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"

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News* Company, 85 Duane Street, New York; The Macoy Publishing Company, 45–49 John Street, New York; The Curtiss Philosophic Book Co., Inc., 1731 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; The *Western News* Company, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co. 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from the *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XXVII. MARCH 1918 No. 3

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE STORY OF GLASTONBURY.

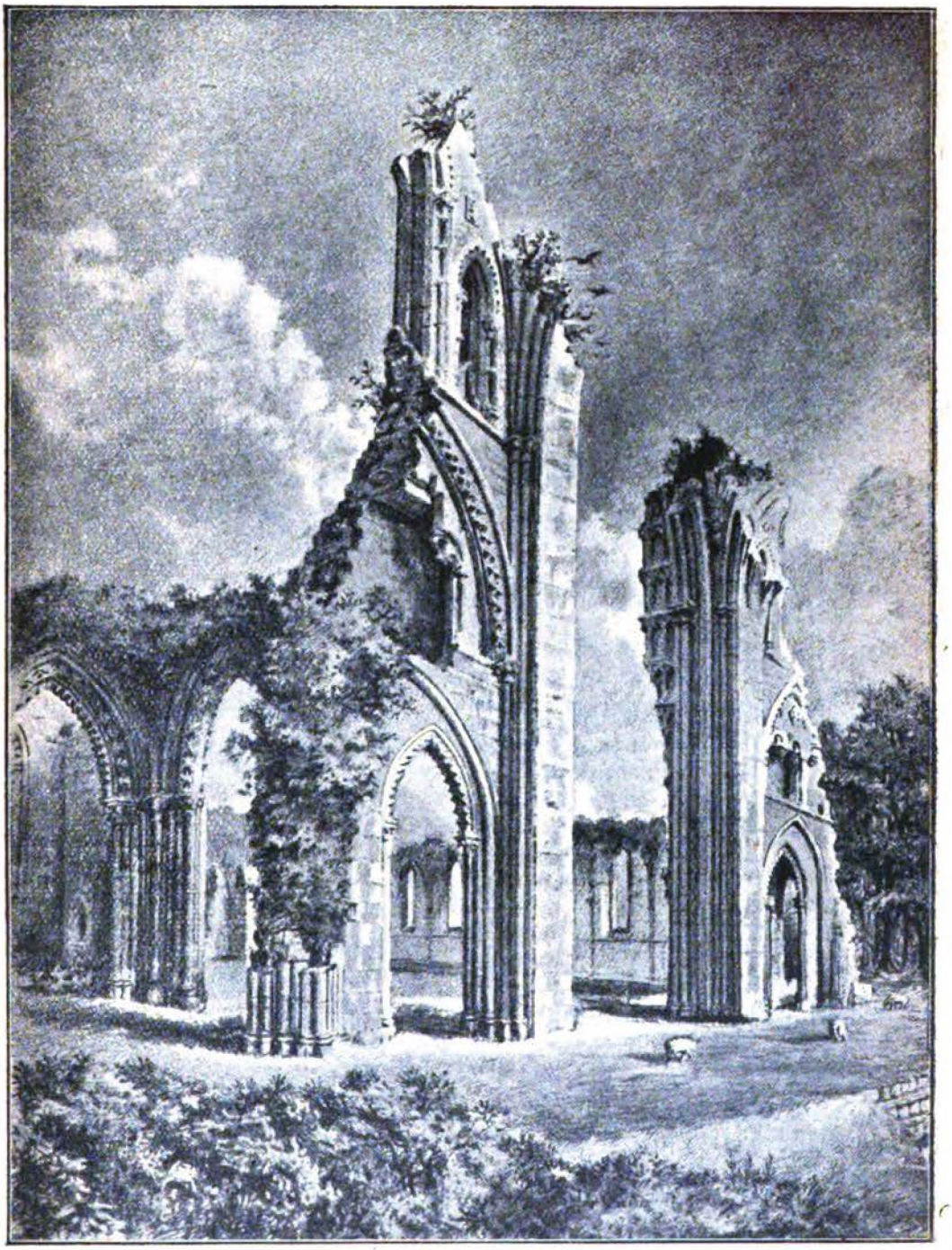
THE story of Glastonbury is one which will ever appeal to those interested in the earliest records of Celtic civilization and the origins of British Christianity. There stood the most ancient British ecclesiastical structure of which there is any historical record. The building was allowed to survive, and in fact was jealously guarded, in spite of successive invasions of Saxons, Danes, and Normans. As to what was the date of its first erection we have no precise knowledge, but we read that Paulinus, Archbishop of York, in the early part of the seventh century A.D., regarded the even then ancient church as a sacred object, and took steps for its protection by an external roofing of lead and a casing of boards. The Norman conquerors in their turn respected the sanctity of this ancient British relic, which was still standing in the year 1184, when a destructive fire swept it and all the neighbouring buildings out of existence. Here were buried the British Kings Edgar, Edmund, and Edmund Ironside, and tradition loved to associate the spot with still more notable

personalities; for here, too, according to ancient story, Joseph of Arimathea had landed, bringing with him the chalice of the Holy Grail; and here was that Island of Avalon, the traditions of which have ever been bound up with the semi-legendary story of the British King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. This religious halo, with which the place was surrounded, was doubtless the cause of the decision of King Henry II to erect on the site of the ancient church one of those magnificent Norman abbeys which still serve as a link between our modern civilization and that of the early Plantagenet Kings, when the two races of Norman and Saxon were in process of gradual amalgamation. The destruction of this noble pile was reserved for the ruthless soldiery who acted on the instructions of that most barbarous of English Kings, Henry VIII, to whom art and religion were alike objects of contempt. The abbot who refused to surrender his monastery and yield up its treasures to the avaricious King, perished for his loyalty to his sacred trust, along with his prior and sub-prior. Some portion of the building continued to stand for many years afterwards, and it was apparently left for Cromwell's Roundheads to give it the *coup de grace*. Nothing now remains but the ivy-grown ruined arches of the nave and chancel, and some portion of the old foundations.

The revived interest in archæology and ancient architecture has led recently to much useful research work in connection with these monastic ruins, and certain discoveries have been made in relation to them which are of special interest to the student of psychical research. For, curiously enough, Mr. Frederick Bligh Bond, who has been appointed Director of Excavations at Glastonbury Abbey, has found it possible to utilize automatic writing for purposes of archæological investigation.

Mr. Bond, as it appears, has a friend who is specially gifted in this direction, and it occurred to him that he might employ his friend's talent to assist him in the Glastonbury investigations, and in particular in localising a certain lost chapel known by the name of the Edgar Chapel, in honour of the Anglo-Saxon king who had richly endowed the monastery. Aided by the communications received, Mr. Bligh Bond succeeded in discovering the foundations of this chapel, and in identifying its exact position and dimensions. The communications received were in Old English, and sometimes even in Latin, and purported to come from various individuals connected with the monastery, among others the two last abbots, and a certain monk, Johannes.

PSYCHIC AID IN GLASTONBURY EXCAVATIONS.



THE RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.
(By kind permission of the Publisher of "The Gate of Remembrance.")

whose story is told at some length in a separate chapter of the book. The whole record* is none the less interesting because it has left the compilers in doubt as to the true source of the messages received, and may very probably leave most of its readers in doubt also. Writing of the communications which fall under the signature of Johannes, the author observes: "We are at once confronted by the question: Is this a piece of actual experience transmitted by a real personality, or are we in contact with a larger field of memory, a cosmic record latent yet living, and able to find expression in human terms related to the subject before us, by the aid of something furnished by the culture of our own minds, and by the aid of a certain power of mental sympathy which allows such records to be sensed and articulated?" The main body of the book is of about equal interest to the psychical researcher and the archæologist; but the chapter dealing with Johannes and his weaknesses and frailties has an interest that is specially human. The author asks: "Johannes, who is he? The child of our dreams, or a name inscribed on the roll of those who were and now are not? No previous knowledge of surname or circumstance either in history or fiction can be traced as a source of the idea underlying this dramatization of a personality in many respects so sympathetic and so true to nature." One of the communicants says of him:—

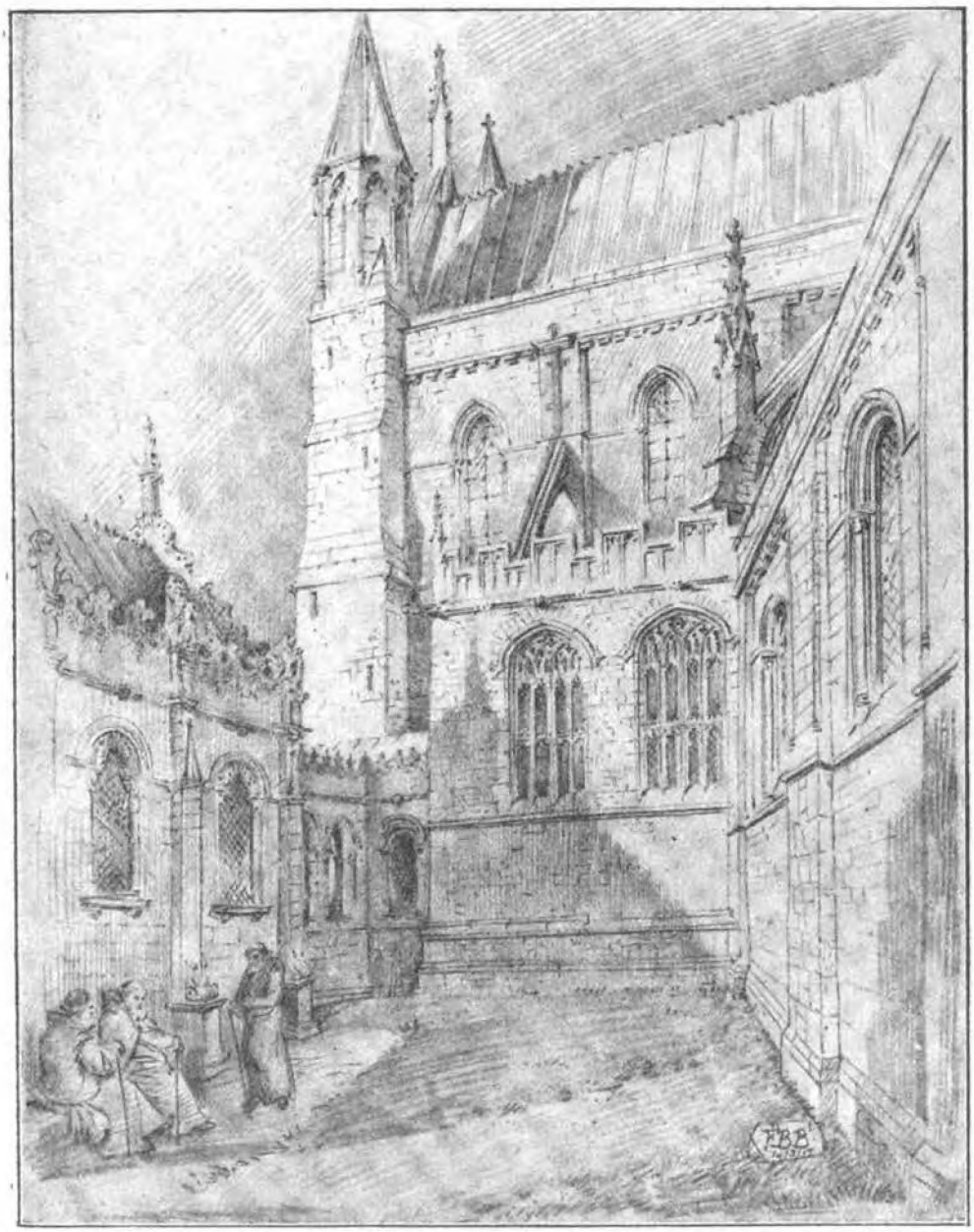
THE NARRATIVE OF JOHANNES.

> He ever loved the woods and the pleasant places which lie without our house. It was good, for he learnt in the temple of nature much that he would never hear in choro. His herte was of the country, and he heard it calling without the walls, and the Abbot winked at it, for he knew full well that it was good for him. He went a-fishing, did Johannes, and tarried oft in lanes to listen to the birds and to watch the shadows lengthening over all the woods of Mere.
>
> He loved them well, and many times no fish had he, for that he had forgot them; but we cared not, for he came with talk and pleasant converse, as nut-brown ale, and it was well.
>
> And because he was of nature his soul was pure, and he is of the Company that doth watch and wait for the glories to be renewed.

Johannes, however, loved the nut-brown ale too well, and on one occasion when King Henry VIII came to visit the Abbey "he fell full sore and lay as one dead, and the King was right merrie. 'See [he said] how heavy lies the good ale on this poor roysterer.'" The spirit of Johannes tells the investigators that they "have found the place wherein I lay, and even now the

* *The Gate of Remembrance*: The Story of the Psychological Experiment which resulted in the Discovery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury. By Frederick Bligh Bond. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 5s. net.

scent of good ale hangs round the floores. I go, who have told ye; peccavi!" "Well [said the Father Abbot], ye have disgraced



CONJECTURAL RECONSTRUCTION OF NORTH TRANSEPT, GLASTONBURY ABBEY.
(By kind permission of the Publisher of "The Gate of Remembrance.")

us before ye Kinge, and he will not remember us in the day of our adversity." As a matter of fact he remembered them a great

deal too well, and it was suggested not, perhaps, without some show of reason, that the episode in question led to sterner measures being taken with the monastery at Glastonbury than with even many of the other ecclesiastical establishments which fell victims to the King's rapacity at this time. Perhaps it was the remorse of Brother Johannes on this account that explains the statement of Gulielmus de Glaston, who remarks in one of these curious communications: "My punishment is past, but Johannes is yet in pain." The Brother argued, indeed, "It was not Johannes and ye ale which destroyed our fair abbey, but ye lust of ye Kinge, and ye haste which he had for the possession of our house." But he was reproached, nevertheless, for having compassed its ruin; though apparently Johannes was not the only person in the company who behaved with indiscretion, as we are told that the King's party, too, "did royster in their cuppes." At a later sitting some communicators who style themselves "The Watchers" summarize the story and character of Johannes in no unsympathetic vein.

"YE LUST OF YE KINGE."

