

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE most usual explanation offered for the existence of evil in a world presumably created by a beneficent Deity, is that the development of mankind as responsible agents necessitated the conferring upon humanity of the gift of Free Will, without which they would have become inevitably mere automata, incapable of choosing good or evil for their own sakes. It is quite clear, however, that anything in the nature of equality of opportunity is not to be met with in the world as at present constituted, and that many of its inhabitants find themselves so handicapped at the start in the matter both of environment, predisposition, and innate evil tendencies, that a creditable earthly career is for them scarcely within the bounds of possibility. If this is the case—and in very many instances the facts are not open to dispute—the justification for the existence of evil in the world as a condition imposed by the necessity

of conferring freedom of choice on the individual would appear to fall to the ground. We see many for whom the choice of good is obvious and easy, and indeed at times even difficult of evasion, while for others the choice of evil is forced upon them by so strong a collocation of circumstances and inherent tendencies that to all intents and purposes it is impossible to resist it. The free choice, in short, which is advanced as the one excuse of a beneficent Deity for plunging his creation into suffering and sorrow, is shown to be non-existent. The truth is, whereas many ingenious theories have been advanced to account for the world-tragedy amidst which our lives are being spent, the one that, accepting the orthodox standpoint (which postulates our existence as commencing with our present life on earth), explains it as a necessary result of the freedom of the individual will, cannot bear serious investigation. We may take refuge, indeed, in the plea that the divine plan and purposes are inscrutable, and rely on a blind faith that is willing to assume that all is ordered for the best; but our reason, if we are prepared to give it fair play, revolts against any such deliberate blinking of the true facts of the case. The evil is, in short, apparent; but the good that should be brought forth out of the evil is but too frequently conspicuous by its absence.

Only if we adopt the principle of evolution on the spiritual plane taking place *pari passu* with the evolution of the physical body, does any such explanation of the origin of evil assist us in our attempt to account for its presence in a beneficently ordained universe. Then at least we are able to recognize the conditions and temperaments which prompt to lives of crime, as the results of continuous yielding to temptation in earlier incarnations, till the surrender of the soul to evil becomes an ingrained habit, fated to work out its destined cure by bitter experience of the inevitable consequences. On the acceptance of such an hypothesis, the justification of the Deity in face of the presence of evil, and indeed, of its temporary triumph, is indeed possible, on the assumption that all the higher virtues involve freedom of choice, and that, in consequence, the presence of evil in the world is (if I may so express it) a lesser evil than its absence in a world where free will is non-existent. In such a case, however, man's condition in this world and his temperament are of his own making, and not the gift of a capricious Deity. He has made his own bed, and he must lie on it. Free will, in short, implies the personal respon-

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sibility of the individual for the character which he possesses, and the circumstances in which he finds himself placed, and this responsibility is inadmissible on any other hypothesis than that of Reincarnation. If we look at the matter from another standpoint it is surely obvious that the God who endowed his children with virtues or vices, talents or defects, that they had not earned, could expect from his puppets nothing but the automatic evolution of the powers with which he had endowed them, in the soil in which they were placed to fructify. Such a Deity must, we are bound to assume, have calculated to a nicety beforehand the results of the seed he had sown in the soil in which he had placed it, and to suggest that under such circumstances he could have endowed these puppets with free will, would be as much as to say that he had planted the seed of an acorn and given it the option to grow up as a sycamore.

The fact is, little as we realize it, the orthodox creed, as ordinarily accepted, is not consistent with a belief in free will, and if we reject this belief we have no justification to offer for the presence of sin and evil on the earth. If we fail in our solution of the problem of evil, we are no longer entitled to postulate the existence of a beneficent Deity, and our house of cards is at once brought to the ground. Faced by this dilemma, many have tacitly, if not openly, taken refuge in the belief, which surface appearances so often seem to justify, in the dualistic nature of the universe, as the battle ground of the eternal struggle between the equally matched forces of good and evil. The mediæval Christian indeed frequently in his creed approximated very nearly to this belief. Amid a world torn by strife, and where brute

DUALISTIC force reigned supreme, it was inevitable that the powers of evil, and the idea of a personal Devil should loom larger and larger, while the presence of Divine Love seemed to grow dimmer and weaker by contrast till at length the conditions of the contest as depicted in Milton's "Paradise Lost"

DUALISTIC
CONCEPTION
IN
CHRISTIAN
WORLD.

seemed to be reversed as between victor and vanquished, and mankind grew to fear Satan rather than to worship God. It is curious how such a belief, incompatible as it is with the orthodox or indeed any other Christian standpoint, should have taken root in the heart of Christendom, and have been accepted apparently in many quarters without any clear realization of its essential antagonism to the faith professed. But such inconsistency is not unique. We are, it is to be feared, most of us essentially

illogical, and tend to harbour beliefs in our inner consciousness which are mutually contradictory in nature. So in the case of the origin of the existence of the individual; there are many who tend still to attribute to the parents the parenthood of the souls of their children, while otherwise accepting beliefs in the spiritual origin of the universe, quite oblivious of the fact that this conception is consistent alone with the adoption of the materialistic hypothesis. We should, indeed, do well to ask ourselves in this connection what one factor it is which beyond all others goes to the root of the essential antagonism between the materialistic and the spiritual interpretation of life. The true answer to this question I conceive to be that, on the basis of the spiritual hypothesis, the spiritual antedates the material, and is its originating

ESSENTIAL
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
MATERIAL-
ISTIC AND
SPIRITUAL
CONCEP-
TIONS.

cause. On the materialistic hypothesis the material antedates the spiritual, or, as we should probably in this case more correctly term it, the life factor, which is, through some chemical process never yet explained, its product. Thus the problem of the arrival of conscious life at the birth of a child is a typical case in point. In accepting the apparently at first sight obvious assumption that the life is derived from the two parents, it is important that we should not shut our eyes to the correlative conclusions to which we are committing ourselves. The whole materialistic hypothesis is, in fact, implicit in this acceptance of the principle that the physical gives birth to the spiritual; and having once admitted it, we have, whether we realize it or not, shut the door to the entire spiritual interpretation of the universe. If, then, we decide to adopt this spiritual interpretation of life, we are bound to assume that the spirit of man entered into his body at birth or before birth from without. In other words, we must admit the pre-existence of the spirit in some condition or other before the body came into being, or alternatively we must adopt the materialistic hypothesis with all that this implies.*

* Mr. Richard Bush, in an ingenious but hardly convincing little volume, entitled *Whence Have I Come?* defends Truduction from the spiritual standpoint. The amazing character of the conclusions involved in this theory have led to its being very seldom adopted, and the book in question is, I suppose, the only serious defence of it that was ever made from a spiritualist platform. It ignores, of course, the position I have taken up in the above Notes, that mind must exist before matter, and it is quite impossible to see how such a position can be squared with anything but a materialistic philosophy. The conclusion arrived at would, of course, make man the equal, or rather the superior, of the Deity;

Now, to many, one of the principal reasons for the occurrence of an earth-life at all lies in the fact that the object of this life is to usher an immortal soul into existence. We see, however, if my argument is followed, that so far from this being the case, if the soul is immortal, it follows that it can not be ushered into existence in the present life, and alternatively, if it is ushered into existence at birth as the materialist may not unreasonably claim, it cannot be immortal. Adopting, then, the spiritualistic standpoint, we are forced to the conclusion that the spiritual consciousness antedated the body. If this is so, we are bound to ask: "Whence came it? And are we not compelled to postulate for it an immortality in the past, corresponding to its immortality after death?" If we do this, and at the same time reject the Reincarnationist hypothesis, we are face to face with an almost incredible position—an endless life before and after

AN
INCREDIBLE
POSITION. in the spiritual world, and once, and once only, in the midst of this, an incarnation in physical form. Now it is obvious that there must be some operating cause which produced our present life on earth.

What was it? We do not know, but we may surely assume that it is in the nature of some attractive force which the material plane exerts upon the spirit consciousness, drawing it insensibly into its orbit. We have, then, to ask ourselves: "Is it conceivable that in the age-long life of the spirit this force of attraction should operate once and once only?" I think we may assume that in view of the force in question being something inherent in the essential nature of the spirit, if it operates once it is bound to operate in a similar manner many times over. The alternative supposition seems hardly possible of conception. We are not, of course, bound to say, if we adopt this argument, that the spirit will embody itself in physical form again and again on the same planet. There may be evidence to support this view, but the present argument will hardly carry us so far. The force in question may, of course, gradually wear itself out. Such an assumption seems not improbable; but we can hardly assume that it can be gradually generated through ages and then exhaust itself in a single life.

for whereas the Deity creates mankind, his inferiors, mankind, accepting this principle, is able to create his equals, and to a limitless extent. Why, one may ask, if this is the case, did not God people his world with gods? I need hardly add that this hypothesis fails to find any solution for the problem of the responsibility of the Deity for the existence of evil in the world, the crux of those who discredit Reincarnation.

It has been customary for the orthodox Christian to take for granted an endless life after death in the spirit world, without any return to the physical plane. As, however, already shown, if there is a force inherent in the spirit consciousness which tends to attract it to the physical, there is no reason to suppose that the mere fact of death will eliminate this tendency, unless we assume, in common with Mr. Sydney Klein, and many of the old-fashioned orthodox representatives of an earlier generation, that death brings about a total transformation of the individual. Against this theory we have the unanimous evidence of all psychical research, which agrees in nothing so much as in this particular point that man on the other side of the Great Divide is one and the same with man here on earth. It is on this account that the undogmatic Christian of to-day has in almost every case rejected the standpoint so familiar to us in the old hymn :

ATTRACTION
OF THE
PHYSICAL
NOT ELIM-
INATED
BY
DEATH.

Soon we must through darkness go
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Death, accordingly, as a miraculous transformation scene in which the individuality becomes obliterated, and some infinitely high spiritual entity substituted in its place, has lost its appeal to the seriously minded. They feel that whatever may be true of the change brought about by death, this at least is a mere fairy tale. If, however, we take up the position that we are immortal, and that at the same time our personality after death remains pretty much on the same level as before, we have no justification for assuming that a repetition of our previous experience is at all unlikely—in other words, the fact that we have incarnated once increases the presumption that we shall incarnate again.* If the nature of man is unaltered by death, his tendencies are unaltered likewise, and among these tendencies we must postulate one to be a periodic return to the physical plane. The old orthodox superstition dear to Mr. Klein would indeed be consistent with a transformation which would obliterate all previous landmarks and all past tendencies ; but it is precisely this transformation scene that accumulating evidence during the last generation has led us unhesitatingly to

PERSON-
ALITY THE
SAME AFTER
DEATH AS
BEFORE.

* For the special form of this argument I am indebted to Professor McTaggart's book, *Human Immortality and Pre-existence*. London: Edward Arnold.

reject. There is, therefore, a plausibility in the hypothesis of reincarnation as our future destiny quite apart from the acceptance of pre-existence. If, however, as I have endeavoured to show, pre-existence is the only hypothesis compatible with a spiritual interpretation of the universe, the probability of a plurality of lives following our present one is very greatly enhanced.

The theory of Reincarnation has been attacked on various grounds by a number of different writers—most of them of very little note or intellectual standing; but as far as I have been able to discover, none of these hostile critics have realized the surely sufficiently obvious basic fact that if the theory of Reincarnation is untrue, there must be some alternative theory producible to take its place, and that, in order to establish their position, it is of importance to advance arguments for this alternative theory which will outweigh those which have already been brought forward in favour of Reincarnation. In a recent work on Immortality, published by Messrs. Macmillan,* the duty of attacking Reincarnation has been assigned to a Miss Lily Dougall, author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, but it certainly cannot be said that the effort she has made in this direction can be regarded as an effective contribution to the study of the subject. I notice it here as a sample of the kind of attacks which are made on this hypothesis, and which, failing a better one, seem to demand some sort of answer, though it would appear that,

MISS
DOUGALL'S
ATTACK ON
REINCARNATION.

in the majority of these, their own inherent weakness suggests by implication the strength of the other side. Owing to the negative position adopted, one is driven frequently in such cases to postulate for the critic some sort of philosophical standpoint from which the attack is intended to be made.

As regards Miss Dougall, we have no very clear indications to go upon. We may, however, conclude from one of her statements that she rejects the hypothesis of traduction, as she states that the "arguments from the nature of the self which seem to her to point to the probability of its immortality, rather indicate a spiritual origin for all that we may call created life, the soul of each child being interpreted as a differentiation of the universal life which comes from God." I think we can only

* *Immortality: An Essay in Discovery, co-ordinating Scientific, Psychological and Biblical Research.* Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 10s. 6d. net. A book of which it may be said that, like the curate's egg, parts of it are excellent. But surely it should be possible to sort out the wheat from the tares a little more effectively!

assume from this observation that as far as the author has thought out the matter at all, she has assumed the hypothesis of a special creation of each individual ego immediately previous to its incarnation in the body provided for it by the parents. How entirely antagonistic to all modern scientific opinions this doctrine of a special creation is, I have shown elsewhere. It is, in fact, obviously in keeping with the old orthodox theory of the special creation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and with the adoption of the theory of evolution has lost all relationship to the scientific outlook of the day. This, then, it appears, is the theory of the origin of life which Miss Dougall opposes to the scientific evolutionary conception of Reincarnation. In upholding this new conception, she observes that the Reincarnationst hypothesis is defended "on metaphysical grounds at the present day by no less a philosopher than Dr. McTaggart."

MISS
DOUGALL
AVOIDS A
FALL.

