

# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE sensational collapse of Russia, following the overthrow of Tsarism, has served to call public attention to the fact that the unity of the Russian Empire is by no means established on so firm a basis as has generally been assumed by the casual student of political history. Indeed, the Russian Empire, as we have been accustomed to understand the term, can hardly be said to date back further than the times of Peter the Great, though, in a more modified sense, its origin may be traced to that Ivan III, of the house of Rurik, who reduced the independent Russian republics and principalities to obedience, and whose conquering armies succeeded in penetrating into Lithuania; though his ambition to establish himself on the Baltic seaboard was destined to disappointment. The great Slav power of Eastern Europe in those days was, indeed, not Muscovy, as it was then called, but Poland, whose territory and dependencies, even in the eighteenth century, before the Partition, extended as far as the Dnieper in the east, and as far as the Eastern borders of Pomerania and Silesia on the west; while on the Baltic coast the port

of Riga marked its northernmost limit.\* Time, indeed, brings its revenges, and there is a curious parallel between the humiliating collapse of Poland in 1772, and the no less humiliating *débauche* of her inveterate enemy and despoiler in 1918. Truly

there is a karma in the history of nations as well as of individuals. The story of the prediction of the resuscitation of Poland † communicated to the Dominican monk, Father Korzeniecki, has already been given in these pages; but in view of the present crisis and its bearing on the Polish question it will, I think, bear recapitulation.

Father Korzeniecki, a Dominican monk of the convent of Wilna in Lithuania, had made a special appeal to his favourite patron saint, who was also the patron of Poland, the Blessed Andrew Bobola, a martyr-victim of the Cossacks in the year 1637. It was in 1819, twenty-four years after the dismemberment of Poland, and Father Korzeniecki was bewailing the tribulations of his beloved country, when he suddenly saw standing by him a venerable figure dressed in the garb of a Jesuit (Bobola had belonged to that order), who thus addressed him:—

“Behold, I am he whom you have invoked. Open your window, and you shall witness what you have never before beheld.” At these words the Dominican in amazement opened his window, and looking out, perceived, not the narrow garden of the convent with its surrounding wall, as he anticipated, but immense plains stretching as far as the horizon. “The scene which is unfolded before you,” observed the saintly apparition, “is the territory of Pinsk, where I had the glory of suffering martyrdom for the faith of Jesus Christ. But look again and you will learn that which you desire to know so earnestly.” In a moment, as the father looked out a second time, the plain appeared to him on a sudden covered with innumerable battalions of soldiers. There were Russians, Turks, French, English, Austrians, and Prussians, also soldiers of other nations whom the holy man was able only partly to distinguish, fighting in a horrible *melée*, such as would mark the most sanguinary war. The father was aghast, understanding nothing of this frightful spectacle, and turned to the blessed martyr for an explanation. “When,” said the martyr, “the war which has just been por-

\* The Poles held Riga itself until the war with Sweden, 1621-1625, when the Swedes captured this port along with the greater part of Livonia.

† As narrated in *Voix Prophétiques*, Paris, 1871.

trayed for your benefit shall have given place to peace once more, then Poland will be re-established, and I shall become recognized as its patron saint."

The Dominican, filled with joy, but fearful of an illusion, begged for a sign that should establish the reality of the vision. The Saint answered: "It is I who have given you the assurance of all this. This vision that your eyes have dwelt on is real and true, and all shall come to pass as I have announced it to you. Take your rest, but before I depart I will leave you a sign and proof of the reality of what you have seen and heard."

Saying this the Saint laid his hand on the table of the cell and left visible the print of it, clearly delineated on the wood. In an instant he had disappeared.

The following morning the Dominican on rising eagerly reassured himself by the sign of the printed hand that his vision had not been a dream. He lost no time in summoning his brethren to see for themselves the omen and hear the consoling prediction.

It is worthy of note, that the vision of the Dominican Father took place, as narrated, in the year 1819, and that, if the re-constitution of the Polish state should take place, as seems not improbable, in the course of next year, just one century will have elapsed since the time that the prediction was made. It would be curious if the resuscitation of Poland occurred on the exact centenary of this mysterious vision.

It may seem not a little strange that two branches of the same race of mankind should have become related to each other for so many years in the guise of oppressor and oppressed, more especially as, during the elapsed century, it has always been the custom to look upon Russia as *par excellence* the champion of the Slav races, and she has always taken a pride in so posing before the world. There are, indeed, historical reasons for the

SEVERANCE OF RUSSIAN AND POLISH SLAVS. severance of these two branches of Slavdom, and for their mutual and long enduring antagonism, and these reasons, curiously enough, date back to the time when Christianity was first introduced into these Eastern parts of Europe. It was about a

hundred years before William the Conqueror landed at Hastings that Mieszko I, Duke of Poland, the father of Boleslaw the Brave, who first laid the foundations of the Polish empire, induced by emissaries from the Pope, adopted Christianity as his own religion and that of his subjects. Mieszko had adequate reasons for this step, and it is not probable that religious convictions

were the deciding factor. The Pope's power in the Europe of those days was of course, very much more formidable than it is to-day, and countries protected by his ægis might frequently defy the aggression and intervention of far more powerful states than themselves. Mieszko looked to the Pope to act on his behalf and protect him against the overbearing tyranny of the Germanic Emperor, the titular representative of what remained of the might of ancient Rome, and he did not look in vain. Poland was in these days in touch with the nascent civilization of Western Europe, while, on the other side of the marshes of the Pripet, dwelt a race akin doubtless in blood to the Pole, but scarcely yet beginning to emerge from pure barbarism. Such civilization as reached the Slavs of what is now Russia reached them from Constantinople and the Eastern Empire. It was thence that Christian missionary preachers came to them, travelling by way of the trading towns on the northern coast of the Black Sea. These were naturally of the Greek Orthodox persuasion, and when Vladimir of Kieff was converted to Christianity in the year 988, it was in this same Greek Orthodox form.

The story of this episode is indeed rather an entertaining study in the methods of primitive diplomacy. Vladimir, having made up his mind as to what he wanted, proceeded to seize the port of Kherson on the northern coast of the Black Sea, then owing allegiance to the Eastern Empire, and having done so sent emissaries to Constantinople to say that he was prepared to restore what he had taken on receipt of a wife from the Imperial family, and a deputation of missionaries to instruct himself and his people in the most approved version of the Orthodox faith. Basil II was then Eastern Emperor, but his notable career of victories had scarcely begun, and he felt himself in need of allies who would strengthen his position. He accordingly sent his sister Anna as spouse for the semi-barbarous potentate, along with the requisite delegation of teachers of the Christian Faith. Anna found favour in Vladimir's eyes, and he proceeded not only to evacuate Kherson, but to send a contingent of his finest warriors to assist Basil in the arduous task which he had in hand. We do not hear how the lady appreciated the change from the somewhat decadent civilization of Constantinople to the primitive conditions of Muscovite society, but it is to be hoped that she had a natural leaning to the simple life. Anyhow, the arrangement worked well politically, and Basil found in the Lord of Kieff a valuable ally during the remainder of his reign.

METHODS OF  
PRIMITIVE  
DIPLOMACY.

Among the Muscovites, indeed, Christianity had already made some headway, and Vladimir, in the sequel, gave it his official approval, and constituted it the religion of his realm, using it to bind together the savage tribes that half acknowledged and half repudiated his sway. Thus we see that at a very early date in history Muscovite and Pole took divergent lines, the one imbibing the traditions and religious conceptions of the East, while the thought of the other was coloured by the Western conceptions of polity and religion. In the meantime Lithuanians and at a later date Magyars, a Turanian tribe, had pressed in like a wedge between the two branches of the Slav race, and had interfered with any commercial intercourse which might have tended to bind them together.

It is curious how, subsequently, the Slavs came to be regarded as a conquering race, both in the case of Poland during the Middle Ages, and in that of Russia. The character indeed which the Russian moujik bears at the present time is the reverse of that of the Prussian, and is far from suggestive of any natural tendency to aggressiveness, and it is in fact from the name of this race that we derive the term which is descriptive to us of the lowest form of servitude—slave. Tradition relates, rightly or wrongly, that the original Slavs inhabited those very regions in the neighbourhood of the marshes of the upper Niemen and Pripet, of which the territory of Pinsk, AND “SLAVES.” which was the reputed scene of the vision of Father Koienzecki, forms a part. In the earlier days of European history the harmless submissive folk who inhabited these regions provided a ready prey for the bands of slave raiders from the steppes of Muscovy, and elsewhere, and their very meekness and docility made them a specially valuable commodity in the slave markets of the world. It may be suggested that this pliability of temperament rendered them ready instruments of conquest in the hands of autocratic rulers, who frequently were members of an alien and more dominant race. Thus the Scandinavian Ros, vikings from the Baltic, over-ran Northern Russia, and eventually, after defeating the Slavs, united many of the petty states then existing under the Scandinavian dynasty of the house of Rurik. We should probably be right in attributing the modern name of Russia to a corruption of the name of these Ros.

The period of Polish greatness coincides in the main with the domination of the house of Jagiello, who ruled in Poland for approximately two hundred years from 1386 to 1572. The dynasty was a Lithuanian one, and though Poland and Lithuania

were not finally amalgamated until 1569, they had had what practically amounted to a working agreement for a hundred and fifty years before this, and were frequently ruled by the same sovereign. It was as part of Lithuania that the Ukraine of which we have recently heard so much\* became originally united to Poland, though the inhabitants of this district, comprising the basin of the lower Dnieper, were in the main freebooters (kazaki), or Cossacks, owing allegiance to no one in particular. The difference in religion between Pole and Ukrainian was a frequent stumbling block, and the attempt of the Poles to make their sovereignty effective and to carry on religious propaganda against the Orthodox faith led about the middle of the seventeenth century to a Cossack rising which was finally terminated by the peace of Androssowo in 1667, which made the Dnieper the boundary between Poland and Muscovy.\*

POLAND  
AND THE  
UKRAINE.

The unscrupulous action of the three robber states to whom eventually Poland fell a prey must not blind us to the fact that the collapse of the Polish State was due primarily to its own inherent weakness and certain essential fatal defects in its organization. Poland was an aristocracy of an extreme kind, with an elective monarchy; but the nobles who constituted the ruling power in the country were without any homogeneity among themselves. They were practically independent lawless barons whose ambitions were centred in the individual welfare of their own territories, and they were ever ready to sacrifice the best interests of the state for the sake of their own aggrandisement. The mass of the peasant population were downtrodden and without political rights of any kind, and their treatment at the hands of the nobility was even worse than that of the French proletariat by the nobles of the *ancien régime*. The Polish-Lithuanian empire had no real unity or coherence; nor was there any *esprit de corps* among the elements composing it. It had, in fact, been built up by a succession of great soldiers and rulers who had held it together for a long series of years by their own force of character and political ability.

When the dynasty of the Jagiellos terminated, its successors gradually lost control over the management of the State, and as the authority of the King was the only force which made for national unity and strength, disorganization and deterioration quickly followed. As already stated, the monarchy was an elect-

\* The capital of Kieff was, however, reconquered by the Russians somewhat later, in 1686.

ive one, and though for a long period this method of choice was found consistent with the retention of one powerful family at the head of the State, it subsequently led to all the worst abuses which have made an elective monarchy so perilous an experiment elsewhere. In order to obtain the throne, the several competitors were ready to barter away the realities of power so as to obtain the support of the aristocratic electors, while the neighbouring monarchies used the occasion of the election as a means of forwarding their own interests at the expense of those of Poland. The Diet or Parliament represented a combination of hostile or warring factions devoid of any feeling of patriotism towards the State as a whole, while at the same time a ridiculous prerogative called the *liberum veto* gave individual deputies the right of obstructing all legislation to which they or their nominees took exception. In many cases during the later period of the history of the Republic these deputies were in effect the bribed representatives of neighbouring states whose object was to keep Poland in a condition of constant weakness and disintegration, in view of the probable moment when the "Polish sick man" should fall a prey to his more powerful neighbours. Any attempt, accordingly, to reform or to reconstitute the State on a sounder basis was systematically opposed alike by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, all of whom had sufficient influence in the national Diet to render any such effort abortive. While the nobles had their own personal interests alone at heart, the common people were too ground down to feel any sense of loyalty to the country in which they lived, while they could not but reflect that the triumph of the external enemy at least meant the dethronement of their oppressors.

The partition of Poland, commenced by a mutual agreement between Prussia, Austria and Russia in 1773, was completed in 1795, and since that time Poland has been little more than a geographical expression, though an attempt was made at its reconstruction by Napoleon in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, which had as its sequel the Congress Kingdom of Poland established by the Congress of Vienna after the Napoleonic wars, and which constituted the Tsar of Russia King of Poland. A serious attempt was made by the Tsar Alexander I to reconstitute this fragment of the ancient Polish empire as a quasi-independent nationality, and throughout his reign he always dreamed of resuscitating greater Poland under the sceptre of the Tsars of Russia. The kingdom was, however, finally suppressed by his successor, Nicholas.

After the Polish insurrection of 1830, the organic statute of Feb. 1832 substituted for the elected Diet a nominated council of state, while even this council of state was in the main a dead letter, and the Government of Poland was carried on, not from Warsaw, but from St. Petersburg. At length in 1847 the statute was finally abolished, and the last pretence of government of Poland for the Poles was swept away. The Poles, however, continued to dream of the recovery of their country's independence, and on more than one occasion looked, not without some apparent reason, for the intervention of an alliance of European powers who should espouse their cause. The final insurrection of 1863 was doubtless brought about by a belief that Napoleon III would intervene, in conjunction with Austria, and possibly England, as he had done in the case of Italy; but the attempt to arrive at a mutual understanding with his allies broke down from various causes, and Napoleon had no intention of risking intervention single-handed.