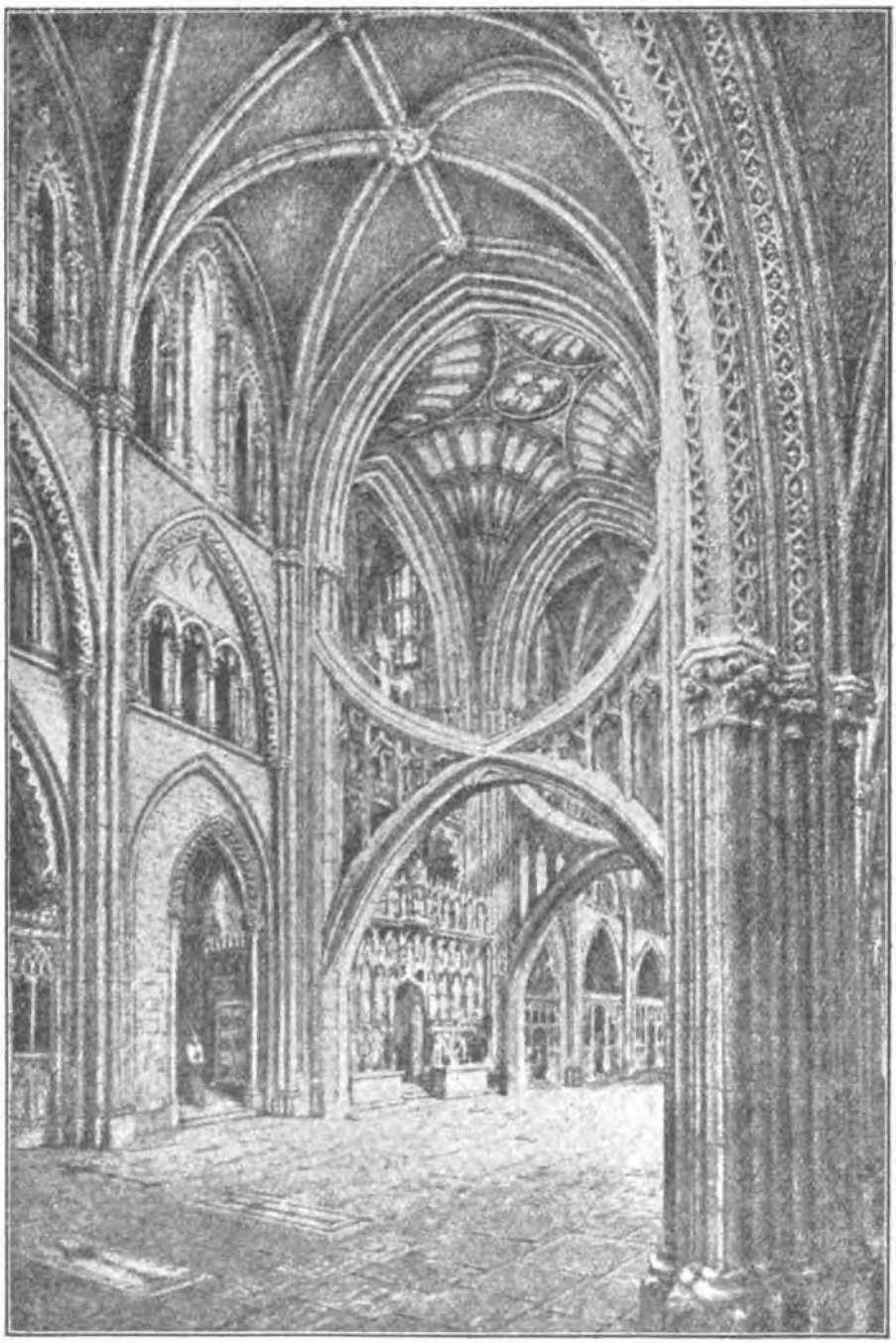
> Simple he was, but as a dog loveth his master, so loved he his Howse with a greater love than any of them that planned and builded it. They were of the earth—planners and builders for their great glory, nor ever, though honest men, for the glory of God, But Johannes, mystified and bewildered by its beauty, gave it his heart, as one gives his heart to a beloved mistress; and so, being earthbound by that love, his spirit clings in dreams to the vanished vision which his spirit-eyes even still see.
>
> Even as of old he wandered by the mere and saw the sunset shining on her far-off towers, and now in dreams the earth-love part of him strives to picture the vanished glories, and led by the masonry of love, he knows that ye also love what he has loved, and so he strives to give you glimpses of his dreams.

The "Watchers," it will be observed, state that Johannes is earthbound. And they add, in words which may have some considerable significance, "These others, the great and simple, are past and gone to other fields, and they remember not, save when the love of Johannes compels their mind to some memory before forgotten. Then through his soul do they dimly speak, and Johannes, who understands not, is the link that binds you to them."

If we may take this statement literally, the communications appear to have reached the investigators indirectly through the surviving consciousness of Johannes, who is tied to his old haunts alike by his love for them and his past shortcomings.

But if it is through the mediumship of the earthbound spirit of Johannes that the inquirers into the past history of Glastonbury

Abbey received their information, even this statement, it appears, requires some modification. For, "It is I," says the monk in



CONJECTURAL RECONSTRUCTION OF THE INTERIOR OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.
(By kind permission of the Publisher of "The Gate of Remembrance.")

one of his strange communications, " and it is not I, butt parte of me which dwelleth in the past, and is bound to that whych my carnal will loved and called ' home ' these many years. Yet I, Johannes, amm of many partes, and ye better parte doeth other things—laus ! Laus Deo !—only that parte whych remembreth clingeth like memory to what it seeth yet." Again he observes : " What are real and what are in his dreme he knows not." So that after all it may be but an earthbound remnant of Johannes, which somehow is capable of being put momentarily in touch with his real self by the action of the investigators, and which was evoked by the strongly sympathetic interest with which this psychological experiment was pursued.

AN EARTH-BOUND SPIRIT IN A DREAM-WORLD.

Those who read this very curious record will be loth to believe that Johannes was a mere figment of psychic fancy. The abbots, priors, and stonemasons, who come and give their testimony, leave us unmoved, even that last abbot, who fell a victim to the brutality of the ruthless King ; but Johannes lives to-day in these pages, even if he never lived before, and we can still hear him gasping as he climbs up the creaking stairs, for he was fleshy and weighty, and for that reason it was his penance to sleep beneath the roof, and also to endure the jibes of the other monks who mocked at him on account of his fatness. But, as he said, " It is the Lord's will. Somme be made fat and some be lean, and the gates of heaven are made full wide for all sorts, so that none created should stick within the portal."

Mr. J. Arthur Hill, in a book just published by Cassell & Co., Ltd., entitled *Man is a Spirit*, classes these sort of phenomena under the heading of Metetherial Imprints ; and suggests that they partake of the nature of the psychometrist's deductions from the objects which she handles, and which put her *en rapport* with the individuals who have carried them about their persons, and the circumstances which surround them. The powers of a psychometrist point, indeed, to a natural law which has never yet been recognized, and which it is somewhat difficult to admit ; but in face of the evidence which we possess, even more difficult to dispute. That a locality or an object through its emanations should put us in touch with incidents in which it has figured or which have taken place in its environment, seems almost incredible, but many cases of abnormal knowledge communicated thus seem to leave room for no other assumption. The automa-

METE-THERIAL IMPRINTS.

tic writer who is responsible for the records in *The Gate of Remembrance*, may merely have been put in touch with memories of the past, while the spirits who appeared to be communicating with him had long since passed on to another plane of being. It is difficult to feel any confidence as to whether this is or is not the true interpretation; but it is one which frequently appears to offer less difficulties for acceptance than any other. Again, the doctrine of Metetherial Imprints will readily explain to us the phenomena occurring in many haunted houses, which appear to be still tenanted by their inmates of the past, but which perhaps are after all merely haunted by the shadows or semblances of past events. Such an hypothesis would explain the phenomena stated to take place at certain seasons of the year in the gardens of Versailles, as narrated in an earlier issue of this magazine, just as it is also taken to explain the following record which a lady has communicated to Mr. J. Arthur Hill.

I was sitting [says the lady who narrates this story] one night, alone, trimming a hat for myself for Sunday wear, and was hurrying to get it done before twelve o'clock, as it was Saturday night. As the clock struck twelve, the front door opened, then the parlour door, and a man entered and sat down in a chair opposite to me. He was rather short, very thin, dressed in black, with extremely pale face, and hands with very long thin fingers. He had a high silk hat on his head, and in one hand he held an old-fashioned, large silver snuff-box. He gazed across at me and said three times, slowly and distinctly, "I've come to tell you." He then vanished, and I noted that the door was shut as before.

All the family were out at the time. When they returned I told them —very much terrified—what I had seen. No one believed me, and they treated the affair with ridicule or indifference.

About two years afterwards a friend of the family—a Mr. Drake—was there on a visit, and my mother, having no spare room, made up a bed for him on the sofa in the room downstairs where I had seen the apparition. Precisely at twelve o'clock he rushed upstairs into the first bedroom he came to, in a state of great fright, and told a story exactly like what I have just recounted of my own experience. This impressed my parents and led them to attach importance to my statements of two years before. Consequently they at once decided to leave the house. Mr. Drake was then about thirty years of age. He had not been told anything about my previous vision. The house had no reputation of being haunted.

A few years after we left, the house was pulled down. Underneath it—I think underneath the floor of the room in which the apparition was seen—was found a skeleton which corresponded to the form of the man seen by Mr. Drake and myself. Close to the skeleton was the brim of a high silk hat, and in one hand was a silver snuff-box which was found to contain certain deeds.

My age at the time was thirteen. I was not timid or nervous, but was, on the contrary, an average girl, full of fun; and my mind at the time was

occupied in thinking about going out to various places of amusement and enjoying myself. I was not thinking of ghosts or anything of the kind.

Obviously the metetherial imprint theory, whether it fits the above ghost-story or not, cannot be taken as a universal explanation of such phenomena; but rather of those in which the whole scene is, like the illusions at Versailles, suggestive in its nature of its unreal or rather automatic character. It does not help us in the least, in most of the stories that Mr. Hill narrates. There is one of a very different character, which the author records with a not unnatural hesitation, but for which it seems no very profound explanation need be sought. It is a story in which the recipient draws inferences from a real experience which are probably a good deal more than the experience itself warrants. The narrator was the eldest daughter of a Wesleyan minister, and indeed had been brought up in a very religious atmosphere. At twenty-three she became the head of a very large private school for girls, and was happy in her work. She generally worked till late at night, using the drawing-room as her study.

One night [she says] I was sitting there correcting some papers, all the rest of the household having gone to bed, when there came a very gentle ring at the front-door bell. Wondering who could be calling at such a late hour, I opened the door and admitted a gentleman whose name I did not catch. I took him into the drawing-room and seated him by the fire, taking a seat opposite him, where I could see his face. He was well dressed, in black, and I thought he had probably come about placing a pupil with me. We began to talk about the school and my aims and methods. There was something about him that drew me out. He listened with the closest attention and evident interest. There was something about his eyes that I can never forget; they seemed to read my heart, and they were full of sympathy and friendliness; and before long I was confiding to him my hopes and fears and difficulties as if he had been a brother.

A SYMPATHETIC VISITOR AND AN AMAZING INFERENCE.

I don't seem to remember much that he said—just a word or a question now and again to show his sympathy and draw me out. I had been burdened with anxiety about one girl. She was just verging on womanhood, and, having a strong individuality, was a kind of leader among the others, and her influence was not always good. A few months before, a change seemed to come over her, and she became much more thoughtful and tender, so that I had great hopes of her. But she had been home for the Christmas holidays and had been very much indulged, and passed through a round of gaiety, and all her good impressions seemed to have been lost; and she was giving and causing a good deal of trouble in the school. But now the burden seemed to have been lifted, and I felt I was not alone in my efforts.

Another thing was troubling me. I had a friend who was passing

through great trouble. He had recently gone into business in a neighbouring town, and things were not going well with him because he was short of capital. I had lent him what money I could, but it was not enough to help him out of his difficulties, and he feared he should have to become bankrupt. I told my new friend about him and begged him to call and see him; and he promised to do so, and then rose and left me without my having remembered to ask for his name. But one thing he said remained with me. I had urged him to come again soon, for he had helped and cheered me so much. He replied that he should always be near me and I should see him again soon.

"After he had gone," says the narrator, "the conviction grew upon me that he was the Lord Jesus Christ, and from that time prayer became very real to me, for I always saw before me that loving sympathetic countenance." The upshot of it was that some time after, the lady in question had a vision in which it seemed to her that she woke in a glorious place. "I do not remember [she says] many details, except that it was very bright and beautiful, and that I was surrounded by all that I had ever loved without any slightest cloud of misunderstanding or darkness. I wondered whether I should see the Saviour, when all at once my eyes were attracted to a place of glory, and there seated upon a throne was the man who had visited me and whom I had been praying to as the Lord Jesus Christ." It is pretty clear from this narrative that the idea that the lady in question had taken into her head that her visitor was Jesus of Nazareth, had suggested the vision to her mind; and nothing could be more in accordance with the observed phenomena of the dream world than that on looking up to the throne in her vision she should expect to see, and of course in consequence *should* see, none other than her late visitor! The whole story is, in fact, susceptible of a very simple solution, especially if we assume that the lady who tells it was wrought up, at the time of her visitor's call, to a rather abnormally high emotional pitch. We have a choice as to whether we are prepared to regard the visitor as an apparition or as a living person; but there seems no valid reason to assume the former, and everything else seems to follow very naturally from the narrator's auto-suggestion. I think Mr. Hill takes the story altogether too seriously. If all spiritual visitations were as readily explained away, we should, I am afraid, have little left on which to base our faith in a future life. More convincing is the vision of his dead wife, by the Editor of an American newspaper.

A TYPICAL DREAM EXPERIENCE.

Something over four years ago [he writes] (in 1907) at eleven o'clock

of a bright, clear forenoon in St. Luke's Hospital in El Paso, Texas, my loved wife died. I was at her bedside when she passed away. I was bending over her at the time. Almost instantly, before I had hardly become erect, I felt a most peculiar sensation. It is impossible to describe it. It seemed as if some powerful penetrating rays were passing, with a rapid but steady movement, not unlike a shock or flash, through my head and body, as far down as the lower part of the chest. There was no sensation of pain, heat, or cold.

As this feeling came upon me I seemed to see in a mist like a white fog shutting out the things I would naturally see. This fog rolled away on all sides from the figure and face of what I saw. It was my wife, or at least her spirit. I saw the head, face, and part-way down the figure. The figure was erect, apparently about eight feet away or a little less. My whole attention was concentrated upon what I saw; and now, after four years, I can recall in memory the face and expression then, better than I can recall the face and expression of my wife when she was alive. The face of the spirit was more beautiful and glorious than anything I have ever seen on earth. Relief (for I knew she must have dreaded death), joy, and victory were in the flashing eyes and wonderful smile. It was beyond description.

THE VISION OF A DEAD WIFE.

The first thing I noted was the eyes, which were turning away from looking at me to look at her own form lying upon the bed.

There was one great difference in the face of the spirit, or rather, two differences between the face of the spirit and her face when alive. The spirit looked younger by twenty years. Instead of the poor frail, emaciated face, there was the face of one in health, in the prime of life, and I distinctly saw a rosy colour in the cheeks. The whole form and face were shining, not with the steady light of a lamp, but with streams of light that seemed to radiate from the spirit, blurring the outlines slightly and then restoring them to perfect clearness and shape. I once looked into a tube in which there was some radium—so I was told—and could see what I called throbs of light in the tube. Well, as I thought afterwards about seeing the spirit, it was as if I had seen it by throbs of light which made it seem as if the light streamed in every direction from the face and figure.

The other difference I noted, besides the look of health and youth, was the greatly quickened intelligence of the spirit. The flash of the eyes was so bright, the smile and expression so vivid, that they made me feel like a slow, inferior being.

Visions of the passing of a spirit at death are not very rare, and merely seem to require the presence of a clairvoyant at the bedside; but few are as beautiful as that above narrated, and as another recorded by Mr. J. Arthur Hill, of a somewhat similar character, about a lady who had lost her young daughter from diphtheria. In this point records from the other side differ perhaps more than any other, and surely not unnaturally. The impression, however, remains that there is much more real happiness in the other world than in this, and that it is of a much more

intense, not to say ecstatic, character. Another instance of a glimpse of great happiness on the other side, is given in an experience narrated by a certain Mrs. Irvine. The lady in question seemed, as is not unfrequently the case, to have her psychic powers greatly accentuated by illness. On one occasion she narrates that she was very seriously ill, and it was not expected that she would survive. Her husband was sitting by her bedside, and quite suddenly she heard her father's footsteps coming through the hall, her father having died some years before. He entered the room and she saw him stand at the foot of her bed with both hands folded, leaning on the bed-rail. "It was not a dream," she states, "nor was I in the least delirious, but he stood there looking so radiantly happy." Her husband also saw the apparition, and said to her in surprise, "Well, that is your father, although you told me you had buried him." She said, "We did bury him in Rotterdam: I saw him put under the ground." At this point her father interjected with a most radiant smile: "Oh, there is no death beyond the grave!" She replied in a flash: "Isn't there?" to which he answered, "No, merely a stepping over the border, and it is so beautiful beyond!" Mrs. Irvine adds: "I got gradually better, and I was sorry to find that I had to remain in this world." Subsequently her sister died, and in her next serious illness she saw both father and daughter sitting together at a small table spread with a spotless white cloth. She put her face between the two and asked: "What are you waiting for?" Her sister looked up with the sweetest smile and said: "We are waiting for you." On being asked if she was happy, she looked up again and said: "Oh, so happy!"

HAPPINESS IN THE OTHER WORLD.

"NOT FOR JOE!"

The suggestion that she might like to come back made her shudder. She said she could never do so; to which her sister returned: "Not for Joe's sake? Poor Joe, he is so miserable." (Joe, of course, was her husband.) Mrs. Irvine continues: "She seemed to be quite a long time in realizing whom I was referring to. When she grasped it, she gave such a loud groan, and looked at me with reproachful eyes that said so plainly: 'Why did you come and disturb me here?'" Mrs. Irvine continues: "Through the space of all those years since 1901 I can hear that groan now when I think about it."