She thereupon proceeds to observe that "Dr. McTaggart's doctrine of Reincarnation is bound up with his metaphysical belief in a pluralistic universe, and stands or falls with it." She continues, "A critical examination of the theory of a pluralistic universe cannot be undertaken in this place, but it may be pointed out that it is not shared by most modern philosophers, or by the writers of this volume. We need not, therefore, deal with his argument for Reincarnation, which is a mere corollary of his general metaphysic." Really this discovery is a most convenient one for Miss Dougall. She fails, however, absolutely, to substantiate her statement that Dr. McTaggart's doctrine of Reincarnation stands or falls with his belief in a pluralistic universe; and, as one who has read his essay on the subject of pre-existence several times over, I confess that it appears to me that the justification for Miss Dougall's statement is very far to seek. The fact is, Professor McTaggart's arguments are perfectly valid, whether we adopt a monistic or a pluralistic view; and it is only, therefore, possible to conclude that the author of the essay in Messrs. Macmillan's publication is anxious to evade a challenge which she is not in a position to face. There will be many others of us who, while far from wishing to belittle Professor McTaggart's abilities and high reputation, will feel some surprise that among the many great names of the world's leading thinkers who have espoused this hypothesis, Professor McTaggart alone is selected by Miss Dougall, and then unceremoniously brushed aside. One is inclined to ask oneself: Has Miss Dougall never

MISS
DOUGALL'S
STRANGE
SILENCE.

heard of a certain celebrated philosopher named Schopenhauer, of the existence of whose work on *The World as Will and Idea* she must surely be aware, even if, as it appears, she is totally unfamiliar with its contents? Here is a brief extract from the work in question for Miss Dougall's edification, and for a further study of the subject I should like to take the opportunity to refer her to the original:

What sleep is for the individual, death is for the will (character). It would not endure to continue the same actions and sufferings throughout an eternity, without true gain, if memory and individuality remained to it. It flings them off, and this is lethe; and through this sleep of death it reappears refreshed and fitted out with another intellect, as a new being—"a new day tempts to new shores."

These constant new births, then, constitute the succession of the life-dreams of a will which in itself is indestructible, until, instructed and improved by so much and various successive knowledge in a constantly new form, it abolishes or abrogates itself.

If Miss Dougall knows nothing of Schopenhauer possibly she may have heard of Lessing, or Hegel, or J. G. Fichte, or of Leibnitz, who all support and adduce arguments in favour of this hypothesis. Perhaps, if she will search the recesses of her memory, she may recollect having heard at some time or other of the Cambridge Platonists, and of Henry More among their number, whose treatise on the Immortality of the Soul contains

SOME
NOTABLE
NAMES.

an eloquent defence of this doctrine. Possibly, too, she may remember the name of Sir Thomas Browne, the author of *Religio Medici*, who also defends this belief. Among literary men of note of the Tudor period she may perhaps have heard of Joseph Glanville, whose book entitled *Lux Orientalis* is an attempt to demonstrate the truth of this doctrine. The name of Goethe can surely hardly be unfamiliar to the author of this essay on Reincarnation and Karma; and in more recent times she must indeed have lived aloof from the intellectual atmosphere of the world if she knows nothing of the writings of Professor Max Muller. Yet though all of these expressed their more or less decided preference for this theory of the origin of humanity, their names are unmentioned. Possibly Miss Dougall will regard Plato, Plotinus, Virgil, and Apollonius of Tyana, and Origen among the well-known Fathers of the Christian Church, as too antiquated for her consideration; but I would remind her that certain of these names still carry weight, greater weight even than that of Professor McTaggart, among the foremost thinkers of the present

time. How is it, then, that none of these are mentioned in her treatise? How is it that their arguments are not combated? How is it that Professor McTaggart alone is singled out from among all the great men of all the ages to be named as a defender of Reincarnation, and then to be left—unanswered? While, then, Miss Dougall has not attempted to challenge the numerous arguments in its defence, which have been brought forward by the world's leading thinkers, she at least summarizes what she regards as the considerations which combine to present an argument of some weight against it under five different headings. Let us see what these are.

The first is one which I think must have been brought forward without exception by every critic of the Reincarnation hypothesis; that is, the absence of continuous memory between the various lives of the reincarnating ego. As she phrases it "The

OBJECTIONS
TO REIN-
CARNATION.

objection to reincarnation which perhaps first strikes us is the lack of conscious continuity between the incarnations of a soul. Even granting all that may be claimed to exist in this life as intimations of a former life or lives, it amounts to very little; one feels that a future life that has no more conscious connection with this one than this one has with any former life, is not worth accepting as personal immortality; indeed a continuance of memory is necessary to personality." Now whatever we may think of the disadvantages arising from the soul having drunk of the waters of Lethe between one incarnation and the next, and being therefore unable to recall its former activities, to state that a continuance of memory is necessary to personality is to go far beyond what we have any scientific right to assert. Accidents frequently take place in this life which lead to lesions of memory, to failure on the part of the individual either for a period or for good to remember his past life. According, then, to Miss Dougall, the result of any such accident, whether the occupant of the

MEMORY
NOT A
TEST OF
PERSON-
ALITY.

body survive or not, leads inevitably to the destruction or cessation of the personality. We remember nothing, generally speaking, of the events of the first two or three years of our physical life. Our personality, then, according to Miss Dougall, as infant children, was a different one to what it is now. The man of twenty and the child of two do not represent stages of evolution of the same individual, but entirely different personalities. I do not think that Miss Dougall would find one single name of note in science or philosophy to support

such an astounding theory. The statement, however, is made by her not as her personal opinion, but as actual fact on which she makes bold to lay down the law for our benefit. When Miss Dougall states that she feels that a future life that has no more conscious connection with this one than this has with any former life, is not worth accepting as personal immortality, we

ABOUT MISS
DOUGALL'S
PERSONAL
FEELINGS.

are of course prepared to accept this as Miss Dougall's own personal feeling in the matter. And so far as Miss Dougall's feelings correspond to those of many others, we can take this mental attitude towards Reincarnation as representative of the standpoint of a certain section of the human race. Having said this much, however, we are bound also to add that it does not touch the point at issue. The question whether Reincarnation as a theory is true or the reverse, is left exactly where it was, whatever Miss Dougall's feelings may be with regard to it. In a similar manner I might express the view that the orthodox Heaven has no attractions for me personally; but in saying so, I should be producing no argument whatever against the existence of an orthodox Heaven.

In this connection our author alludes to the view largely adopted in Theosophical circles, that after a certain number of lives, and after a certain stage of spiritual evolution has been reached, the ego will be in a position to recall the whole series. "No adequate evidence, however [she observes], is forthcoming to substantiate this claim." I readily admit the fact, but would at the same time intimate that among the long list of the world's greatest names which I have quoted in this connection, I do not think that one single one has advanced this particular argument, which, therefore, has no bearing on the question outside the special brand of Reincarnation which the Theosophical Society has adopted as its own. I would not, however, argue from this that the conception is an erroneous one. I would prefer to base my position on the present trend of scientific research, and the attitude adopted by the most advanced exponents of the scientific thought of the day. It is at the present time becoming

RECOVERED
MEMORIES.

more and more widely held that the impressions received by the tablets of memory are never actually obliterated; that a fact once taken note of is never really forgotten by the ego, even though it sink, as it very frequently does sink, below the threshold of the conscious self. In this manner it is now customary to explain various phenomena with which we are all familiar, which arise under trance condi-

tions and under hypnotic influence. If nothing is ever forgotten it seems not unreasonable to conclude that if the self actually reincarnates through a series of lives, the memories of the past may eventually be recovered, and if this be so, there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the Theosophical dogma to which Miss Dougall takes exception.

The second exception which Miss Dougall takes to Reincarnation is on the basis of the "geocentric" character of the doctrine. She says, "It is important to observe how geocentric at bottom this doctrine is—a fact not often realized." Well,

to be perfectly frank, I will admit that I have never realized it myself, and I am afraid Miss Dougall's observations have not helped me to do so. Before I go farther I will not assume, as Miss Dougall does,

that all my readers are familiar with the exact meaning of the word "geocentric." I will not even assume that she is familiar with it herself. The word "geocentric" is primarily an astronomical term, and has relation to the calculations of the positions of the Sun, Moon, Planets, Fixed Stars, etc., as assumed to be seen from the earth's centre. It will be obvious on consideration that the position of any body, so near the earth as the Moon, for example, does not appear identical as viewed at the same time from every various point of the earth's surface. In order to ensure astronomical uniformity, the observations of the Moon's position as taken from the surface of the earth are reduced by a mathematical calculation to the positions which the Moon would occupy if seen by an imaginary observer at the earth's centre. In this way the standard astronomical almanacs, e.g. the *Nautical Almanac*, *La Connaissance des Temps*, etc., record identical positions for the whole world, which obviously would not be the case if the American almanac gave the position of the Moon as seen from Washington, the English as seen from Greenwich, the French as seen from Paris, etc. The difference between these positions as seen by an assumed person at the

centre of the earth and by the actual observer viewing the same object from Washington or Greenwich, is the parallactic angle which will amount in the case I have taken, that of the Moon, in certain instances to upwards of a degree. The same of course applies to the Sun and the planets, and indeed to a very much lesser extent to the fixed stars; but in this case the angle subtended is so infinitesimal that we can afford to disregard it. These astronomical positions are then termed geocentric

A
DEFINITION
AND A
MORAL.

because they are assumed to be viewed from the centre of the earth. I do not know if Miss Dougall has been in the habit of viewing the doctrine of Reincarnation from some such assumed centre, though judging by the obscurity of her arguments, it would not be altogether surprising. If, however, we adopt the looser usage of the expression as referring to anything looked at from the earth as a centre, I fail, even so, to appreciate how we can describe Reincarnation as geocentric. What, apparently, Miss Dougall desires to say, and what I will therefore endeavour to say for her, is that the Reincarnationist tends to regard the earth as the only habitable planet, and that implicit in the Reincarnationist view is the assumption that all a human being's reincarnations take place on this earth, and that "now we realize the vastness of this magnificent universe of ours, and its innumerable solar systems, no idea could be more unnatural."

Certainly this argument will surprise no one more than the Reincarnationists themselves, whose ideas on the subject are in no way bounded by the narrow limits of Miss Dougall's conception. Here, again, our author produces no evidence to prove her position, which apparently merely arises from her general ignorance of the subject. "To us [she says] the discovery of the infinite range of a universe, teeming with millions of worlds, has indeed made the earth seem smaller, but it has made the possibilities for the future life seem infinitely wider and more varied." Granted! But in granting it, we have one further argument advanced in favour of the Reincarnationist hypothesis, which relegates to the limbo of discredited illusions such crude conceptions as the specialized creation of each human soul for each individual body, and prefers the surely far wider hypothesis of universal evolution from the lowest to the highest alike on the spiritual and on the physical plane.

With regard to Miss Dougall's third argument, I confess that after careful study of it, I am still at a loss to understand how she can conceive it as constituting an argument at all in any ordinary sense of the word. "Much ancient thought [she says] conceived of the soul's spiritual life as solitary. . . . The aim and goal of the soul's progress being thus non-social, it was natural to suppose that until the jostling with fellow creatures experienced in this life had had its perfect work, the soul must return again and again to this earth." Christianity, on the other hand, she argues, lays stress on the unity of the race and our mutual interdependence. In this case, Miss Dougall tends to put views into the minds of Reincarnationists which certainly

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they do not as a rule possess. What sort of reply would be given by Schopenhauer, by Goethe, or indeed by Professor McTaggart, or by any modern Theosophist, to such an argument? Surely they would repudiate any necessary association between the ideas of Reincarnation and solitude; nor can one quite understand why Miss Dougall advances such a theory, except for the purpose of founding her own argument upon it. She certainly says that much ancient thought conceived of the soul's spiritual life as solitary. Does she deduce from this the theory that all other ancient thought with regard to the soul is in error? If not, why should not the theory of Reincarnation be as true as any other theory that has been advanced in the past? One is inclined to take exception to associating Reincarnation with ancient thought exclusively. The fact is the theory has been held through all the ages, and is still held by at least half of the religious world. I have already drawn attention to the fact that it has been supported by many of the most notable names in the realm of philosophy.

With regard to her fourth argument, she states that: "In Hindu thought the doctrine of Reincarnation is bound up with the ancient idea that all being proceeds in endless cycles." She adds that "Modern science offers us no shadow of proof or even presumption, that physical creation revolves in returning cycles. For the modern thinker the idea is obsolete, and so also is the analogy it furnished for the conception of the soul as revolving on an eternal wheel of life and death." Surely this is a singularly unfortunate argument for Miss Dougall to have advanced. One of the strongest points in favour of Reincarnation is, in fact, that modern science *does* furnish us with a very strong and powerful analogy to the conception of the evolution of the spirit in the parallel evolution of the physical form. This conception is found in the writings of Spencer and of Darwin. A closer parallel could scarcely be conceived. The analogy is exact, and it is to a great extent this very close analogy with the latest conclusions of modern science that has led to the conception of Reincarnation being so extensively adopted by the deepest thinkers of modern times. Could anything conceivably be less "obsolete"? The conception of the Reincarnationist is obviously not that propounded with so much eloquence by Nietzsche, that all things revolve in a vicious circle, and that everything returns again to what it was before. The conception is rather essentially bound up

A STRANGE ARGUMENT.
THEORY OF CYCLES AND EVOLUTION.

with the progress of the human race which, it is argued, goes on *pari passu* both on the material and spiritual planes.

Miss Dougall's last argument shall be given in her own words. "A final difficulty concerning Reincarnation is little touched upon by its advocates; that is, that it makes childhood, which appears so beautiful and so holy as the beginning of a virgin soul, a gigantic lie, merely a part of Nature's protective mimicry, intended to deceive parental love and human reverence, the greatest of the illusions of sense." Now as a matter of fact, as all who have had much to do with young children will be the first to appreciate, the conception of a virgin soul is one of which

IS CHILD- Nature has no knowledge. The tendencies and
HOOD A GI- aptitudes, the good and bad qualities of children,
GANTIC LIE, show themselves at an extraordinarily early age.
It is the very fact that the young child is so full of
character, while at the same time being necessarily so devoid
of experience and knowledge of the world, that constitutes the
special fascination of childhood. Who has not heard the ex-
pression "old fashioned" used of young children, descriptive
of that curious impression that they give us often in infancy of a
strange wisdom far beyond their years? We may, indeed, accept
the explanation of heredity for such characteristics; but if we
press this we shall, as I have shown earlier in the present Notes,
be driven into the hypothesis of traduction—the theory that the
soul of the child is derived simply from its two parents—and
thence, if we are logical, into accepting the entire materialistic
position. I have already quoted Miss Dougall to show that she
rejects the hypothesis of traduction, and this clearly limits the
stress she is entitled to lay on the explanation by heredity which
of course, none of us deny, up to a certain point. Heredity,
indeed, is what one naturally expects. The strange thing, in
reality is that the deductions we should be bound to draw from
it are so very frequently falsified, and where not falsified are
so curiously limited, and in no case more than in the births of
men and women of genius. Miss Dougall, indeed, touches on
this point, but confines the discussion, apparently purely for the
sake of her own argument, to the question of infant prodigies.