The breaking up of the great estates, the suppression of the power of the nobles, both in German and Russian Poland, and the emancipation of the serfs, Polish equally with Russian, by the Tsar Alexander II, has undoubtedly exercised a very favourable influence on the economic condition of the country, and especially with regard to Russia, the development of its manufacturing industries has created a bond of self-interest between the two countries which did not previously exist. Even in German Poland the country has greatly benefited by state intervention, by the breaking-up of the great estates, and by the development of the country's industrial life. German policy has, however, made bitter enemies of the entire Polish population by attempting to suppress the Polish language, and to dragoon the Poles into typical members of the German Fatherland. Exasperated at their failure to achieve this, they have taken steps to expropriate wholesale the landed proprietors, replacing them by German settlers. As a natural result the Polish German deputies have been, unlike their Austrian fellows, uniformly hostile to the central government. It is, indeed, in Austria alone that the Poles have enjoyed any measure of practical independence, the very diversified character of the races of which the Austro-Hungarian Empire is composed rendering the recognition of their nationality easier for the governing powers. The Poles here have in the main supported the Austrian Government in their own interest, always taking care to secure a *quid*

REVOLTS OF  
RUSSIAN  
POLAND.

POLES IN  
GERMANY  
AND  
AUSTRIA.



*pro quo* in the matter of national self-government for every service rendered to the State. Thus in Galicia Polish has been substituted for German as the language of administration and the law courts; a separate Board has been set up for Galician education; and Polish is the language of instruction in all the secondary schools. The dependence which the Government placed on the support of the Polish vote has been recently emphasized\* by the revolt of the Poles owing to the assignment of certain Polish territory to the newly constituted Ukrainian Republic and the consequent refusal of the Polish deputies to vote the Budget, thus leaving the Government in a minority. Austria has, indeed, been for some time past in something of a dilemma, the necessity for consulting the Poles on the one hand conflicting with Austrian subservience to Germany on the other, and the Poles naturally resenting the oppression of their own race by their Prussian tyrants, and charging Austria with an indirect responsibility for this, as one of the consequences of her close alliance with Germany. The fate of the Poles, indeed, has been one of the greatest tragedies of the present war, inasmuch as the broken fragments of the nation have been, by force of necessity, compelled to serve in opposing armies and thus to fight against their own brethren; and, while all cherish as their one aim the re-establishment of Polish independence, there is no corresponding agreement among them as to the method by which this independence is to be obtained—whether by the support of Austria on the one hand, or of Russia on the other; or by a policy of temporizing with their several oppressors.

At the time of the outbreak of the present war the Grand Duke Nicholas issued an appeal to the Polish people on the authority of the Tsar, promising them that as one of its

OFFER OF  
THE GRAND  
DUKE  
NICHOLAS.

results they should "at last be united under the sceptre of the Russian Emperor, free in faith, in speech, and in self-government," and the appeal did much towards making them look rather towards Russia than her opponents as destined to be the instrument of their emancipation. The Poles, however, had always hoped not only for the union of the disjointed fractions of their fatherland, but also for an absolute independence, unhampered by union with any adjoining State, and this they could hardly hope that Russia, even if she proved victorious, would ever find it practicable to confer. Past experiments in this direction had only ended in disappointment and disillusion, and anything that

\* February of this year.

came as a free gift from their oppressors they naturally anticipated would be hampered by onerous and unacceptable conditions. The Russian revolution, followed by the total collapse of the Russian state system, has entirely altered the outlook from the Polish point of view, and has made them see possibilities of the resuscitation of their native land which in the early days of the war scarcely appeared to be within the range of practical politics.

It is true they would infinitely prefer a Polish State under Russian than under German suzerainty, but they are naturally not unmindful of the proverb that "when rogues fall out, honest men come into their own," and may not unreasonably anticipate that out of the welter and chaos of Russian disorganization a new Poland may be evolved which will be in a position to take her stand on an equality both with her Eastern and Western neighbours. President Wilson, in a recent speech,

AMERICAN  
SYMPATHY  
FOR POLISH  
ASPIRA-  
TIONS.

has expressed the sympathy of America for Polish aspirations, and the opinion that, in the settlement after the war, the Polish ports of Danzig and Memel, on the Baltic Sea, should once more become integral parts of the Polish State. It is obvious that apart from this outlet to the Baltic the commercial development of Poland would be strangled at birth, and indeed, it is the possession of these ports by Germany which has led to her coveting the Polish hinterland. The issues of this great war are still, as the classic phrase goes, "on the knees of the gods," but it may at least be hoped that the downfall of Russia will not be without its compensating advantages, at least where the long oppressed Poles are concerned, and that out of Muscovite disintegration may arise a revived Poland, not dominated as in the past by a selfish oligarchy, but, in the words of the British poet, "broad based upon the people's will." If so, good, indeed, may at length be brought out of evil, and the vision of Father Korienzecki find its fulfilment at a time when hope had been wellnigh abandoned, after the lapse of a hundred years. Then, too, one more of those strange omens that heralded the present war, will find its consummation, and the Polish crown become in the fullness of time the insignia of the sovereignty of the Polish people, that crown

THE LOST  
CROWN OF  
POLAND.

which the King of Prussia desired for his own, but was never destined to possess; for, when it was sought for after the final dismemberment of the kingdom, in 1795, it was nowhere to be found. It was not until January, 1914, that as narrated in the daily

press of that date, a thunderstorm broke over the ancient capital of Cracow, and a stately elm, standing in a field close to the city, was shattered into pieces. "In its fall was brought to light a secret treasure, which had been long buried at its roots. This was none other than the long lost crown of Poland. Some of the jewels in the crown were loosened, and fell to the ground as it was picked up, but not one was missing. It had remained in its hiding-place for a period of one hundred and twenty years."

I am publishing in the current issue a noteworthy article by Mr. J. W. Brodie-Innes, author of *The Devil's Mistress*, and other well-known novels, dealing with occult help for sailors and soldiers in the war. Many curious instances have been given of this during the last three years, and I think that Mr. Brodie-Innes's collection of experiences will serve to supply some very curious and valuable supplementary cases. Mr. Brodie-Innes has given me in confidence full data with regard to these, which unfortunately cannot be used for publication.

OCCULT  
HELP AT  
THE FRONT.

Under the heading of "What comes after Death?" *Pearson's Magazine* for April publishes some curious correspondence dealing with cases of a somewhat kindred character. One of these cases, under the signature of A. Campbell McMinn, B.E.F., seems to me deserving of recapitulation in detail. It appears that Mr. McMinn, following on a discussion with some of his comrades at the front on the subject of the after-life, aired his own views on the question of survival and offered to put them to the test by a practical demonstration. He had evidently had some previous experiences of psychic investigation. The facts narrated by him are as follows:—

The communion between the living and the dead was effected by means of "table rapping" and "controlled" *séance*. In the latter instance I acted as medium. One of my comrades present at the *séance* attracted the influence, personality or ego—call it what you will—of a young friend of his who was entirely unknown to me, and to whom I was equally unknown.

‡ The message received was clear and unmistakable. It stated that he had fallen in action. His name, age, date and place of birth were given without error or hesitation. Sufficient proof, such as names of living relatives, known only to one soldier at the *séance*, was provided to convince my comrade of the identity of the person giving the message. The "influence" named the village behind the lines where his body lay buried, and urged his friend to visit his grave at the first opportunity.

A SÉANCE  
AT THE  
FRONT.

Confirmation of the death of the young man in question was received

from his people several days afterwards. The opportunity to visit the last resting place of his earthly remains came some months later, and there sure enough the grave was found with a little wooden cross bearing the name, rank, number, and regiment of the young man whose "spirit" had announced to my comrade his "passing over."

The veracity of this incident, only one of many not less remarkable, can be vouched for by reliable men in khaki with whom I am pleased to say I still come in contact. For obvious reasons the names of the places and parties concerned are not given.

My experience of these matters and my teachings from "the other side" lead me to believe that death, in the worldly sense, is not the terrible thing that popular idea pictures it to be, but that it is merely a change—a progressive change—an upward step in the ladder of evolution. While acknowledging natural reluctance to relinquish physical ties, the student of psychical research will tell you that the change is one for the better, that the tendency is for all that is virtuous and pure in the ego to survive and develop.

Another correspondent of *Pearson's Magazine* who adopts the pen-name of Norman expresses his belief in Reincarnation and relates how an old shipmate of his declared that the two had sailed and sunk together in the days of Good Queen Bess. "Once [he adds] landing with a man in a part quite new to us both and walking into the country, he suddenly stopped and said, 'The road winds down this valley to a little village with a queer old inn' which he described. The village we came to, but the inn was gone. On inquiry we found that it had existed and was shown an old picture of it just as he had described. Another incident in his experience he gives as follows:—

When I was serving in a sloop one of our officers was sick at his home ashore close by.

One morning a message came from the doctor in charge that he was progressing favourably. That afternoon, while chatting in the ward-room with a young sub-lieutenant, a burly man and a known boxer, he suddenly ceased speaking. I noticed sweat break out on his forehead. Then he said, "Poor old J—— is dead, I hear him going down to his cabin."

We looked, but there was no one there.

That night we heard that J—— had died in the afternoon.

He adds: "For twenty years, over half the globe, I have sought for proof of an after-life, and this is what I have found. Dozens of men and women, apparently truthful, sane, and sober, who have told me how they felt, or saw, or spoke with the dead." He concludes, replying to the question as to whether the future life is a reality, that his own answer is "Yes." "Logic, evidence, and experience, all point towards it, but definite *proof* is still lacking."

With regard to my Notes of three months ago on the subject of Poltergeists, I quoted a case that had just appeared in the papers with regard to a dug-out at the residence of Mr. H. P. Jacques, of Cheriton, where curious phenomena were witnessed and where various implements were said to have been thrown about by unseen forces in the vicinity. This record is now explained as having been due to the escape of "natural gas."

A POLTER-GEIST'S EXPLANATION. Whether the phenomena narrated are covered by the explanation, I will leave to my readers to decide for themselves. It would appear that if this is the true solution, the record as it appeared in the papers must have been a good deal exaggerated. At the same time, it is noteworthy that poltergeist phenomena are almost (if not quite) invariably associated with houses or buildings of some kind. Why, it seems rather hard to say. In the present instance, as far as I can gather, the phenomena recorded took place in the open country and not near any building of any kind.

An article which recently appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW served to draw attention to a curious form of divination which has not, perhaps, been taken very seriously hitherto, but in which there seems to be a certain tendency to a revival of interest being shown—I allude to fortune-telling by tea-leaves. Any one who is inclined to take this subject seriously is not likely to meet with a more lucid and attractive guide to the subject than *The Art of Fortune-telling by Tea-Leaves*, by a Highland Seer, just published at sevenpence net by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London, and also by E. P. Dutton & Co., of

FORTUNE-TELLING BY TEA-LEAVES. New York. The book deals with the matter very much more fully than the short article which appeared in this magazine, and the study of the subject is facilitated by ten diagrams of typical tea-leaf groupings. There is also appended an alphabetical list of numerous symbols and their significations which should afford valuable aid in this somewhat fantastic study. Many of the symbolic interpretations are obvious enough. Thus the form of a sceptre in the tea-leaves is a sign of honour from royalty; a serpent, of spiteful enemies; a spider, of money coming to the consultant; and a ship, of a successful journey. An arch is given as signifying "a journey abroad"—why, it is somewhat difficult to understand. I have known it interpreted myself as an "opening up of opportunities for new undertakings." A chair is given as the symbol of "an addition to the family."

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Presumably the chair is empty and will have to be filled. One can understand a camel as indicating "a burden to be patiently borne," and also a butterfly as indicative of "success and pleasure"—certainly the latter. A coffin is, of course, a sign of death, and an hour-glass of "imminent peril." Among the generally lucky signs are, naturally, the horse-shoe, the crescent moon, trees, flowers, the wheel (implying an inheritance), triangles, windmills, and, curiously enough, the hammer, the latter being taken as indicative of triumph over adversity. Needless to say, a ring is indicative of marriage, and a cross of "trouble and delay." Numerals are to be taken in connexion with the picture generally. If a journey, it may indicate the number of days to elapse before the journey shall take place, or in the event of a legacy, the amount of the money to be inherited. Dots surrounding a symbol always indicate money coming in some form or other, according to the nature of the symbol.

There are many who will say that the art of reading fortunes by tea leaves is merely one of a number of other methods (such as fortune-telling by cards) of bringing to the surface in a practical form the latent clairvoyant powers of the diviner. Unless we assume some such talent on his or her part, we are hardly entitled to regard it as anything more than a harmless pastime. It is generally used merely to predict the immediate future. I remember once having my own fortune read in this way, at an afternoon tea-party, and certainly the seeress's predictions proved singularly accurate. Clearly the power of divination lies in the diviner, and perhaps no method of bringing it to the surface need be regarded as too simple or childish provided this faculty actually exists.

## THE BIRDS OF VENUS

By W. H. CHESSON

I SAW the pigeons grey against the grey,  
 Clamorous with wings ignoring earth's stern call.  
 I was alone, who had no space to fall  
 Because I stood so low who stood so firm  
     Beside the worm,  
 Far from the crimson torments of the fray.

The birds were like a blizzard taught to live,  
 And round the silent church they whirled in woe ;  
 And well I saw, although I stood so low,  
 Myself a living house of images  
     Proof against keys,  
 Their dance more eloquent than narrative.

I saw the yellow hands upon the clock  
 Pointing to six, and wondered if that hour  
 Would see some day the Tree of Life in flower—  
 A glory woven round a stalk of fire,  
     Urged by desire  
 And rooted deeper than infernal rock.

I saw the winged revolving hurricane  
 Crying a grief inaudible to man,  
 Since, jailed by rules utilitarian,  
 He deemed might right, despising liberty.  
     I heard them—I  
 Whose heart was petrified in Terror's reign.

O tangible Ideal, divine as Light,  
 Queen Venus with one deathless Heart for Throne,  
 If thence you rule, the birds which made a zone  
 Around that church were heard I dare to think,  
     Who find no chink  
 Through which to see your face in my walled night,

But saw the dead happy before a hearth  
 Sacred to dulcet Deity, and was  
 Exalted over memory, because  
 One grave was emptier than a cenotaph,  
     And hope (my staff)  
 Lay like an idle toy thrown down in mirth.

O birds, through mists where fears and hungers rave,  
 My faith describes a home for homelessness.  
 Your passion is not vain whom One shall bless,  
 Whose steeds are doves, whose face is Beauty's face  
     Which can displace  
 In memory the darkness of the grave.

# THE CROSS AND ITS SYMBOLISM

BY BERNARD FIELDING

THE treatment of the religious symbolism of the Cross is attended with peculiar difficulty. That is to say, if it is to be a separate self-complete treatment. For the Cross is so closely linked with other religious symbols ; and the reverence paid to so many of them may be traced back to the likeness, real or supposed, that they bear to the Sign of Signs.