This story shows how careful people who are put *en rapport* with the other world should be about communicating earthly troubles to those who have passed over. Mrs. Irvine did not

seem to realize that she had quite needlessly spoilt her sister's peace of mind. She had, it appears, been brought up on the orthodox delusion, that there could be no further sorrow in that happy land; but it may be remarked, if there were no further sorrow there would be no further sympathy either. The old adage about the rose without the thorn holds good universally. "One thing," Mrs. Irvine observes, "struck me forcibly, and this was that they had no idea of time. They did not know whether they had been there a day, a year, or a thousand years." Presumably, therefore, the wife did not realize the fact that her husband was still on the earth plane. "No one can ever understand, perhaps [says Mrs. Irvine], how sorry I was to recover. I would gladly die to-morrow if I could, if only to be able to hear what I heard then, and to see also what I saw then. I was enchanted with the land beyond the grave."

Mrs. Irvine's psychic experiences appear to have dated back from her childhood, for on one occasion she narrates having had the most delightful vision, also when very ill, at the age of fifteen. "There were numbers of children, and some were weaving garments of flowers; some were gathering flowers; and some were playing together. But what I heard then has never left me—the music! Oh, the music! I shall never, never forget!" Unfortunately there is another side to the possession of clairvoyant gifts. Otherwise we should all doubtless wish to have them. But as a matter of fact most of their owners seem to regret their possession. We may at least draw one conclusion from these records, and that is that detachment from earthly ties is an essential condition to peace and happiness in the other world. The earthbound spirit knows neither rest nor peace. And the moral is the moral of the Prophet of Nazareth: "Set your affections on things above, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt," and one cannot begin to do that in another world if one has not first learned to do it here. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." It is a law of nature to which earthbound spirits and others equally respond. The highest spiritual teaching enshrines these natural laws, and its value lies in this fact.

"WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS!"

A number of the narratives in Mr. Hill's book are evidence of the need of a more widespread understanding of psychic law to take the place of those orthodox religious dogmas which seem still to follow people about as an inheritance from their early upbringing, only to give place, if they are abandoned, to a generally sceptical or agnostic outlook. Another record of not much

interest otherwise, in this book, tells of a lady who found herself beside her body after being put under chloroform at the dentist's, and, assuming she was dead, began at once to expect the Judgment. She had been brought up, it appears, as a strict Roman Catholic, and taught that individual Judgment followed death. The hostility of the churches to psychical research is, it seems to me, generally speaking the result of a fear of being found out. If the truth is let in, the dogmas of orthodoxy go by the board, and the fact is recognized by the ecclesiastical hierarchies. Most of us will, however, admit to-day that there is something rotten in any system that fears the illuminating light of truth, and the ecclesiastical attitude, so far as it is at present maintained in orthodox circles, is tantamount to a confession of this rottenness.

"THAT WHICH HINDERETH."

Commencing with the next issue, I shall be reluctantly obliged to raise the price of the OCCULT REVIEW to 9*d*. instead of 7*d*., and the annual subscription to 9*s*. instead of 7*s*. The price for America will be raised from 15 to 20 cents, and the annual subscription to $2.25. I have deferred this increase of price as long as possible—much longer, in fact, than the majority of other periodicals. I am afraid, however, that now the greatly increased cost of paper and printing leaves me no option. Subscriptions commencing before April will be chargeable at the old rate. The twenty-sixth bound volume (July to December, 1917) of the OCCULT REVIEW is now ready, price 4*s*. 6*d*., post free. All volumes of the magazine are on sale except Vol. IV, which is out of print, although the stock of some of the earlier ones has very nearly run out.

"THE OCCULT REVIEW."

I am asked by Mrs. Walter to call attention to the fact that the New Cosmos *Community* is in no way connected with the Cosmos *Society*, the meetings of which have been suspended on account of the prolonged illness of the secretary. I am given to understand that it is hoped to resume the meetings as soon as practicable.

ILLUMINED By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WHEN you were here, beloved, all those years
Of our sweet love life were with glory filled;
Yet oft we heard life's song of joy through tears,
Thinking how soon its music might be stilled.
Death's wide black wings seemed ever poised above
Our happy nest of love.

Ever that fear its blighting shadow spread;
And when the parting came, we knew must be,
The fact was tenfold harder than the dread
And all the Universe was blank to me.
God and his Angels seemed so far away
They could not hear me pray.

My future loomed a desolate lone path
Descending to the valley of old age,
Where all earth's storms would beat in wintry wrath
And on me vent their devastating rage.
Death was the only refuge, hope and goal
For my grief-stricken soul.

Then lo! the darkness turned to light and song;
Your message came: "I live, and I am near;
Go tell the truth to all earth's suffering throng;
He that has ears will listen and will hear.
We speak to those who in the Silence come;
We are not dead or dumb."

And now I tread a high ascending road;
Each step leads into more effulgent light;
Life holds no sorrow, and I bear no load;
No storms I fear, no loneliness, no night.
I am companioned, or on land or sea;
Ever you are with me.

The awful emptiness of space is full
Of radiant hosts, who move from sphere to sphere;
The ghastly silence has grown beautiful
With your dear messages distinct and clear.
Not when hand clung to hand and lip to lip
Was such companionship.

Though wonderful you seemed to me on earth,
And from your rich mind store, my own mind fed,
Now do you give me truths of greater worth
From God's vast storehouse of the Living dead.
Illumined, on to larger life I go;
Content, because I KNOW.

THE VAMPIRE LEGEND:
ITS ORIGIN AND NATURE

By LEWIS SPENCE

IN the world of demons there is no figure so terrible, yet possessed of such a fearful fascination, as the vampire, who combines within himself the natures of both man and demon. For he is of the great army of those vengeful dead who overshadow the existence of peasant or barbarian, awaiting him at the darkest bend in the highway or in the gloomiest depths of the jungle to work him woe. The origin of the belief in vampirism has been sought in a score of theories, some of which are overburdened with the weight of scientific and antiquarian argument and illustration, while others are eloquent of the credulity of their authors. The theory which is presented for the first time in this article is based on a consideration of the laws of folklore and comparative religion, yet differs essentially from others which have the authority of these sciences behind them.

If we approach the subject from the point of view of folklore we must ask ourselves: Does the belief in vampirism have a universal application—in other words, is it discovered in widely separate parts of the globe, and do the particulars of these beliefs, in the several localities where they are encountered, bear any resemblance to one another? The answer to this is certainly in the affirmative, for we find the idea of vampirism, or allied and variant beliefs, in all lands where the people have not yet finally emerged from barbarism or a condition of backwardness. It has frequently been asserted that the true home of the vampire superstition is the Balkan Peninsula, and that the Southern Slavs are the real originators of the belief. This erroneous notion is due to its prevalence in those regions at a time when it had scarcely been studied, or even encountered, in other lands. That the Balkans have an evil reputation for vampirism when compared with other European countries there is no room for dispute, and to those who have read the classic on the subject, that fascinating and wonderful collection of vampiric incident found in the second volume of Calmet's *Phantom World* (from which it is easily seen that Bram Stoker drew the inspiration

for his masterpiece *Dracula*), it will be unnecessary to speak of the abundant nature of the proofs that the idea luxuriated in Southern Slavdom, or of the value of a thorough knowledge of Balkan belief as a groundwork in the scientific study of the vampire legend.

Taking the Balkans, then, as the territory in which the vampire was first studied, as the nucleus of European vampirism, do we find the superstition as current in that region of such a character as to justify us in regarding it as a standard by which we may measure all other superstitions of the same class? Positively we do, for not only do we have the largest amount of data from Balkan sources, but so abundant is the material to our hands that we are in danger of embarrassment by reason of its very wealth in incident and detail. But through the entire mass runs such a strain of consistency as will assure the practised folklorist that he is dealing not with the phenomena of isolated invention, but with a reasoned folk-belief, evolved through the power of age-long credence into a highly specialized idea, with which are connected numerous circumstances of constant and positive recurrence.

These recurring circumstances may be grouped as follows: An individual of adult age dies. Shortly afterwards another, frequently a relative, grows pale, lean and attenuated, and, after lingering for a while, also dies, the immediate cause of death being malnutrition and anæmia. Still others fall ill, and declare their indisposition to arise from the repeated nocturnal visits of one of the deceased persons, who, they aver, fastens his lips to their necks or breasts, which he first punctures with his front teeth, and sucks their blood until they fall back in a state of utter exhaustion or insensibility. Two minute punctures are usually, but not invariably, found on the neck or breast of the patient. The characteristic physical condition associated with the story of these nocturnal visitations manifests itself in considerable numbers of persons in the same locality, and at last the ravages caused by the malady become so widespread that public opinion is aroused and an inquiry is demanded into the circumstances of the mysterious plague, the nature of which, however, does not appear to be in doubt among the peasantry who suffer from its ravages. The inquiry is duly held, and local evidence points to the person first deceased as the originator of the outbreak, the general opinion being that he has infected those who have died as the result of his visit with vampirism, so that they, too, have become active agents in the destruction

of the bodies and the souls of perhaps scores of people in the vicinity. The court of inquiry orders the exhumation of one or more of the bodies of the deceased. On the order being carried into effect, the corpses are found to be fresh and gorged with blood, either lying with the eyes open and having an aspect of evil intelligence and great malevolence, or breathing, but in a state of deep trance. The hair is observed to have grown, as have the two front teeth, which present a finely sharpened appearance, and the coffin is frequently almost filled with blood. The blood of the vampire, too, is in a fluid state like that of a living person. The penal measures which follow are various, but the most general are the driving of a sharpened stake through the body of the corpse (during which operation it vents a piercing shriek of the most blood-curdling description), its decapitation and the placing of its head by its side. Alternatively a nail may be driven through the temple, but should such measures prove unavailing, resort must be had to the agency of fire, and the corpse of the vampire totally consumed, as providing the only certain assurance that it will trouble the neighbourhood no more.

Preventive measures very frequently, indeed almost inevitably, accompany the more radical work of extirpation, and are as a rule engaged in beforehand. Thus wreaths of garlic are suspended above the doors of the houses in the village or over the beds of the villagers, that vegetable being considered as especially obnoxious to the vampire. Those gifted with the faculty of discerning the maleficent spirit in one of the several disguises he is privileged to take during the day-time may see him in a large, blue fly which haunts the pantry where fresh meat lies, or as a floating speck of dust, and may succeed in capturing him in a bottle, into which ammonia or some equally pungent substance is introduced for his destruction. A sure indication of the presence of a vampire in a grave is to place a virgin youth upon a black stallion without a speck of white and which has never been to stud, and to bid the lad ride the animal about the suspected burying-ground, that spot at which it halts and refuses to advance any farther being the certain lurking-place of a vampire.

We may instance a certain outbreak of vampirism which is attested, as are numerous others, by the officials who directed an inquiry into it. The case in question was vouched for by two officers of the Tribunal of Belgrade, and by an officer of the Emperor's troops at Graditz, who was an eye-witness of the pro-

ceedings. In the early part of the eighteenth century there died in the village of Kisilova, three leagues from Graditz, a peasant farmer of sixty-two. Three days after he had been buried, he appeared in the night to his son, and asked for food. The son supplied him with food, which he ate and then disappeared. On the following day the young man acquainted his neighbours with what had occurred. Several days later he was found dead in his bed, and on the same day several other people in the village suddenly fell ill, and died within short intervals of one another. The local bailiff transmitted an account of what had happened to the Tribunal of Belgrade, which dispatched two of its officers to the village, along with an executioner, to examine into the affair. The imperial officer who wrote the account of the proceedings made the journey from Graditz to examine the matter from motives of personal curiosity. A number of graves were opened, and when the Commissioners exhumed the body of the man with whom the villagers believed the outbreak to have originated, they found him with his eyes open and possessed of a fine, natural colour, breathing, although motionless. The executioner drove a stake through his heart, and the corpse was then reduced to ashes on a funeral pyre. No mark of vampirism was found either on the body of the son or on any of the other persons who had died during the outbreak, and they were re-interred.

But the vampire was not always so easily accounted for, and Charles de Achertz in his *Magia Posthuma* (Olmutz, 1706), relates a case which occurred in the village of Blow near Kadam in Bohemia. The vampire in this instance was a shepherd, and the villagers, being convinced of his vampiric condition, exhumed his body and drove a stake through it. But he jeered at them from his grave, and told them that they "were very good to give him a stick with which to defend himself from the dogs." That same night he went about his dreadful work with redoubled violence, and strangled several persons. His body was delivered to the executioner, who placed it in a cart for the purpose of conveying it beyond the village to a spot where he intended to burn it. But on the way it emitted the most piercing screams, struggling and twisting its limbs like a living person, and when it was again pierced with stakes quantities of bright, vermilion blood flowed from it. At last it was consumed, and with its burning the visitation came to an end.

The critics of his day took Calmet greatly to task because of his neglect of that part of the belief which accounts for the

manner in which vampires are supposed to leave their graves, carrying their burial clothes with them. The soil of the grave, it was pointed out, was invariably undisturbed and the vampire entered through doors and windows without opening or breaking them. At the date at which this criticism was made the theory of the precipitation of matter had not yet been formulated, but that it had been a part of folk-belief for countless ages is well known to modern students of magic and folklore. The circumstance that the coffin was frequently filled with blood when opened and the body of the vampire himself in an apparently living condition is fully attested by the signed evidence of the competent Imperial officials who examined a number of cases. Must we take the "legend" literally? If not, how are we to discount the official evidence? It must be admitted that if we are to take it at its actual face value vampirism must take its place among those super-normal phenomena regarding which evidence is daily accumulating—phenomena which, after all, are no more marvellous than the hundred other marvels of science which we never cease to regard without a sense of astonishment. Many, however, will hesitate before adopting conclusions so subversive of our present scientific faith.

Ere we present our theory of vampirism, which is best illustrated by the circumstances of the superstition as found in the Balkans, let us glance at the vampire idea as it is encountered in other lands, and especially in savage or barbarian countries. The root of the name is undoubtedly South Slavonic, and we have in Russian the allied form *uapir*, which signifies "drinker." Aksakof and Ralston have done much to bring the facts of Russian vampirism to light, but the theory of the former able student of folklore that the vampire was a species of demonic symbol of the rain-cloud, smacks too much of the Müllerian school of mythic interpretation to satisfy the modern inquirer. Russian vampirism, then, may be regarded as similar in all its essentials to the Balkan superstition. In Greece, Armenia, Turkey, Syria, Persia, India, Burma, we find the belief in vampires almost, if not quite, as strong as in the Balkans. But—and this is a reservation of importance—the superstition is not met with in any country or among any people where sepulture of the dead is not practised in some manner.

Let us examine two out of the many variants of the vampire tradition which especially may assist us in arriving at a conclusion regarding the belief as a whole. In the Malay Peninsula, where we find a population of a fairly advanced type, a peculiarly fear-

some version of the superstition exists. The natives believe that deceased witches or sorcerers arise from their graves at night and scour the country in search of victims whose blood they may suck. But these dead magicians are not equipped with all the corporeal members, like the vampires of other lands. To a head is attached only an œsophagus and stomach, which, popular belief suggests, is all the sorcerer-vampire requires to enable him to satisfy his ghastly cravings. An illustration of still greater analogical value comes (as do many of the most valuable variants in folklore) from the American continent. In ancient Mexico the vampire was identified with the mother who died in child-bed, and who, wrathful and distressed at separation from her infant, roamed the highways at night, seeking for those upon whom she might wreak her vindictive spite. The doors and interstices in the native huts were sealed up so that she might not enter, but, did she obtain ingress, the children of the family were certain to perish of the blight she cast upon them. Her appearance, if we may judge of it from certain clay figures and paintings which are believed to represent her, was ghastly and terrifying in the extreme, for her face was painted white, and her hair arranged in snake-like folds, reminiscent of the serpentine locks of the Furies of Latin tradition. In order to placate her the Mexicans bestowed upon her the name of *Ciuapipiltin* or *Ciuateteo* ("Right honourable mother"), and shrines which contained substantial food-offerings were commonly placed at the juncture of four cross-roads, in order that, when she had satisfied that ravenous hunger which is characteristic of the malevolent dead, she might not be able to find her way back to the haunts of men, or that (as the expressive Scots term has it) she might be "wandered." But she was not the only vampire known to Mexican mythology, for, as in ancient Gaul and old Germany, all sorcerers were regarded as vampires, and one of the questions which the examining Spanish priests invariably put to the natives of whose Christianity they were doubtful was: "Art thou a sorcerer? Dost thou suck the blood of others?"