GENIUSES She says: "It is argued that the tendencies and
AND INFANT qualities in precocious children which do not seem
PRODIGIES. to be accounted for by either ancestry or environ-
ment, are proofs of knowledge acquired in some
previous life. But the evidence seems to point the other way, for
there is again the great difficulty that infant prodigies so very

rarely occur, and when they do, their genius always has to do with numbers, and runs to music or arithmetic. This suggests that it follows some psychic law by which the operations of the mind having to do with numbers may be early abnormally developed." Has, then, Miss Dougall never heard of artists of genius? Has she never heard of men like Macaulay, who have shown abnormal literary talent and abnormal powers of memory at an early age? Has she never heard of great poets whose powers have shown themselves before maturity? But why, one may ask, should the argument require any limitation of the age at which the powers unfold themselves, if these show evidence of special genius in a special direction? Miss Dougall surely would not argue that a great artist or a great poet was born with similar tendencies to any ordinary man in the street, and merely through the force of application and environment developed these powers!

If she does not do so, clearly her whole argument, based on infant prodigies of a special kind, falls entirely to the ground. It is all very well for Miss Dougall to explain such matters by postulating a psychic law of which neither she nor any one else knows anything. Such a suggestion, even granted that it is true, in no way helps her own argument. What, it may be asked, is the nature of this "psychic law," and why may not its operation, for aught we know, be one of the evidences of the truth of Reincarnation?

Miss Dougall particularly lays stress on the story of Jesus Christ setting the little child in the midst of his disciples and telling them that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." She says that we shall realize "how for us the whole beauty and point of the scene vanish if we think of the soul of that child as already an aged pilgrim scarred and seamed by experience, only innocent in the sense in which the senile are innocent when memory fails." Now I can imagine that there are a good many people who will not be without a certain sympathy with Miss Dougall in what she says on this point, though I feel personally that such an attitude is the result of a false standpoint which we have been long accustomed to, and which some of us are unable to shake off. In the first place loss of memory is one thing, and "drinking of the waters of Lethe" (if I may use the old classical phrase), though it includes this, is quite another. Wrapped up in this idea is the conception of rebirth and all that it implies. May I not indeed say all that it implies, when the expression "being born again" is used by the Master himself? The child in being born again turns its

THE MEANING
OF BEING
BORN AGAIN

back in a very real sense on its past. It does not come into this world straight from its last earthly life. It has in some degree purged away the stains of its previous life before drinking of this healing stream (if we may take Virgil as our guide in the matter).* One of the great attractions of the theory of Reincarnation to many minds lies in this fact, that it enables the stained soul to start afresh, casting its past with all its burden of remorse and regret, behind it. Is it not alone by this means that men, in the poet's words, can

Rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things?

Are not these selves indeed dead in a sense, and is it not well that it should be so? But if it is true, as I have hinted, that there are some to whom the story of Jesus Christ and the little

DID JESUS
BELIEVE IN
REINCARNA-
TION? child—a story so characteristic of the Master—seems spoiled by a belief in Reincarnation, assuredly they do not read the meaning of the incident as Christ himself intended it should be understood. There are those who will explain away Christ's own

plain statements, expressive of his belief in Reincarnation: "If ye would receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come"; and "I say unto you, that Elias has come already, and they have done unto him whatsoever they listed." I cannot myself admit that these words leave room for two interpretations. There are many orthodox Christians to-day, it seems to me, who would never believe in the Bible at all if they did not find it such a convenient book to explain away. The fact is we have been taught from our earliest childhood how to misinterpret the most inconvenient texts. No one's education would seem quite complete without this portion of it. But as we grow older and learn to think for ourselves, there are many who can look back on the glosses put by their elders and betters upon the sacred text, and smile at the thought that they could ever have been innocent enough to accept them. If only one could read the Bible afresh in mature life, without commentary or interpretation, and without recollection of ever having read it before, how many fresh lights would be thrown upon its pages!

I have thought it worth while in these Notes to take the latest instance of criticism of Reincarnation, and challenge it point by point; but having done so, I do not wish to convey the idea that I have demolished the case of my opponents on this question. I rather desire to draw attention to the fact that this case has

* The lines in *Æneid* VI will be familiar to all students of the Classics.

never been adequately stated, and that for those who reject the hypothesis, there is urgent need for some clear and authoritative statement of their point of view. To demolish arguments such as those advanced in the present treatise is hardly a serious matter, and the conviction of the reader naturally remains that there are far more formidable difficulties in the way of an acceptance of the theory, which Miss Dougall has never so much as touched upon. Until these are replied to, many readers will naturally reserve judgment. The raising of these points is surely the proper task of its opponents, to whom I would make an appeal to fill a grave gap in the field of theological dialectics. It would ill become me to say that I thought I could state their case more forcibly than any of themselves!

I have alluded in previous issues to the "revolutionary" or birthday figures of the British Prime Minister and the German Emperor, in January of this year. One point, however, hitherto unrecorded in the contrast between these two figures, deserves special mention. In Mr. Lloyd George's figure where the good and evil influences are both predominant, the most favourable indications are in connection with the eleventh house, the house of friends or allies. This is occupied by Jupiter brilliantly aspected on the one side by the Moon and on the other by Mars.

As far as this house is concerned more favourable positions could not be looked for. In the case of the German Emperor it is this very house, the eleventh, which is so woefully afflicted. On the cusp we find the deceptive planet Neptune, and a little lower down the Moon and Saturn in conjunction, the latter being not only conjoined with the Moon but in opposition to the Sun, the two lights being thus simultaneously afflicted. In this revolutionary figure it will be remembered that while Mars is closely rising in its detriment, Libra, but in trine with Jupiter, the Dragon's Tail is exactly culminating, an indication which the old astrologers invariably associated with loss of position. Certain indications in connection with this revolutionary figure will come to their climax in the month of April, when turmoil and discord may be looked for in Germany, and the economic crisis and the conflict between the advocates of the military and the popular cause will reach a crucial stage. It would be interesting to know the time of birth of Marshal Hindenburg, in whose horoscope it appears that certain favourable transits coincide. The chief sufferers through the

ASTROLOGICAL NOTES.

transits of Saturn in the first half of the present year are the German Emperor, the King of Italy, and the British Prime Minister, all of whose horoscopes suffer to a greater or less extent from the hostility of the major malefic. Astrologers will have noted with interest the effect of the ascending position of Venus in sextile to the Moon at the Winter Solstice, and the peace proposals which followed from the Central Powers. That these were destined to prove abortive in the first instance was clearly shown by the presence of the two malefics in the seventh house. The more favourable positions at the Spring equinox are specially accentuated in the figure for Warsaw, where the Sun culminates favourably aspected. Mars is close to the fourth angle at Berlin, threatening the position of the German Government, while at Petrograd Mercury culminates, indicative of changes of Government, and Saturn rises, a symptom of popular discontent. Some favourable news is promised in the first week of March, when Venus is stationary on the ascendant of the British Prime Minister, and in trine with the Sun in King George's horoscope. Crises may be looked for in European governments in Berlin, Paris, and London; and in this order of time. To the Austrian crisis in February I have already made allusion. Uranus is stationary at the end of May and beginning of June in close opposition to the Sun at President Poincaré's birth, and about this period his position is likely to become an exceedingly difficult one. The same position afflicts the Moon in the horoscope of the King of Italy. Rumours with regard to the health of the German Emperor have been prevalent from time to time throughout the war. Special attention and credence should be attached to those which may reach us during the coming spring.

BRAHMA

By J. S. M. WARD

HE slumbers from age to age, and no man calls His name—

Far from the troubled earth; bathed in a crimson light;
Dreaming of worlds and Gods, of deeds of honour and shame.

Thus passeth a day of Brahma, who knows not day nor night.

Peacefully there He slumbers, maker of all Mankind;

Kingdoms arise and perish, monarchs and slaves depart,

Passing in silent pageant through His enfolding mind;

Wending their ordered path straight from His mighty heart.

We are the dreams of Brahma, frail, idly-floating things ;
 All that we know of matter, of space, of time and of thought—
 Woven in wonderful patterns, of prophets, peasants and kings
 Held in the circle of fate, from nothing returning to naught.

Each of us merely a cypher wrought by His dreaming will,
 Strutting across a platform boasting our power to slay,
 Acting as if we were Gods to make and alter and kill,
 Dreaming our empty dreams ere we silently glide away.

There are temples to Shiv and Vishnu scattered throughout
 the land,
 But never a shrine to Brahma—He who is all in all.
 And prayers to a thousand Gods arise upon every hand ;
 But never a prayer to Brahma from any lips dare fall.

How can ye pray to Brahma ? Can the God to Himself give
 prayer ?

Can the dreamer ask of his dreams for service, or thought, or
 deed ?

Does a man for the thoughts of his fancy, for the dreams of his
 fashioning care ?

Can the sleeper choose he shall dream of a rose instead of
 a weed ?

One day shall the mighty dreamer awake from his age-long
 sleep :

This world and its teeming millions shall fade and vanish
 away,

Yea, even the very Gods shall return to the unplumbed deep—
 The abyss of the mind of Brahma, at the end of Brahma's
 day.

For a thousand years to Brahma are so many fleeting days,
 Each of its numberless hordes are but threads in the warp
 of His dreams

With which through the age-long night His fertile world-brain
 plays,

Makes and unmakes at will, creating a thousand themes.

Slowly He sinks again into a new world-sleep,

And mingling with His sleep come thoughts of former dreams—
 Visions of Shiv and Vishnu and e'en of us human sheep,
 Thus in a new creation we merge in an endless stream.

ORTHODOXY AND THE WAR

BY LIEUT. GEORGE GOODCHILD, R.G.A.

Author of "Tiger's Cub," "Caravan Day's," etc.

OF late there has been such a searching after God, such a grasping for the fundamental truths of life, that the old beliefs are visibly slipping away before us. Mr. Wells is upbraided by the Bishops because he has perpetrated so foul a wrong as to discover "a new God," a "God of his own"; as if the conventional idea that has withstood a few centuries of mild tolerance is the one and only possible conception of the Creative and All-governing Spirit!

Yet Mr. Wells has done no more than millions of souls faced with the grim closeness of that change we call death, and out-flanked by certain hitherto obscure phenomena that to-day are bursting the barriers that indifference and ignorance have reared about them.

God has not changed—only men have changed, and with their changing state is being born a new idea. What is that new idea, and how shall we formulate it?

One hesitates to tread such difficult ground. The complexities that encompass it are so manifold. A million men! A million thoughts! They must needs differ in detail, for they are innate, individual—but they are unbiassed, uninfluenced, and together they constitute an intelligible whole, even as the myriad small and seemingly incompatible things that go to make a landscape.

We commenced with nothing save a hazy idea blindly accepted and untested by any such grave crisis as at present confronts us. Death was an enigma, accepted as such because we had scant opportunity to consider it. It came in large degree to the old, the infirm, whose lives were to all appearance finished and completed. Here was a law ready-made, handed down through the centuries. They were dead—oh, so evidently dead! There lay what was a man, taken into the bosom of time, his work ended, his destiny fulfilled. And so should he be judged at the Resurrection, when from its grave should arise that carnal body that we thought was the man!

No wonder we accepted it, it saved such a vast amount of

thinking. It had the simplicity of all ready-made doctrines. But that was before Hell came to earth, before the millions of brave young souls stood day on day, month on month, on the brink of the abyss wherein dwelt that fantastic thing Death.

And God? It was a strange God that we worshipped and *feared*, a god that never had or could have an existence in fact. A God, vengeful and terrible, whose wrath was such that for the sin of one man countless generations should suffer, who gave as heritage to innocent babes the stain of Original Sin, with loss of Paradise until such time as the Priest should sprinkle a few drops of water upon its brow.

It is strange that such a misinterpretation of God Himself should have found credence even with the few with whom it did, but traditional belief dies hard and the millions—those indifferent millions—were too much engaged with the exigences of domestic life to ponder upon a subject which at the moment had little bearing upon the dominating factors of life.

What has happened since then? Those indifferent millions to whom that fantastic thing Death seemed infinitely removed, were brought suddenly to the very marge of it. Good men, bad men, it was all the same, you could not remain indifferent. The thing was there hourly, daily, and its grim reaping was a familiar event. That other misinterpreted thing, Faith, could not help you. Faith in God, in the Wisdom and Purpose of the Creator is one thing, but it does not alter the unchangeable law of Cause and Effect. Fate was proven a mere phantom. A man's life could be thrown away, or it could be preserved up to a certain point. Be you saint or sinner it would be fatal to look "over the top" during an enemy bombardment, or to walk about in "No Man's Land" in broad daylight. If the soul's existence ended with the grave the miracle might happen and the shell halt in its trajectory, or the bullet wander from its course, but material existence is but a phase, the merest span in the long march of our evolution and the miracle does not happen, and destruction and change go on commensurate with the causes that will them.

In France, then, you seek for new ideas, and you find them. In all this daily orgy of death, in all this shattering of the human body God is more present than in those old days of peace and indifference, and it is the real God that moves and influences, that is manifest in the heavens and the earth.

And men feel the touch of Him, and are the better for it. All the old shibboleths, the catchwords that have failed so lament-

ably to convince men, are dissipated for ever, and the conventional God that we feared so heartily and loved so little, that offered a future state so opposed to human reasoning, went with them.

What did we find in their place? Something, a spirit, healing, comforting, teaching, inspiring, the very antithesis of the other. And what else? Friends, on all sides; friends, unseen, mysterious and yet there, as unmistakably there as the men who fought and suffered. You cannot get rid of that feeling, the first suspicion comes soon and grows apace until all doubt is removed. The other influence is there too, God, that is breathing life into the fields and the woods, that is controlling the whole symphony of nature which even the ogre of war is powerless to subdue.

And into the heart of men comes a great consolation. Unto thousands of men God has come for the first time, and in many cases they are ignorant as to what has really happened.

In Plug Street Wood, I met a tired Anzac sitting on a log eating his ration. The tree on which he sat had just been felled by a big shell, and he told me he had chosen it on the theory that the last shell-hole made is always the safest, which by the law of average was a sound argument.

