her folk came to her at night to "comfort her with gossipry and goodies." What old-world enchantment is in that phrase "gossipry and goodies"! "Tidings" is delightful. And in "The Witch" he strikes a deeper note. This piece is remarkable, not only for its fine workmanship, but also for a mellow and tolerant philosophy. The witch, trying to work evil spells, has been foiled by Mab. Nymphidia (who tells the tale) will not have it that the witch deserves pity. She has made hate her goal instead of love and it has been her undoing—

" Since one man broke
Her life to flinders, must she curse all folk?—
Nay, even him who wrought the ruin?—Nay,
And was it ruin?—Oh, embrace the grey
And yield the golden yet. So will you find
Your own grey melt to golden, undecined
To sooty hagdorn."

How good it is to know that neither modern science nor modern warfare has power to destroy Fairyland. R. B. INCE.

THE ROD OF THE SNAKE. By Vere Shortt and Frances Mathews.
London: John Lane. Pp. viii + 310. Price 6s.

THE heroic death of Captain Shortt meant a distinct loss to the art of fiction, as many readers of "Lost Sheep" will testify, and it was with sincere regret that one heard of the tantalizing incompleteness of a new novel by him. Thanks, however, to the industry and talent of Captain Shortt's married sister, fifteen chapters have been added to the twelve which grew under his hand, and the result is a coherent whole which, though obviously deficient in plausibility, is quite as good as many novels written by professional fictionists. Captain Shortt's forte was grim realism; as for the weird, he was better in picturing it than in expounding it and in relating it to the life of human beings. The magic "properties" of this novel, the scenes of which are laid in Ireland and France, are a statuette of a gorilla and an ironwood stick, instruments, apparently originating in Atlantis, for the manifestation of occult forces. The Irishman who serves Captain Shortt for a hero comes in contact with a sorceress, splendidly ambitious, who covets his ironwood stick and plots criminally to obtain it. The heroine undergoes a terrible ordeal and subjugation of will, but to be cynical is not the aim of the story, whatever thoughts it may occasionally awaken in the reader. It may be added that a description of strife between French strikers and the military is vividly written, and that probably the author intended to make more use of his hero's skill in swordsmanship than has his fair collaborator, whose touching little preface enhances the value of the novel as a memento. W. H. CHESSON.