Now, the Mexican superstition of the vampire mothers has connections with other folklore phenomena which cannot fail to be of considerable analogical value, for on one hand it links with Burmese and other superstitions regarding the dangerous character of the dead mother who is thus separated from her child, and on the other with the ancient English practice of burying the bodies of suicides at four cross-roads, "with a stake

in their insides," as Tom Hood says, in order that they might not arise, and if they should succeed in doing so, that they might be puzzled or " wandered " by the choice of four highways for their hauntings. But why take so much trouble to " keep down " a mere suicide ?

Let us glance back for a moment through the dusks of antiquity to examine ancient methods of burial. Let us observe the sepulchral practices of ancient Egypt and Babylonia. In the Nile country the tomb of the dead, from pre-dynastic times until at least the Ptolemaic period, was regarded as the house of the *ka* or double of the deceased, that is not of the *ba*, or soul, but of the astral body. Like the living it required sustenance, and for its support the filial son (as in modern China) periodically supplied a plentiful measure of food and drink. Did he fail to do so he was not only branded as unfilial by the tenets of his religion, but it was believed that his father's *ka* starved in its tomb, a wistful and hungry ghost, which, at last, was compelled by starvation to walk the desert and content itself with such scraps of garbage as it could pick up.

An almost identical belief obtained in Babylonia and Assyria. The fine passage which concludes the wonderful epic of Gilgamesh makes allusion to the fate of the neglected dead, and Babylonian sorcery is full of the hungry ghost who wanders the ways of men unfed and untended. These ideas had, of course, a much older tradition behind them, for if we examine the tombs of the neolithic period we find that its dead were well supplied with meat and drink, not necessarily for the use of the soul on its last journey, as has so often been stated. It has recently been contended with reason that the weapons of the dead found in ancient tumuli were not supplied for the uses of the soul in the " happy hunting-grounds," but to enable it to fight the demons who swarmed around it in its new dwelling-place. What applies to weapons, of course applies to food, and we are probably justified in concluding that the idea of a journey to a specialized heaven is one of relatively late origin, and that the tomb was regarded in very early times as the true home of the dead, whence the astral counterpart might issue almost at will.

We find evidence of the continuation of this idea in much later times. The work of Michael Rauff, *De Masticatione Mortuorum in Tumulis* (" Concerning the Dead who Chew in their Graves "), shows that the notion of the hungry dead survived the mediæval period. Rauff states that it was customary in some places to put a piece of earth under the chin of the dead

person, or a small piece of money and a stone in the mouth, or even to tie a handkerchief tightly round the throat to prevent this practice. This idea was, of course, nothing but a relic of the much older belief that the dead required food, and that if its supply were discontinued they went hungry. "A hungry man is an angry man" all the world over, and what, then, is a hungry astral body, equipped with all the material desires of the living and actuated by all the discontented regretfulness and malevolence of the dead? What else but a vampire, a cannibalistic spirit, uniting vengeance with the disappointed lust for sustenance? And vengeance on whom? On those relatives, preferably on those sons, whose duty it was to see that it did not go hungry. We have seen that in the generality of cases it was to its relatives that the Balkan vampire returned. Balkan belief says nothing about the necessity for feeding the dead, and that portion of the original legend must be regarded as a piece of pagan practice which disappeared upon the introduction of Christianity. But it admits the hungry nature of the dead and thus implies that at one time it was the native practice to supply them with provender. It will be remembered, too, that in the case of the peasant of Kisilova the vampire at first made no attack upon his son, but simply requested food, and we have other instances in which the haunting spirit merely joins the family at table, with, however, disastrous results to most of them—results which the Egyptian moral code would have regarded as a righteous punishment for filial neglect.

The question remains: In what manner did the vampire legend (if legend it be) obtain such a strong hold in the Balkan Peninsula, and how was it enabled to flourish in that region so long? The answer to this is probably to be found in the singular practice of the Greek Church in connection with the blessing of the corpse, and the great occult influence wielded by that church in the Slav countries from Byzantine times onwards. In Greece the vampire legend flourished exceedingly until quite recent times, and even to-day is by no means extinguished in such parts of the country as are remote from beaten tracks. The Greek name for the vampire is *vroucolac* or *broucolanc*, and at the end of the eighteenth century this Hellenic demon had so entrenched himself in the superstition of the people as to endanger most seriously the peace of whole communities. A *vroucolac* in the island of Mycone so terrorized the neighbourhood that hundreds quitted it, or else fled from their houses, the windows of which had been broken by the violence of the

demon, who, not content with draining the veins of half the people of the island, consumed nearly the entire wine supply! Continual masses proved of no avail, and at last, with much fear and trembling, the authorities proceeded to the exhumation of the corpse, which was burned to the accompaniment of an unparalleled scene of excitement depicted in the graphic pages of Tournefort, who was an eye-witness of the proceedings. The Greek vampires, indeed, far surpassed those of the Balkans in the violence of their ravages, which can be studied in the pages of Dom Calmet. But it is not so much with the *vroucolac* that we have to deal as with the religious practices which fostered the belief in him. Tournefort relates that in the Greek Archipelago the people firmly believed that it was only in the Greek Church that excommunication preserved the body entire and unputrefied. Some ascribed it to the bishop's sentence, others thought that the devil entered into the body of the excommunicated person and re-animated him, so that he became an evil spirit incarnate. The Greek priesthood, it is well known, from early periods of their schism with Rome, asserted that the divine authority of their bishops was manifested by the fact of the persons who died under their sentence of excommunication resisting the decomposing influences of death, while the Latin Church could not prevent its excommunicated persons from mouldering into dust. Preservation, according to the Greeks, was essential to the repose and happiness of the spirit, and was clearly a tenet borrowed from the practice of ancient Egypt, which almost certainly reached Byzantium from that great mother of mystic practice, Alexandria.

If we combine this circumstance with those which we have already presented, we may be, perhaps, not very distant from a solution of the origin of the vampire legend—the gloomiest yet perhaps the most worthy of exploration of all the ancient and shadowy caverns in the dark realm of demonology. The vampire is the spiteful dead in active vengeance, no longer the warning ghost, but the neglected astral shape resolved upon restoration and reprisal.

THE SKULL AND ITS STORY

By PHILIPPA FRANCKLYN

THE skull, or rather the fragments that had once been the top of a skull, had been found by Albany Thomas when " treasure hunting " in an ancient burial mound near Tara. A passage, consisting of slabs of stone set upright in the ground and roofed with other flat slabs, had been excavated, and among the earth covering this passage the fragments of the skull had apparently lain for centuries.

The finder had placed the pieces among a motley collection of animal bones in a cabinet in his bedroom. During the following night the cabinet had moaned and creaked in an alarming manner, and Albany Thomas was told by his Irish friends that unless he reburied the skull he would have no peace. The cabinet moaned and creaked throughout the next night, and Albany Thomas, now much alarmed, but reluctant to relinquish his find, sent the skull to me as a " mascot " ! His Irish friends assured him that the skull would not stay in England, but would immediately return to Ireland ! Its spirit would never rest !

* * * * *

I received the skull by the afternoon's post, and on handling the package I distinctly felt a movement inside, and thought that Albany Thomas loved playing a practical joke, and had sent me some living creature. On opening the box, however, I found each piece of skull wrapped in tissue paper, and there could be no possibility of their moving. Yet, when carefully repacked the sensation on handling the box was as pronounced as ever. It felt as if a mouse was running around the inside of the box.

This apparent movement considerably mystified me, and anxious to know if this sensation was perceptible to any one else, I wrapped the box in brown paper and carried it to a friend living at the other side of Reading. On arriving at Miss Baker's flat I found she had a visitor, a Mrs. Kenneth, a psychic of no mean power, although an amateur. The two were sitting in armchairs in front of the fire, and, after greeting me, Miss Baker drew up another armchair and told me to sit down. I was sitting at one side of the fireplace, with Mrs. Kenneth next to me, while the package lay on my lap. I had not removed the outer wrapping.

" Well, what is it ? " asked Miss Baker, looking at the package.

" Albany Thomas has sent me this from Ireland," I replied,

handing it to Mrs. Kenneth to pass to Miss Baker. "Can you guess what is in it?"

"I don't like the feel of it," observed Mrs. Kenneth, passing the package to Miss Baker, who exclaimed. "It's mice! I am sure it is mice!"

"Open it and see," I suggested. Miss Baker opened the package, and lifted the lid of the box, and then unfolded one of the pieces of skull. 'A bit of bone. I was sure it was a mouse."

I then explained that it was a skull, found in a burial mound. Mrs. Kenneth held out her hand for one of the pieces of skull and Miss Baker laid the largest bit in it. Instantly Mrs. Kenneth's fingers closed tightly around the bone and, with a sigh, she sank back in her chair apparently dead to the world.

Perhaps before continuing my story I should say that we were all modern women, interested in social matters, and keenly alive to the most vital questions of the day, especially those connected with the condition of the poor. None of us had any knowledge of Irish history before the Normans settled there, and the Hill of Tara was simply a name and nothing more. So there could be no question of thought transference, or suggestion, as none of us knew anything of the period of which Mrs. Kenneth spoke.

To return to Mrs. Kenneth, I felt rather alarmed, but Miss Baker whispered that Mrs. Kenneth was going under control. She sat quite still for a few seconds, then became contorted, her knees drawn up to her chin, and her arms bent at the elbows, the hands held against the face, and the back bent into a bow. In this attitude she remained balanced on the edge of the chair in a position it would have been impossible to assume under normal conditions. I have since seen this attitude in illustrations of Celtic burial.

Suddenly she began to speak in a low-toned, slow voice.

"It is dark—so dark. The king sleeps on his couch, while his queen weeps—by the royal command she had been torn from her husband and home to share a throne. There is the sound of climbing, then a man steps through the stone window space, and a minute later there is the sound of dropping blood, and a man's form falls hurtling, crashing through the ivy—down—down to the howling dogs below.

"The moon rises, and shines upon the water in front of the Palace—the shadows are very dark—an owl hoots among the trees on the other side of the narrow lake. The moonlight falls through the window space and shines upon the man, who still

holds the dagger in his hand. The blood drops upon the skins that cover the floor. The Queen raises her head, and cries aloud with fear. 'Aodh, Aodh, oh beloved! What have you done?'

"'He sent me away, that he might steal you for his queen, but I escaped from the snare he had set, and have come back. He is dead. Slain by my hands!'

"'But they will slay you, when they find the King is dead. Oh! Beloved, fly while there is time. Go . . . go. . . .'

"'Sweet, do not fear for me, I go, but when the moon is at the full I will return, and together we will flee away across the sea.'

"He kissed her tenderly, and then unclasping her hands from about his neck, he stepped over the stone window seat, out into the night, climbing down the ivy. She watched him cross the water, and enter the grove on the other side. Then, weeping bitterly, she sought her maidens in her chamber, and said not that the King was dead.

"All night she lay upon her couch, her head buried in her arms, but would not suffer the maidens to disrobe her. When day dawned riders came along the road behind the Palace, and demanded the King, and his men went to call him, but found him not. His chamber was empty, but the blood stains on the couch cried forth the story, and a search was made and they found the remnants that the dogs had left. Then runners came and told how Aodh, the Swift Footed, had escaped, and the men whispered together. But the Queen lay weeping in her chamber and would not be comforted.

* * * * *

"Once again it is night, and a full moon shines through the clouds, but the night is very still. The Queen rises from her couch, and dismissing her maidens, passes swiftly down the narrow stairs, and out into the garden below the Palace. Very soon she is under the trees, waiting for her Beloved. A dark cloak hides her dress, but her long hair flows unbound to her waist, one hand is hidden under the folds of the cloak, and in it she clasps a leaf-shaped dagger. She hears footsteps among the fallen leaves and crouches closer to the tree trunks. The steps pass by. . . . The dogs in the Palace courtyard howl dismally. She moves forward, stopping and listening, then a man steals through the grove. It is Aodh.

"He clasps her in his arms, and whispers of the waiting chariot, but she shudders. 'They are waiting to capture you,' she replied, 'even now men surround the grove, and I, even I, have lured you to torture and death.'

"He kisses her with a low laugh, and asks what she hides in her hand. She replies that it is gift for him. and as she kisses him she plunges it deeply into his side. She drew out the dagger and turned it towards her own breast, but her faithful man-servant, who, unknown to her, waited near, stopped her hand, and took the dagger, urging her to flee back to the Palace, before she was discovered.

"Slowly . . . very slowly . . . her knees bending under her as she walked . . . she dragged herself, to the bridge, across the narrow bridge, and into the garden . . . then slowly up the stairs in the wall, and into her chamber. Then sitting on the window seat, she sees the men searching the grove, but they find nothing, for her old servant has buried his master, and the leaves hide the newly-turned-up soil."

Mrs. Kenneth stopped speaking and her limbs relaxed. She gave a deep groan, unclenched the hand that held the bone, opened her eyes, and gazed at us with horrified eyes. "It was awful, awful!" she exclaimed.

"Can you remember anything?" Miss Baker asked.

"Everything . . . it was awful. . . . I could not help myself."

"Who was the King?" I asked.

"The King of Meath."

In answer to our questions she described the Palace as being a moon-shaped building close to the Hill of Teamur, with a garden leading down to a long lake of water, with trees, and forests on the other side, and a road that led to the back of the Palace, along which she had seen horsemen riding. Her descriptions were very clear and lucid, and she even drew a plan of the Palace and sketched the form of what she called a red, leaf shaped dagger.

The plan of the Palace and the description of the road I sent to Albany Thomas, without telling him of the evening's happenings. He wrote in reply that it was very funny, but in the position indicated there was a queer semi-circular ruin of an ancient building, that the Irish had a legend of such a road having existed in ancient days, although it was not marked upon the ordnance maps. The ancient name of Tara had been Teamur. There had also been Kings of Meath.

Miss Baker and I often wished Mrs. Kenneth to try another sitting with the skull, but she declared that nothing on earth would make her repeat the experiment. I still possess the skull, and the weird sensation of a moving creature within the box is still as pronounced as ever.

L

THE UNWRITTEN LAW IN JEWISH MYSTICISM

By the Late SIJIL ABDUL-ALI

IT is well known that the Kabalists claim to derive their doctrine from a revelation to Moses on Mount Sinai, complementary to that which was embodied in the Written Law. The author of the Book of Esdras declares that there were "many wondrous things" and "secrets of the times" shown to Moses, which he was commanded to hide,* and according to Rabbinical interpretation, the same fact is implied in Exodus xxxiv. 27, where it is recorded that "the Lord said unto Moses, Write thou these words: for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant with thee and with Israel." The Mishnah and the Talmud contain references to "oral laws revealed to Moses on Sinai"; † and it is held also that "a study of the few still existing apocryphal books discloses the fact . . . that 'the mystic lore, occasionally alluded to in the Talmudic or Midrashic literature . . .' gives ample evidence of a continuous cabalistic tradition." ‡

Manasseh ben Israel, writing in the early part of the seventeenth century, interprets Exodus xxxiv. 27 in the sense that "God delivered to Moses the written law, and the commentary or explanation (the oral law); the latter was to be retained mentally, and to be transmitted by tradition; it is therefore termed 'Cabala' (received). Accordingly, these texts are presumed to allude to the two laws, so denominated from one being an exposition of the other." In proceeding to show "what is 'Cabala,' . . . . and what proofs Scripture affords of its existence," he refers to it (on the authority of Rabbi Simeon ben Jochai, i.e., of the Zohar) as "an explanation of the divine law received from the mouth of God by Moses, revealed by him to the Sages or Elders, and by them handed down to posterity." He infers two divisions in the Oral Law, namely (1) the Mishna, "which is a clear explanation of the written law," and (2) "the secret knowledge called, distinctively, 'Cabala.'" We read, further, that

* 2 *Esdras*, xiv. 5 and 6.

† See the *Jewish Encyclopædia*, vol. ix, p. 425.

‡ *Ibid*, vol. iii. p. 457.