Through the vista of torn and mutilated trees you could just see Warneton in the distance, a collection of steeples and chimneys looming strangely through the haze. Between us and it was a desert of agonized disruptions—earth, dear earth, rich in goodness, pounded to a porridge-like mess, so lacerated that it seemed to cry aloud in protestation. And yet a single Spring would hide the hideous wounds, and new green things grow where now lay bare the fractured bleeding bosom. Even as I looked the lark still climbed above where once it nested, clinging as men do, to the few things that remained to evidence what was.

We talked of the recent "push," and I asked him how his battalion had fared.

"Not bad," he replied. "Our casualties were slight, but I lost two good chums. Real 'dinkum' boys they were too!"

He told me the details, a stubbornly defended "pill box" that had to be attacked from the rear, a kind of manoeuvre that called for cunning as well as courage.

"Anyway," he concluded, "it's no use crying about it. They died like sports, and that's the end of 'em."

"Is it?" I asked.

"Sure!" he replied.

"You don't believe that in your heart?" I said. He looked at me queerly, and I knew that it wasn't the first time that he had pondered on the matter.

"No," he rejoined. "I used to think that until I came over here, and then somehow it all changed. You know——" He lowered his voice a little, as though he were half afraid to conclude his utterance. "Sometimes I think those boys are much nearer than some of us guess. Have you ever had the feeling that there are people with you—trying to help you—people you seem to know—oh, I guess you'll laugh!"

But few men up in the line would laugh at such an idea for it is the one thing that grows and gains substantiation every day.

A shell came whining overhead, and fell about sixty yards away—not a close thing as shelling goes in the salient. The Anzac shifted a little in his seat and then rose.

"Come over yonder," he said, "and talk."

We chose a spot behind a heap of sand-bags, and three minutes later a second shell fell within ten yards of our former resting place.

"Luck!" said my companion. "Funny, isn't it? the way you get 'the wind up' for nothing, and shift just in the nick of time."

"Do you often do that?"

"Lord, yes—doesn't everybody? I've seen chaps in the line move up the trench just in time to miss a 5'9, when there hasn't been a shell over for an hour. I've done it myself too!"

"I know the feeling," I responded. "It's as though some friend was by the side of you telling you to clear out—and *sometimes you seem to know who that friend is.*"

"Yes," he murmured reflectively. "You've got it!" then suddenly: "You don't mean that—that—oh, it's impossible—and yet, why not?"

Why not indeed? The thing happens so many times that one dismisses the old cry of coincidence and seeks another solution. Men who are given to self-analysis no longer have doubts, and the others who have accepted the phenomenon as pure luck are slowly finding themselves in the web of an immense mystery. Three years' close acquaintance with Death must needs teach something new. Walk with Nature for three years, away from the artificialities of commercialism and the illusory influences of decadent doctrines, and you learn something of life. Does not the converse hold good? In a world of Death one would expect to penetrate the veil when it hangs so constantly before one!

Go to the trenches, live there, suffer there. See on every hand the poor human flesh shattered and torn. The men you have learned to love blown into fragments. Physical death becomes a very small thing then, and when you gather up the pieces of what was to human senses the man you knew, you do so with almost the same feeling as you would collect the bricks of a shattered house. And yet you are not callous—far from it. Pain and suffering still affect the emotions, but death is a different thing—the pleasant change that comes to saint and sinner alike.

Do they live still? Assuredly. Those men of strong heart filled with "the most intensest life" are not gone out for ever or you would have felt it more when you gathered up those human remains.

Assuredly they live still! Millions and millions of young souls peopling a new world. Is it then strange that the innate human desire to help others makes its influence felt across the invisible border line, or that the perimeter of its influence should be in these very regions where the material so constantly merges into the spiritual?

The speed with which the ever-present sight of violent death loses its horrors is so amazing that men are forced to think upon it and wonder. And in their wonderment, not blindly, but by ordered stages, they hit upon the truth. *This is not the end!* It is a cry that is hammering at the brains of millions of men. From the flats of Flanders to the hills of Alsace that truth is flowering. It fits well with what they have already subconsciously felt—that God in his wisdom would not devise a scheme of things by which a purely man-made tragedy could so mightily affect the destiny of mankind.

It is in reality no "new god" they have created. They have through suffering and sacrifice felt the touch and magnificence of the very God Himself. The old demonstrative religion always failed to find a response in the hearts of an undemonstrative people, and what to an Asiatic of twenty centuries ago stood for proof and evidence, no longer holds good. The conception of God that has been tolerated for century upon century was a barbaric one—so barbaric that even where it did not find positive opposition it encountered mere tolerance. Little wonder that men were inclined to cry with Omar Khayyám:

O Thou who man of baser earth didst make,
And even with Eden didst devise the snake,
For all the sins wherewith the face of man
Is blackened, man's forgiveness give, *and take.*

Who could blame them? An impossible, vengeful, jealous God had been handed down from the Flood, and He was not a God that could command the love of men, not as man commands his brother's love, for He had faults and failings that man had not. It was, then, marvellous that such a misrepresentation should have found credence at all.

In the trenches you find many things, but above all you find God, if God stands for Love, Friendship, Sacrifice and Martyrdom. Men are finding God in themselves. The inextinguishable God-spark that dwells in the soul is burning brighter than of yore, and men are seeing with new eyes. The traditional teaching of God inseparable from "the same old infant prattle with intermixture of the rattle" which carried with it unending pomp and ceremony, means nothing to those who have seen the light. Here is God manifesting Himself, unmistakable. What need for the trappings and superficialities?

At this juncture I should like to quote from the log book of ex-Petty Officer J. G. Cowie, which was published in book-form under the title of *The Last Cruise of the Majestic*, which I was fortunate enough to edit. On page 163 Mr. Cowie, referring to a Communion Service held after the terrible experience of the preceding month, says:

I cannot help commenting upon this particular service, because one aspect of it struck one as being extraordinary. In that ship's company were men who had passed through the "valley of the shadow"—had seen Death gathering his grim harvest on every side. Men there were who had given up every hope of life, and yet had escaped the danger that threatened them. All of them had been in that inferno for twenty-eight days, and had seen comrades swept to oblivion on an instant, and without the slightest warning, and yet, out of the whole ship's company, the service was attended by exactly twenty!

Who can solve this problem? The men were not ungrateful. I knew that. They had fought bravely and well, and would stick to their guns to the very last. Any one of them would have given his life to save a shipmate; and yet that Communion Service meant nothing to them. If those men did not feel that they owed thanksgiving to God for their lives, then it must be that the presence and reality of God has never been awakened within them. This point conceded, it follows that a tremendous work has yet to be done by the Church if it would make the teaching of Christ a reality, for these men could not be considered as negligible exceptions—they must surely be representative of a huge majority.

For the Church there are limitless possibilities, but it must develop commensurate with the evolution of man, if it is to survive at all. If it does not, it will most surely cease to exist.

New and revolutionary ideas are being born in France,

and the men in whose minds these things are being shaped are the nucleus of our future race. When the apostles of older creeds—that have outlived their times—are no longer in this mortal coil, those other men that have suffered and lived on the narrow marge of Death will be the fathers of the nation.

They have found God, and they find Him glorious, all-loving, merciful and forgiving. They have dwelled with death, and know it for what it is—no tragedy but a change of state, leaving the man still on his journey towards that perfectability which ends with God Himself.

And most comforting of all is the knowledge that those dear friends who have "passed over" are not so far removed from us that they may not influence our actions, be with us at times and bring to our groping minds an occasional flicker of the Truth—*that Death is not.*

For Love and Beauty and delight
 There is no death nor change;
 Their might exceeds our organs,
 Which endure no light,
 Being themselves obscure.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ASTRALS

BY R. B. INCE

AT a recent visit to a well-known professional medium I was told that Spiritualism is "the coming Religion." My informant professed himself convinced that the time is at hand when Spiritualism "will be preached from every pulpit." In an informal chat which preceded the sitting Mr. — assured me that the late General Booth was a confessed Spiritualist. This statement was new to me. I had not heard that the founder of the Salvation Army had included a belief in Spiritualism as a necessary qualification for eternal life. Eagerly I asked for further information. "Yes," Mr. — assured me, "at a mass meeting at the Albert Hall in 18—" (I forget the year specified) "General Booth announced to a vast congregation gathered to hear him, that his fellow-workers who had passed on were present with him in spirit on the platform." I do not question that such a statement was correct, but the deduction appeared to me somewhat hasty. Surely it is one thing to announce rhetorically your belief that you have the active sympathy of the "dead" who worked with you in life, and quite another to confess yourself a Spiritualist!

On Mr. —'s table was a prodigal display of all the avowedly spiritualist weeklies and monthlies. It was evident that in the new era when Spiritualism was to be preached from the pulpits, propaganda was to play an active part. In the course of conversation I chanced to refer to the OCCULT REVIEW. A shade of disapproval came into Mr. —'s tone as he replied, "Ah, but that is not a *Spiritualist* magazine." I laughed in my sleeve, calling to mind the motto "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

In fairness to the medium it must be admitted that he revealed many things concerning deceased relatives of mine which enabled me easily to identify them. An aunt (whom he announced to be present) referred to certain facts concerning her work while on earth which—although unknown to me at the time—proved on investigation to be correct. Another relation recently passed on gave a very fair description of a certain room known to us both. But what chiefly interested me was the perfect faith of the medium that the spirits who communicated were, verily and indeed, the persons they claimed to be. Had he, I wondered, ever heard of "astrals" or "elementals," that he thus dogmatized

on a matter which appeared to me to be compassed about by a cloud of doubts?

These beings have attracted little serious attention since the days when Paracelsus wrote of them with the scientific assurance of a modern physicist classifying bacteria. Yet the problem of the Astrals still remains like a flickering will-o'-the-wisp on the borderland of the undiscovered country of the soul. Orthodox science, in its attitude to psychism is, broadly speaking, divided into two opposing camps. On the one side are ranged Sir Oliver Lodge and his adherents, who are favourable to psychical research and are mainly occupied in sifting evidence which shall prove the survival of personality; and on the other are ranged Dr. Mercier and his adherents, who do not favour psychical research because they regard its phenomena as based on legerdemain of the Maskelyne and Devant type. But orthodox science, although ever on the alert to protect itself against fraud in mediums and clairvoyants, pays little heed to the warnings of those who believe that the worst of the fraud and trickery is practised "on the other side." The folklore of all countries abounds with references to Puckish sprites whose delight it is to lead mortals astray; fauns and satyrs and freakish goblins. How if folklore be right and the arch-deceivers of our day, driven from older strongholds, find many sensitives willing tools in their hands?

The attitude of Anna Kingsford and her collaborator, Edward Maitland, is of considerable interest in this connection. The ruling of Anna Kingsford, one of the most remarkable psychists and mystics of the nineteenth century and a scientist of high attainment in the school of medicine, cannot be lightly set aside. There is a chapter in the *Life of Anna Kingsford* by Edward Maitland entitled "Among the Astrals," which should be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by every student of spiritualistic phenomena. Maitland, having failed to find relief from certain circulatory disorders by orthodox methods, consulted a "Mrs. B."—a magnetic healer. But the interest of the sittings centres chiefly in the messages he received through Mrs. B. while in trance. The spirits who communicated evinced a keen interest in Edward Maitland's work as a seeker after religious truth. His mission, they informed him, was a continuation of that of Moses and "of many others, including Jesus, and they all were associated to join in it." But perhaps the most remarkable feature of these sittings was the number and variety of the great ones of the Earth who announced their presence. They included Moses, Aaron, Benjamin Franklin, Swedenborg, Shakespeare and Aristotle. Maitland, introduced into this august assembly

of the distinguished dead, very soon became sceptical. And yet he could not hide from himself the obvious fact that the communicating intelligences, whoever they were, knew a great deal not only about his external circumstances, but also about his interior life. They also displayed remarkable insight into the work on which he was engaged at the time.

Hoping to gain some knowledge of these unseen presences, he dissembled his doubts. "Still convinced of the spuriousness of this 'Moses,' and yet recognizing a great deal of what he said as true, I found myself wondering what the precise error would turn out to be which required the admixture of so much truth to make it go down with me." Finally the spirits urged him no longer to collaborate with Anna Kingsford. This advice aroused Maitland's opposition. "To this I replied . . . I could not think of repudiating those who had guided me so long and so well without some positive proof that *they* could guide me better. Would they give me such proof?" This suggestion appeared to create no little annoyance on the other side. And they reiterated their advice. A little later "Aristotle," learning that Maitland was a vegetarian, said "with mighty voice and emphasis," "If you want to be ox, you must eat ox!" "On this I gently asked if that was not as much as to say, if I would be man I must eat man? To which it was responded, in a tone of deep vexation, that I had disturbed the band by my answer, and they must cease from converse until they had recomposed themselves."

Finally the spirits vouchsafed a clear exposition of their purpose. They claimed to be a delegation from "a vast band of the Earth's best and highest now in heavenly spheres, who had fixed on me to be their instrument for the new manifestation of the Christ and had appointed certain of their number to be my immediate guardians and guides. Aristotle was to look after the organism; Franklin, the electricity; Shakespeare, the inspiration; Swedenborg was to be the door-keeper (to save me from being misled); and Jesus was to be the Captain of the band. Thus backed, I should have gifts and powers, mental and physical, exceeding those of the Earth's greatest and best. And the condition of my reaching such a destiny was my detachment from my present association" (i.e. with Mrs. Kingsford).

Maitland makes no further comment on this happy band of intelligences. But further light is thrown on the subject in a subsequent chapter. He had not told Mrs. Kingsford anything about these sittings, beyond the general statement that he had been visiting a magnetic healer. In the meantime Mrs. Kings-

ford had received information, while in trance, which left little for him to reveal. She was enabled to relate a great part of the messages he had received from "Moses," "Aaron," "Franklin" and the rest. While "lucid" she gave Maitland a long message from her "Genius." "My Genius charges us not to go to outside spirits. These Astrals are non-moral rather than evil. They care only to sustain and exalt themselves. They have no souls: they are simply Astrals, being made of the ether, and are like flames. They are playful sometimes. Your pretended 'counterpart' is laughing now as at a joke. They are not real creatures, and have no idea of right and wrong. Hence they are not to be trusted. . . . What a dreadfully difficult thing it is to steer one's way amidst such numbers of influences! It was on account of the Astrals chiefly that we were forbidden to use the planchette."