The tree of life, the anchor of hope, the primitive banner of victory—these, when their origins and meanings are considered, seem little else than so many names and forms under which the Cross is disguised !

Nor is it for nothing that the Cross is called *Signatura Rerum*—the Signature of all things ! Look where we may, in natural phenomena and human devices, we can, if we will, see some semblance of it. As Dr. John Donne quaintly reminds us :—

Swim, and at every stroke, thou art thy cross ;  
The mast and yard make one, when seas do toss.  
Look down, thou spiest out crosses in small things ;  
Look up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossèd wings ;  
All the Globe's frame, and spheres, is nothing else  
But the meridian's crossing parallels—

Indeed, to some of us the Cross appears less as a mere religious symbol than as the one root and life of all religious symbols ; the master-key to all their meanings,—the final goal towards which they all lead. The crowning title of the Cross to fame, its exaltation as the Holy Rood, and subsequent association with Christ and His Faith, were foreshadowed by its place in primitive imagination. A certain significance in the sign of the Cross is as old as the human race. Primitive tribes, rejoicing in its arresting simplicity, used it as a beacon and a rallying-point ; traced it, for the purposes of division, on the round communal loaf ; marked how its shape was assumed by the pair of " firesticks " from which after patient friction the flame leaped forth ; and so came to associate it with the satisfaction of their chief daily needs ; with use and wont, and the " sacred common things."

This familiarity was not, be it noted, of the contempt-breeding sort ! The simple finite figure was soon observed to have some characteristic of the Infinite about it, and to be regarded accord-



ingly. To sign the Cross—What was it, for instance, but to sign to the four quarters of the earth, the four winds of heaven? Whether a man pursued his journey to the North, South, East, or West, this sign—this all-expressive gesture!—indicated the path of his journey. More than this!—The act of going forward, or retracing one's steps, of striking out towards either hand, alike meant the treading of some limb of the great "Cross" that seemed, as it were, to lie upon the breast of the round world, because that world had "four corners."

"God," said the ancient Chinese proverb, "made the world in the shape of a Cross."

And the making of this sign might be regarded, by primitive mystics, as a kind of minor creative act; an imitation of that mysterious gesture which, made by the Divine Hand over the shapeless void, bade the mists scatter themselves to the four winds. In any case, the signing would be a manual prayer, an appealing command to the powers of Nature that ruled the four corners of the earth—to the rains and winds that came from those four corners.

It surprised Columbus and his companions—also, we understand, considerably shocked them!—to find the Cross, whose saving Faith they were prepared to teach, already an object of reverence to the natives of the New World; a symbol of the Rain-God. It need not surprise any of us to-day! Still less need it revolt our Christian susceptibilities!

For, though a learned High Churchman, in a recent pamphlet on the ecclesiastical uses of the Cross, has stoutly declared that the Christian Cross has "no resemblance to the Pagan except its shape," most Christian mystics delight in tracing the progress of the sacred shadow across the heathen world; the unconscious anticipation of what, for Christianity, is the one real significance of the Cross.

It is difficult not to see this sacred shadow everywhere; difficult, in all its variants of place and time, to leave it unrecognized.

In Ancient India, it is the quaint "fire-stick" Cross—the *Swastika*!—that is the popular figure of the sun's course, and of the movements of fire.

The Swastika, of course, is familiar to us through many "luck-charms"; and its very name—from the Sanscrit *Su*, well, and *Asti*, it is—suggests its talismanic properties—the good omens of sunlight and heat.

In Egypt, the mystic *ankh*—that curious figure, variously

explained as the mirror of the goddess Isis and the key of the Nile—is no other than a Cross, with a loop or handle. Scholars are not agreed as to the object it represents, but its symbolic significance is undisputed. It stands for life—in the religious sense, for *life eternal!*—and, placed like a sceptre in the hands of the gods, the touch of it conveys immortality—the divine gift.

Baring-Gould rightly observes of this *ankh* or *crux ansata* that when a god, such as Osiris, is represented offering it to a mortal, we are to understand that the favoured person “has put off mortality and entered on the life to come.”

This Christian-like allegory in the ancient faith of Egypt had considerable influence on the spread of the New Religion, to whose truth it seemed to bear such remarkable witness. . . .

In Babylonia and Assyria, the Cross was a sacred sign; associated with divine protection, and hung round the necks of kings and other privileged persons.

From Phœnicia, too, come curious ancient traditions of the power of the Cross; and its association with the creation of the world. It is a shadow as of a Cross that broods over “the formless deep” from which rise the myriad forms of life.

And, even that antithesis of the Christian Cross, the hammer of Thor, the symbol of blind crushing force, is itself a *Tau*, or headless rood!

The fierce Northmen who turned from the Thunderer to the “White Christ” turned with the more readiness because the symbol of the one had foreshadowed that of the other. The superficial resemblance gave vigour to the inner contrast of—

Love against hatred,  
Peace-cry for war-cry.

And the picture of the fierce Berserkers in the *Saga of King Olaf*, making, at the king’s feast, the sign of the hammer of Thor over their drinking-horns to show themselves Thor’s men, yet, before the end of the feast, passionately kissing the Cross of Christ, and drinking “Washael” to the Lord, is probably true to life. For “Thor’s men” had grown familiar with the Cross as a sign of superhuman power; and they might well argue that if it were also the sign of the “White Christ,” He, too, however seemingly weak, must be truly powerful; and no unfitting Master for them. From this might come, gradually, the clearer vision of a Power that showed Itself in meekness and self-surrender. . . .

Besides, we need not forget that the hammer of Thor was not regarded only as an instrument of destruction. By its means,

said the Norse myth, Thor not only destroyed his enemy, the great serpent, but also raised to life those whom the serpent had slain. In other words, even this headless Cross had a certain life-giving power.

Another form under which the Sign of Signs was revered by the pagan world was the natural Cross of meeting and dividing ways. This had its meed of honour. Each cross-road seemed, to primitive thought, a place where the four winds met, where the influences that rule the four corners of the earth might have peculiar potency. Scholars trace, we know, the mystic repute of cross-roads (shared even, by the herbs that grew there, which were thought to have a special virtue in spells !) to the removing purifying power of the four winds. For this cause, we are told, suicides were buried there—that their bodies might be more swiftly got rid of, and, by an analogy, their souls more swiftly annihilated.

But this rather cruel belief did not exclude a kinder one. In fact, it necessitated a kinder one ; for the winds, if they remove evil, have also to be conveyers of good. That which carries away pollution must put something purer in its place.

In the India of the Vedas, one who had inherited sickness and weakness journeyed in faith to a cross-road ; and, there, with certain ritual sprinklings, the following words were pronounced over him : " May the four corners of the heavens be propitious to thee ! "

And, to come to the Hebrew Scriptures, the prayer of the Prophet, in the Valley of dry bones, is, essentially, " a prayer of the cross-roads " ; an appeal to the great " World-Cross " that stretches out to the cardinal points—and beyond them.

" Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe on these slain that they may live ! "

The cross-roads are the channels of a life-giving Spirit ; the means by which life can be sought and found. . . .

Their importance in popular superstitions is but the survival of their ancient holiness ; and, in the light of their true symbolism, it would seem a pity that old Christian custom in revolt against Paganism should have branded them as uncanny and demon-haunted ; places of evil incantation, heathen burial, and visions of hell !

We turn from the Cross as a sign of Creative Power, of life, and strength, as an emblem (and, in a sense, the shrine) of the greatest forces of Nature, to the Cross as the most ignominious of ancient punishments, as the synonym of all that was most painful

and degrading. And this does, indeed, seem for a moment to be a *volte-face*! The Christian Cross does, in truth, appear for a moment, to have nothing in common with the pagan, except its shape! Only, in symbolism, the very likeness of shape may involve a mystical kinship. In symbolism, a mere surface resemblance may be of deep significance.

And, as a matter of simple fact, the punishment of crucifixion, the crowning infamy of "riding the cross" ("equitare crucem"), was closely connected with the idea of the Cross as a sun and wind symbol, the representation of the Powers of Nature. The victim of the Cross was, in a mystic sense, identified with these Powers, to whom he was, as it were, dedicated. When his uplifted outstretched body—itsself now cruciform!—was suspended between heaven and earth, there is not wanting evidence that it was, in the higher sense of the word, "a gazing-stock."

There is not wanting evidence that this ghastly spectacle suggested (even to hearts hardened by the frequent infliction of the death of the cross on the worst and meanest criminals!) the idea of a mystical sacrifice, consummated in the presence of unearthly witnesses, who came from those "four corners" of the world to which the four corners of the cross pointed.

A remarkable Norse poem, put into the mouth of the god Odin, shows that this sacrifice was not, on occasion, counted unworthy of a god. Odin tells us how, by his own will, he was hanged "on a gallows-tree," in the midst of his own creation; and "as Odin offered myself to myself."

Odin, of course, was a sun-god; and some thought of the sun hung high in heaven, with its rays diffused towards the four quarters of the earth, may have entered into this strange impressive picture of the "hanged god." But even so, the comparison of a heavenly body, dispensing life and light, with a helpless human one, delivered over to death and shame, is sufficiently arresting.

It links up with that belief in the sacredness of sacrifice and saving power of pain which is the root of Christianity, and which is pathetically travestied in the mediæval superstitions of the healing virtue of the hair from a hanged man's head, and the nail from a gallows-tree.

Something of the Cross of Christ is foreshadowed in the Cross of Odin—in all the Crosses of paganism.

And as the shadows showed the substance, so the substance gathered, and incorporated, the shadows into itself. Cosmic traditions flock round the Holy Rood, which is, in Christian

legend, identified with the Cosmos—and with the great “World-Cross.” Legend tells us, for instance, that the wood of four different trees went to its making. As in the Latin verse, of which the well-known lines

Nailed were His feet to cedar,  
To palm His hands,  
Cypress His body bears,  
Title on olive stands

are a free translation.

These four kinds of wood are types of the four corners of the earth for which the Cross had gained salvation, and towards which its four arms seemed to stretch. And through all the naïve realism of the Holy Rood's legendary history the same symbolism shows. The True Cross is, of course, a finite thing, yet all Infinity centres on it. It is “hid in God's foreknowledge”; and dedicated, before its shaping, to its supernatural office. Present in Paradise, it is latent in the Tree of Life, round which the angels kept guard, after the gates had closed on our banished parents. And when, in the evening of his days, the dying Adam sends his son Seth to the Happy Garden, to ask for the healing balm—“the oil of mercy”—which, he has heard, can save him from death, the guardian-angels give him, instead, three seeds from the tree of life, bidding Seth bury them with his father; and when they have grown up out of the grave into a tree, Adam, too, will be released from the grave's power, and redeemed from death.

The tree, of course, is the destined one of which the Cross is to be made. But it is through many untoward incidents—fatal to any but God's Chosen!—that the Holy Rood moves onward to its decreed fate! Here and there, in the older Scriptures, we catch some type of its saving power, and hint of its cult—as in the impressive legend that Isaac was saved from death, because the wood for his sacrifice was carried *crosswise*, and that *the sign* on the doorposts which warned away the destroying Angel was *the Tau*!—But the actual Rood remains unknown, a tree among trees, for many generations. King Solomon has it hewn down to use in the building of the Temple; but always it proves too short or too long for the workmen's purpose, and so, according to one legend, is made into a bridge, over which the Queen of Sheba, its sacredness being mystically revealed to her, refuses to tread. . . . Later, buried in the earth, the Pool of Bethesda or Mercy wells up from its roots, and the waters gain from it their healing power. As the time of the Passion draws near, it rises to the surface, and floats there, in readiness for the hands of the cross-makers. . . .

Again, for many years, after the Crucifixion, veiled from sight, the Cross is revealed to the visions of the Emperor Constantine—and of his mother. *He* sees it set among the stars. *She* finds it buried in the heart of the earth. For it belongs to both worlds, and, in both, shows itself supernatural, life-giving, miracle-working. Churches are built, and pilgrims flock to the triumphant Rood. . . . Lost once more after the Mohammedan Conquests, and leaving only its minute Relics for the adoration of Christendom, it is finally to re-appear in the skies, at the Day of Judgment—"lifted on high; a Sign of sway" as the old Anglo-Saxon poem tells us; and stretching its four arms towards the four corners of the Universe to which it has brought light and life, and whose eternal symbol it is.

To this matchless story—matchless, even when told in the barest outline—it is difficult to add any comment that will not seem unnecessary or out of tune.

There is the instinctive feeling that such divine object-lessons should be allowed, so far as may be, to speak for themselves, in the dumb expressive language that belongs to them.

But to some of us that language, it would seem, has not conveyed its full meaning. At least, there is a certain religious phraseology that seems afraid of doing full justice to the symbolism of the Cross; that persists in holding it up to us chiefly as the emblem of all that is burdensome and uncongenial, as the necessary infliction that precedes the gaining of a crown.

But folk-lore and popular superstition are, like the great Catholic tradition itself, more faithful to the root-idea. And when we find the Cross used in rustic charms "to take away cramp or toothache," traced over the water where two persons wash their hands together "to prevent a quarrel between them," chalked on a churn "to make the butter come," and in a thousand other naïve ways invoked as a *luck-bringer*, we understand better what the Cross meant to the early world; and how mediæval Christendom, instead of abhorring it as the instrument of the Saviour's death, could hail it as "a bright Beacon," a Tree of Glory, and a Light before which all the Stars grew pale.

# RENDS IN THE CURTAIN

## A STUDY IN CERTAIN ASPECTS OF REALITY

BY G. MELBOURNE MAYHEW

THERE appears, especially at the moment, to be so much in the Reality that is normally presented to us, which is ephemeral; and, again, so much in the mere *impressions* that hang like gauze curtains between our sight and common things, which is substantial, that one is often urged to stand apart and attempt to gauge, if possible, the truth which is behind.

Such an investigation was suggested to me by the interesting article upon "The Mystery of Childhood," which appeared in a recent issue of the OCCULT REVIEW; and prompted me to ask myself the following question: How far is the world as seen through the eyes of the Child *truer* than the world as seen through the eyes of the Adult? What is the keynote to the Child's world?