" those who devote themselves to the Mishna, are like apothecaries, who compound medicines and draughts without knowing the virtues and properties of the drugs they use, but follow the recipe in the prescription before them ; but those who study the 'Cabala' are like physicians, who know and understand the value and effects of the drugs they prescribe." *

In reference to the continuity of the tradition, Mr. Samuel Binion says that according to the Talmud " Moses received the Law from Sinai and transmitted it to Joshua ; Joshua transmitted it to the Elders ; the Elders to the Prophets ; and the Prophets to the ' Men of the Great Congregation,' who flourished from the end of the sixth century B.C. till the time of Rabbi Shimeon Hatsadik (Simeon the Just), who was the last of the line, and died 300 B.C." † From Simeon, according to Maimonides, the doctrine passed to the Sophrim (Scribes), thence to the Hakhamim or Tannaim (Wise Men or Repeaters), thence to the Amorāim (Speakers), thence to the Sabboraim (Reasoners), and thence finally to the Geonim, whose period is said to begin with the year 589 A.D. and to cover nearly 450 years, thus extending well beyond the latest date to which the *Sepher Yetzirah*, the oldest extant text of Kabbalism, has been assigned by its critics.

The central thesis—in the absence of which these speculations and beliefs would have no meaning—is that the Written Law, the Torah, is the perfect expression of the mind of God towards his people. This perfection is not one of general import merely : it extends to every word, every letter, every sign throughout the Pentateuch. Hence the exact preservation of the text (as delivered, by supposition, to Moses) was exceedingly important, and to this end a special class of scholars devoted themselves, producing the system of critical notes termed *Masorah*—a word which originally meant " fetter," ‡ and afterwards became connected with a verb meaning " to hand down " or " transmit." " The difference," says Dr. Ginsburg, " between the words *Kabbalah* and the cognate term *Massorah*—which denotes *the traditionally transmitted* various readings of the Hebrew Scrip-

* *The Conciliator*, translated by E. H. Lindo, London, 1842, pp. 206-208.

† See the *Library of the World's Best Literature*, edited by C. D. Warner, p. 8426.

‡ It is said to be taken from Ezekiel xx. 37 : " And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." Primarily, the metaphor is pastoral. In fixing the Biblical text, the Masorah was considered to be in the nature of a fetter upon its exposition. See *The Jewish Encyclopædia*, vol. viii, p. 365.

tures—is, that the former expresses *the act of receiving*, which in this technical sense could only be on the part of one who has reached a certain period of life, as well as a certain state of sanctity, implying also a degree of secrecy; whilst the latter signifies *the act of giving over, surrendering*, without premising any peculiar age, stage of holiness, or degree of secrecy." * It has also been said that "the *Masora* is in every respect the converse of the Kabbala. The Masora is that which was openly *delivered* by the Rabbi: the Kabbala is that which was secretly and mysteriously received by the disciple." † It is thus evident that the term *Kabbalah* came to signify something more than a mere tradition or an oral law serving to interpret practically that which was written. The Kabbalah was believed to be essentially secret, and to have been purposely concealed until the time of the Rabbi Simeon ben Jochai, who, it was thought, had embodied its principles in the great work *Sepher Ha Zohar* during the first century of the Christian era. It was, in some sense, like the Torah itself, everlasting, and according to another form of legend, it was actually taught by God to a select company of angels before the Fall, and was transmitted *via* Adam, Noah and Abraham to Egypt, where Moses received his preliminary initiation. While, however, the Torah was delivered once for all upon Mount Sinai, and was thenceforward open for all time to all people, worthy and unworthy alike, this mysterious doctrine was to be revealed only to such as were prepared to receive it. At the same time, the Torah, by hypothesis, contained implicitly and cryptically all that the secret doctrine enshrined, for it was the very body of the unwritten law, and not a letter or a sign could be altered without destroying its perfect expression of the Divine will.

Apart from the appeal to esotery, however, it is quite clear that the Torah had served the needs of the children of Israel in practical as well as in doctrinal matters, and this service was facilitated by various oral instructions, which took expression in the Mishnah and were ultimately embodied and fixed in the Talmud. This supplementary teaching would serve, in the first place, to explain the apparent contradiction which can be found in the text of the Law; secondly, to supplement those injunctions which by themselves are so brief as to be almost unintelligible; and, thirdly, to render practicable the observance of certain enactments. There need be no peculiar mystery about the existence of such traditional lore. As a matter of fact, from a purely

* *The Kabbalah*, 1865, p. 4.
† W. B. Greene: *The Blazing Star*, p. 29.

exoteric point of view, we should naturally expect to find it, for, as the Reverend M. Hyamson remarks, "All laws, before they were reduced to writing, were first and for a long time preserved in the living consciousness of the people." Moreover, it would seem impossible, *prima facie*, for those who, on any ground, believe in the divine origin of the Torah, to deny the existence of a supplementary doctrine in the light of which it was to be understood and practised, for otherwise the claim as to either literary or moral perfection could hardly be maintained. The interesting point is, not the existence of such traditional teaching, which would be expected on any reasonable hypothesis, but the belief concerning its origin, as that came to be crystallized in Jewish legend, according to which Moses received, beyond the Tables of the Law, all that was afterwards to be embodied in the Midrash, the Mishnah and the Talmud,—in fact, "all that clever scholars would ever ask their teacher."*

This conception of the Mosaic law as a complete expression of the mind of God towards Israel is, I think, of some philosophic import. In its transcendence, the Law is neither of time nor of place: it comes forth a living creature from the very ideation of Divinity. Legend affirms † that it was the first of seven things created before the heaven and the earth: it was written with black fire on white fire, and lay in the lap of God: it was the Wisdom with which He took counsel at the creation and as such its validity must be from eternity unto eternity. The last proposition, it may be noted, is practically the thesis of the Book of Jubilees, or the Little Genesis, which was written in Hebrew by a Pharisee towards the close of the second century B.C., with the object, probably, of showing that all men, from Adam onwards, had conformed to the Law, and of pointing out the occasions on which its various elements were first celebrated upon earth.‡ The Zohar declares that the very tables on which the Law was originally written "were created before the world . . . from the celestial dew which falls on the sacred orchard of Apple Trees. The Holy One, blessed be He, caused two drops of this dew to congeal, and they were transformed into two precious stones. On these God breathed, and they became two tables."

* Louis Gnizberg: *The Legends of the Laws*, Philadelphia, 1911, vol. iii, p. 141.

† See *Ibid*, p. 97.

‡ See the *Book of Jubilees*, translated from the Ethiopic text by R. H. Charles, 1902.

It is to be understood, presumably, that Moses was concerned only with a republication of the Law originally engraven on the Tables of Heaven. The second event, like the first, is wrapped in mystery. At this point in time the Creator affirmed His will once and for ever in the language of men. We may appreciate the solemnity of the occasion, and, given a little sympathy with Jewish thought and ideals, we can even tolerate the extravagance of the legends with which the history of this august crisis is illuminated or obscured. Here in the desert—almost, it would seem, alone in the Universe—is a wandering tribe, assembled at the foot of "a sombre mass of granite, looking so bare and ravine-cleft beneath the shining sun that one might almost say it had been furrowed with lightning-flashes and carved out by the thunder." One can imagine, also, the silence, the almost poignant expectancy that was tremulous there as Israel waited. Legend has it that the singing of birds, the lowing of oxen, the roaring of the sea, the flight of Annim, and even the utterance of the Seraphic "Holy, holy, holy," ceased at the issue of the divine announcement: "I am the Lord your God." Thus in the midst of desolation, from cloud and fire and "the thick darkness where God was," came the voice of revelation, dividing itself, we are told, into seventy tongues, so that it was heard of all men, and even by the dead in Sheol and the souls of the unborn. May we believe that under all the veils of absurdity there is still a living body and heart of truth? If we may not, there is perhaps little to be gained by the present study; but I think we shall find a body, as it were, metaphysical, and a heart beating true to the timeless aspirations of the mind. Even if we are in touch only with a fabric of phantasy, there is discernible within it something that bears the marks of a high origin. It is leastwise a sublime monotheism, that this God who spake once at the Creation, spake again, in "strange, intelligible thunder," of the destination and calling of humanity. The man Moses, also,—the man of God,—does he not stand at least as an everlasting type of our aspiring,—wrapped about indeed by legend, veiled in the vesture of Shekinah, but filled with worshipful, consuming zeal,—yearning, implacable, dauntless? The conception of Moses, the Mediator, is inseparable from the conception of the Torah, the written mind and purpose of God. He stands there in the morning-light of history, looking out over the destiny of nations, a very man,—a noble, gigantic figure, aptly set against the background of the fiery mount. Decorously, also, when the term of his mortality drew near, he ascended to view the last token

of his calling, " up from the plains of Moab . . . to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho." . . . There he died, and was buried by Jehovah in a valley, says the record; " but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

By this Moses, then, the revelation came, and the Wisdom of Heaven took form in the written language of men. That which was produced represents the eternal Moral Law: the commandments correspond, it is said, to the ten words which God used at the creation of the world. But if the product bear merely its surface-sense, if it be merely the series of moral precepts which it appears to be, obviously the high claim respecting it could not be maintained. " If the Law contains ordinary matter," says the Zohar, " then there are nobler sentiments in profane codes." Whether the supplementary doctrine already spoken of can really be referred to Moses is, perhaps, a question that will never be satisfactorily determined, but we have to recognize the widespread belief, and may profitably inquire whether a study of the belief opens upon any important metaphysical issue. I think we shall find that it does. The Zohar intimates that " when it descended on earth, the Law had to put on an earthly garment to be understood by us; and the narratives are its garment." It has also a body, which is the commandments, and a soul, which is the secret doctrine. Students of the Law are thus divided into three classes: the " fools of this world," who see only the garment; those of more understanding, who see not only the garment but the body beneath it, i.e., the moral teaching); and, finally, " the wisest, the servants of the Heavenly King, who dwell at Mount Sinai," who " look at nothing else but the soul, which is the root of all the real Law; and these are destined in the world to come to behold *the Soul of this Soul* (i.e., the Deity) which breathes in the Law." Under another analogy, the historical sense corresponds to the Court of the Temple, the moral sense to the Holy Place, and the mystical sense to the Holy of Holies. Evidently, the hypothesis is that the Decalogue, and the vesture of narrative which involves it, are in the harmony of perfect symbolism: to him who can read the symbols, is manifest unequivocally the soul, that is, the real, eternal Law. In this sense, the written word is the sign and ultimatum of all that the Holy One had willed in respect of the intelligent creation, and therein the origin, term and destiny of souls is cryptically set forth. It is the very meeting-place of God and man, permanent token of his election, first and final seal of the redemptive plan. To understand herein something anticipatory or reflective of

the doctrine of Messiah would be neither difficult nor, perhaps, entirely erroneous; but the danger is that we should probably be tempted to over-estimate the importance of the apparent connection.

Now presumably it may be said with truth that there is no completeness of revelation apart from the written word, and analogically may be understood the problem, whether there is completeness of existence in respect of the unwritten, eternal law apart from that particular manifestation in time and space which is symbolized by the legend of Sinai. In Zoharic theory, as we have seen, the traditional law is to the written law roughly as soul to body, and the very use of that symbolism suggests all the disparity between the timeless and the temporal, between the real and the limitations under which it appears and in virtue of which it becomes ultimate in the manifest universe. Under another figure, the two are correlative, or co-existent, so to speak, in the bonds of indissoluble wedlock; and it is said rather darkly that the written law is the image of Jehovah as the oral law is that of Elohim, the latter issuing from the former as woman from man. The alleged nature of the written law is logically co-ordinate with this doctrine of transcendence; or, with equal propriety, we may state that the esoteric doctrine is complementary to the text. In other words, the written code (if, as was supposed, it embodies the Eternal Law) must express the truth—that is, the mind of God—not arbitrarily or partially, but regularly, fully and without error. But obviously, on the surface, it is inadequate to the dignity thus attaching to it, and hence we may suppose that it became necessary to postulate a hidden doctrine, a sense beneath the letter of the word, and to find a method of exegesis which would disclose, under the literary symbols, that living soul of truth.

Concerning the historical roots of this thesis, or of the reputed doctrine itself, I do not feel qualified to express an opinion, especially in view of the fact that scholars themselves are in doubt. Dr. Hirsch says of thirteenth century Kabalism that "it is a natural continuation of certain modes of thought and feeling which had never been absent; which in one form or another had all along prevailed in Judaism, and the actual rise of which may be said—from an historical point of view—to lose itself in the dim, distant regions of antiquity; and—from a psychological point of view—to be rooted in the construction of that inscrutable enigma which is called the human soul." To premise that the secret law dates from the beginning of time is

perhaps only a legendary way of recognizing that it signifies an inborn tendency, an immemorial aspiration. To say that it originated on Mount Sinai may still be legendary, though in a different degree. But, however these things may be, it is certain that the human soul, seeking, without rest, the face of God, and liberation from the bondage of the Law, that is, of the flesh, has had through all the light and darkness of the ages, some prevision of its destiny and triumph. I do not know how we are to understand otherwise its long struggles and ardent, strange beliefs. These are the secret workings of Divinity, and in the end it signifies very little whether we say that the great human conceptions come as the result of revelation, or of the eternal desire and groping of the soul. If the mind, under its own limitations, made the written law, it made also a path of freedom from the same: if it sank in the bondage of ignorance, it was raised again on the wings of a more transcendent hope. What indeed are all errors and superstitions but rungs in the ladder of attainment—the ladder whereby angels are ever descending and ascending? We need only sufficient perspective to see the sublime import of every creed, to see its relation to the Universe, and to draw from it the appropriate lesson.

In conclusion, I should like to draw attention to a single thought which emerges from these strange speculations that we have briefly reviewed. It is a thought concerning an apparently twofold path of illumination. One method of knowing the secret law was by contact with the tradition itself; or, upon a more metaphysical understanding of our subject, it is by an intuitive act of consciousness that oversteps some of the laborious processes of induction. But the nature of the Torah is such that the whole truth is contained implicitly and cryptically in its text, the words of which are "fruitful and multiply." That is, its symbolism is held to be complete in every particular, so that by a study of the text alone may be acquired the knowledge which is hidden from the profane. The soil in which the words become fruitful and multiply is of course the human spirit, furrowed under the travail of its long, unspoken quest. May we not say that the Torah is a symbol of the world, which itself is a cryptic cypher of reality? To extract the hidden meaning from the written word is to read the script of the Universe, to understand in one form the language of God. The method is twofold. There is the rational process of induction, and there is the poetic insight which discerns immediately the subtle interrelations of the soul with nature. There is reason and revelation, the slow, tedious grop-

ing, and the mystic sentiment which affords in gleams and flashes a vision of the real. There is exegesis upon the text of the Law, and there is the influx of light which comes by the contact of a mind with the universal mind, the Author of the Law. I say a two-fold path rather than two paths, because ultimately, I think, the path is one. If the Law is in every particular the written mind of God, if the data of the manifest world are signs and tokens of the things not heard or seen, it is only by divine illumination, only by acts of divine grace, that the writing becomes gradually intelligible, that stage by stage the full grandeur of its import is unfolded to the eye of man. The soul of humanity has many organs, and whether it be the chemist among his crucibles or the Kabalist among his symbols or the poet in his ardent and impassioned dreams, wherever is sincerity of purpose, there is always that great mind moving and working, working and aspiring towards the vision of the mountains, the freedom and fragrance of the celestial air. So, step by step, it ascends, ever leaving behind what is has made, systems and creeds and reveries, as monuments to its eternal progress.

ON DREAMS

By JOCELYN UNDERHILL

PROBABLY the latest branch of science to receive recognition and adequate consideration is Psychology, and the branch of psychology least considered has so far been the cause of dreams and the state of dream-consciousness. Like many other branches of specialized knowledge the psychology of dreams took birth in an atmosphere of charlatanry and deception—though with what actual basis of fact it is difficult to discover now—and for centuries the literature consisted of "Dream-books" with fanciful and often foolish interpretations. From time immemorial great value had been placed upon dreams, as being divinely inspired, or as intended to warn and direct the dreamer. It is more than possible, from the attention paid to dreams, that the occult science of earlier epochs had a knowledge of the subject that is only now being recovered. Certainly sacred literature is full of instances, and the chronicles of the centuries record many inexplicable cases.