It was not surprising, after his sittings with Mrs. B., that Maitland and his collaborator were keenly interested in the problem of the Astrals. Again and again Mrs. Kingsford, whilst holding converse with her Genius, seeks for light on the subject. "And I said to my Genius, 'Are these the spirits which control mediums?' And he answered, 'Do not use that word "medium," for it is misleading. These are the powers which affect and influence sensitives. They do not control, for they have no force. They are light as vapour. See!'

"Then he breathed on the table, and they were dispersed like a cloud on all sides. And I said, 'Whence do these spirits come, and what is their origin and nature?' And he answered: 'They are Reflects. They have no real entity in themselves. They resemble mists which rise from the damp earth of low-lying lands, and which the heat of the sun disperses. Again they are like vapours in high altitudes, upon which, if a man's shadow falls, he beholds himself as a giant. For these spirits invariably flatter and magnify a man to himself. . . . They tell one that he is a king; another that he is Christ; another that he is wisest of mortals, and the like.' And in a further conversation: 'Their delight is to distort and travesty good and excellent things. And their deadliest foe is "the Intuition." They are the delusive shapes who tempted the saints of old with exceeding beauty and wiles of love, and great show of affection and flattery.'"

From another point of view these intelligences would appear to be of a parasitical nature. "The Astrals exist in numbers round certain persons. About some there are none. I am shown an old book on chemistry with much about the spirits of

the blood. They are like vampires and feed on the vital spirits." Their chief aim would appear to be the implanting of " mischievous impulses " and the destruction of mental balance.

Her Genius proceeds to inform Mrs. Kingsford that there are two ways to rid oneself of the Astrals. " One is the method of starving the body (practised exclusively in olden times). Not mere abstinence, but fasts of twenty or forty days, with absolute loneliness and life in the open air day and night. It was to the efficacy of such method that Jesus alluded when He said, in reference to the obsessed child, ' This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.' The object is to deprive the Astrals of their means of subsistence by depriving the vital fluids of their spirits. . . . The other plan is the exact reverse. This is to pour in an excess of vitality and so to replace what the Astrals take faster than you lose it. But prayer will do more than either fasting or feeding."

Again and again Mrs. Kingsford's Genius insists that the Astrals are not complete entities. " The Astrals cannot rise to be partakers of the divine life, because they are mere reflections of the living soul, or traces or footprints of a soul which has passed through the astral light and gone beyond. In no case are they in themselves entities, though they are in some cases existences." " And again : " The Astral is not an entity, for it cannot reproduce itself. It is an imprint only, a shadow, a reflect, an echo. All they whose bodies have decomposed leave, or have left, their shadow in the astral space. But the shadow or phantom of Jesus is not there ; for His body left no sidereal corpse. The body itself was indrawn or transmuted."

* * * * *

To-day the book-market is flooded with competing " Revelations " from the other side. A few of these bear the impress of genuine spirituality and the desire for a better day. Others are merely a réchauffé of the current chat of sensitives. How are we to steer a course among the so many and great dangers of the deep waters of the Unseen ? Many are asking this question at the present time. They are shaking off the shackles of a materialistic age and yet uncertain to whom to turn for guidance. To all such a word of advice is needed. Do not embrace every message from the other side as gospel truth. The crude idea that Truth is waiting for us the moment we pass behind the curtain of the senses is surely as mischievous as it is foolish. Remember that we are fenced about on all sides by the unknown, and that, as Anna Kingsford herself insisted, " if occultism were all, and held the key of heaven, there would be no need of Christ."

TALISMANS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

BY W. T. AND K. PAVITT

FROM the remotest ages as far back as records animate and inanimate go, mankind has ever striven to express in some tangible form forces and powers but vaguely felt whose full expression remains ever beyond the practical material in which humanity is manifesting. Amidst the upheavals of the changing ages the forces of Nature would take prominent place in primitive man's recognition; volcanic upheavals, convulsions caused by floods, the crushing and disintegration of the ice ages would all be apparent subconsciously for the most part and very little understood, but all helping to emphasize the constant and seemingly undeviating motions of the heavenly bodies in their diurnal relation to the earth. The rising and gradual passing of the sun across the heavens to his glorious setting at the close of day, would not fail to impress the first waking mind of man, as a fact fixed, regular and unalterable. Naturally then, when trying to express something of the intangible forces and powers of which he was dimly conscious, he would take the sun as a symbol to embody the highest and strongest aspirations and desires he was capable of feeling; and there is little doubt that the first talisman made by primitive man took the form of this symbol, rudely scratched on bone or metal, or even painted on his body to attract the benefits and good fortune it represented to him.

The most unique and, probably, the oldest symbol of the Sun is the Swastika, which is familiar to all and was used by every known civilization to attract the good or well-being, which its name according to its Sanskrit meaning promises its wearers. It is interesting to note in connection with this, that it is used as the badge of one of the most successful of modern institutions, the Boy Scouts, and we do not by any means consider this as the mere working of chance. It is believed that this symbol represented the plan of the lost city of Atlantis and also of Solomon's temple, built to withstand any wind that might blow; for which reason it is a valued talisman amongst

Freemasons. The various meanings and uses of this fascinating symbol have been dealt with at some length in our book on Talismans and Amulets,* so that it is unnecessary to say more here.

Another glyph of the Sun of great antiquity is the dot surrounded by a circle, well known to astrologers, worn to attract success, health and longevity, which is the gift of the Sun; no better symbol could have been selected as the distinguishing mark of our aeroplanes in the terrible War now raging, as an indication of our national ideals, and whether its choice was deliberate or otherwise it most certainly expresses the aim of the Allies to establish a new world of freedom and justice, with reasonable opportunities of health and successful development for all nations.

As the Sun is the greatest manifestation by day, so the calm radiance of the Moon rules the night, and through all time her beauty and dignity has been felt to be a visible continuation of the forces emanating from the Sun, and numerous symbols have been used to attract her help and benefits; the Sun being held to typify the All-Father, the Moon naturally became feminine, and her favours as necessary to the welfare of mankind as those of the Sun; her crescent symbol always representing the universal celestial Mother Isis, Diana and the Madonna, symbolizing the highest womanly virtues. In due course she became the horned Moon, and so horns of animals worn upon the head were used as the badge of the Moon-goddess, the most compassionate and beneficent of female beings; frequently the horn was taken to symbolize divinity, and when shown on male personages refers to the Supreme God, for which reason Moses is represented with horns on his head when returning with the tables of the commandments from the divine presence. In Italy they are still used to this day and may be seen over doors, and upon buildings to protect the inhabitants from bewitchment and the Evil Eye.

The horseshoe nailed over our own doors had its origin in this same crescent symbol, though owing to lack of knowledge of this it is frequently seen with the horns pointing downwards, which being reversed in this way loses its significance and the luck is said to run out.

In many religions of ancient days the Sun stood as the symbol of the Supreme Being, the life-giving central power, and in his lecture on heat Professor Tyndall says:—

* *The Book of Talismans, Amulets and Zodiacal Gems.* By W. T. & K. Pavitt. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

Every mechanical action on the surface of the earth, every manifestation of power, organic or inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the Sun, which is the reservoir of the electrical magnetic and vital forces required by our system, which are taken in by all men, animals, vegetables and minerals and by them transmuted into the various life forces.

This electric force or energy is coloured, so to speak, by the portion of the Zodiac it passes through in reaching the earth, so that the twelve months of the year represent twelve coloured rays of magnetism, and those born during one period of the year will be in sympathy with those born at other periods, whose rays are harmonious with their own. Many astrologers believe that the planets of our solar system not only absorb and give out the sun's rays, but add a subtle force peculiarly their own, which they reflect to the earth, thus exercising their allotted part in the evolution of mankind, and talismans made when harmonious aspects are in force of the metal and stone represented by the planet most favourably aspected in the horoscope, form a channel through which these vibrations are transmitted to the wearer of the talisman. The horoscope is necessary for an accurate decision as to the most suitable planetary influence to be represented, for if the sign occupied by the Sun was afflicted at the time of birth this sign should not be engraved on a charm or talisman. Egypt is particularly rich in examples of amulets and charms, their examination revealing to the seeker (who recognizes the fact that symbols, whether in the form of animals or inanimate objects, were regarded as a manifestation of the Divine power exerting itself under various aspects) a depth of refinement and poetry that will more than repay him, a talisman being an ideal made for the guidance of faith, and a mental concept of an inspiring character.

The dog-headed ape is always associated with the great god Thoth, weighing the souls of the dead at the judgment day, and seven of these animals were said to represent the spirits of the dawn, which after chanting the morning hymn to the Sun assumed the form of apes.

The sacred scarab is one of the best known Egyptian talismans, dedicated to Khepera, a form of the Sun-god; Pliny describes it as illustrating the revolution of the Sun, from its habit of making pellets of clay and rolling them along before it. It was used as a symbol of immortality and as a hieroglyph signifies creative power, and was by royal command engraved upon the signets of Egyptian soldiers to confer virility and manly force and bring them success and victory on their expeditions. Next

in importance to the scarab, the most popular Egyptian talisman was the eye of Osiris, worn by the living for courage, and used to protect the dead from evil magic. It is natural that from the idea of sympathetic magic representations of the eye itself should among all people be considered as a potent agent in warding off the evil glance, and for this purpose it is very popular amongst the Turks, Arabs and Nubians of to-day.

Another well-known talisman is the ankh or "key of life," which some astrologers assert was founded on the symbol of Venus, used by the Egyptians to form their word *ankh*, meaning life. The circle signifies the Divine spirit, and the cross matter, the symbol thus showing the ultimate conquest of matter by spirit.

A talisman consisting of the first two fingers was considered a symbol of strength and power, and a sign of peace and good faith, the first finger being the indicator of Divine will and justice, and the only one that can stand erect by itself alone; the second representing the Holy Spirit the Mediator.

The hippopotamus was regarded as a powerful amulet for protection against evil magic, being dedicated to Hathor, a very popular form of the goddess Isis in her rôle of the loving protecting mother of the living and the guardian of their souls when in the underworld.

In the Middle Ages the cock as a symbol was in great favour, being considered the special enemy of the devil; hence he is placed upon weather vanes of churches and other buildings, so that the arch-fiend may always see his dreaded foe on guard.

The oldest form of the cross, the tau is supposed to have had its origin from the divisional markings on the back of the sacred beetle or scarab, and is frequently found on talismanic rings of the thirteenth century and this is also the cross marked on the forehead of the faithful children of Israel mentioned in the ninth chapter of Ezekiel. A cross generally of Greek form enclosed in a circle is another Sun symbol, and made in brass is one of the commonest ornaments used on the harness of cart-horses in England and all over Europe, and was originally designed as a protection from witchcraft and fascination.

The fish appears in every known religion as a symbol of creative power, fertility and plenty, in primordial philosophies playing an important part in creation; and because life was believed to have entered the world through the mouth of the fish, the mystical emblem known as the Vesica piscis assumed its shape an oval like that of a fish's mouth.

Although the black cat is considered unlucky in China, the reverse idea was held by the Egyptians, who preserved them extensively, keeping special temples in their honour, and dedicating them to Isis, whose favours they were believed to attract. The cat was considered an appropriate symbol of the Moon (Isis), first because she prowls by night, secondly by her varied colours, and thirdly because of her fertility. Also the pupils of the eyes of the cat appear broad and full at the full moon, contracting and weakening at its decrease.

From the earliest ages men have regarded the hand as a natural symbol of a Higher Power and Perfected Intelligence, and although it may have been used at times as an instrument of evil, by the malignant and cruel, more frequently it has been taken as a powerful protection against that special form of evil, supposed to be flashed from one person to another by the eye. Some of the oldest and most interesting examples of the use of the hand as an amulet of protection and power have been taken from early Etruscan tombs; others are described as belonging to the first Iron Age, a period of extreme antiquity, and one piece of bronze plate cut into a rough representation of the hand with an eyelet for suspension round the neck, shows that these amulets were worn as far back as 500 to 1000 B.C. A form of great antiquity and valued by all Moslems is the hand of Fatima, which is typified by a hand with fingers and thumb outstretched, and is considered to bring the favour and protection of the prophet Mohammed, who is represented by the thumb; the lady Fatima, his only daughter, by the first finger; Ali, her husband, by the second; the third and fourth fingers being allotted to Hassan and Hussain, the sons of Fatima and Ali.

Amulets were frequently written on parchment, and one universally worn by Jews over thirteen years of age in the time of our Lord was called Tetragrammaton, consisting of four passages from the twelfth chapter of Exodus, second and tenth verses, the sixth of Deuteronomy, fourth and ninth verses, and the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy, thirteenth and twenty-first verses. This form of amulet is very popular, inscriptions from the Koran being added amongst Arabs, Turks and Abyssinians of the present day, who do not confine them to their own persons, but also attach them to their camels and horses.

In January, 1915, "Eye Witness" in his dispatch from the front, speaking of written charms being found on German prisoners, quotes as follows:—

Not a few of our prisoners are in possession of so-called written charms.

against death, wounds, disease and every imaginable evil. One such document begins thus :—

“May God preserve me against all manner of arms and weapons, shot and cannon, long or short swords, knives or daggers or carbines, halberds, and anything that cuts or points, against thrusts, rapiers, long and short rifles, or guns and such like, which have been forged since the birth of Christ; against all kinds of metal, be it iron or steel, brass or lead, ore or wood.”

After further circumlocution the list goes on to include all kinds of evil reports, from a blow from behind, from witchcraft and well-stealing (poisoning), but curiously enough it omits the only mischance which actually befel the owner—that of being made a prisoner of war! * The document is of inordinate length, and ends with some Cabalistic letters and numerals, and with an obscure reference to a blessing from the Archangel Gabriel. Many of these amulets or charms are probably of very ancient origin and have been handed down among the German peasantry from generation to generation.

Varieties of these written charms are familiar to all students of the occult, and are to be met with in the various writings of Francis Barrett, A. E. Waite, Macgregor Mathers and many others, ranging from invocations for spiritual aid and protection, down to charms for material gain and prosperity, or against sickness and disease. Amulets and charms are not, however, always confined to inscriptions or invocations, but frequently consist of symbols having a religious origin, and examples are still in existence of these ancient beliefs bequeathed to us from China, Japan, India, Egypt, Assyria, Ancient Rome and Europe of the Middle Ages.

It is impossible in a short article to do full justice to this subject, but sufficient has been said to show that a careful examination of ancient talismans and charms will well repay the inquirer, as a little research will readily unearth a vast amount of information of absorbing interest.

* It is very doubtful if the German soldier in question would have regarded this as a mischance.—ED.