The answer to this may be generally stated in the following terms: That, whereas in Childhood, the gauze curtain is being woven and the threads are far apart—the whole structure of the fabric *subject to the power of the mind*: in the Adult stage the curtain is woven and the meshes drawn close together—the fabric having become firm and closely woven so that the mind becomes *itself subject*.

The Child would seem to possess an inwrought knowledge of the cosmic life in all things: a knowledge that renders it—potentially—clairvoyant. Why it is that such power appears gradually to wane as the Child stage draws to a close is a problem the answer to which is not as yet disclosed. But certain it is that Nature blocks its doors of entry as the Child grows into the Adult. These doors are so many entries into Fairyland—the Child-Reality—and the same key opens them all: the faculty of the Child to identify its individual Soul with the great Group-Soul of the Universe.

Thus, in the Adult, the quest for the Real is but the desire for the revivification of the experiences undergone in the Child stage. The mind flings itself against the curtain as a captured

bird beats its wings against the wires of its cage—with this difference: that whereas the wires of the cage are inflexible, the threads of the curtain may momentarily be torn apart, and the truth behind be seen.

I have before me some words of the poet Tennyson which clearly indicate that he, at least, was familiar with this vision beyond the rent in the curtain.

"All at once," he says, "as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality,—if so it were—seeming no extinction but the *only true life*."

The italics are mine. But the words may be compared with a passage which occurs in Mr. F. W. H. Myers' *Human Personality*, where he speaks of these rare intervals of lucidity as "a more comprehensive consciousness; a profounder faculty, which for the most part remains potential, as far as regards the life on earth,"—a faculty to be fully realized after the change we call "death" has taken place.

Or again, as Professor Barrett points out,\* they are like separate mountain peaks that rear themselves above the normal level of our conscious life, as islands in the sea. "Far beneath the ocean surface, all the separate islands unite in the vast submerged ocean bed." . . . Their "foundations rest on the hidden subliminal life, and submerged deeper still lies the Universal Ocean bed, uniting all life with the Fount of Life."

It is of this "Fount of Life" that the Child has intimate knowledge, and it is the desire—active or otherwise—of the Adult to "live" this knowledge over again.

There is a beautiful quotation from Hugh Thompson:—

"Know you what it is to be a Child?" he says. "It is something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism, it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell, and count yourself the king of infinite space, it is—

\* *Psychical Research*, by Professor F. W. Barrett, F.R.S.



To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour ;

it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life nor petition that it is to be commuted into death."

There is one word which describes this whole Child-faculty : "*Intimacy*." And this of itself begets a sense of Largeness—of Universality—so that the Universe of things passes, as it were, before the Child mind, not as a panorama, but as an inexhaustible series of wonderful details. Who does not remember some mysterious path in the garden in which he played as a Child,—a path which was yet *not* a path ; or the leafy depths of a shrubbery where, in the dim golden silence of a summer afternoon, he had adventures which he *shared* with the trees and the light and the shadows ; or the strange *accession of life* that he then experienced ? Or, as another example, the recollection one has of the largeness of the night nursery in winter time before sleep has come, when the flickering flames stretch wonderful deep shadows over the room, dancing over the ceiling ; the vivid impression of the reflection of the high wire fire-guard ; the usually dark corner by the cupboard where we remember *knowing* that there was *something*.

In such a nursery there were two children, both friends of mine ; and in the same room the nurse slept. One night, one of these children saw the cupboard door open, and a large black thing with green eyes leap out on to the floor, and rush round the room. He awakened his brother, who saw it also. It leapt over their bed repeatedly and eventually disappeared into the cupboard again. This occurred so constantly that they acquired the habit of searching the cupboard thoroughly every night before going to bed ; but it was always empty. At length, one night the nurse's attention was drawn to it. But, though the antics of the cat-like thing were at the moment perfectly apparent to the children, the nurse saw nothing. Eventually the children had to be removed to another room to sleep.

It is one of the sadnesses of after life that the child experience—rents in the gauze curtain—are so slight and so sporadic in their occurrence. And, in fact, they become mostly impressions—though, it may be, vivid ; full of the *knowledge* of reality behind.

Some little while ago, a clergyman—an Army Chaplain, since killed in France—told me how, waking one morning in a country house in which he was staying, with the early sun streaming

through the window, he distinctly saw a little man standing beside his bed. He had locked his door overnight, and there was no possibility of normal entry into the room. The strange visitor, in height between two and three feet, was dressed entirely in black, and wore upon his head a little black cocked hat. In this case, however, almost coincidentally with awakening, the vision disappeared.

In a remarkable book by Hugh Walpole called *The Golden Scarecrow* is set forth the awareness the Child possesses of a Friend—a helping and protecting influence,—which would seem, saving in certain circumstances, to disappear with other phenomena, in the Adult.

An example of this is found in a letter appearing in *The Spectator* of April 29, 1911:—

"Many years ago," writes the correspondent, "my uncle . . . was driving from his home to pay my parents a visit—we then lived near Highgate—accompanied by his wife, his sister (my mother), and his little son, a child of about six. For part of the journey the child was allowed to sit on the box by the side of the coachman, and from some cause, either a sudden jolt or through leaning over the side, he lost his balance and fell, the wheels of the carriage passing over him. It was a heavy vehicle of the landau type, drawn by a pair of horses and loaded with luggage. My uncle was out in a second, expecting to find his son mortally hurt, as all in the carriage had felt the tilt of the wheels as they had passed over the body. The child was unhurt, and, when picked up, said a little boy had lifted the wheels as they passed over him. 'Hadn't they seen him?' There was not a mark or bruise on the body, and the boy lived to grow up, dying abroad at about thirty-five. He stuck, when questioned afterwards, to his statement that 'the little boy had held up the wheels,' but nothing more could be got out of him. My uncle, as a medical man, had no explanation that would square with his professional views. . . ."

It is interesting to compare with this a story that is told of Bishop King of Lincoln to the following effect.

One night, while he was still a curate, he received a message to visit a man some mile and a half away, who, he was given to understand, was dying. When he arrived at the house, having had to traverse a very lonely and dark road to reach it, he found, contrary to his expectations, there was no one ill there—and that, in fact, he had made the journey in vain. Much mystified, he returned home. Years passing, and nothing further transpiring,

the incident quickly faded from his memory. Afterwards, when he became Bishop, he was called upon to visit a man under sentence of death in prison, who, much to the Bishop's surprise, asked if he remembered the incident. The man then assured the Bishop that it was he who had given the false message to lure the latter out in order that he might rob him upon the road.

"Why did you not attack me then?" asked the Bishop.

"I hadn't the pluck," replied the man. "I lay in hiding as I had determined to attack you on your way back, but when you came near I saw that you were not alone."

"But I was alone," the Bishop protested.

"No, you were not," the other declared, "there was a mysterious looking stranger walking close behind you, and he followed you to your house and then disappeared. My chance was gone, and I experienced a sensation I never felt before."

It will be noted in this story that the Bishop himself was *unaware* of any such protection: and further instances of this might be cited that have occurred during the present War, which are both well attested and numerous and some of which have been recorded in the OCCULT REVIEW.

But the difference between the latter, and stories told of the Child seems to lie in the fact that whereas the Child *knows* its Friend, the Adult does not.

An exception to this is found in an incident in the life of Gluck, the musician. He had been spending the evening with some friends of his in Ghent; and as he returned to his lodgings, he saw going before him a figure that closely resembled himself. It followed the route through the City that it was his custom to take, until, on reaching the door of his house, it drew out a key, opened the door and entered. On this, Gluck refrained from entering himself, and returned to the house of his friends, where he passed the night. The next morning they went together to his lodgings, and found that the heavy wooden beams of the ceiling of Gluck's bedchamber had fallen in the night, and crushed the bed. Had he entered and slept there, nothing could have averted his death.

But the Child is further privileged in that whenever he will, he may enter Fairyland: and indeed, it often seems, whether he wills it or no. Fairies are not to him always agents of protection or of even more serious matters. They are playfellows and friends, and they are equally to be found in the trees, in the odd corners of the house, in the flowers or elsewhere. The Child's existence is in the same world to-day as when such old stories as

Cherry of Zenor ór Hansel and Grettel were current : the Child's existence remains unaltered in times that have otherwise changed widely. The Adult changes with the times, not so the Child.

I know a Child who was in the habit of making fairy friends, until once she was "corrected" by a "wise" elder, and has now become, not imaginative, but afraid.\* Another child I know, has made a new world of the old garden in which he plays and is, in fact, far happier with his—to us—invisible playmates than with other children of his own years.

S. Baring Gould, as a boy of four, mentions that once when he was driving with his father through the country, he had a vision of hundreds of little people about two feet high running and capering over the horses' backs. The same authority speaks of his mother, who, when walking down a Yorkshire lane, saw, seated in a privet hedge, a little green man "perfectly well made, and looking at her with his black, beady eyes. He was about a foot or eighteen inches high."

There are many who will say that hallucination is the root cause of the whole matter. But is this so? Can it be said that hallucination accounts, for instance, for the wonder of the most common objects as presented to the Child: the wonder which endows these same objects with a species of life of which the Child is most intimately aware? Does it account for the fact that the Adult—as we have seen—has occasional knowledge of the touch of this same "life" in common things? On the same hypothesis,—a slight digression—would the obvious knowledge that a cat possesses of cosmic happenings, be satisfactorily accounted for? And lastly, was the Friend—the Child Guardian, who, it would appear, remains afterwards ever close at hand—merely a matter of delusion? A mental aberration?

It would seem, on the contrary, that these things appear to set forth the fact that the world as it appears to the Child-mind is the Reality that sets off all after-life. For, as I have said, in an occasional rent in the curtain that is woven before our eyes with advancing years, we have experience of the *same* Reality unchanged. It is only dimmer—seen, as it were, from a greater distance.

As there are two attributes which together form the keynote to the Child's universe—"Intimacy," and the sense it carries with it of "Largeness,"—there would appear also to be two phenomena which the Child-mind cannot appreciate: Time and

\* This unwise treatment of the Child is well brought out in Mr. Algernon Blackwood's *Jimbo*.

Space. As regards the former, it is an entire knowledge of the present—no Past, no Future; as regards the latter, as Hugh Thompson says (in effect) the whole universe may be in a cabbage patch, or a shrubbery, or a room.

The faint glimpse of the Child-world may yet recur in after-life—this loss of normal sense. You have been passing through the country, and suddenly before you rises the great, brown, free curve of a ploughed field, dark against the clean wind-swept sky. And before you ever have knowledge of this simple fact of Nature as it is thus presented to you, you recognize it as you would have seen it if you were a Child. For one instant you are upon that hill, or, rather, you have become part of it; you have identified yourself with it as the Child does; you are at one with its cosmic life,—Time and sense of Space have dropped from you like a garment.\* And then, the meshes of the gauze curtain have closed together again, and you are merely aware of the dark brown curve against the wind-swept sky.

Or again, an old barn jutting on the road, or a chimney stack, or a white road curving over a hill, or such a prosaic thing as a shop window: any of these may bring the Child-mood back again.

Edward Carpenter speaks of this experience when he says that "there seems to be a vision possible to man, as from some more universal standpoint, free from the obscurity and localism which especially connect themselves with the passing clouds of desire, fear, and all ordinary thought and emotion; in that sense another and separate faculty; and as vision always means a sense of light, so here is a sense of inward light, unconnected of course with the mortal eye, but bringing to the eye of the mind the impression that it *sees*, and by means of a medium which washes as it were the *interior* surfaces of all objects and things and persons—how can I express it?—and yet this is most defective, for the sense is a sense that one *is* those objects and things and persons that one perceives, (and even that one is the whole universe.)—a sense in which sight and touch and hearing are all fused in identity. Nor can the matter be understood without realizing that the whole faculty is deeply and intimately rooted on the far side of the moral and emotional nature, and beyond the thought region of the brain?"

And what, then, is the secret of this Reality: the essence of life as it is known to the Child?

Is not the answer to be found in the conscious Oneness with

\* A curious experience of this loss of normal sense is told by Hilaire Belloc in *The Wing of Dana* (Hills and the Sea).

our surroundings by which we understand Nature? "The substance of these impressions which affect us we call Nature," says Novalis,\* "and thus Nature stands in an immediate relationship to those functions of our bodies which we call senses. Unknown and mysterious relations of our bodies allow us to surmise unknown and mysterious correlations with Nature, and therefore Nature is that wondrous fellowship into which our bodies introduce us, and which we learn to know through the mode of its constitutions and abilities."

It is perfect identification of one's *personal* forces with the great cosmic forces—the forces that enable the Child "to see a world in a grain of sand." It is the complete merging of one's own life with the intense, throbbing life of the Universe. It is to understand the message that the wind whispers to the trees. . . .

When the longing for the life of Nature, for the Air and the Sun, for the freedom of the Earth and the waters, for liberation, wildness, spontaneity, is upon folk as perhaps it never was before; and yet they are mewed up more than ever in houses, clothes, "business," and general asphyxia and futility.

When similarly the longing for freedom of sex is upon people, for purity of love, unashamed, unshackled, creating its own law—and yet love is everywhere, shamed, and shackled and impure. . . .

Then at last, not to be mistaken, the outline and draft of the new creature appears—

The soul that soon shall knit the growing limbs glides in. †

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\* *Disciples at Saïs*. Translated by U. C. B.

† Edward Carpenter: *Towards Democracy*.

## PSYCHIC HELP FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

BY J. W. BRODIE-INNES, Author of "The Devil's  
Mistress," etc., etc.

IS this possible? We hear the question over and over again, and many are the answers, but few of them are convincing save to those to whom has come actual experience. Hardly in the length and breadth of the land is there a household that has not some near and dear ones fighting for King and Country, on sea or air or land. Hardly one that has not anxious members who perforce must bide at home, yet who long to render help and comfort, healing, and blessing to the absent ones, if only they could. Earnestly we know they pray, and fond and fervent wishes go forth continuously, but they long naturally for some definite assurance that help, so greatly desired, has actually been given. And there have been many stories, some published, and very many more only told privately to select circles. But it must be confessed that the bulk of these bring little comfort, except to those to whom they occurred. We read them with sympathy and interest, but after all we are fain to confess that they lack verification. It is so fatally easy to touch up a story afterwards, to add details, perhaps unconsciously, to give verisimilitude; and above all we desire to know how it works. Cannot occultism give us a clue here? How can we render the help we are so anxious to give? Is there not some scientific means whereby we may project that force which we feel within ourselves, give of our strength to strengthen those who need it sorely, and above all, if it may be, obtain assurance that our message has gone home, our help has reached its goal?