With the later developments of the Reformation and especially during the rise of the materialistic science of the nineteenth century, the science of Dreams was finally lost. Sceptical ridicule finished, for the time being, any such study. It was only when the occult developments of the last century, which saw Spiritualism firmly established, Psychic Research recognized, albeit tardily, and Theosophy restated in modern terminology, that the possibility of a subconscious Self was admitted, with a recognition of its intervention in the dim world between sleep and waking, and its influence on dreams. It will ever be regarded as regrettable that H. P. Blavatsky did not deal at greater length with the subject—one small *Transaction of the Blavatsky Lodge* and a few hints in the third volume of *The Secret Doctrine* are all she left us—the more so as the researches of her immediate followers are of comparatively small value. C. W. Leadbeater (least intimate of her immediate students) wrote a small book entitled *Dreams*, the first direct contribution of Modern Occultism, and many theosophists still regard it as being authoritative. I recall that when I introduced the researches of the Viennese psychologists to a lodge of the Theosophical Society

I was severely taken to task for putting before it members views not in accord with the Leadbeater writings and consequently not theosophically "sound." A poetic revenge, however, came later, for Mr. C. W. Leadbeater visited the lodge, and, replying to a question of mine, he highly commended, largely endorsed, and to some extent elaborated the Viennese researches. The first of the Vienna students was Professor Sigmund Freud, who elaborated the possibilities and practice of psycho-analysis. His friend and student, Carl Jung, however, rearranged his material and very largely restated the position, laying the basis of a new school of psychology. In conjunction with their works should be read and studied an exceedingly interesting volume by Isadore Koriot entitled *Abnormal Psychology*.* These were the chief authorities three years ago, when the writer put aside his books to answer a bugle call, and deserted the study of occult phenomena for that of war.

I now venture to summarize, in non-technical language, and to some extent in the light of my own experience and research, the conclusions arrived at by many students. An occasional divergent view will be probably found in the pages of scientific magazines, but still more in corroboration. The conclusions are open to correction and modification; as here put forward they may serve as a basis for students now approaching the subject, or indicate new avenues to older workers.

The physical condition of the dreamer must first be examined. It is very generally admitted that physical weaknesses are often productive of dreams which are signposts to the up-to-date physician; the most widely known is that of a weak heart straining to perform its functions and conveying to the brain a vivid impression of a team of panting horses drawing a plough or a wagon over a steep hill. Similar dreams have been recorded and are classified so as to be at the disposal of the modern physician. My personal experience leads me to believe that in addition the very widespread use of drugs, that is part and parcel of our modern life, plays a part. I do not, of course, refer to narcotics, such as opium and hashish, nor to hypnotics such as veronal, etc., but to coal-tar derivatives, phenacetin, etc., and also to asperin. Phenacetin, unless associated with caffeine, is a depressant, directly affecting the heart, and asperin also profoundly affects certain important nerve centres—yet both can be obtained without medical sanction and in unlimited

* London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

quantities. These drugs are much too commonly used, and various headache "wafers," pain-killers, etc., should only be dispensed upon medical prescriptions. The student, then, wishing to examine his own dreams, should submit himself to medical examination so as to be sure of physical fitness, or to make due allowance for any small weakness, and discontinue any drug habit, whether wholly or partially formed.

Consider next the direct action of the Ego, the true centre of consciousness behind the mind and the brain. It is recognized that many memories are constantly being accepted by the brain and later relegated to the realm of the subconscious, only to be called forth under stress of special requirement or emotion. In cultivating faculty many mental exercises have to be gone through, which it is not necessary to remember; these are to be subsequently removed from the realm of the conscious to that of the subconscious, and the condition of sleep facilitates this: the result is the dream, which the sleeper is acutely conscious of having experienced, but of which he can recall no details whatever. A haunting sensation of having dreamt is all that remains; in such cases it is probable that the Ego had been surprised in his laboratory, busily engaged in relegating to the limbo of semi-forgotten things the furnishings of consciousness that he no longer requires for his house—the mind—or his business office—the brain.

Next for consideration comes the question of various aspects of consciousness. I couple together the rather differing conceptions of the Kama-Manas (Blavatsky) the Astral body (Besant), the Desire Elemental (Leadbeater), and the subconscious *Will to Perform* (Freud). (In passing I would like to protest strongly against the modern theosophical teaching of "bodies" in antipathy to the Hindu teaching of Koshas—"Sheaths"—and the confusion of both with the Blavatskian teaching of "principles." This has led to extraordinary confusion of thought on the part of many theosophical students. Some day I hope to try and elucidate it for the benefit of those who find themselves tangled in an undergrowth of terminology—for the present let me recall the saying of H. P. Blavatsky: "You can separate the sheaths, but not the principles." Another ground for complaint is the teaching of "planes" instead of "layers of consciousness," which has so utterly materialized the higher aspects of the Universe. It is very largely due to the psychically materialistic conceptions of C. W. Leadbeater.) The various aspects enumerated above represent the desire

nature operating in the Desire World, plus the subconscious mind. The desire nature evolves by experiencing relatively coarse emotions, passions, etc., and strives to impose its personal will when the brain is less directly in use at the hands of the true Ego. It frequently uses a negative form of attack, the result is a primary sensation of horror at some ghastly spectacle which it conjures up, and which, under its influence, turns into a morbid and finally fascinated examination of grim and horrible details. It is here that the Freudian principle works—in the dim half-world between waking and sleeping.

Another aspect of the same forces at work is the delayed action and reaction of an impulse to do something which the waking consciousness refuses to consider, for which no suitable opportunity occurs, or which we are deterred from doing by fear of possible consequences. (Consider at this point the tremendous value of Conventionality to individuals at a certain stage in evolution.) In the half-world these deterring forces operate no longer, or in a very much lesser degree, and the deed is carried through to finality.

Yet another contributing cause is a frustrated desire for some experience, some self-expression. These may profoundly affect or modify the dreams of the individual. I am inclined to join issue with Freud regarding the very marked importance his school attribute to sexual impulses. It is wrong to make these impulses largely a basis in psycho-analysis, and I am inclined to regard Freud's attitude as the outcome of a peculiar racial instinct or characteristic. My own experiences in the domain of psycho-analysis did not lead me to the same conclusion, although I am forced to admit only a merely nodding acquaintance with pathology and neurosis. I am, moreover, convinced that many dream impulses come from the "consciousness-layer" corresponding to the Lower Mental World, whereas the personal sex-impulse does not extend beyond—to use the popular term—the Astral plane, the desire world.

Finally there are the dreams belonging to the world of the Super-consciousness. We now are approaching a world of which little is known, to which some psychologists deny an existence, and where few are willing to follow. Yet there are dreams that are beyond all desire-impulse, which are full of spiritual illumination, which are, in a word, a clear call to the Higher Life. They may be twofold: symbolic or direct. They are of the true Ego, the individualized Consciousness working in the higher or highest "layers of Consciousness," but which

has not yet directly assumed control of the lower vehicles, bridging the gulfs between the planes. And here I may express my profound conviction that the spiritual development *of each one of us* is greater than any expression given through the brain can shadow forth.

There remains yet another type of dream not yet sufficiently understood to classify. It is the premonition-dream, which may or may not wholly concern the dreamer. There are many classical examples of both, although the former predominate. A peculiar example of the latter occurred to myself some years ago and is, perhaps, worth recording. I dreamt vividly of a railway accident and noted all the details, etc.; the site was unfamiliar, and I failed to recognize any of the *four* persons I saw dead. Five days later I saw in the daily papers an account of a City railway accident, on a portion of a line which I knew extremely well, in which *five* people were killed. I had noted the dream and also casually mentioned it to another theosophical student, whom I met again and discussed the details as given in the Press. We agreed there could be no connection, owing to the extra body and the unfamiliar landscape. Yet about three weeks later I was coming into the City from my seaside bungalow when the train was held up unexpectedly. I leant far out of the window and peered past the engine to discover any visible cause, and was amazed to observe before me the scene of my dream. For some reason I had never before noticed the view *along* the line from that point, and later on I learnt from inquiries that from the spot where the train stopped only four of the people killed in the accident would have been visible. Yet the dream had no personal message or value, and remains unexplained.

* * * * *

By way of conclusion I would say that, in the next few years profound discoveries in the realm of psychology are looming. Much will be done and many things discovered, but the greatest of all will be the discovery that much that is new is already old, and the textbook in psychology that has the most profoundly illuminating teaching is *The Upanishats*. For therein, or so I am convinced, will be found the most exalted thought, the deepest and most significant studies in the realms of the Mind and the Soul yet given to Humanity—the textbook of the centuries which will outlast time because it is built on something greater, because its foundation is the sum-total of all Consciousness—God.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE ANIMALS' AUXILIARY ALLIANCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Those of your readers especially interested in the continuity of animal life will be glad to hear of the "Animals' Auxiliary Alliance," a *union* of all *existing* societies' members, who desire to strengthen the cause from this point of view; and surely the subject should form an important part in the ever-increasing recognition of the great truths concerning the spirit world, and the wave of advanced thought passing over the universe to-day. Love is the cord linking the lives of all created things, both man and beast, in one communion.

All countries of allied sympathy will be in this Alliance, and for the English speaking countries, the correspondence of the OCCULT REVIEW will be a happy medium for interchange of thought upon the subject. For the rest; all interested are invited to communicate with Louis Weighton, Esq., Playgoers' Club, 20 Cranbourne Street, London, W.C., through whom personal correspondence will be transmitted to the committees and information given on the matter.

Faithfully yours,

F. V. McDONNELL,

Founder of the S.C.V.A., Rome.

BLUEBEARD AND THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As a rule I have neither time nor inclination to reply to critics. But the letter of Mr. Montague Summers in your last issue seems to indicate some sources of information that I had not discovered. The account given of the execution of Gilles' companions is certainly new to me. The reports of the trial, and Gilles' Confession, are in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and also at Nantes. I know it is mentioned that two of his accomplices were hanged at the time of his execution at his request and by decree of Pierre de l'Hopital, President of the Breton Parliament. These two were Henriet and Poitou, two of his servants. Accounts of the trial and execution, and records of the speeches may be found in Lacroix, Michelet, and in de Maulde's transcript. The historians of the day are Monstrelet, Charitier and

Argentié—but these by no means agree on details, but the original contemporary records may be consulted by any curious student, and modern versions greatly need verifying. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "The numerous irregularities of the proceedings, the fact that his necromancer, Prelati, and other of his chief accomplices went unpunished, taken together with the financial interest of Jean V in his ruin, have left a certain mystery over the trial." I agree that Abbé Bossard should be used with caution, the same applies to every modern version. But he cites the majority of the original documents used at the trial, and herein is the chief value of his work.

I have not at present access to Bernelle's work. But as the whole of the original story is accessible, it is open to any one to form what theories they please as to the psychology. Mr. Havelock Ellis makes a brilliant paradox by the association of contradictory qualities. My own suggestion is contained in the one word "Manichæan," and I think a study of Manichæism in the fifteenth century gives some colour to the theory. I don't wish to set it higher than a theory.

In all the records of Gilles de Rais that I have read, and they are all I have been able to discover, I have found nothing to indicate sexual excesses.

Mr. Montague Summers says that "authorities are agreed" that the original of Bluebeard was Comorre the Cursed. I regret that I have not met with these authorities. Mr. Vizetelly gives in full the story of Comorre, and the impression left is that if Perrault took him as his model he altered the story out of all recognition. There are numberless Comorre legends current in Brittany to-day; the one cited by Mr. Montague Summers is, I think, taken from *Legendes Bretonnes* (*Souvenirs de Morbihan*) by Count d'Amezeuil, published some fifty years ago, but I have not a copy to refer to. Much more is given by de la Borderie in his *Histoire de Bretagne*, and the stories of St. Gildas are narrated in the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists. The many collections of Breton folk-tales both in English and French leave the impression that every fairy tale ever told in the world has a variant in the Province.

It would have been easy enough to have given the authority for every statement in my article. But I have always been of opinion that the profuse citation of authority, which is indispensable in an encyclopædia, is out of place in a popular magazine article.

Mr. Montague Summers roundly denies the tradition that the sobriquet of "Bluebeard" arose from the blue-black tinge of De Rais' beard. All lawyers know the difficulty of proving a negative. But the mere assertion of a negative without any evidence, and with no counter theory, can hardly carry conviction by the simple assertion "it is certain." I was once told by a judge in Court that when a Counsel commenced "No one can deny," he was about to state an absolutely indefensible proposition. The idea that it was a pet name given him by an admiring lady in his youth, I found in an old anony-

mous collection of French popular tales of the early eighteenth century. It is of course of no value whatsoever as an authority, but represents a tradition of the time, and is a plausible theory, in default of any other.

I think also a little respect is due to the practically universal Breton tradition to-day. Any one who visits Machecoul, Champtoce Tiffauges, or in fact, any of de Rais' castles and talks with the custodians and with the local peasantry will find an undoubting faith that the Marechal was Bluebeard. No one can tell now what legend or combination of legends Perrault had in his mind—but local tradition is always worth something.

Apologizing for occupying your valuable space with these desultory remarks.

Yours truly,
J. W. BRODIE-INNES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—*Re* Mr. J. W. Brodie-Innes' article, "Bluebeard and the Maid of Orleans," in the OCCULT REVIEW.

Jeanne d'Arc was not "bretonne," as is seemed to be inferred on p. 130, line 36, but "lorraine."

" . . . Et Jehanne, la bonne lorraine
Qu' Anglois bruslèrent à Rouen. . . ."

as wrote our mediæval poet, François Villon, in his *Ballade des Dames du temps jadis*.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours very sincerely,
GEORGES LAJUZAN-VIGNEAU.

9 RUE DE BEAUJOLAIS,
PARIS.

CRYSTAL VISIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The crystal-visions of "An Enquirer" seem to be analogous to dreams, but perhaps perseverance would yield more interesting results. I have recently had the most extraordinary experiences in this department, the crystal-pictures being visible—in the presence of a certain non-professional sensitive—to every one in the room; and they frequently give messages from discarnate spirits, the information sometimes going beyond the knowledge of those present. I should like to hear from any one who can "see" in a crystal and who cares to describe his or her experiences, in order that I may make a study of the subject. Full objectivity of these visions is of course rare, and suggestion has to be eliminated. (I have eliminated it in my own case.) But this objectivity is evidently possible, though the gift is rare; I am told that the sensitive with whom I am acquainted is the only person in the world possessing it at present, though that may be an exaggeration.

Yours faithfully,
J. ARTHUR HILL.

CLAREMONT,
THORNTON, BRADFORD.

REINCARNATION AMONG EARLY CHRISTIANS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your Notes of the Month in February's REVIEW you do not mention in support of your views that Jerome wrote, in one of his books, that a belief in Reincarnation was very prevalent among the early Christians. That this statement is true may be inferred from the fact this heresy (?) was condemned by two synods or councils, the latest being that of Constantinople in 543, although I believe it is more correct to say that the views held by Origen were banned, as he was a pronounced Reincarnationist. Origen was much too learned and liberal minded for the bigoted and ignorant ecclesiastics, who were then formulating doctrines and dogmas that would stifle inquiry and subjugate the laity. Personally I do not like the idea of Reincarnation. I faintly hope I have acquired sufficient merit and knowledge to fit me for a better existence than what this world usually supplies, but I recognize the fact that Reincarnation is the only rational explanation of existence, and is a great improvement on the teachings and sophistries of the Churches.—Yours faithfully,

H. J. H.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your notes on Reincarnation, and the quotation of Jesus Christ's words about Elijah—it seems to me there is another passage which can be quoted in support, viz. Matthew xvi. 13: "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." Here we have evidence that Reincarnation in some form was part of the stock ideas of the Jews—and Christ made no effort to remove it—although He was careful to remove vital misconceptions, such as the immediate appearance of the Kingdom of God (Luke xix. 11).

Not only does he not even say it is a possible misconception, but in the next chapter (Matt. xvii. 12, cp. xi. 14) he says that John the Baptist was Elias—without explaining how this phenomenon occurred. Taking these two instances combined, one has the positive and negative testimony of Christ as to Reincarnation. But is it a compulsory law? and is it always in the same flesh and blood that we have now? is it always on the same planet or star? and subject to the identical laws we are now under?

Yours faithfully,
J. H. MACDONALD.

[There is no doubt of the prevalence of a belief in Reincarnation among the early Christians. The point, however, hardly came within the limited scope of my Notes.—ED.]

THE PHANTOM HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The below details, which I have taken down direct, may be of interest. I had been with an old keeper all last autumn, deer shooting, in one of the big forests which still exist in parts of England dating from prehistoric times.