A TRUE EXPERIENCE

BY ANNIE RANDOLPH

I AM going to begin this story with "Once upon a time" for those who will see in it merely the fairy-tale of imagination. There may be others, however, familiar with elves, sprites, fairies and "ghosts," who do not doubt but that "the supernatural is only the natural not yet understood." To these I can verily say it is a real story, a true happening, and I know they will recognize the pass-word, the sign. This same pass-word and sign that unlock the door to this strange domain where truth holds her sway, and wherein those who *know* are in familiar land, will but be a stronger proof to the uninitiate that imagination is a mighty thing; whereas in reality it is Truth that is the mightiest of all.

This present conflict in Europe is furnishing us with many so-called "supernatural interventions." Can one doubt the veracity of the apparitions, for example, at Mons and at Ypres, when not one British soldier, but many, many saw "helpers from Beyond" range themselves between the attackers (the Germans) and the attacked (themselves), thus forming a protective wall to which many a "Tommy" owes his life? For those interested along these lines, there are innumerable proofs, testimonies, written by the soldiers themselves—eye-witnesses to what they attest having seen.

I can vouch for what follows—to make it stronger yet, I can swear to it, by whatever any one holds most in reverence, most sacred.

The experience is my own, and is as follows:—

There is an excellent "My Soldiers' League" started in England soon after the outbreak of this Great War, for the purpose of giving a little brightness and cheer to British soldiers fighting abroad. The executive gets the names, number of regiment, and all that is necessary to make possible the coming into letter-touch with the men. Whoever joins this League as a member is given a soldier to write to, for the duration of the war. The rules are: Write to your soldier every fortnight, send him a paper or some illustrated matter the week you do not write, and once

a month send a package of good things. There is a list of these to choose from, which helps the sender.

It was through this organization that I came in touch with my soldier—one of the regulars of the 1st Life Guards, who was wounded in May, 1915, carried to Boulogne hospital, for the amputation of a leg, notwithstanding which, septic poisoning set in, due to the long wait in the trench where he lay wounded for twenty-four hours before assistance could reach—and he died in a military hospital in England, the latter half of July, two months later.

Many letters had passed between us while he was still "somewhere in France": letters whose *raison d'être* was to cheer, give little items of "home news," and to let the soldier sense the kindness and interest you felt in him. For, remember, the duties towards him are those of a godmother, and the more "fairy" she be, the better will she fulfil her mission. There were daily prayers said for his protection. In answer to my "I don't know whether you believe in the efficacy of such things or not, but I do," came his appreciation in short, laconic, soldier-like reply, "I do, miss, and I thank you." On another occasion, a good lady given to the distribution of those nicely got-up little pocket-editioned Gospels—slipped into many a soldier's hand at parting, with a "God protect you!" cried out after him—had me put one into my soldier's parcel, which I was preparing to send him from England to France.

When he lay ill in hospital in England some months later, a little booklet of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful and helpful poems went to him. Especially marked, as though by design, was that lovely "Whatever is, is best." These were the only three occasions when anything of a spiritual nature was touched upon.

A month after his death, the news reached me in America, where I had come. During his two months of illness after his wound in Flanders, prayers and hopes for his recovery had been constantly in my mind and heart. A wife's and three small boys' happiness and welfare were hanging thereupon; moreover, as one does, I had grown very fond of my unseen soldier. That he had had to go, after such a desperate fight for life, made me feel very sad. I felt, also, he would be worrying—even though so-called "dead"—about his wife and the probable financial embarrassment she might find herself in, following upon his death. Therefore, the night of the day the news of his "passing-over" reached me (a full month after it had actually occurred) I retired

with a strong appeal on my lips to him. With a great desire to help the man, I sent out "thought-waves," knowing they would somehow reach him. The burden of them was, that he should try and rise higher, leave the earth-plane, and not worry about the poorer surroundings which would fall to the lot of his dear ones. And this thought I made very strong, "that we would look after her and see that she and his boys did not come to actual want." It was in a state of uplift, with this prayer upon my lips, and the feelings of which the words were mere spoken counterparts, that I fell asleep. How long the sleep had lasted I do not know, but I think not long, when I awoke with great suddenness, *knowing* some one was before me, and that if I looked I should see. Time does not register by the ticks of a clock, but by the beats of the heart, therefore, in actual seconds—it seemed fully several minutes—I can't say how long I looked into the face of a man, unmistakably English in type. Only the head was visible, but this, like the light of a white moon, shone with and from its own "lighting-up." I can't use any other word, "radiance" implies, it seems to me, an active light, and this was a still, motionless dead light. Those who have ever had this experience of seeing an "astral" face will understand just what I mean. Long, long I looked until every detail, colouring of hair, moustache and skin was photographed upon my mind. It then disappeared, without any movement other than a wiping-out of itself, rather than a blotting-out. It gave no sign of consciousness, no sign of recognition of any one's presence, and I was—I must acknowledge—so taken by surprise, I only stared spellbound and speechless. Oh, if I had only spoken to him! But I was fully aware it was "my soldier," though when in earth-life I had never seen him, nor seen any one who ever knew him, neither had I ever had any idea as to his appearance. Unsolicited by me, came a month later a letter from his widow, saying she knew her husband would like me to have a photograph of himself, might she send one? Another month elapsed before my eager answer in the affirmative brought the much wished-for post-card photo. It was the face of the man I had seen! Though I had had no doubts about it whatever, yet it was interesting to have a friend with whom I was stopping, when the picture arrived, recognize in it the oft-repeated descriptions of the face seen in that night, at the end of August.

The mother's pension which she receives from the British Government is being supplemented by a certain wee sum destined for the better schooling and home-life of the boys. Three of us

have thus be-godmothered these young lads, and in so doing, have relieved the mother of her former anxiety. She knows nothing of the prayer-promise which I verily believe must have been the force drawing the father to me. And doubtless the carrying out of the promise relieved his mind of the worry holding him down to our earth-plane.

Some day when I know the mother, as I soon shall, perhaps I may have the courage to tell her the source whence came the visit of the "good fairies," whose gifts are to continue until each boy is equipped with a trade or profession to carry him through life.

ELEMENTAL CRADLE SONG

BY LEO FRENCH

PEACE of ardent fire surround thee,
 Live and soothing, bright and still,
 Now thine own have named and found thee
 Rest, in elemental will.

Peace of fixed air brood o'er thee,
 Light supernal, Being's shade,
 Infant zephyrs dance before thee
 While in cradle thou art laid.

Water! Bring Neptunian blossom,
 Foam-wrought flowers, enamelled shells,
 Coral, from fair Ocean's bosom,
 Amber, from enchanted wells.

Earth! With scents and colours weave thee
 Spells, till thou forget thy pain,
 Elements! In love receive thee
 For a space to them again.

TWO DREAMS WITH CURIOUS SEQUELS

BY ALICE CUNNINGHAME,

Author of "Dorothea of Romney Marsh," "The Love Story of Giraldus," etc., etc.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded by a sleep."

AS so much interest was taken in her former article, "A Dream with a Curious Sequel," which appeared in the July number of the OCCULT REVIEW, the writer ventures to give two more dreams which had curious sequels. One of these happened to herself and the other to a relation of hers.

She begins with the one which happened to herself, partly because of its having influenced her in following up the dream which she described in her former article, and which led to the extraordinary chain of circumstances that caused her to discover that she had dreamed of an old manor house, *a real place*, although at the time of the dream she was entirely ignorant of its existence.

In the case of the following she dreamed of *a person* of whom she had never heard and had never seen. She was unaware that he existed. At the same time there are points of resemblance between this dream and the one about the old manor house, inasmuch *a dazzling vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary formed part of both dreams.*

THE DREAM.

The writer dreamed she was in an old church, it was evening and the greater part of the building was in darkness, but to the right was what was evidently the Lady Chapel, and its altar was lighted up as if for Evensong. The candles sent a flickering glow of light out into the church, forming a bright spot in the surrounding gloom. There were several steps leading up to the altar, which was placed rather high, and at the top a clergyman was standing, he was wearing a white surplice over a black cassock and a long stole which looked blue in the light. He was facing towards the body of the church, and the writer particularly observed him. He was a rather tall, fair man with broad shoulders and strongly marked features, a fine forehead and level eyebrows,

and his fair hair had a curl or wave in it. It was not a common or ordinary type of face such as one may see every day, but on the contrary rather an unusual face and which once seen one would be likely to recognize again.

There was nobody else in the church, and the writer remained a moment looking towards this man and wondering if there was going to be a service. Then in the strange way of dreams the figure on the topmost step before the altar changed, and in the place of the clergyman there stood revealed the graceful form of a woman, to all appearance that of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a radiant personality from whom light seemed to emanate, with a face exquisite in its beauty and purity. Her golden tresses escaped to view under her white veil, on her head was a starry crown, high, with open arabesque work such as she is represented as wearing in old pictures; this was set with brilliants which flashed in the candlelight. She wore a blue robe over her shoulders and apparently some white under-dress. She looked towards the writer. Words fail in describing such beauty—such purity—and the lovely soul shining through a perfect face. Not sad as so often depicted in pictures by old masters, but full of joy!

Then the writer awoke and wondered how she had come to have this vivid and extraordinary dream. It impressed her strongly; so much so that she told several people of it.

THE SEQUEL TO THE DREAM.

The following Sunday (on referring to an old diary she finds it was the 2nd Sunday in Advent, December 7, 1913) contrary to usual she was alone, and resolved to go to Evensong at a church she sometimes attended, the old parish church in the town of F—.

As she reached the church door the bells ceased ringing and she entered the church hastily with the intention of finding a seat before the service began. She, however, was obliged to wait at one side whilst the choir followed by the clergy passed down to their places, which in that church are just under the central tower at the lower end of the church. She looked carelessly at the procession as it filed by, when all at once her attention was arrested by the face of a stranger, a clergyman coming with the others at the end of the procession. *It was the face of the man in her dream!* And not only was the face the same, but he resembled in every respect the clergyman of the dream.

To say she was amazed is to put it mildly. She was almost rooted to the spot with astonishment.

“What on earth,” she asked herself, “has caused me to dream of a man I have never seen before in my life?” She could scarcely believe her eyes. “Yes, sure enough it is the same face,” she thought. “I wonder what it portends?” “Who is he?”

The service proceeded as usual, and when it came to the time for the sermon the stranger mounted the pulpit. He preached in an interesting manner, and there was a great deal in his discourse about the Blessed Virgin Mary, and one of the things he said was that in our Church, the Church of England, we were inclined perhaps not to pay her sufficient reverence! Not the amount of reverence due to the mother of our Lord!

The writer listened with the odd feeling that she knew beforehand he was going to speak of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and when he spoke of her so much it did not seem at all strange. Whilst in point of fact as already stated, the writer was in complete ignorance of the whole thing, and had not even been aware that a stranger was to preach that evening.

After the service was over, she inquired as to who the preacher was, and obtained the information she desired.

She knows there is no actual proof of all this, only her word of honour to go upon, and the fact that she had already told the dream to others *before* she saw the clergyman of the dream.

She never followed the dream up in any way, though counselled by friends to write to the clergyman in question and find out at what time he was engaged in preparing his sermon, etc. But she did not care to do so, and the matter dropped. But it was *because* of dreaming a *second* time in August, 1916, of a Vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary that she resolved to follow up the second dream, and that led to a curious sequel as related in her previous article in this magazine.

In seeking an explanation one is inclined to ask, “Was this clergyman a man especially devoted to the Blessed Virgin Mary? Did he often have her in his thoughts? Did these thought-waves travel out and reach the writer? If so, why the writer in particular, as she was an utter stranger?” Admitting that he did on this especial occasion unconsciously send out thought waves, they must have been transmitted late at night or in the small hours of the morning. Could it have been at the time he was writing or making notes of his sermon? But, even if this were so it does not explain how it was that the writer *saw him in her dream and saw him so distinctly that she recognized his face again in an instant among a crowd of others!*

THE DREAM WHICH HAD A TRAGIC SEQUEL.

The following is a case of a dream with a sequel, but unfortunately a tragic one.

The dreamer was a Mr. A—— D——, uncle to the writer of this article. He was her mother's brother. At the time of the dream Mr. A—— D—— was on a visit to the writer's parents, in a place on the borders of Northumberland and Durham. The writer herself was a very young girl at the time. It was a few years before the Boer War.

On the day in question A—— D—— came down to breakfast looking rather depressed, so much so that the writer's mother asked him if anything were wrong.

"Oh! there is nothing wrong," he replied, "only I had a strangely vivid dream last night and dreamt it *three times over*." On being pressed to relate it he said, "I dreamed I was in South Africa on the Veldt, and I was standing near a rock or boulder. In the shadow of it I saw myself, or rather my body, lying dead. Two very dark men were kneeling by it, and bending over it; they were so dark they were almost black. One of them had a long knife in his hand and they were taking the clothes off the body. I stood watching them," he continued, "and at the time I did not seem to care very much. But I do not like it now." He also said, "I dreamed the name of the place—Sanna's Post."

"Is there such a place?" we asked.

"Oh! yes," he replied, "but not much known."

He was a civil engineer and had done a great deal of surveying abroad, though not in South Africa, and he possessed numerous ordnance maps. He was a man who had knocked about all over the world. He was a born soldier and had passed examinations to enter the Army in his youth, but through the meddling interference of a step-father had been prevented from joining. He felt this deeply, and in every war during his lifetime he always volunteered and took part in the fighting. As a very young man he fought in 1870 on the side of the French against the Germans. This to show a little the character of the man.

We all thought the dream extraordinary, and it was talked about and discussed by various relations, and frequently referred to in the years following.

"What death would you choose to die if you had your choice?" the writer asked him one day.

"I should choose to die fighting for my country on a field of battle," was the reply.

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But there was no question of war in the dream. It was merely as already stated. He had never been to South Africa.

Then the Boer War broke out and in December, 1899, at the time of our great disasters he came to see the writer who was then in London.

"I am off to the Front the day after to-morrow," he said abruptly. "Indeed," she answered. "Knowing you as I do, I am not surprised, but do you remember your dream?"

"Oh! yes, I remember," he said, "but in any case I am going; we are not fighting black men, they were either black or very dark in my dream, and if we were I should go just the same."

She promised "to see him off, the day after to-morrow," but an accident to herself prevented her carrying out her promise.