We read or hear of a mother praying earnestly for her boy in the fields of France, who seemed to see him at the moment, and heard afterwards of his safety, preserved almost miraculously from great danger. But we cannot avoid the thought of the multitudes of similar cases, where the boy was killed in spite of the most fervent prayers; and we think that there is probably hardly a man in the trenches who is not the object of similar prayers, and the recorded cases of preservation from danger mean but little, except to those personally concerned.

We hear of a sweetheart's miniature, given as a talisman or

mascot, that has turned a bullet and saved a life, but how many there are on whose bodies have been found miniatures, talismans, mascots, that have not turned the fatal bullet; and again it helps us but little. And so it is with the revelations of clairvoyants and mediums, and the whole tribe of professional diviners. Multitudes of these have been told to me and a few have been extraordinarily accurate, many have been wildly wrong, some so vague that only by much imagination could they be called either right or wrong, and many manifest frauds. Some of those who made the most startling successes, have in other cases proved just as wrong.

What are we to think then? Are all our hopes fallacious? Can we not for all our hopes and our prayers really succeed in sending currents of help to those we love? And even if we actually do send such help, must we ever remain in the dark? Can we never attain to a certainty that the current sent forth has reached its destination? It is a commonplace to say that a few successes, even if proved by most irrefutable evidence, count for nothing among a multitude of failures. But this like many other commonplaces is only partially true, and sometimes entirely false. When Talbot and Daguerre were experimenting with sensitized paper to obtain a light picture, the first success, when the design of a piece of lace laid on a sheet of paper soaked in nitrate of silver and exposed to sunlight left a direct image of itself, outweighed any number of failures. That one success proved the possibility of the process, and laid the foundation of all modern photography. So one proved and verified instance of psychic communication, or psychic help, would establish the possibility of such communication, and bring comfort to thousands.

The question then arises—What has occultism to say to this? Can the occult sciences justify their name, and provide us with a scientific rationale, and a theory which, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, shall enable us to sift the evidence, and discount mere coincidence, and stories touched up afterwards and made dramatic, and also cases of fraud and imposture. Perhaps we may find some clue in telepathy—the youngest of the sciences, and hardly yet even grudgingly admitted to their grave and distinguished fellowship, though proofs abound. And we learn from Sir Oliver Lodge, if I mistake him not, that in every brain is the analogue of a wireless receiver and transmitter in embryo, and that if these be only developed and tuned to one another messages may flash from brain to brain across any distance. Here then we



have a theory that accounts for a vast number of observed and recorded facts, without any necessity to have recourse to the long arm of coincidence, or vivid imagination, or even sheer lying, and which also accounts for the frequent failures, as failures frequently occurred in the first experiments of wireless ; some of which I was privileged to watch under the late Professor Silvanus Thompson. The current was not strong enough, the instruments were not tuned to each other, some condition was not fulfilled. But one success, one message sent and received, demonstrated the possibility, and proved the theory.

So with telepathy. Now we know the effect one human being may often have on another ; bracing, stimulating, giving confidence and courage, exorcizing gloom and depression, so bringing success where success seemed hopeless, bringing health to the sick, recovery to the maimed and wounded. It is the power of the mind over the body (which is a commonplace) only carried one step farther ; it is the power which by sympathy one mind can exercise over the body of another. Working through brain and nerve, adding force to that other's mental control over his own body. How often do we desire to do just this for our loved ones on the field of battle, just to stand beside them with encouraging words, to do what we know we could do, and have often done for them when we had them here with us. Perhaps the actual power of healing (whether we call it mental, or psychic, or spiritual healing) matters little. Now telepathy gives us a sound working theorem to account for the power of doing at a distance those very things which we know we can do in actual physical presence. We can affect the brain of another while we are in his company. We can help, sustain, and encourage him. We can often heal him (or perhaps we should say enable him, by the additional strength we can infuse into him, to heal himself), and what we can do thus in his presence, we may be equally able to do at a distance.

But to attain to anything like a reasonable certainty, we require to see and know of the effect of our telepathic or wireless communication, otherwise we are faced again with the possibilities of a mere coincidence. We have endeavoured to help one away in France, and we hear that that one was actually helped and encouraged, but might not this have happened just as well without our intervention ? We should know if he were here with us, and had responded to our efforts, and answered our words, but how may we know if he is hundreds of miles away ? The answer to this comes in some cases that I have known, which I

will refer to presently, in verified dreams. But to make this clear I must briefly state what seems to me the most reasonable theory of the vexed subject of dreams and dreaming, a theory, if I remember right, hinted at among others by M. Maeterlinck in *The Unknown Guest*. The theory (if we state it correctly) is this—That every event past, present, or future, in any point in space, exists now somewhere, in an eternal present, and being existent, it is possible for us in certain states to become conscious of events, in what we term the future, that is to say, which we in our passage through time have not yet arrived at. M. Maeterlinck gives a striking example that occurred to himself, when arriving at the commencement of an event that he had previously dreamed, he was able to tell a companion exactly what was going to happen next. The same theory is also partially hinted at by Mr. Wells in *The Time Machine*—and by Camille Flammarion in *Lumen*.

According to this theory every dream is a partial consciousness of some scenes or events in this eternal present, events, that is, which may be past, present, or future. Just as we look at a landscape from a hilltop during a walk, and it may be that we look at what we have passed, or at the path we intend to traverse, we see just what is before our eyes according to the direction in which they are turned. And because these events are often in the past, some have (rather rashly) concluded that every dream is merely a "mix up" of memories. Those who dream much and who take the trouble to record and analyse their dreams, know that this is not so. Sometimes they may be able to trace past scenes, often hopelessly tangled up; suggesting that the brain has been conscious of many scenes, and been unable to classify and arrange them, and has simply presented to the waking consciousness a number of unrelated images, mixed in utter confusion. This will account for the confused dreams, said sometimes to be caused by indigestion, or intoxication. They are not caused thereby, for a physical state cannot cause mental images, but the physical state may prevent the brain from co-ordinating the images it has received, and this may well account for the confusion. Even as it may account for the confusion of sight of well-known objects, the double vision of intoxication for instance.

But there come also dreams of the clear and healthy brain, picturing scenes of the past in definite and logical sequence, or other dreams of unknown scenes, which may be in the future, such as the clear pictures of places which perhaps we shall at

some future time visit and identify, or of scenes, as that recorded by M. Maeterlinck, which we shall some day experience and verify. Possibly we may thus be conscious of scenes that will never be a part of our own lives, but it may be of the lives of others, and here we see the rationale of prophetic dreams concerning other people, of which there are some very clear recorded instances.

In short, this theory of dreaming seems to account for almost all the varieties of recorded dreams, from the most confused and seemingly purposeless, to the most remarkable verified visions.

Dreams thus may be one means whereby the reality of psychic action at a distance may be established, and accident or coincidence ruled out. In the eternal present of which I have spoken the details of what is transpiring in distant places are as clearly recorded as what is transpiring before our bodily eyes, and may be seen by us under the same dream-conditions as the confused, or ordered, pictures of the past in memory dreams, or the pictures of the future in prophetic dreams. And thus when thought or will are projected to a distant place to do a certain thing, it may possibly be that a verified dream may give absolute evidence of that thing being done as intended.

An illustration may help this conception. During the siege of Paris in 1870, there was a story current of a besieged resident to whom it was of extreme importance that a friend in London should do a certain thing for him. I am not sure whether the thing that was to be done was disclosed, but it is immaterial. The besieged man had heard or read something of the power of thought and will to operate at a distance, and though he had no occult training he determined to experiment, as there seemed to be no other means of communication. Accordingly he sat still and concentrated, willing with all his force to communicate with his friend, and give his message; but after hard effort felt that he had failed. Nothing daunted he tried again after an interval with stronger effort, and again felt that he had failed. A third time, grown desperate, he shut his teeth and determined that he *would* succeed, or die in the attempt; and this time he felt he was succeeding. He saw his friend's house, which he had never visited, nor seen any picture or description of. He saw his friend, believed himself recognized, gave his message, and felt perfectly satisfied. That night he had a vivid dream in which he saw his friend doing his commission, in a place and surroundings that were quite unfamiliar, with unknown persons, but all clear and distinct as though he knew them well. Subse-

quently he came to England, when the siege was over, and identified exactly the place, and the people of his dream, and learned that his friend had had a peculiarly strong, almost irresistible, impulse to go and do precisely what he was asked to do, and had done it just as he was seen doing it in the dream.

No verification of the story is now possible, probably all the actors are dead long since. It is only told to make clear my meaning, when I say that a dream may serve to complete the evidence of psychic effects produced at a distance.

I am not losing sight of the fact that similar evidence may be obtained from clairvoyants. But here another element is introduced, and another source of possible error has to be eliminated. We have to make sure that the clairvoyant may not have known or heard of the things described, and, however honest, may not have had a possibly unconscious memory or knowledge. Thus if the besieged resident in Paris had been told by a clairvoyant exactly what the place and the persons were like when the commission was accomplished, the clairvoyant's knowledge would have to be tested. I take the dream therefore as the most satisfactory completion, on the whole, of the evidence we are considering. For without the dream there was nothing to connect the effort of the besieged resident to communicate with his friend, and the friend's action; the latter might have been due to entirely independent causes, and the desirability of such action have caused the resolve that it should be done in the minds of both. But as it stands, the story, whether true or no, is complete and rounded off.

Can we then (we recur to the original question) render psychic help to our fighting men at the front? and can we know that we have done so? Occultism answers both in the affirmative. It is possible, nay more, it is likely. We have a criterion by which to gauge any story that we may hear, and there is no antecedent improbability that should lead us to reject such stories.

It chances that a few such stories have come to my own personal knowledge. Probably the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW may know of many more. One very marked condition of these times of grievous stress has been the extraordinary increase of psychic experience, and the interest taken therein by the most unexpected persons. I would only gravely and seriously repeat the caution—verify your facts, and be sure, as far as it is possible to be, that the story has not been unconsciously improved in the telling.

I have been told of a certain veteran Colonel, the chief of a

Highland clan, now disabled by age and wounds, and only able to go out in a bath chair, but still keenly loving his old regiment, and reading with avidity all their exploits at the front, many of them being his own clansmen, and some of his own kin. At times he dreams vividly that he is heading a charge, or rallying his men, or in some way taking part, as he used to do, in their adventures. And whenever he has such a dream, some of the men of the regiment have said with sincere conviction—"The old Colonel is with us, we shall come through all right."

I cannot give this story at first hand. But it was told me by an intimate friend of the Colonel, who entertained no doubt whatever as to the truth of the facts, and moreover, being himself a Highlander, saw nothing very extraordinary in them. Here we have the combination of the dream of the helper, and the clairvoyance (or second sight rather) of those who were helped, and recognized the cause. There was the conscious desire to help, and the consciousness of help given, as material and provable facts; and the dream and the second sight establishing the link of cause and effect between those facts, and taking us one stage farther towards an affirmative answer to the question with which we started.

Most of the stories, those at least which have come my way, have been of a strong desire to help a particular person, one nearly related or for some special reason ardently loved, or, it may be, a number of people, a special group, as were his old regiment to the Colonel; and one asks sometimes whether a general desire to help and do good, where it is most needed, would have a similar effect. Early in the war a Catholic priest told me of a lady who came to request prayers and masses to be said for soldiers at the front, and when he inquired for whom? she said, "For those who have none to pray for them." "A selfless prayer such as that," said the priest, "would be surely answered, even though it might lack the fervour of devotion of those praying for son, or husband, or lover."

Is it the same with such psychic help as we have been considering? Which after all is not very far removed from the help given in prayer by the faithful. Of this naturally one hears fewer stories. Most who desire to help have one particular object in mind, and verification of help given to this object is more easily obtainable, and the links more convincing. But I venture to think that a proved instance of a general desire to help, successfully accomplished in a particular instance, is perhaps even more valuable as evidence of occult powers and possibilities. We

may perhaps say that the astral goes out, not as a father seeking his son, or a wife seeking her husband, but as a doctor going deliberately to the battle-field to succour any whom he may see in need of his help.

I am personally convinced that this is far more often done than we have any idea of. Constantly I am told by good and earnest persons that they have waked in the morning with a strong conviction of having been somehow used to help some one, but with no memory of the circumstances. These vague unremembered dreams would have no value at all if we did not occasionally meet with verified cases, where a general desire to help, a general persuasion that help has been given, has been actually connected with some case in which help is known to have been received, or where the circumstances have been identified, say, by realized dreams. These cases are the successes that prove the possibility of the theorem, and connect this particular manifestation of psychic power with the general principles of occult science. Two instances which have occurred to myself shall be here recorded. Not because they are more valuable or more striking than, probably, hundreds of others that might be told, but merely because being within my own experience I can personally vouch for their accuracy, and one at least is amply proved up to the hilt by extrinsic and independent testimony. Many other similar cases could be proved equally, but in the majority of cases those to whom they occur are naturally averse to publication, and to the storm of comment and criticism which is sometimes raised thereby.

It was towards the end of May, 1916, that I dreamed a singularly vivid dream, but one that seemed utterly irrelevant, and of no meaning. I found myself on board a battle-ship in some foreign port, or so it seemed to me, and I was told I had got to take that ship home, through waters sown with mines, and full of hostile submarines whose locations were not known. I remonstrated, saying that I had no knowledge whatsoever of navigation, I did not even know how a ship was steered; that it was sending a ship and all her crew to inevitable destruction. But none of this was listened to. I was coldly told there was no one else, the ship must go, and I must take her; and with that I was taken on to the bridge and left there, and the ship began to move. It is a fact that I knew nothing of how a ship is steered, but in front of me was a wheel like that of a motor-car, to which I am well accustomed; I took hold of this, looked straight ahead, and guided the ship as I would a car. But I

knew the seas were full of unseen dangers, and in my dream I called for help, and in answer there was a presence beside me; one (it might be an angel or guiding spirit but in form a beautiful woman) stood by me, and it seemed that she could see where I could not, and she pointed out every mine, and warned me to swerve when a submarine launched a torpedo, and I swerved aside and avoided it. So we got safe through the mine-field, and the danger zone. But suddenly there was a crash, an explosion, the shelter in which we were was blown to atoms, and I felt a quick pain, like the cut of a whip, on my neck and shoulder, a sudden faintness, I said, "I'm hit," and I walked down from the bridge, was received by a surgeon, and knew no more—then I woke.