The old man told me he has several times heard the phantom hounds hunting through the woods at night. He says they come past overhead, invisible, but their cry is exactly like a pack of fox-hounds in full cry.

I asked him specially if it was not more like bloodhounds (he has hunted with a pack of bloodhounds.) He said, "No, it is just like fox-hounds." This shows that the hounds of the time of Hern the Huntsman must have been more like the modern foxhound than the throaty deep voiced Southern hound used in England up to some 150 years ago.

The old man says that a very old man, recently dead, declared he often used to meet a phantom coach and four at night driving through the forest.

The keeper himself says that, when a boy, he met one night a woman "gliding" towards him down the path. As she passed him quite close he said "Good-night," but she did not look at him or answer him. The same thing happened a few nights later at the same place. Each time when he looked round she had disappeared; she did not walk, but "glided just clear of the ground." He was laughed at when he told this to others. At last a man agreed to walk with him one night, and exactly the same thing happened, they both saw the woman, who had her head covered over so that her face could not be seen.

Then he took a party of people to see it, but nothing was seen, although they went several times. He remarked: "She did not want more than one person at a time to see her."

All this he told me as a matter of fact, not as a tale, just as he related incidents he had noticed of natural history.

Yours faithfully,

W. W.

THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to the letters by Miss Murray and Miss Blane appearing in your February issue. That two ladies, living under the same roof and both friends of Bishop Mathew, should find it necessary each to contribute an independent letter suggests not unwarrantably an ulterior motive.

1. I must at the outset correct a very important error of fact. The Old Catholic Church is not "within the Theosophical Society"

as is asserted by both letters with serious looseness of utterance. The T.S. has in no way been consulted with regard to the O.C.C.; it is a non-sectarian body which cannot be committed to the tenets of any one sect or religion; some of its members would seem to object to all churches and all shades of catholicism; and the Old Catholic authorities, on the other hand, have no intention of submitting to dictation on the part of the T.S. or any portion thereof. There are members of the O.C.C. who are not Theosophists, and there is nothing in its constitution requiring them to hold Theosophical ideas —in fact, while it is glad to welcome Theosophists and other students of occultism and offers to them an acceptable form of worship, its main appeal is addressed to non-Theosophists.

2. Your correspondents are seeking to reopen an unprofitable chapter of ecclesiastical controversy. To do this with any measure of fairness towards the various people involved would mean excessive claims on your space and the discussion of matters obviously outside the scope of your admirable journal. The two ladies are evidently unaware of the fact that the officials of the Old Catholic Church have in no way whatever been responsible for the comments that have recently appeared in your columns, and would, in fact, have preferred that they had been approached directly for information. They have repeatedly been asked for and given information with regard to the source of its episcopal orders. Readers interested in this and other aspects of the Old Catholic work can obtain full information by applying to the Registrar, 2 Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C. 1 (enclosing stamp for reply).

Yours faithfully,
REGINALD FARRER, *Priest,*
Registrar of the Old Catholic Church.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

SOME Notes of the Month in *The Vahan*, over the signature of Dorothy Grenside, remind us of the great Christian mystics, namely, Eckehart, Ruysbroeck and the author of *The Imitation of Christ*. The notes have nothing to tell us which is not of common knowledge, but the spirit of the unassuming account is pleasant after its own manner. The *Imitation* is mentioned as standing " in a place so intimate and yet so supreme in our affection," but Eckehart seems known chiefly by Mr. Claud Field's very small volume, in which a few of the celebrated sermons are translated into English The concern is more especially with Ruysbroeck, but again Mrs. Grenside depends upon *The Twelve Beguines*, as rendered by " John Francis," and for the rest on Evelyn Underhill. There is not a word about Maeterlink's marvellous French version of the *Spiritual Marriage*, nor of texts which centuries ago were made available in Latin by Surius. The limitations are intelligible enough, and the account serves its good purpose, for readers of *The Vahan* are not perhaps as a class likely to have more than a nominal acquaintance with the older Christian mystics. Moreover, in respect of Meister Eckehart, we are confronted by the extraordinary fact that Mr. Field's minute collection and a few fragments in *The Porch* series, published by Mr. J. M. Watkins, are all that exists in English. After prolonged inquiry we have failed to find anything in French, or in any modern language except German, into which the original German of the thirteenth to fourteenth century sermons has been translated by at least one hand. There was no Surius of the schools to present " the father of German thought " in smooth and intelligible Latin, so that Eckehart is least known of all the Christian mystics. The explanation is that against him had arisen the charge of pantheistic heresy, and some of his propositions had been condemned, so that the schools knew better than to put him into the universal medium of communication. There is, however, one treatise of Eckehart which was actually written in Latin : it is called *Opus Tripartitum* and includes a *Book of Propositions*. It is described as important by one of the contributors to Cardinal Mercier's monumental *Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy*. But unfortunately the present writer has sought for it vainly in national libraries, nor do booksellers seem to know of it even by name. It is within possibility that it has not yet been printed in its original language. Pantheist or not—and by intention he was certainly not—Eckehart was the greatest of the German mystics, on a level with the Flemish Ruysbroeck, if not indeed uplifted one stage higher on the ladder of the mystic hierarchy. It is high time that he should be known more adequately among us—who is practically till now unknown—and we are glad to add that something is being done in this direction.

The Expository Times is always informing and often valuable, but it comes very seldom within our region of concern. As among

those who stand outside all knowledge of the subject, we have been impressed, however, with Professor Langdon's remarks on the Sumerian Epic of Paradise. Professor Langdon is Shillito Reader of Assyriology at Oxford; he has written a volume on the epic; and his fellow-experts have fallen upon him with the peculiar savagery which is said to characterize proficiency in this order of research. We know nothing of the embroilment or of the respective merits exhibited within the arena; but the Sumerian legend is very curious. As interpreted by Professor Langdon, it locates Paradise on the eastern shore of the Persian Gulf, and man appears to have lived therein to fabulous ages, free from trouble or disease. This happy state of things prevailed from the period of creation to that of the Flood. It does not appear that man in his Edenic condition was free from sin; and that in which he failed especially was "to keep the rule of the cults," for which reason the water-god resolved to destroy the race by means of a flood. One person was spared for his piety and the god built him a boat, in which he escaped the universal ravage. After the Flood this person became a gardener and "received revelations" from the god. He was still apparently in the paradise and was allowed to eat certain plants, but not the "plant of fate in the centre of the garden." He disobeyed this injunction, was cursed by the mother-goddess, and lost both health and longevity. In this predicament the god, who was on the side of mercy, sent "eight patrons of the arts and cultures" to aid the sufferer. Professor Langdon says that this belief in a paradise of old and in its loss permeated Sumerian theology and that it led to "a passionate longing for the restitution of the age before the Flood," as well as to the notion of kings being gods raised up to restore the Sumerian people to their first estate. We ourselves are concerned more especially with the fact that the Sumerian Adam was not a person in a state of artificial innocence and that after his lapse he was helped by divine messengers. These things remind us of many analogues in the sacred traditions, as, for example, in Kabalistic books, which set at naught the suggestion of Genesis that primeval man did not know good and evil. He had indeed a universal science, and if the trespass left him in a state of denudation, this was the opportunity for angels, like Raziel, who came and taught him.

In the words of Swami Vivekananda, "the lion of Vedanta" roars in *The Vedanta Kesari* and does so to very good purpose, for we open its pages seldom without finding our reward. The number before us has reached us belated as usual, but as usual it has much to our purpose, and—among other things—a paper on the desire for salvation, which is identified with liberation from "the round of births and deaths, each causing the other," and with a shifting of the centre from our personal ego to that "Higher Self which ensouls all beings" and envelops all. In this manner religious life merges into the love of God, and "the I is swallowed up in the Thou." That

state is termed " an influx of a larger life, an uprush of divinity from the very centre of being, an inundation of flowing love which fills the soul with immortal ecstasy." The paper proceeds to describe a system of disciplines and emotions leading up to this state. It includes (1) *Karmayoga*, being training in non-attachment to the fruits of action; (2) *Bhaktai*, being intense and unremitting love for the Divine; (3) *Prapatti*, being utter surrender to God, and this does not fail of its result, which is communion with the Divine. One keynote of the system and one caution concerning it will be found in the pregnant aphorism which tells us that " the thought of God is not God." Another is the " practice of peace." And yet a third affirms that religion is not system but life. These things are as so many testimonies unawares to the root-identities between Eastern and Western mysticism, and the paper from which they are drawn is by no means the only one in *The Vedanta Kesari* which could be cited in the same connexion. There is another on *The Ladder of the Higher Life*, which says that the highest rungs hereof are love and wisdom, that it is these and these only which lead to the final bliss of liberation. The two of course are one, though this truth does not happen to emerge—at least explicitly—from the thesis. . . . In *The Vedic Magazine* there is an essay on the reality of God, but it seems somewhat conventional in its manner and antiquated in its mode of reasoning. The definition of God as " an all-permeating equilibrium " is simply a statement of relation between objects, a contingency of all contingency; but under the name of God we are concerned with the absolute of being. So also the description of matter as " a lifeless entity " was exploded in the days of the Bridgewater Treatises. . . . *The Kalpaka* continues its free rendering of those *Yoga Sutras* by " an ancient woman-sage " to which we have referred previously; and we must confess that the doubt as to their antiquity which we ventured to express then increases rather than otherwise as the work proceeds. They are curious, authentic or not; but as they are questionable from the side which has been mentioned, so they carry no conviction from the spiritual point of view.

The communications published by *Azoth* under the title of *The Return of Mark Twain* are an especially poor set of documents for any masquerading spirit, and the question of identity seems beneath discussion. A sort of qualified or, more correctly, muddled theosophy emerges here and there in the verbiage. We hear of astral doubles, elementals, planes on planets, and of a new Master to come. Two sources of consolation transpire, however, from the sheaf, since the so-called Mark Twain will make no further revelations for twenty years, as he is called to " evolute higher "; and meanwhile the second of his two books—mediumistically dictated—is not to be printed, for both are " crimes," and he seems sorry that the first has become public property. It should be added that the messages printed by *Azoth* claim to have come by direct writing—e.g., in the form of notes

pinned on the medium's bedroom wall. The medium, who is a High School girl, still in the course of her training, impresses one rather favourably when she gives evidence as to her supernormal experiences. . . . Our attention was first directed to the Twain case by some remarks of Professor Hyslop in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, but that periodical reaches us in these days as and when it may be possible from the transit point of view, and too often not at all. We do not know whether Professor Hyslop has carried the subject much further. When we last met with *The Journal*, he was concerned with *The Return of Professor Muensterberg*, a personality who in earthly life was definitely opposed to psychical research and exposed some fraudulent work of Eusapia Palladino, the Italian medium. This intervention interrupted Mark Twain experiments made with the Professor's habitual medium, Mrs. Chenweth, as we learn by annotations of the record. . . . The *Journal du Magnétisme* reports a conference of the *Société Magnétique de France*, at which M. Ch. Lancelin gave account of researches by which he has been led to conclude (*a*) that the constitution of man is threefold, namely, spirit, soul and body; (*b*) that the psychic or soul part has four forms, being (1) vital soul = etheric double of theosophy; (2) sensitive soul = astral body; (3) intelligent soul = the sphere or *boule mentale* photographed by Dr. Baraduc; (4) causal soul = ovoid form, seen by clairvoyants in the likeness of the personality from the top of the head to the navel. Unfortunately the mere sketch of the lecturer's researches gives us no notion concerning their extent or value, and we are left in possession of certain arbitrary names which recall old psychic reveries. . . . We are impressed by the caution and discrimination that characterize certain articles on the analogy of sound and colour now appearing in *The Cambridge Magazine*. They must stand over for future analysis as the series is not complete, but taken as a summary of affirmation and criticism they are likely to prove the most representative account within the limits of periodical literature.

The Masonic Secretaries' Journal has issued its third number, and Mr. I. Cohen, who is its editor as well as secretary of the *Fratres Calami* Lodge, deserves well of the members, for never has any individual Lodge—unless indeed it be the famous *Quatuor Coronati*—possessed such a record. Passing over matters which are mainly of technical or official concern, there are many articles of general Masonic moment and interest. Owing no doubt to his position as President of the Board of General Purposes, the place of honour is assigned to Sir Alfred Robbins on *The Growth of English Freemasonry*, and if some of his pronouncements are of the immemorial order of platitudes, every Mason will acclaim the counsel that "just as Masonry is the best of Brotherhoods, so it should be our constant aim to make it a Brotherhood of the best." Sir John A. Cockburn writes with grace, and suggestively, on the symbolism of the square and circle.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST TO "OCCULT REVIEW" READERS.

ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD.

MOUNTAIN MEDITATIONS. By Miss Lind af Hageby. Cr. 8vo. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THEOPHRASTUS AND THE GREEK PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY BEFORE ARISTOTLE. By Prof. G. M. Stratton. Demy 8vo. Price 8s. 6d. net.

GEORGE BELL & SONS, LTD.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS. By A Hospital Nurse. Price 2s. net. (Ready immediately.)

THOUGHT, CONCENTRATION AND CHARACTER-BUILDING; a volume of lectures. By Dorothy Grenside, author of "Thought Ships," etc. *In Preparation.*

DIVINE PSYCHOLOGY. By Kate Simmons. This volume is devoted to the consideration of the "practice of perfection" and states how it is within man's mental grasp, and how by a process of elimination he may reveal the true and perfect man. (In the press.)

THE ANCIENT ROAD; or, The Development of the Soul. By Frances Swiney, author of "The Awakening of Women," "The Cosmic Procession," "The Bar of Isis," etc. (In the press.)

CASSELL & CO., LTD.

MAN IS A SPIRIT. By J. Arthur Hill. Large crown 8vo, 200 pages. Cloth. Price 5s. net. This volume presents cases of telepathy, clairvoyant perception of distant events, apparitions of people who had died at the time of vision, and communication by automatic writing of facts not known to any living person.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY. Edited by Harold Bayley. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s. net. An Anthology of Spiritualistic Thoughts and Aspirations.

LOVE ETERNAL. By H. Rider Haggard. With Coloured Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo, 352 pages. Cloth. Price 6s. net. This story has running through it that mysticism of which the author is the master exponent. Spiritualism, mesmerism, psychometry are woven in with a story which entrances to the same degree as the other works of the author.

CHAPMAN & HALL.

THE QUESTIONS OF IGNOTUS. Anonymous. Cr. 8vo. Price 5s. net.

HEADLEY BROTHERS.

THE INVISIBLE GUIDE. By C. Lewis Hind. Cr. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM. By F. M. Stawell. Cr. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD.

THE MAKING OF A MYSTIC. By Aelfrida Tillyard. Cr. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. net.

SELF-TRAINING IN MEDITATION. By A. H. McNeile. Cr. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE HERMETIC PUBLISHING CO.

(711 West 180 Street, New York.)

ASTROSOPHIC PRINCIPLES. By J. Hazelrigg. Demy 8vo. Price $2.00.

THE SUN BOOK. By J. Hazelrigg. Demy 8vo. Price $3.00.

HODDER & STOUGHTON.

THE NEW PROPHECY. By R. K. Arnaud. Cr. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. net.

PRINCIPLES OF THE MORAL EMPIRE. By Kojiro Sugimori. Cr. 8vo. Price 5s. net.

MESSRS. KEGAN, PAUL & CO., LTD.

I HEARD A VOICE. By A. "K.C." Cr. 8vo. Price 6s. net.

REVELATIONS AS TO RAYMOND. By "A Citizen." Cr. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

DIARY OF THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. By A. M. Kuller. Demy 8vo. Price 12s. 6d. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

REALITY AND TRUTH. By J. G. Vance. Cr. 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE OUTER COURTS. By M. A. Fox. Cr. 8vo. Price 2s. net.

LUZAC & CO.

THE FAITH OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By G. G. P. Coryn. Roy. 8vo. pp. 60. Illus. Price 4s. net.

ZOROASTRIAN THEOLOGY. By M. R. Dhalla. Cr. 8vo. Price 10s. net.

AN EGYPTIAN LOVE SPELL. By M. H. Billings. Cr. 8vo. pp. 64. Price 2s. net.
MORAL EXTRACTS FROM ZOROASTRIAN BOOKS. By J. J. Modi. Cr. 8vo. pp. xv. + 46. Price 3s. 6d. net.
CHINESE RELIGION THROUGH HINDU EYES. By B. K. Sarker. Roy. 8vo. pp. xxxiii + 331. Price 6s. net.