She received a post-card from him written when he landed in South Africa, then later on a letter and a card. He had joined "Roberts' Horse." In the days that followed much speculation was rife in the family as to whether Uncle A——'s dream would be fulfilled. Then came a period of silence. Then in the newspaper columns we saw Trooper A—— D—— was "missing." Again he was reported "killed"—then "missing."

The next thing that came was a touching letter from his officer in command speaking highly of him and how he had died fighting gallantly in an ambush at *Sanna's Post!*

Those who remember that sad time will recollect how our men were caught like rats in a trap, their retreat cut off by their own baggage wagons. Those days are gone, and thank God our erstwhile enemies are now our friends.

To continue the narrative of what happened, his officer in command said, "We did not find the poor fellow's body at once. We are sure you will have no objection when I tell you his kit was divided among his comrades." He went on to say that Trooper A—— D—— was buried in the same grave as Major B—— of the *Northumberland Fusiliers!*

A—— D—— was staying on the borders of Northumberland when he dreamed the strange dream.

This dream is well-known to other members of the family. A—— D—— several times mentioned that he had made a written note of the dream. The writer has no knowledge as to where it is at the present time. But his doing so and his frequent references to the dream show that it made a deep impression on his mind. He took an interest in psychical phenomena, but was not a spiritualist.

In discussing it afterwards some member of the family said to

another, "What about the dark men?" In all probability they were the Indian stretcher-bearers who found his body, and would take his clothes, for his clothes and all his kit were divided among his comrades.

Thus several years beforehand A—— D—— dreamt of his own death, and the place where he should cross "that bourne whence no traveller returns."

How do scientists explain a case like this? A—— D—— was physically a very strong man. He was in perfect health at the time of the dream. He believed in telepathy in an epoch when people were inclined to sneer at the idea. Since the discovery and wide use of that marvellous invention, wireless telegraphy, a fewer number sit in the seats of the scornful, and a larger number of people have come to believe in the possibility of communion between minds at a distance from each other, and of thought waves travelling through the ether.

But A—— D——'s dream could not actually come under the head of telepathy unless it were from some greater and omniscient mind.

In the old days prophets and seers foretold great events long before they came to pass, and even now (as some think) Bible prophecies are being fulfilled. But one wonders a little why people moving in a small circle of their own narrow and intimate world should have foreshadowings of the future—except that to themselves their passing over to a great new life is a stupendous event. Sometimes a small thing forms the keystone of a great thing. We must leave it at that.

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.]

BLUEBEARD AND THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In his interesting article with the above title Mr. J. W. Brodie-Innes writes : " While the high-placed criminal de Rais suffered the extreme penalty, the instigators and abettors of his crimes went scot-free. Prelati . . . and many others, gave their testimony and disappeared, nor is there any record of any proceedings against them." There is surely a mistake here.

On September 25, 1440, Gilles de Rais, who had shut himself up in his castle of Machecoul, was seized by the emissaries of Jean V, duke of Brittany, and Jean de Maestroit, bishop of Nantes. Roger de Bricqueville and Gilles de Sillé had already fled, but Prelati, Eustache Blanchet and other of his familiars were arrested with the Marechal. At his trial Gilles de Rais, in an ecstasy of faith and repentance, begged the Bishop of Nantes, who presided, that his accomplices might not be executed before or after, but at the same instant as himself, in order that he might comfort them with his prayers and exhort them to penitence until the very last moment of their lives. The request was granted. On his way to execution Gilles embraced his companions very tenderly, and frequently adjured them to be truly contrite for their sins. Meanwhile the priests in attendance and the whole crowd chanted aloud the old Poem for the Dead,

Nos timemus diem judicii,
Quia mali et nobis conscii,
Sed tu, mater summi concilii,
Para nobis locum refugii,
O Maria !

The Abbé Bossard's *Gilles de Rais* ought to be used with some caution. The author treats his subject as quite normal but extraordinarily wicked. F. H. Bernelle's Thèse de Paris, *La Psychose de Gilles de Rais*, 1910, is a work of great value. Bernelle sums him up as " a pious warrior, a cruel and keen artist, a voluptuous assassin, an exalted mystic," to which Dr. Havelock Ellis acutely adds, he " was at the same time unbalanced, a superior degenerate, and morbidly impulsive." It is perhaps worth remarking that there undeniably exists a close relationship between religious passion and sexual passion. In one

of his sermons (*circa* 1882) Spurgeon pointed out that by a strange, yet natural law, excess of spirituality is next door to sensuality. In the case of Gilles de Rais both mysticism and voluptuousness were carried to an abnormal extent along the most irregular and sinister lines.

Authorities are now generally agreed that the true Bluebeard was not Gilles de Rais, but a Breton king, named Comor, who lived in the sixth century. The legend goes that Comor demanded the hand of Triphina, daughter of the Count of Vannes. The Count refused because it was said that the king had already murdered several wives. Saint Gildas, however, promised that Triphina should return home safe and sound. The marriage was celebrated, but the bride found out that Comor slew each wife directly she became pregnant. In a short time she fled, but she was pursued by the king, who struck off her head with his sword. The Count of Vannes appealed to Saint Gildas, and in accordance with his promise, the Saint restored her to life. It has not been clearly ascertained how the designation Bluebeard was transferred from the shadowy King Comor to the historical Maréchal. But it is quite certain that it was not because Gilles de Rais had a beard of such blackness as to be described by the term blue-black.

Yours truly,
MONTAGUE SUMMERS, F.R.S.L.

POLTERGEIST PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your editorial of last month on "Poltergeist Phenomena" bears out much that I have experienced. In my own flat (never inhabited before I rented it) I have at times had to put a stop to various phenomena of that order, as well as ordinary hauntings by deceased kittens, etc. ! Once, when quite alone in the flat on Sunday night at supper, while immersed in a book, the whole of the ceiling in the bottom portion of my dining-room seemed to fall into a large tin tray on a stand ! I looked up, to see—nothing ! Being always conscious of spiritual guides, I asked mentally what I should do, and was told to "take no notice," so after using the holy sign I obeyed. For a little time afterwards knocks passed over the sideboard and finally died away in a corner, from which at a later period my deceased kitten (then not even born !) used to emerge ! Believing as I do that no sign of *fear* should ever be shown during uncanny happenings, I carried away the same tray, loaded with china, down a long dark passage to the kitchen, and suffered no evil effects—only felt a sense of *guardianship* behind me. On another occasion something evil entered my flat at night, as I opened my door with my latch-key, and even while in my bath the windows were shaken violently, although there was no wind. Still taking no notice, on get-

ting into bed, after prayers, and putting out the light, I became conscious of rustlings like rats or cats in the room, and even my bed was lifted up underneath me! I persevered in my spiritual combat against these entities, and for many years have not been troubled by any external noises. I may state I traced the first occurrences to their fountain head, and precautions were taken to prevent them troubling me again. I quite believe that often servants and children are the unwitting agents in "poltergeist" phenomena, but in these instances neither were instrumental. If only mediumistic people would realize that they have "guides" on the high *spiritual* plane, they would be able by their assistance to counteract these occurrences, and to give their *congé* to undesirable spirits and entities.

Yours faithfully,
A PSYCHIC.

PICTURES IN THE CRYSTAL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be much obliged if any of your readers can throw some light on the following facts. Each time I look in the crystal a distinct picture appears which I can describe minutely, but on no occasion has it the slightest connection with any one or anything known to either myself or those who happen to be present at the time. The pictures seem mostly to belong to bygone ages. The gift of second sight and crystal gazing is in my family, which is Highland and Irish, and has been well tested and developed, but the results in my case are so irrelevant that they are unsatisfactory to me. One very clear picture I saw was a long royal blue banner. At the top there was a lion's head in gold, then a space of blue, next came a golden cross, then another space, then a gauntleted arm holding a battle-axe with an exceptionally long handle, and after another bit of blue there was a gold fringe. I cannot explain this in any way.

Yours faithfully,
AN INQUIRER.

THE FORM OF THE SPIRIT,

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent W. W. Harris, in his letter on the "Form of the Spirit," touches upon a subject concerning which I experienced an illumination a few months ago. I have found that very often when I desire an answer to some metaphysical question I can obtain that answer by meditative thinking. Of course, from a practical point of view, this may be an unsound method of procedure, and in any case, knowledge so obtained must only be regarded as hypothetical. However, as I have said above, a few months ago

I was asking myself the same question as is put forward by your correspondent.

After due meditation, I seemed to perceive mentally, a vast area of black space dotted with stars. In the centre of the mental picture was what I took to be the sun, a small brightly glowing ball about the apparent size of a pea. But what held my attention were the objects in the foreground. Moving slowly about among and through one another were several transparent spheres, some larger than others, but very filmy looking and shining with a golden light. In the centre of each was a brilliant and minute star of intense light, and radiating from this centre to the filmy surface were innumerable straight lines, over which seemed to travel to and from the centre, minute sparks of bright yellow light. I hesitate to place an explanation upon this. It may be that this is the form of the spirit, or the Ego in his spiritual body, the self-consciousness shining as the brilliant star in the centre, the vibrations of consciousness being carried inwards and outwards over the shining straight lines. I do not know.

Yours faithfully,

F. E. BAYARD ELTON.

THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the current issue of your REVIEW I see you state your belief that Mr. Wedgwood was consecrated by Bishop Mathew. I have no hesitation in saying that *you are mistaken in this belief*, and further, in asserting that Bishop Mathew did not consecrate *any* of those bishops referred to above. If you inquire of Bishop Mathew himself you will find my statement to be correct.

The point at issue, to my mind, is this : A movement such as that represented by the Old Catholic Church within the Theosophical Society is, as I know you agree, of very great importance, and if it is to accomplish that great work for which it seems to have been planned, it is essential that the bona fides and credentials of its representatives should be open to ALL those who come within its sphere of influence. As a matter of fact no public statement has ever been made, so far as I can discover, as to the source from which these officiating bishops received their consecration. It is *generally* believed that Bishop Mathew consecrated them, which I know is not the case ; I think you will agree with me that it is time some public statement should be made by the leaders of the movement as to (1) The identity of the person from whom they received their consecration, and (2) the form of religion professed by that person at the time of conferring consecration.

I feel that those level-headed and well-balanced people who alone can give true support to *any* movement will turn away dissatisfied

from a "Church" whose leaders require the public to take their credentials on trust.

There has never, as your own review bears witness (November number), been any mystery about Bishop Mathew's consecration by the Archbishop of Utrecht—why cannot the public have a similarly frank statement (supported by evidence) from the *present leaders* of the movement who make no attempt even to correct the erroneous impression existing in many minds on the subject?

Your review is always so fair in its outlook on all matters of interest to occultists that I sincerely hope you will not let this matter drop without clearing it up, now that it has made an appearance in your columns.

Yours faithfully,

E. M. MURRAY.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have heard from Bishop Mathew, who authorizes me to say that he had "nothing whatever to do with the consecration" of the T.S. Old Catholic bishops, and "strongly disapproved of it." In case you should wish to refer to him direct his address is: The Brambles, Kingsdown, Deal, Kent.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I note in the current number of the OCCULT REVIEW, referring to the Theosophical Society and the so-called Old Catholic Movement in the T.S. that you say J. L. Wedgwood was consecrated, you believe, bishop by Bishop Mathew. Allow me most emphatically to contradict this. J. L. Wedgwood was *ordained* by Bishop Mathew, but certainly not *consecrated* by him, and any one who is interested in the matter would be well-advised to inquire BY WHOM HE WAS CONSECRATED.

Yours faithfully,

16 ST. AUGUSTINE'S MANSIONS,
VINCENT SQUARE, S.W. 1.

G. H. BLANE.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE most attractive article in the new issue of *The Quest* is the study of Solovyoff by Stephen Graham, whose work is always characterized by a certain charm of expression, as well as by clarity of thought. One of the beautiful books of the autumn season was that *Priest of the Ideal* in which, under the guise of a story, he has told many rare things concerning the spiritual life of quest. In the present paper he goes back to his favourite field, the Christian Church in Russia. He is held to have misunderstood the soul of the Russian nation, because of the curious commentary afforded by the recent Revolution on his opinion that the law and love of kinghood were rooted in that soul deeply. In any case he has a discerning inward eye directed towards the Russian Church, and his picture of Solovyoff, "born and bred in Russian Orthodoxy," a mystic on the one side, a progressive and evolutionist on the other, is interesting, not to say instructive reading. Mr. Graham regards him as harmonizing and uniting Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, while for him he is greater than either. Sir William Barrett discusses *The Psychic Factor in Evolution*, and his article is of much original force. For him the universe is dynamic and to be interpreted by the work of mind therein, not as "a vast and soulless machine." He summarizes the variations of expert thought on this question and indicates present leanings towards his own side. In addition to material agencies at work in evolution, the world of life reveals "psychic forces within the organism," or in other words, that there is "a soul in Nature as well as a soul in man." Outside the main issues of his article, he suggests also that "life in the unseen has come into touch with life in the seen." Professor E. H. Parker writes on the earliest conceptions of religion in China, regarded as a subjective feeling towards things right and due—whether to ancestors, oneself, the family or the whole nation—not as an objective ideal. This sketch may be read usefully in connection with Mr. W. J. Clennell's *Historical Development of Religion in China*. A somewhat unexpected departure from his usual fields is made by Mr. Mead in *A Word on Psychoanalysis*, a paper which arises out of Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious*.

We offer our congratulations to the London Spiritual Alliance on the fact reported recently that it has entered on a new year with a substantial accession of membership. Our informant is *Light*, in a leader discussing the prospects of 1918. A conviction is expressed that the work of the Alliance "will be lifted and enlarged to a higher plane of usefulness." In company with its official organ, it goes forward therefore with quiet confidence, "knowing that nothing is final and nothing fatal," believing that a life of service is the best claim on longevity. For our own part, we have no doubt that our contemporary has been doing good work within its own field for a

considerable number of years ; we feel certain that it will not fail in well-doing ; and we are not afraid of its future. It will weather the storm of the war and still go on.