The dream had seemed to mean nothing. I thought it was but a confused memory of some war story I had read somewhere, but could not recall where. Yet such a clear recollection remained on waking, and it had been so vivid that it was not merely told, but written down. A week later came the news of the Jutland fight, and of the death of a brave boy, very near and dear to me, and when details were available, many days later, the circumstances strangely recalled my dream. He was a navigating lieutenant, and was taking his ship through that action. She had avoided mines, and torpedoes, and shot and shell, when the chart house was struck, and a flying fragment of steel caught him on the neck, exactly where I had felt the pain. He was just able to walk down to the dressing station and collapsed, the great artery in the neck having been severed.

This then was clearly a prophetic dream, though I did not regard it as such at the time, the images were to some extent confused, as for instance my seeing a motor-car's wheel for the guidance of a battle ship. But in its broad features I have little doubt that I saw that event a week before it happened, and that I was there in the person of the boy who was killed. But whether in the battle he was conscious of me, or whether in any sense I helped him, can never now be known. But it is, and has been ever since the war began, my constant aspiration and desire that any psychic power I may chance to possess may be used for the help of those who are fighting for us, and especially for those who have none to help them. By this I imply that though in this particular case the help, as I dreamed that I gave it, was given to a near connection, I had personally made no effort towards directing any psychic force that might be put out, or indeed towards putting forth any. I was merely conscious

of offering myself and anything I might be able to do, where it was most needed. Several elements therefore are wanting in this illustration, which yet seems to me an interesting and perhaps an important one. The next is more complete.

This began also in the autumn of 1916, when I chanced to be present at a fête and garden party given for the benefit of a certain Highland regiment under orders for the front. Many of the men were there contributing pipe music, Highland dances etc., and I talked with several. One boy in particular I remember from Skye, with whom I had a long talk, for I knew his native village, and some of his people, and we exchanged reminiscences of the island. I spoke of him at the time to various friends, but thought little more about it.

Our talk, however, seemed to have greatly impressed the boy, who often spoke of it, as I heard afterwards, and of what he called my kindness in talking to him.

In the following March I had a long and detailed dream, in which I found myself wandering alone through a great palace, in which were various entertainments going on. At length I strolled into a cinema theatre, in which was no one but myself. But a film was passing, representing scenes from the front, and among others a base hospital, where I saw the wounded being attended by doctors and nurses. One seemed a very serious case, and for some reason attracted my special attention. When I looked more closely, I recognized the boy from Skye. I had in my dream a strong conviction that, if I could only get there, I knew I could do something for him. But this seemed utterly impossible. Then I was aware that a beautiful woman sat beside me. She put a hand in mine and said, "I will take you." I wondered how. Then I thought she must be a person of wealth or influence, and could get over all the material difficulties, which in dream I realized very clearly. But she said, "Oh, no! Much easier than that." And she led me out, and together we walked across the footlights and into the film, and were there in the ward of the base hospital, and going up to the bed. The boy recognized me, and struggled to sit up and tried to salute, calling me by name, and saying how good it was of me to come and see him, and that now he should get well. There the dream ended, and I woke. This dream also was told on waking, and was written down immediately, and shown to several friends.

Shortly afterwards, while staying with some friends in Edinburgh, I got a letter from a Colonel of my acquaintance, telling



me of this boy, and how he had often spoken of me, and how he had been shot in the head, and was given up and not expected to live through the night, he was delirious and often in delirium spoke of me, and once in his ravings sat up and tried to salute, saying that I was there, and a beautiful lady beside me, and that now he should get well. And the miracle actually happened, for contrary to all the expectations of the doctors the fever abated, he began to mend, and did recover.

This letter I received at breakfast, and immediately handed it over to my host and hostess to read.

What has become of the boy since I have no idea. I have heard no more of him.

The importance of this incident to my mind lies in the fact that the circumstances utterly preclude any subsequent touching up of the story, every point of it is vouched for and recorded by independent testimony. My first meeting with the boy, my dream, and the boy's recognition of me, and his almost miraculous recovery, were each recorded and known to independent witnesses when they occurred, and before the completion of the event. It must also be noted that here was no conscious effort of mine, no connection that I am aware of with the boy, nor any reason why I should specially help him. I have no claim to any special psychic powers, nor any special gift of healing. Still there is the story, precisely as it occurred, and to my mind it answers the question with which I started, in the affirmative. We *can* give psychic help to our soldiers and sailors, and we can do so unconsciously, and without effort in some cases. But with this we must confess that the laws governing these phenomena are still unknown. But as with all other phenomena it is probable that a collection and comparison of instances may eventually disclose the underlying principles. And the present war will certainly be prolific in instances.

I would also remark that every well-authenticated instance that has come under my own notice has been entirely independent of any professional medium, or clairvoyant. What their successes or failures may have been I know not, but my experience goes to show that such assistance is by no means essential.

# FRAGMENTS OF MAORI COSMOGONY AND FOLKLORE

By AXEL DANE

AMONG the many so-called savage races the Maoris are undoubtedly one of the most interesting and one which has shown a remarkable adaptability to altered circumstances. It is true that the arrival of the white man in their country, with the vices and diseases that he brought with him, resulted in a great death roll among the natives, but the descendants of those who survived have shown a wonderful capacity for taking advantage of the new mode of life and civilization and the benefits to be gained from it.

When at the present day you see the large Maori schools and colleges; when you meet clever, cultured Maori clergymen, lawyers and members of Parliament; when you are received in her own drawing-room by a Maori lady with the manners and the dignity of a duchess, it is indeed difficult to realize that less than eighty years ago the race to which these charming people belong was one of the most bloodthirsty and savage in existence.

But what seems still more incredible is the fact, that while the Maoris of the old days spent their entire lives in unending warfare with all its brutalizing influences (including cannibalism in their case) they were at the same time in possession of a religion and cosmogony, not only full of poetical beauty and ideas, but giving hints of an understanding of abstract thought and a metaphysical bent of mind, which one expects to find developed only in a people with an old civilization.

A few illustrations of what the Maoris thought about the creation of the world and the beginning of all things may be of interest.

According to Maori philosophy *Thought* came first, then *Spirit*, and lastly *Matter* was evolved.

Commencing with "Te Kore" or "the great Nothingness," which lasted an unlimited period, the approach to the dawn of Life on Earth was through eighteen stages, each lasting myriads of years. To make this more impressive, each stage was enumerated in periods—from the first to the tenth, from the tenth to the hundredth, from the hundredth to the thousandth, and from

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the thousandth to myriads. And this was repeated eighteen times while describing the slow progress from a former "eternity," or night, to the dawn of light and the beginning of vegetable and animal life on Earth.

Then commenced the first seeking for a consciousness of existence and freedom of action, which is described in these words :—

Darkness, Darkness—  
Light—Light!  
The Seeking, the Searching  
In Chaos, in Chaos.

Living beings existed from the time of the distant past, when everything was wrapped in darkness. Heaven, or the sky, was the father and Earth the mother of all things. How Light reached the Earth is thus told :—

After countless ages, during which Heaven and Earth adhered to one another, their offspring, weary of the constant darkness, conspired to rend them asunder. Five of the boldest undertook each in turn the task, but only Tane (the god of trees and all vegetation) was successful. Planting his head firmly on his mother's body he raised his feet upwards and pressed them against his father, and by a mighty effort rent his parents apart, in spite of their shrieks and cries.

The vast Heaven has ever since remained separated from his spouse, the Earth, yet their mutual love still continues. The soft, warm sighs of her loving bosom still ever rise up to him, ascending from the wooded mountains and valleys—and men call these mists. And the vast Heaven, as through the long nights he mourns his separation from his beloved, drops frequent tears upon her bosom, and men, seeing these, term them dew-drops. (Sir G. Grey, *Poly. Myth.*)

Before man appeared the Earth was inhabited by a race of demigods, about whose occult powers and wonderful feats of strength and bravery there are many legends. *Death* was called "The great lady of night." The Maoris believed that both the Under World and the Upper World were inhabited, the latter consisting of ten planes, one above the other. In the highest resided Rehua, the Lord of Kindness, the "Aged One" with flowing locks and lightning flashing from his armpits. He was the eldest son of Ranzi, and supreme Lord of the gods that ruled the world. Besides all these there was a large hierarchy of spirits, both good and evil, while nature spirits were considered very powerful.

There are many legends about fairies, and, as in other countries, they are described as very small people, active and happy, but sometimes mischievous. It is curious that this dark-

skinned race—the Maoris—who before the arrival of Europeans had never seen a white man, should describe the fairies as white skinned, with fair hair and blue eyes. One of the legends tells how a chief learned the art of netting by watching the fairies making fishing nets in the bright moonlight.

Sorcery and Magic played a great part in the life of the early Maori race, and powerful incantations which compelled the spirits (good or evil, according to circumstances) to obey the Magician, seem to have been much used. The power of the " Evil Eye," still so much feared in Italy, was strongly developed, and, according to the legends, many sorcerers were able to kill a man or wither a plant by a look. The " Tohunga," or medicine man, was not considered at the head of his profession unless he had successfully passed several tests in occult powers, one of which consisted in making a flying bird drop down dead, simply by looking at it. He should also be able to endow inanimate objects with occult powers, and there is a tradition about a magical wooden head, which caused the death of anybody who looked at it, or even came within a certain distance of it.

The art of hypnotism was well understood, and even at the present day a certain amount of self-hypnotism is practised. It is known that Maoris have died through sheer will-power, just by making up their minds to die, although still in perfect health. While staying for some weeks at a village in the North Island of New Zealand I one day met a strong, middle-aged Maori woman, who was weeping bitterly. She told me that her married son and his family were shortly leaving for the South Island, and she would not accompany them as she felt she could not leave her native village, nor the tribe to which she belonged. When I asked her what she would do then, she answered that she would die.

" But you are not ill—do you mean that you intend to kill yourself? " I asked. Oh, no—she just meant to die!

I did not think much of her words at the time, but when a few months later I passed through the same village, I went to the hut where she lived and made inquiries. The hut was empty and the neighbours told me that the woman died a week after the son and his family left. She was not ill, but she lay down on her mat and refused to eat or speak, and within two days she was dead. The neighbours did not appear to consider it very remarkable, which seems to indicate that the practice may be more common than is known.

The Maoris are firm believers in ghosts and apparitions. The

story of the large phantom canoe, manned by phantom Maoris, which was seen on lake Tarawera just before the volcanic eruption that destroyed the famous pink terraces, is no fable, and amongst the people who saw the apparition were several Europeans. One, a middle-aged and very prosaic merchant, told me in after years that he had witnessed the scene. The canoe had remained on the water quite a considerable time and then suddenly disappeared as it arrived opposite Mount Tarawera, from which death and destruction flowed so soon afterwards. I asked eagerly for further details, but he seemed very shy of talking about occult matters, and I could learn nothing more.

The Maoris still keep up their traditional dances, of which the "Haka" or war dance, when well done, is a most awe-inspiring sight. I do not know if the peculiar groans, cries and incantations which accompany their dancing are supposed to have occult powers meant to strike terror into the souls of their enemies, but I can quite well believe that the Turks at Gallipoli, coming face to face for the first time with a regiment of Maoris executing their war dance, would imagine they were up against something more than human.

The Maoris never had any written language, and I think this fact must account for their marvellous powers of memory. As no written documents could be referred to, everything of importance had to be remembered, and the chief and elders of tribe or family were looked upon as storehouses in whose brains every incident of the slightest importance connected with the tribe was safely kept and could be recalled whenever needed. Even to this day, if there is any doubt about the legal ownership of a piece of Maori land, the lawyers will seek out the oldest man in the tribe and he will tell them the history of the land in question, the names of the owners through many generations, their relationship to the present claimant, and whether the property changed hands by inheritance, gift or sale.

Some of the natives live to a very old age and senile decay does not seem to attack them. I once had a very interesting conversation with a Maori of 105 years, and except that his hair was snow white and that his dark skin had paled to a dull grey there were no signs of his having outlived a century. His memory was excellent—he had not lost a single tooth, and the state of his sight and hearing was something to be envied.

However, during the last thirty years intermarriages between Maoris and Europeans have been very numerous. To-day few are left of the old, pure stock, and with them comes to an end one of the most interesting of the primitive races.

## 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.*]

### GOOD AND EVIL.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The Notes of the Month are always of great interest, but those dealing with Karma and the problem of Good and Evil are, I think, of exceptional importance.

Many years ago we used to give addresses to Indians at Karachi in British India. I once spoke on "Good and Evil," following the theory which I propose now to try to propound. The result of the address was that I fell a victim to no little laughter in the Club for talking on a subject utterly beyond human comprehension. If memory serves me rightly, the local paper had an ironic leader at my expense. The victim enjoyed all this. Why? Because, after he had finished his address, a high-caste Indian friend had said to him: "Thank you for all you have given us; of course you are right. But we knew it before; it was too simple. Why not offer us another lecture on the higher aspects of the subject?"

What the Englishmen refused to accept as beyond comprehension, the Indian regarded as commonplace truth.

We cannot think good or evil in itself; to think either we *must* have the other in mind. That is, we can only think good in relation to evil, and vice versa. But there is a power in man transcending thought. Knowledge is relative and so necessarily exists between limits of contradiction. This power in man, transcending thought, makes him aware that contradictions cannot exist in *real* reality. In real reality there must be transcendence of good and evil. This is all found in the Vedanta: Kant knew it, but possibly "shied" at it; many of us agree with Coleridge that he was reticent in reasonable fear of orthodoxy.

The spot is nearly touched by the author of the Notes of the Month: "Only if we adopt the principle of evolution on the spiritual plane taking place *pari passu* with the evolution of the physical body, does any explanation of the origin of evil assist us in our attempt to account for its presence in a beneficently ordained universe."