SAMPSON LOW.

THE SECRET OF EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY. By H. B. Hannay. Cr. 8vo.

McBRIDE, NAST & CO.

THE LAW AND THE WORD. By T. Troward. Cr. 8vo. Price 5s. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

THE PROMISE OF AIR; a novel. By Algernon Blackwood. Extra Cr. 8vo. Price 6s. net.
MOMENTS OF VISION. By Thomas Hardy. Cr. 8vo. Price 6s. net.

JOHN MURRAY.

BASIL WILBERFORCE. By the Rt. Hon. G. Russell. Demy 8vo. Price 8s. net.
A LIVING CHRISTIANITY. By Miss E. M. Caillard. Cr. 8vo. (In preparation.)

THE PATH PUBLISHING CO.

THE SCIENCE OF IMMORTALITY. By D. N. Dunlop. Cr. 8vo. Price 4s. 6d. net.
THE WORK OF THE MASTERS. By C. B. Lazenby, B.A. Cr. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. net.
THE PATH OF ATTAINMENT. By D. N. Dunlop. Cr. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. net.
BRITISH DESTINY. By D. N. Dunlop. Cr. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, LTD.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF DANIEL. By R. D. Wilson. (In preparation.)
GROWTH IN SILENCE. By Susanna Cocroft. Cr. 8vo. Price 6s.

GRANT RICHARDS.

THE QUESTION: IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN? By Edward Clodd. Demy 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. net.

JOHN RICHMOND.

STOLEN BRAINS; a novel. By Kate Everest. Cr. 8vo. Price 6s.

WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD.

DO IT TO A FINISH. By Orison Swett Marden, assisted by Margaret Connolly. Small Cr. 8vo. Price 1s. 3d. net. A new volume of the popular Marden Booklets. Contents:—The Crime of Carelessness—The Relation of Work to Character—Blunders that Cost a Million Dollars a Day—The Difference between Artist and Artisan—Second-class Men—Thoroughness the Handmaid of Genius—That Fatal "Almost"—What Every Employer is Looking For—"Where only the Best is good enough." (Ready April 4.)

ROBERT SCOTT.

MESSAGES FROM MESLOM. By "Lawrence." Paper. Price 1s. net.

THE STAR PUBLISHING TRUST.
(240 Hope Street, Glasgow.)

THE SACRAMENTAL LIFE. By Lady Emily Lutyens. Paper. Price 1s. 6d. net.
THE LORD'S WORK. By C. Jinarajadasa. Paper. Price 1s. net.

THE TALISMAN PUBLISHING CO., HARROGATE.

ENTERING THE SILENCE. A symposium. Price 1s. 9d. net.

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

WHY I BECAME A CHRISTIAN THEOSOPHIST. By G. A. Ferguson. Demy 12mo. 144 pp. Price 2s. net. Describes the author's quest for religious truth. Deals with such topics as the Justification of Pain; How to Reconcile Reincarnation and True Immortality, etc. (In the Press.)

J. W. WICKWAR.
(81 Kilmarnock Avenue, S.W. 16.)

DREAMS: WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY MEAN. By J. W. Wickwar. Price 2s. net.

REVIEWS

THE SCIENCE OF IMMORTALITY. By D. N. Dunlop. Cr. 8vo, pp. 129. London: The Path Publishing Co. Price 4*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE chapters which comprise this third volume of the *Path Series* consist of addresses given by the author from time to time to Theosophical Lodges, arranged and edited with a view to giving coherence and continuity.

The book does not pretend to offer a systematized scheme of philosophy, and students will find its value to lie rather in the numerous pregnant hints and suggestions scattered through its pages, than in any philosophical system; for, after all, the achievement of conscious immortality is a matter of individual effort, calling for the utilization of every ounce of knowledge and strength which the aspirant can bring to bear upon the Great Work. The earnest student will therefore welcome any new idea which may be helpful to him in his stupendous task. One such helpful suggestion is that of the correlation of the sense functions and the faculties of the mind to be found in the third chapter. Another interesting section which seems to call for special mention is that dealing with the origin and control of thought; and another still, that wherein is discussed the difference between the Personality and the Individuality—terms used for the most part indiscriminately, and leading to much confusion of thought.

One thing the author is never tired of insisting upon, and that is the relative impermanence of the psychical faculties, and the secondary place that psychical development occupies in relation to the unfolding of the highest aspect of the spiritual consciousness that lies hidden within the soul. Non-theosophical readers will find the author's preference for Western rather than Oriental terminology conduce to an easier following of his thought; while those who are already acquainted with this attractive series will be pleased to learn that the present volume falls in no way short of its predecessors either in the matter of contents or get-up.

H. J. S.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS. Explained and Translated into French and Preceded by a Discourse upon the Essence and Form of Poetry among the Principal Peoples of the Earth. By Fabre d'Olivet. Done into English by Nayán Louise Redfield. 9 ins. × 6 ins., pp. viii. + 278 + 1 plate. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, The Knickerbocker Press. Price 15*s*. net.

FABRE D'OLIVET'S work consists of three parts: (i) "Discourse upon the Essence and Form of Poetry," (ii) a translation of the "Golden Verses" attributed to Pythagoras, and (iii) "Examinations of the Golden Verses: Explanations and Developments." It is a very erudité work, displaying much knowledge of the classic tongues and literature, as well as of Eastern philosophy; and though one may feel that the author has placed undue reliance upon etymological arguments, and that he has a too-facile habit of evading, rather than of solving, the more difficult problems,—as that, for instance, of the origin of good and evil, a problem he leaves as insoluble, or, rather, as one whose solution must not be disclosed,—nevertheless

the work constitutes an interesting contribution to philosophy,—or, perhaps, I should say, theosophy, using the term in its older meaning,—and we are glad, even at this late date, to have it translated into English. For the performance of this task, Miss Redfield well deserves the gratitude of students. She appears to have done her work well—there is an erratum, I think, on p. 189 ("cannot" for "can"), and another in the opening sentence of the examination of verse 24 (though I have not been able to compare her work with the original), and, for no obvious reason, a number of the shorter footnotes have been left in French. But these are minor points. Miss Redfield, in the case of the verses themselves, wisely gives us both Fabre d'Olivet's French verses and the original Greek according to Hierocles. As to the author's interesting attempt to write poetry in French that should not be bound by the fetters of rhyme, I leave it to others better qualified than myself to express an opinion. But I confess myself largely in sympathy with his attitude towards poetry—which, he maintains, is, at its best and highest, allegorical, symbolical of spiritual verity—if not always with his arguments.

How far the "Examinations" can be regarded as an exposition of the Pythagorean philosophy, it is difficult to say. A tradition has it that the verses were composed by Lysis, a disciple of Pythagoras, who therein gave perfect expression to his master's doctrines; and no doubt Fabre d'Olivet does not greatly err in following that view, though the verses give little hint, *e.g.*, of Pythagoras the geometrician, and can, therefore, be regarded as only a partial expression of Pythagoreanism. In fact, however, it is almost impossible to make any statement concerning Pythagoras or his views that does not somewhat partake of speculation. And the "Examinations," even if containing some things which we cannot accept, are of much interest and value in themselves as the speculations of a thoughtful and cultured mind, deeply versed in the lore and wisdom of the ancients.

H. S. REDGROVE.

BASIL WILBERFORCE, ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER. A Memoir. By the Rt. Hon. George W. E. Russell. London: John Murray. Price 8s. net.

THIS biography is a full and complete history of one of the most distinguished personalities, not only of the Church but of modern English life. We who also had the privilege of Archdeacon Wilberforce's intimate friendship can annotate to our individual satisfaction, and fill in what may seem lacking, as we read. The ten vigorous chapters include a survey of the childhood, and school and college life of Basil Wilberforce, his early ministry, his work at St. Mary's, Southampton, and the great Social Movements—especially Teetotalism—in connection with which his name will always be remembered. It is very interesting to follow the development of the youthful ecclesiastic into the mature philosophic thinker, while the fundamental temperament remains unchanged. One sees always the passionate clinging of an affectionate nature to its beloved object. As the sea-anemone remains fixed to a rock while its fringe moves to and fro with the changing tide, so did the eager, sensitive, curious mind of the man respond to every intellectual stimulus of the life of which he was a part.

Mr. Russell refers indulgently to the "rather undiscriminating admira-

tion " of Wilberforce's flock and considers that he was " least happy when he soared into the regions of transcendental philosophy." Yet to very many it was exactly in that unique respect he was most helpful, and it is safe to predict that it is in the realm of transcendental thought that his name will be most ardently cherished. Less indulgent is Mr. Russell when touching on the Archdeacon's interest in Spiritualism. Under this heading the biographer groups indiscriminately what he calls " Spooks," " Swamis," and " Controls," and his quaint reference to " an impostrix with an ear-trumpet " is distinctly amusing. Seriously, however, earnest students of Psychical Research deplore, as much as Mr. Russell can do, all fraud and humbug wherever they are to be found, and deprecate the fact that " filthy lucre " has played as sad a part in the " psychic world " as out of it. Camp followers, alas ! play their sinister part in all movements, yet if human testimony is of any value, the Higher Spiritualism, which is neither vulgar fortune-telling nor " spiritual wife-ship "—whatever that may mean—will hold its own against ignorant misrepresentation and prejudice. As with the savage and hysterical attacks on Christianity by the warped genius of Nietzsche, one feels, indeed, that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. EDITH K. HARPER.

MAN'S UNCONSCIOUS CONFLICT. By Wilfrid Lay, Ph.D. Cr. 8vo. pp. 318. London : Kegan Paul. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

ONE comes from the reading of Dr. Lay's book with the uncomfortable feeling of being in the same case with Dr. Jekyll ; for under the euphemistic name of the Titan, we are introduced to the Unconscious of the Psycho-analysts—a barbaric, not to say bestial Mr. Hyde that each one of us carries around all the time, and who has to be " stroked the right way " and either forced or cajoled into subjection, lest he should break loose and run amok. The presence of this Titan is detected in our thoughts and actions of everyday life. All of which would be very disheartening did we not remember that Psycho-analysis is yet in its infancy, and that so far its researches have been mainly directed to raking over the muck-heap of the dead past. Already some of the followers of the founder of the science, Prof. Freud, have come to realize that a too materialistic standpoint vitiates the results of their investigations, and psycho-analysis may yet discover within the depths of our being intimations of that immortal Spirit, to whose existence the sages and mystics of the world have borne witness.

Even so far as it has gone, however, the new science has much light to throw on the problems of life, and more especially on that conflict of which St. Paul was so acutely conscious when he cried : " That which I would not that I do, and that which I would that I do not."

The volume is attractive and lucid in style, technical terms are avoided as much as possible, and as a popular exposition of Psycho-analysis it leaves little to be desired. H. J. S.

MESSAGES FROM MESLOM, THROUGH LAWRENCE. London : Elliot Stock, 7 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1*s.* net.

THESE Messages are communications received by a mother from her son Lawrence in the Unseen, during May and June 1917. One gathers that much of the teaching is conveyed by a highly-evolved spirit named

Meslom, and this teaching is in essence very similar to much transcendental wisdom already made known to a specially prepared few who are from time to time in conscious vibration with the light of finer spheres. The insistence on *permanent individuality* is very clear, as for instance : " When freed from mental disturbance and external dissonance you vibrate in perfect harmony with the eternal—not in unison, for each has his own individual quality, but in harmony. . . . The expression of this life which on earth was enclosed in a body, has now become clearer here. The earthly body has given place to a spiritual one which remains in its personal characteristics the same, but has progressed mentally and spiritually." The strongest appeal this little book will make to many is that its message has come direct from its source to the longing heart, without any intervention from outside.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE PSYCHOANALYTIC METHOD. By Dr. Oskar Pfister. Authorized Translation. Demy 8vo, pp. xix + 588. London : Kegan Paul. 21s. net.

I HAD the opportunity some months ago to express an opinion on another important work of psychoanalysis, belonging to the Swiss school. Dr. C. J. Jung, the author of *Psychology of the Unconscious*, is a medical man and a professor at the University of Zurich. Dr. Pfister, also of Zurich, is not a medical man and is described as a pastor and seminary teacher. There is a reason for noting this which will appear in due course. Jung's study represented a departure from the famous school of Freud, who is an Austrian and professor of neurology at the University of Vienna. The present volume bears an *imprimatur*, for there is an introduction by Freud himself, and this embodies a restrained but sufficiently high panegyric. In the terrific terminology of such writers, he beholds another field expanding, because Dr. Pfister is an " educator," instead of a physician, and Freud hopes that psychoanalysis will enter into service and fulfil itself in connection with the teaching of the young. There is another panegyric introducing the book, and this is by Professor Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Mass. He explains that, although " intimately and personally associated " with the movement, Dr. Pfister is a layman and his province has been to present the theme in a way more accessible to laymen. We know therefore approximately where we are, and that, albeit we must deal in due course with the Œdipus myth and its implicits, we shall not be carried on Dr. Jung's wild quest through vast regions of folk-lore. I am of those who disbelieve utterly that the Œdipus myth in the light of psychoanalysis explains anything or that the implicits supposed to lie behind it, but which cannot be mentioned here, offer any contribution to a true science of the soul. I do not believe that the soul which goes to the heights is explained by the sink of sense-aberrations. I am utterly certain that things Divine are explicable by Divine things. But the aberrations of sense remain. There is sovereign reason and there is that which is called madness. So also there is psychoanalysis and there is the science of the soul, as there is the research which is called psychical and there is the mystic quest. On the basis of these distinctions, psychoanalysis has its proper province, which is to investigate diseases and symptoms of diseases that have a so-called psychic or sense-origin, for the most part sexual. My impression is that we as convinced

mystics have failed to give it full recognition within these limits, no doubt on account of its unbridled tendency to exceed its lawful measures. Under such important reserves, the present book has a wide appeal and jurisdiction. It remains to be said that Dr. Pfister, being a "pastor," that is, a teacher of religion, has brought to his subject something of the religious sense, something remote and undemonstrable described as religious experience, and he says expressly that "psychoanalysis in no way violates the claims of truth of the Christian religion as such."

A. E. WAITE.

THE GERMAN TERROR IN FRANCE. By Arnold J. Toynbee. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price 1s. net.

IT is no exaggeration to say that if this book was read by every man and woman throughout the British Empire it would do more good to the Allied cause than small victories or—Parliamentary speeches!

For it is inconceivable that any one possessing average human sympathies would not straightway want to sacrifice himself in some shape or form to help in the great endeavour to crush the Wild Beast of Europe.

The German Terror in France forms a continuation of the "Terror in Belgium" and with that volume, published a short time ago, covers the whole ground overrun by the German Armies in their invasion of the West. It is packed from cover to cover with authenticated cases of the most appalling and revolting atrocities perpetrated by the Hun in his march through martyred Europe—acts committed deliberately and scientifically in cold blood, ordered and witnessed by superior officers acting under instructions received from headquarters.

German nurses and Red Cross doctors shared in the scenes of cruelty and pillage. Villages were fired and the inhabitants flung into the flames; wounded were buried alive. But the story of German shame and German infamy is too well known to need relating here. To those who are in danger of forgetting and anxious to patch up an unsatisfactory and unstable peace we recommend this book. It is well written, well printed, well illustrated; it contains excellent maps; it is cheap, and it is true.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

MORE THAN THIS WORLD DREAMS OF. By Coulson Kernahan. Author of "God and the Ant," etc. London: Religious Tract Society, 4 Bouverie Street, E.C.

"THIS little book is for the men at the Front, and for the men and women at home, who, in such terrible anxiety and suspense, pray for their safe return." So writes Mr. Kernahan in his Foreword, and in this spirit of sympathy and fellowship he points out the pathway by which at least some comfort, hope, and help, may be found. Prayer is the sign-post of this pathway. And true indeed it is that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." The author writes in terms of ordinary orthodox teaching, and to all who feel in close touch with this teaching his book will appeal by its simplicity and gentleness as a "balm for hurt minds." Others, too, who belong to a different school of faith will be at one with him in his insistence on the wondrous efficacy of true prayer, believing that it is the strongest spiritual element in all worlds, the very life-breath of the soul.

EDITH K. HARPER.