It was mentioned last month that *The Builder* has been discussing Freemasonry and its connection with Mediæval Craft Guilds, the author of the articles in question being Mr. Ossian Lang, who holds the official position of Grand Historian in the Grand Lodge of New York. The consideration has been brought to a conclusion in the last issue to hand, assuming a remarkable aspect and one which was scarcely anticipated on our part. It is likely to be passed over in silence by those who are entitled to speak among English Masons, because it involves the reconsideration of a wide field of research, the findings obtained in which have been regarded as practically settled, and it is not in our conservative English nature to undertake retrospections of this kind willingly. We occupy ourselves an independent position, apart from vested interests of the intellectual order, on this subject at least—as we hope indeed on all—and the matter being of real importance, however it may be determined in the end, we make no apology for introducing it to those who are concerned. Mr. Lang discusses further the traces of “a secret brotherhood” within the old Masons’ Company of London. There are vague indications of its existence early in the fifteenth century and others more definite at various subsequent periods, down to the end of the seventeenth century, when it is suggested that the “symbolical” section of the Company left it for good. By the hypothesis, these were accepted Masons, “not connected with any department of the building trade.” In 1717, or not so long after the exodus in question, there took place that “revival” which manifested in the formation of a Grand Lodge of Accepted Masons, an institution wholly apart from the Company of previous centuries, though not at its inception without an operative element in its ranks. In 1723 this Grand Lodge revived and developed certain old Constitutions, which speak of “noble and eminent Brethren” within the Masons’ ranks, from the third year of King Henry IV onward, and describe them as having “no concern in trespasses against the Statutes for labourers.” In Mr. Lang’s opinion “this disposes of the oft-repeated fallacy which would have us derive Freemasonry from Operative Masonry.” It appears further in annotations to the same collection that the arts and sciences of the Craft Guild, the geometry and architecture, were regarded as distinctive possessions of Accepted Masons, while Operatives were concerned only about “laws, forms and usages.” As regards the geometry and architecture, Mr. Lang appeals to the “fixed code of symbolism” which regulated erection of cathedrals, so that they were at once books and Bibles, Solomon’s temples spiritualized. The key to their symbolism, he argues, was transmitted from generation to generation by the secret brotherhood, who were architects, sculptors, painters, even poets and philosophers. But then came that

time when the brotherhood were left, holding their key indeed but having no further jurisdiction over the building craft, while the craft itself had fallen on those evil times which began about 1530. The ethical, spiritual, religious side of the symbolism stood henceforth by itself and out of it was developed ultimately that sequence of ceremonial and doctrine which we know now as Speculative Masonry. The question is not whether Mr. Lang has proved his case but whether he has made out one of a *prima facie* kind. In our opinion he has carried it further than some previous attempts have done. We think also that the consideration should be extended more fully than is possible in magazine articles. So far back as 1853, the French Mason Ragon held the same view, though not for the same reasons, being governed by an arbitrary hypothesis concerning the hand of Elias Ashmole in the creation of Speculative Masonry. In conclusion, we are impressed by Mr. Lang's statement that the notion of Speculative being derived from Operative Masonry was first put forward in 1777, by the well known writer Grandidier. He was not a Mason, though the bare fact may signify little on any side of his hypothesis. While we do not pretend that Mr. Lang's findings satisfy us, we should like to see them discussed fully and fairly.

The Freemasons' Chronicle has adopted a new form which seems to us an improvement on the whole, though probably dictated by difficulties of the present time respecting paper supplies. We note from its columns that the Rev. Dr. H. G. Rosedale, who is the present Master of the Coachmakers' Company, a prominent Mason and Officer of Grand Lodge, has also had something to say recently on Craft Guilds and Freemasonry. He regards them as one and the same thing, without specifying his exact meaning, and for the rest, being concerned with Guilds generally and everywhere, he does not cover the same ground as Mr. Lang. . . . *The Freemason* reviews the progress of the Craft during 1917, making a good record, at the head of which stands the name of Lord Ampthill—the Pro-Grand Master—who has been serving king and country from the day on which war was declared. It may be of interest to many that Lord Rhondda, the Food Controller, and Sir Francis Lloyd are respectively the Senior and Junior Grand Wardens of the present year. In 1917 there was a marked *rapprochement* under the banner of Masonry between prominent representatives of the English Church and ministers of the larger denominations. At the bi-centenary service last June, in the Royal Albert Hall, the prayers were recited by a bishop, assisted by a Wesleyan minister. One of the lessons was designed to have been read by a Jewish Rabbi, but he was unable at the last moment to attend.

After a long period of suspension, so far at least as its receipt by ourselves is concerned, the *Journal de Magnétisme* comes to us from *La Société Magnétique de France*. We are glad to find that it is still in active existence and that sessions and conferences have been held

by the Society so recently as December last, under the auspices of M. Henri Durville. The issue before us contains brief papers on the power of suggestion, on human emanations and on hypnosis, neurasthenia and psychic force. . . . There is also *L'Affranchi*, whose concern is with new paths which humanity is called to follow. It has articles on psychological anatomy, the place of art in evolution and on scientific evolution and knowledge. The last dwells on the distinction between knowledge and understanding, between the kind of authority which attaches to mere learning and that which belongs to insight. The device of the journal is Hierarchy, Fraternity, Liberty—the first term being taken to signify “the natural and logical classification of things and beings in Nature.” . . . Dr. Léon is writing in *The Philomath* on the language and literature of Bohemia—a considerable series of articles. One of them is a contribution to the history of Jewry and its long martyrdom, illustrated by a chronology of persecutions in that region. From the beginning of the fourteenth century and onward to 1899, there was the recurring charge of “ritual murder,” leading on various occasions to wholesale massacres. . . . The *Vahan* illustrates further the concern with Christian doctrine and the reverence for Christian symbolism to which we have alluded previously. What is said on these subjects is suggestive and sometimes considerable in its insight. There is, for example, Miss Charlotte E. Woods’ paper on the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. It begins with a reference to the position of criticism on the Epiphany story in St. Matthew and proceeds to regard that story from a mystical point of view. The keynote throughout is that no higher quest is given to man in any world than that of the Christ. In other words, the Epiphany is a history of “the first movements of the Divine Spirit in a personality looking Godward.” Another article is on the progress of the Christ through the ages, otherwise “the finding of the Christ-consciousness within the heart.” Yet another gives a beautiful legend from the *Gospel of the Holy Twelve*, which shows how the Christ of Nazareth cared for the domestic cat. It is apocryphal in common parlance, but in a deeper sense than history it is as true as anything in the world. . . . In one of its articles *Self-Culture*—a magazine published in India under native auspices—strikes unawares a note of distinction between the East and West in things of the spirit. It is dealing with the practice of Yoga and gives explicit directions in simple language; but it begins by stating that “concentration is the one and only way which leads to salvation,” and explains that both love and liking must be banished in the course of the work. We prefer our own mystic doctrine which proclaims that love is the whole law, and we disbelieve utterly that true “union with God”—which is the hypothetical end of Yoga—can be attained by any mental process that diminishes or casts out love. We suspect, moreover, that there are exponents of Yoga who would agree with us that efficacious concentration on the Divine is itself an act of love.

REVIEWS

THE OTHER MRS. SCARLETTE. By A. H. Bennett. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Pp. vi + 258.

A GRATITUDE, which survives from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, supplies Miss A. H. Bennett's story with whatever "occult" interest it possesses, but artistically speaking, its principal claim to attention consists in its excellent character-drawing. The heroine, owing to the inconsiderate conjugality or wifeliness of her friend, is persuaded into a course of action involving the assumption of that friend's name, the guardianship of her baby and the taking of a situation where the candour appropriate to respectability is eminently desirable. The author's satire has a daintily decorative quality which does not diminish the lifelikeness of her characters, who, for the most part, move in a small unhistoric way in a gossiping English seaside town. The parts of the novel relating to the war are ably done: they concern a hunt for a missing captain who loses his memory and is responsible for a coincidence that does indeed require some excuse, though few people will be disposed to bear a grudge against a bright and entertaining story.

W. H. CHESSON.

A DEFENCE OF IDEALISM: SOME QUESTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS. By May Sinclair. Demy 8vo, pp. 396. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 12s. net.

THIS volume, from the pen of a brilliant novelist, passes under review various systems of contemporary philosophic thought. From a suggestive inquiry into the question of Personality in the light of Samuel Butler's Pan-psychism, and the researches of the modern Psycho-analysts—with which subject and the problems it raises she deals at length in a sequel to the present work entitled *The Way of Sublimation*—Miss Sinclair proceeds to a consideration of Bergson's Vitalism; some ultimate questions of Psychology and Metaphysics; Pragmatism and Humanism; the New Realism, and the New Mysticism. It is to this section of her work that the attention of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW is likely to be more specially attracted.

Here, with apologies for its "inclusion in a volume professing to deal seriously with serious problems," our authoress faces the significant fact that the Reality which is the goal of the metaphysical quest is no less the object of the mystical adventure. She contends, however, that the Mystic Way is beset with special dangers. The mystic "is in for a dreadfully perilous adventure" from the fact that once having passed beyond the threshold of the Unconscious, progress may be either backwards or forwards. That there is some truth in this would appear from a consideration of the troubles of some of our Western mystics—by no means, to our mind, the greatest of these—who stand self-convicted under the relentless psycho-analytic examination of the symbolic fantasy of their visions. Nevertheless, whatever the shortcomings of the mystic, there is no doubt as to the Reality of his Vision when once he has seen,

and in his case he is not faced by the necessity that confronts Miss Sinclair, of confessing to the inconclusiveness of his conclusions. And, after all, as our authoress points out, we have the benefit of the age-long experience of the East in treading this "path, sharp as the edge of a razor." It is here that she confesses she finds it necessary to turn to discover the highest and purest form of Mysticism, and it is from the union of the Eastern and Western forms of it that she looks for the birth of the New Mysticism.

The whole volume is eminently bright and readable, though whether or not it loses more in weight than it gains in brilliance, from the tendency to bring to the task the smartly epigrammatic style of the popular novelist, is perhaps merely a matter of personal taste. H. J. S.

MOUNTAIN MEDITATIONS. By L. Lind-af-Hageby. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 4s. 6d. net.

It is not given to all of us to escape for happy intervals from the storm and stress of the everyday world and resume the contemplative life among the hills. Miss Lind-af-Hageby is one of those fortunate mortals. From the windows of her chalet in the Swiss mountains she has looked into life's kaleidoscope, and her reflections on what she has seen therein are as many-coloured as its glancing facets. Miss Lind has a fine literary style, academic yet lightened by a sunny humour, that takes the sting out of candid criticism and spurs but never wounds.

Finest of these five Meditations, and most poignant in their appeal at the present time, are the two entitled "The Borderland" and "Religion in Transition." Truly, says the author: "Out of the decivilizing forces of war, its tumult and wreckage, there emerges a new quest for truth. Simple souls are troubled with a warlike desire for evidence of immortality." They are getting it too! On every hand evidence is accumulating to prove the survival of *Personality*, which is the differentiated expression of immortal spirit. Miss Lind tells a touching story of the return of "Jimmy" to his mother, one of those "simple souls" who has lost her all in this war, and who had been told by a well-meaning curate that "doubt is a sin," and that she would meet her son again on the "Day of Resurrection." Fortunately, the poor mother has not had to wait till that far-off mythical rally of galvanized dust! For Jimmy, like many another, made himself known unmistakably, by no transcendental rhapsodies, but by a simple greeting as evidential as it was characteristic.

Miss Lind leaves almost no aspect of the study of *The Borderland* and its problems untouched in her brief survey, yet she is fully aware that "those who live in the spirit need no demonstrations provided by scientific investigators," for "the mystic consciousness with its intuition of immortality, its sensitiveness to the vibration of life on all planes and in all forms, *knows*, and in knowledge transcends alike the boundaries of religionists and scientists."

Even so. And she carries the thought still farther in the luminous essay, "Religion in Transition," which concludes the book.

"The tendency of the modern religious consciousness is to seek reality personally, to develop the latent faculties by which experience can be won, and to delve fearlessly into the hidden depth of the soul in search for truth."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE WORK OF THE MASTERS. By C. Lazenby, B.A. Cr. 8vo. 78 pp. London: The Path Publishing Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

FEW terms are more loosely used, even by Theosophists, than that of a "Master," while the conceptions of non-Theosophists in this respect are nebulous in the extreme. The subject, moreover, has been one of bitter controversy, and Mr. Lazenby does well to preface his essays by a disavowal of any wish to dogmatize.

After this preliminary clearing of the ground he proceeds to set forth the characteristics of these "teachers and protectors of various phases of the life of man, some of whom have religion, some science, some the cultivation of intellectual power, some of spiritual insight, under their particular care." The several Masters each receive their share of attention under their respective designations, although we should do well to remember that the names they are known by are not so important as to realize that they are active expressions of principles of thought, individualized centres of consciousness, and to bear in mind the fact that H. P. B. herself "made it very clear that spook visions of Masters are unreliable."

In his concluding chapter the author outlines the qualities required of the candidate for Adeptship; the relation of the Adept to the Master; and, as far as it can be ascertained, the nature of the work that awaits the conscious co-operator with the spiritual powers that work for and watch over struggling humanity. Altogether, the information and suggestions contained in this, the second volume of the Path Series, should prove of no little value in contributing towards a clearer conception of the nature and work of the Masters of Wisdom. H. J. S.

WORLD WITHOUT END. By Walter Crisp, Author of the completion of Dickens's "Edwin Drood." Cr. 8vo, 746 pp. Coloured frontispiece. London: J. M. Ouseley & Son. Price 6s. net.

RINGBOLT, the hero of this psychic love romance, is a wealthy occultist, whose twin-soul, Panagia (whom he meets in the Heaven World), instructs him in the mysteries of existence, and even takes an occasional hand in mundane affairs. In the first portion of the story the emphasis is placed upon the visions and communions of Ringbolt and his spirit-love, with their lofty discourses on Life, and Love, and Human Destiny. But gradually the possibilities of the plot assert themselves and run away with the author, and the *theme* is relegated to the background.

Henceforward the interest centres in the *action* of the story. The machinations of German spies, and the work of the Hidden Hand seeking Britain's undoing, keep the mind entertained in speculation as to what will be the next development, until the skilfully woven strands of the highly complicated plot culminate in a really powerful climax. We cannot help feeling, however, that a strengthening of the psychic element at this juncture would have added still more to its intensity—although the author brings back the neglected theme into his dénouement.

It will be readily understood that it takes a vigorous and well-planned story to sustain the interest of the reader through no less than seven hundred and forty-six pages, and we trust that Mr. Crisp's work may meet with a success commensurate with his efforts. H. J. S.