Now it is a very strange fact, but it is a fact, that if we rely on *human experience* we find it supports the theory that the *physical state*

of good and evil is a support for spiritual evolution. It is a dangerous doctrine that out of evil cometh good, but it is a sound doctrine that out of physical evil cometh spiritual good.

Consider facts of human experience.

Brown is a very good fellow, and he has lived all his life on a large income, in good society and in good health on one spot. Jones has been knocking about the world, comparatively penniless, consorting with all sorts and conditions of men. The former is narrow in his views and uninteresting in personality; the latter cosmopolitan and interesting to his fellows. The millionaire or nobleman may be unhappy, the agricultural labourer fully content: the man of intellect may be as melancholy as Carlyle, the fool as well content with life as Touchstone: human beings with skins of the rhinoceros and hearts of stone are free from the suffering of men of feeling but untouched, too, by their enjoyment.

But we can go further, prove more, from human experience. A man suffering from disease may welcome a painful operation; he may find after the operation he is in a state of health never known before, so that he looks back on the pain he suffered in the past with pleasure in the present. The man relieved from the oppression of wealth or the anxieties of power may find calm happiness he has never before known. And, in extreme cases, the martyr may welcome torture or death, the saint on the rack may be in ecstasy, even we ourselves, the *profanum vulgus*, may look back on the past evils of our life as the very foundation of our present happiness.

But what a muddle of thought I have been indulging in when giving the above instances! Where is happiness, contentment, duty? How is any one of them related to physical environment? Why, we have found *evil* environment may be the *best for man*.

I have been confounding the physical with the spiritual. Love, beauty, truth and justice have no existence in themselves, they exist only *for* self-conscious human beings. The eidola of cinemas give us manifestations of love, beauty, truth and justice and their opposites: but these ideals in themselves do not exist for the eidola; they exist only for the self-conscious spectators.

If we desire sympathy from fellow-men, from whom should we seek it? From those who have suffered: the man who has lived his life in ease and pleasure has none to give. If we look back on our own lives, what has most tended to clean our souls? The pleasures of the table, the satisfaction of sensuality, the material state of our superiority over our fellows or a past of physical suffering *and* a past of spiritual strife towards duty, with consciousness of having tried to help our fellows? Who is the happier man,—he in strong physical health with a past of life-long strife to establish his own superiority in rank, wealth, power; or the weak, even suffering physically, with a past of life-long strife to better the lot of humanity?

There is spiritual evolution for the human being who is conscious of past activity in duty under God. He may regard his past of physical evil as an assistance to such evolution. There is no spiritual evolution for the beast who is conscious of a past devoted to self-aggrandizement. The former has done what is *best* for himself ; he has himself shared in spiritual ascent : the latter, by his very strengthening of himself as a physical centre, has barred himself from spiritual advance.

Why we are conditioned in a universe of contradiction, a universe of good and evil, God alone can be aware. But evil and suffering may be *best* for man. In transcendence of thought, we can see as through a glass dimly ; the mysticism of our Lord Jesus Christ's life on earth faces us, and it shows humanity that it is through physical evil that spiritual ascent is to be attained.

I do not now suggest acceptance of the theory of metempsychosis, but it always has had and has great attraction for men of intellect. And it is but right to refer to one fact of evolution which, on its face, is in favour of the theory.

Before self-conscious subjects appear, evolution takes place under the eternal, iron laws of nature ; even living organisms are *fully* subject to their environment ; they act and react instinctively in relation to their environment. But when self-conscious subjects appear they *use* the laws of nature for their own purposes, they make their own environment. Bacon says man can command nature, but only by obeying it. For instance, houses, roads, dynamos, aeroplanes do not result from evolution under the laws of nature, they result from the thought and act of self-conscious subjects *using* the laws of nature for their, the subjects', own purposes.

If, then, we give a glimmer of self-consciousness to, let us say, a bird which makes its own nest, we see in living organisms, up to man, a gradual strengthening, as it were, of self-consciousness, accompanied by increasing power in the organism to *create* its own environment. There is evolution on the physical plane for the embodied self ; increasing power towards freedom from the shackles of the physical.

The above facts certainly render not improbable the law of Karma : a man may, by his own conduct, " work up " to higher spiritual manifestation in higher forms of physical life, or " work down " to some lower form.

But what I would stand by is that good and evil are merely relative terms ; even in human experience of ecstasy there is awareness of a state transcending both. If we give real reality to good and evil we must have a God and a Devil always at strife.

I think the mysticism of our Lord's Life and Death exists in the revelation that, for humanity, spiritual evolution is based on physical suffering. There is revelation beyond the purview of thought, though *even for thought*, we may discover that physical evil is *best* for man.

Yours faithfully,

F. C. CONSTABLE.



*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I read with great interest your "Notes of the Month" for December and was particularly interested in your able dealings with Mr. Klein's theories. As a student of metaphysics I would like to ask—Are we logically justified in attempting to solve problems of life from a merely physical or relative standpoint? Is it *not* a mistake to partition off the *relative* from the *absolute*, as though life may be considered sometimes as physical and sometimes as spiritual? As human beings apparently functioning upon a physical plane, are we not all the time spiritual beings, although at this stage dimly realizing the truth? In other words—Is there not only *one* universe, the *absolute*, from which to base all argument whatever may appear to us relatively? For if all experience is in reality *mental*, then the physical (so-called) collapses except as an erroneous concept of an absolute realm.

Yours faithfully,

W. F.

[The universe certainly does not correspond to the absolute. We postulate the absolute as its origin, the source alike of physical and superphysical or spiritual. We are bound in a sense to partition off the relative and the absolute, as we can conceive the one but not the other, but this has nothing to do with partitioning off physical and spiritual, which I agree with my correspondent is a great mistake.—ED.]

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Pray allow me a belated word or two upon your February "Notes" relative to Reincarnation.

Anna Kingsford points out that as Christianity is the synthesis of all preceding religion, and an exposition *par excellence* of the last stages of the "mystic way," reincarnation is implicit rather than explicit in that system. The Christ is born not *wholly* regenerate, but so near to that condition as to require no further incarnation. There is no reincarnation for him who has attained "unto a perfect man" (revised version, "*full grown man*")—"unto the measure of the stature" (or *age*) "of the *fullness* of Christ."

I think too much stress cannot be laid upon the common thought and prejudice of the people in regard to "beliefs." And in this respect the scientist and philosopher have much in common with "the people" except in their especial branches of research and speculation; and, indeed, even here those who are aware of the power of collective thought will doubt their ability to free themselves altogether from conventional prejudice, which I think they only manage at best in some very small degree to accomplish.

Hence the general "objections" to reincarnation in Europe (and the West generally) are attributable to prejudice (whether advanced by the philosophers, scientist or ignoramus) nourished by ultra-conservatism in the realm of ideas. (I should say reincarnation is much more commonly accepted in America than in England.) It is

"novel," "new-fangled," "unthinkable," and—of course—they "don't remember."

A bad memory is, unfortunately, the possession of most of us. Let us forthwith cultivate it. The illogical attitude of most of these "objectors" is a little exasperating. Surely if they desire to commit poetry to memory they will practise on poetry; if dates—on dates; if music—on music, and so forth, but they expect (one must conclude) the highest form of memory (i.e. the memory of *Life*) to cultivate itself.

The majority of people, being untrained so far as real thinking is concerned, when they do not know a thing to be *true* (and are therefore really agnostic), conclude it to be *false*. But a "thinker" when unable to prove the truth of an asserted fact does not rashly assert a *belief in its negation*.

To lovers of metaphysics Professor McTaggart's book (*Human Immortality and Pre-Existence*) will prove a source of keen enjoyment.

Yours sincerely,

P. V.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—It is a pity that my query regarding the Old Catholic Church is not answered in Mr. Farrer's letter in your March issue.

I asked who consecrated the present bishops. Mr. Farrer completely begs the question. He makes no statement whatever as to the source of the consecrations, nor does he explain why this statement is withheld.

He pleads reluctance to take up undue space in your REVIEW, but a plain answer to so very simple a question would have taken far less space than his letter as it stands.

Your readers are still without a public answer to this simple question.

Yours faithfully,

E. M. MURRAY.

### A PHANTOM PROCESSION IN EGYPT.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Below I give a translation of some paragraphs of the book in Spanish, *Sensations of Egypt*, by E. Gomez Carrillo, which I think may be of interest to your readers.

"The inhabitants of Luxor know that, on certain days, at the hour of twilight, processions of the ancient worshippers appear in the gloom of the hall of the temple, escorting the sacred barque which comes from Karnak. When Monsier G. Maspero, thirty years ago, undertook the works to uncover this temple which was buried in the sand, my guide told me that the inhabitants of the village informed him that, at certain periods of the year, the sanctuary was filled with phantoms; the learned archæologist laughed at these poor villagers,

and very often wandered by himself amongst the columns. One night on leaving the sanctuary of Ammon he suddenly found himself surrounded by numerous mummies who silently conducted a barque (the sacred boat of Isis), a priest walking at the head of this procession of shades. After that M. Maspero never went there again after sunset."

Yours faithfully,  
X.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Re-reading the December number of the OCCULT REVIEW, I happen upon a paragraph that had escaped my attention, in "Occult revelations of a flying man," line 28, page 350.

I remember having read in a French daily (*Le Journal* or *Le Matin*, I think), after Blériot's flight over the Channel, a short story curiously similar to the experience related by "A Philosophical Aviator."

It told of three men flying, also at great height, in an aeroplane, and seeing a nearly translucent, vaporous, dragon-like animal, of a blue-green colour, and of considerable size. The animal, floating in the air, caught up to them without apparent effort, and ran a parallel course to theirs. The aviators, who seem to have been of a very un-inquisitive disposition, remembered suddenly a very important appointment somewhere on earth, and began to descend. But the dragon, apparently resenting their incivility, or simply yearning for society, made a dive, seized one of them, and carried him away bodily.

So ran the tale, so far as I remember. I believe the unfortunate aviator was never heard of since, although I suppose his companions put several advertisements in the papers, offering a reward. But I hope we shall hear more about the dragon. Really I do. I fervently hope he will gallantly fill the place left vacant, in these times of mines and submarines, by its elusive cousin the sea-serpent.

Remarking upon the discretion of the latter to a friend who knows it with a familiarity born of a long acquaintanceship (he is an editor), he told me that, from recent information received through special wires, the sea-serpent will cling to the bottom until the task it has imposed upon itself is done: the poor worn-out wretch has undertaken to count the U-boats.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGES LAJUZAN-VIGNEAU.

9 RUE DE BEAUJOLAIS,  
PARIS—II<sup>e</sup>.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* contains Professor Hyslop's expected record of observations and conclusions on the "Return of Mark Twain." It is naturally a long article and impossible to summarize here. We can say only that Professor Hyslop had recourse to experiments for cross references with his psychic Mrs. Chenoweth, in search of "evidence that Mark Twain was at the bottom of the affair." The previous communications—resulting in two "Mark Twain books," of which we have heard already—had been received by Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings working the Ouija board together, the messages claiming to have come through a High School girl—mentioned last month in these pages—being quite distinct from the original set of experiences. Professor Hyslop took Mrs. Hays in the first instance for five sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth, after which he took Mrs. Hutchings, and there were five further sittings. His conclusion is that if "secondary personality or subconscious memories explain the work of the two ladies," as performed when alone together, we "cannot apply that hypothesis to the work of Mrs. Chenoweth." Again, if telepathy accounts for the latter it will not explain the former. Nor can the two explanations be combined. The only single adverse hypothesis which will cover the ground is one of conscious fraud (*a*) on the part of the two ladies and (*b*) on the part of the Professor himself, in collusion with Mrs. Chenoweth. As to this he says: "The slightest investigation into the character and work of the ladies will dispel illusion about their relation to it, and though I may not be able to vindicate myself from suspicion, I am open to investigation." There remains the spiritistic hypothesis, and Professor Hyslop concludes that it "has all the superficial claims to application," however much the subconscious of Mrs. Hays affected the contents of the book—meaning presumably the one so far published—and however much "the subconscious of Mrs. Chenoweth affected the contents of Mark Twain's messages" coming through her. . . . As appears by the *Journal du Magnétisme*, the *Société Magnétique de France* has received from M. Henri Durville a remarkable instrument, accurately but awkwardly named the *Sensitivomètre*. It is claimed to register the degrees of individual sensitiveness and of fluidic emission. The invention is that of M. Majewski. It is formed of glass and ebonite, which are bad conductors, and is therefore not open to the objection of some preceding types, having metallic and other parts which being good conductors might register terrestrial magnetism, or some other force external to the subject. It is stated that the instrument does actually register, and it is thought that it may prove useful in the study of personal magnetism, as also by

indicating a patient's state of health. For example, the fluidic emission of a subject suffering from nervous depression may be tested by the instrument and after therapeutic treatment a further test will indicate the results attained. We note in the same issue M. Durville's opinion that one obvious danger of hypnotism is the "brutality" of its proceedings, the slight consideration which it shows for the personality of the subject, well illustrated years ago by the methods of the Charcot school. For the rest—except in very rare cases, when the subject is induced to accept suggestions for his benefit which he has ignored in the waking state—"hypnotism is perfectly useless." It is a "form of exhibition which is often unwholesome and always regrettable." M. Durville is of course a strenuous exponent of animal magnetism. . . . We cannot help thinking that the New York *Psychical Research Review* would be better described under some other title. It is an independent monthly magazine, having a considerable amount of reading matter, dealing with theosophy, Christian Science, "internal respiration," spiritual growth, spirit identity—in a word, the whole circle of occult concern and speculation. It is in no sense a critical review, nor is it seriously devoted to the particular investigations connoted by the term "psychical research." It has come recently under the editorship of Mr. Hereward Carrington.

*La Revue Spirite* presents its readers with an essay on life in the invisible, taken from a new work on the philosophy of psychic phenomena which it recommends cordially to its "adepts." As representing at least one aspect of French opinion on the subject, we extract the heads of its instruction for the benefit of those who are concerned.

- (1) The discarnate personality is not pure spirit in the theological sense. It is contained by a fluidic organism which manifests in phenomena of "exteriorization." This organism resembles the body of earthly life, and hence a new-comer into the world unseen can be recognized by former friends, who have passed over previously.
- (2) The works of each personality follow him or her and a close connexion with the past existence is preserved.
- (3) Whatever degree of development may have been attained here, individual tendencies remain with each and all; but apparently the better kinds will acquire an expansion of which we can form no conception now.
- (4) On the other hand, the sensual and egoistic will find themselves, so to speak, at the bottom of the ladder of being.
- (5) All, however, will hold within them the power of rising in the scale, as implied by freedom of will and purpose.
- (6) Progress in the world beyond connotes the idea of change, and as a fact there exist within us an indefinite number of possibilities here and now, in virtue of which vast horizons will unfold before the spirit hereafter.
- (7) If no intimations concerning them reach us in spiritistic messages this is because there is no common language by which realms of being and states beyond our experience can be rendered intelligible. There is not a word on reincarnation, so long and eloquently espoused by *La Revue Spirite*, and it seems

outside the scheme outlined here ; but the theory of growth, change and ascent certainly includes an idea of *les vies successives* in states and worlds beyond.

*Theosophy* has a short article on the study of *The Secret Doctrine* which seeks to institute a kind of harmony or correlation between that work and its precursor *Isis Unveiled*. The latter is said to proceed from particulars to universals after the mode of the inductive sciences, while the former moves from universals to particulars. How the alleged analogy and distinction will strike a competent reader who can claim adequate acquaintance with both books must be left an open question. We mention the point of view for those whom it may concern. . . . In one of its editorials *Azoth* does some amusing and at the same time useful work by summarizing a considerable number of astrological and other forecasts—all apparently American—on the issue of the war and the approximate date of peace. They form a house divided against itself but much more at issue with events, as these gradually unfold. It is very curious to note their accent of certitude and the way in which they have duly been made of no effect as prophecies and void as tongues speaking great things. Mr. Hereward Carrington contributes an account of the Transylvanian mathematician Bolyai and his "non-Euclidian geometry," apparently more accurately described as "the geometry of shortest lines drawn on certain curved surfaces." Some of the results obtained look striking, but they seem to lead nowhere. In the same issue a writer on "life eternal" affirms that life cannot die, which may seem to one merely a truism, to another a dogmatic assertion and to a third an axiom belonging to the absolute order of thought. The thesis developed from the affirmation is rather of a hackneyed kind, and yet we are disposed to think that it enunciates—by no means for the first time—a real truth. But that which is involved is a question of realization in consciousness—not in thought processes—a realization of being, the negation or opposite of which is unthinkable. . . . We talk lightly and humorously of care in selecting one's parents, and there is no trace of seriousness lying behind the jest ; but *Rays from the Rose-Cross* announces as an occult fact that "before a human being is reborn into our earth-life he or she is permitted to choose certain parents," and then proceeds to qualify the implied freedom by adding that no one can select "an environment which is not deserved, or previously earned in another life." . . . The editor of *Reason* offers us the benefit of his views on the acquisition of healthful sleep—considered as the cultivation of a fine art. There is nothing new, but the advice is practical enough. If we may put it in our own manner, one requisite is the casting out of that great crowd of images with which the activities and insistent conditions of daily life people the world within us. Here is the first part of the true process, but the next and last is the practice of the presence of peace, and this is the peace of goodwill which is the realization of a state of love. The motto is therefore: Let not the sun of cen-

sciousness go down in wrath or hatred. . . . We offer our congratulations to Mr. Holbrook Jackson—who so long and so well steered that ship of journalism called *T.P.'s Weekly*—for the good work which he is doing with his new venture, *To-Day*. It bears an old title but in all else is its own and no other. There is nothing that comes within the measures of our special concern, but there is the savour and manner of literature over all the pages. Such names as Sir William Watson, Ernest Rhys and Eden Phillpotts among a host of contributors should spell success; and we must not forget Mr. Holbrook Jackson himself, a picturesque and stalwart figure in the press of the period.

Two issues of *The Builder* have reached us almost concurrently, and naturally the note of the War is not wanting in its pages. The desirability of "travelling" military Lodges is discussed, and a kind of synopsis is taking place for and against their recognition on the part of the grand bodies. A paper on Zionism in its relation to Masonry looks unlikely beforehand and so proves in the treatment. An altogether unsubstantial analogy is made to afford a pretext for passing hostile judgment on Zionism for its alleged abandonment of "the vital issues of national life." We should have thought that the corporate return of Israel to the land which is its own would have signified a return into national life, after ages of exile. A more important consideration is that of Mr. P. E. Kellett, Grand Master of Manitoba, on the division which occurred in Freemasonry when the French Grand Orient and some other Latin and continental obediences ceased to make the belief in God paramount as a condition of initiation. Some interesting correspondence has passed between Mr. Kellett and the President of the Grand Orient Council, but it tells us nothing otherwise unknown. No instructed person would say that French Freemasonry is aggressively atheistic, but it is openly indifferent to any aspect of religious belief, while as to experience in religion it can never have heard of it, unless as a pathological condition. No sequence of Ritual procedure divorced from any notion of Deity, of immortal life and with all the prayers excluded, corresponds to anything which we understand here as Masonry; and however it may interpret its motto—Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—French Freemasonry can have no place at present among us. Mr. Kellett puts forward a plea for its recognition on a point of casuistry, being the alleged correspondence between an extract from the modern Constitution of the Grand Orient and an extract from Anderson's Constitution of 1723. But in the first place a belief in God is obviously and undeniably implied by the latter, and in the second place Anderson's generalities on the subject of God and religion were among the rocks of offence which protracted in England the struggle between Ancients and Moderns until they were finally removed by the revised Constitution.

## REVIEWS

BLUE FLAME. By Hubert Wales. London: John Long, Ltd. Pp. 320. Price 6s. net.

CREDIT must be given to Mr. Wales for a clever attempt to depict the conflict between spiritualism and the cosy and luscious life of the flesh, well-nourished and happily mated. His achievement is quite or nearly the reverse of sublime. His perplexed clergyman, after turning his back on material pleasures, turns tail at the sight of what he thinks is a materialized spirit, and, after an experience of fright and imposture, returns to the amorous wife who, in undeserved banishment from his side, has been faithful to him. Mr. Wales's satire at the expense of experimenters in telepathy is excellent, but he fails to convince his reader that two such earnest students of the occult as the characters whom he calls Brookes and Ulla would have shown themselves unworthy of the privilege of seeing the dead return to the world of matter. Our author well knows how to convey to his pages the physical charm of sex, and has not chosen to show the pursuit of the discarnate as offering compensation to man for the relinquishment of fleshly pleasures. At the same time he does not repudiate the wonders alleged of spiritualistic séances, and his novel, with its capital portrait of a vulgar but delightful wife, is interesting enough to atone for a few irritating passages.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE WONDERS OF INSTINCT. By J. H. Fabre, with 16 plates from photographs by Paul H. Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos and Bernard Miall. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Pp. 320 + 20 of illustrations. Price 10s. 6d. net

IN one of the densest fogs on record, when people were lost in streets to which they had been accustomed for decades, a kindly man who, aided by a lantern, enabled me to find my home, remarked, "I had half a mind not to take a lantern, for Nell would have led me right enough"—Nell being his dog. If Nell were a girl we should say, "Nell has a remarkable memory," but as she is a dog we say "she is guided aright by instinct."

In reading J. H. Fabre's fascinating chapters, one feels that it is not insulting to compare the mental endowment or instinct of insects with that of the average human being. The average human being switches on electricity and understands neither electricity nor switches. He puts a penny in a slot, and secures a slab of chocolate while ignorant of the mechanism which puts the dainty within his reach. He is provided with witticisms by the music hall and with clothes by the tailor, and he is quite incapable of inventing the former and incompetent to imitate the latter save in Crusoe-like caricature.

The insects noticed by the illustrious French naturalist have no visible libraries; but in regard to their command of the technique of maintaining existence they are worthy to call a blush to the face of the average man. Centuries before Sir J. Y. Simpson anæsthetized his patients the glow-worm (*Lampyrus noctiluca*) anæsthetized its victim, the mollusc. And why? In order that the mollusc should not withdraw itself into its shell, at the warning of sensation.

Again the Epeira, a variety of spider, provides itself with a line as efficacious as a telegraph wire to inform it of what is going on in its unguarded web. Again, the Fine Processionary, marching, hundreds at a



time, in single file, excretes a ribbon to guide it in its journeys home after quests for food. "All contribute" to this guiding ribbon "from the produce of their spinnerets." These caterpillars exhibit the socialism of a Morris, minus its breeziness.

Again, the Flesh-fly appears, judging by experiment, to avoid deliberately the risk of dropping its chrysalids into a receptacle of more than a certain depth, as if she calculated the extent of their ability to get out.

Insects seem to propound the ever-interesting question as to whether there exists an individuality dispersed everlastingly over a whole race of beings. Are not, for instance, all flesh-flies one flesh-fly, all sheep one sheep. If we accept this view, which for long has been mine, the unbroken chrysalids of the flesh-fly are the mother as well as the offspring; it is her own body she is concerned about when she refuses to drop her eggs into too deep a tube.

To dilate on this interesting subject is impossible at present, for I have only space left to pay a warm tribute to the charm and value of a book as enthralling as a story by a master hand. Beyond doubt Fabre was a genius of curiosity, happily endowed with a style fully as delightful as our English Tyndall's. In Mr. De Mattos and the poet Mr. Miall he has translators able to do justice, so far as our language will permit, to any French prose, and in their smooth and eloquent version Fabre can be read with high enjoyment. The publisher's work has also been admirably done.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE QUESTIONS OF IGNOTUS. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

Price 5s. net.

Is Christianity a failure? Have the Churches risen to the opportunity supplied by the war and provided adequate guidance and consolation? Such is the burden of the text contained in the chapters of the above work, many of which have already appeared in briefer form in the columns of the *Manchester City News*.

Needless to say the correspondence excited much attention and provoked many replies. It cannot, however, fail to strike the reader that in some cases the "seeker after truth" is only anxious to manufacture his own religion, create his own conception of God, and then proceed to worship Him, and that he is more occupied with the idea of what he is going to "get out" of his faith than what he is in duty bound prepared to bring to it. "Give me the religion I like and I will follow it" is the keynote, perhaps, of much so-called scepticism of to-day.

However, there are many interesting subjects discussed in this little volume, such as the possibility of a universal Church, the condemnation of heresy, foreign missions, and the miracle of the raising to life again of Lazarus. Concerning this last the writer has a passage of arms with Father Power and is badly defeated. A man must be very sure of his theology to argue successfully with a Jesuit.

But one thing is obvious. In all this heart-searching people are everywhere groping after the supernatural, striving to pierce beyond the veil, that in spite of the luxury, the pleasure of this materialistic age, men without God remain unsatisfied.

Is it quite fair, however, to blame the Church for a failure that they might possibly and more profitably seek in themselves?

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

**PRAYER : ITS NATURE AND PRACTICE.** By H. Maynard Smith, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Malvern. Crown 8vo. Paper, pp. 78. Oxford : B. H. Blackwell. Price 1s. net.

IN the compass of his seventy-odd pages the author of this little volume contrives briefly but adequately to touch on such matters as objections to prayer ; difficulties of prayer ; private and public, individual and national prayer ; spontaneous and formulated prayer ; the efficacy of prayer, and so on. Although his work evidences an intimate acquaintance with the writings of the Mystics, he does not pretend to more than hint at the deeper aspects of Prayer, merely referring *en passant* to the Prayer of Quiet as one of the secrets of the saints.

Written from a strictly orthodox point of view and by one who is avowedly " an impenitent conservative," Mr. Maynard Smith can nevertheless hardly be charged with intolerance. His aim is frankly and sincerely to help those many who in these times want to pray, and those who want help in praying ; but it must be borne in mind that his little work is not a tract, neither is it a manual of devotion, but a timely essay, the appeal of which to the discriminative literary taste is equalled only by the persuasiveness of its endeavour to help the anxious heart that fain would pray if it could.

H. J. S.

**DREAMS : WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY MEAN.** By J. W. Wickwar, Associate London Folk-Lore Society, etc. London : Published by the author at 81 Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, S.W., and A. & F. Denny, 147 Strand, W.C. Price 1s. 3d. net, or in cloth gilt 2s.

THIS is the second edition of a little book which has already had a very favourable reception. As the author says in his Preface it is " not an ordinary Dream-book, but rather an expression of rational thought on the subject of dreams and dreaming written in the light of common-sense reasoning."

Very susceptible or superstitious persons who may have been victims of the dark interpretations of dream-mongers, would do well to be guided by Mr. Wickwar's sensible explanations and theories. One cannot, however, quite endorse the extent to which he credits the doings of the day, or one's latest thoughts at night, with always greatly influencing one's dreams, for I knew an old lady who regularly read herself to sleep with *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, yet her slumbers were never disturbed by visions of " The Dry Pan and Slow Fire," nor any other evidences of Christian love in the good old days ! " The Power of Dreams " is a very interesting chapter, for it includes Daniel's prophetic vision of the British " tanks " in action. The morbid and very objectionable form of mental vivisection known as " Psycho-Analysis " comes under the search-light of the author's unflinching criticism. He strongly differentiates between this " delving into the dark corridors of the mind," and " the true mental healing as practised to-day by the careful physician."

EDITH K. HARPER.

**THE MYSTIC VISION IN THE GRAAL LEGEND.** By Lizette Andrews Fisher, Ph.D. Demy 8vo, pp. xi. + 148. London : Humphrey Milford. Price 6s. 6d. net.

IT is a matter of justice and gratifying as such, to record as matter of fact that Dr. Fisher has not only produced an interesting book but

one over which she has taken reasonable pains, to make complete within its own measures. She is, moreover, on the right side and concludes as a result of her studies that however deeply the roots of Graal literature may strike into the past of Celtic or other myth and folklore, it belongs in the development to a different order of things. As Christianity adopted and adapted an admixture of preceding religious ceremonial and custom, and did right therein, so the makers of Graal literature, at the highest point of its attainment, took over the Ceridwen cauldron, dish of plenty, exile and return formula, with other matter of folklore, to serve their purpose in expounding Eucharistic Mystery under the guise of romance. As Christianity was justified in acquiring whatever could serve its purpose and as that which was incorporated by its organism was changed therein, so the makers of a mystical Graal were within their province when they grafted a certain offshoot of spiritual life on an old tree, and this also was transformed. It remains to be realized by scholarship that the facts of an early metrical English *Syr Percyvulle* and a Welsh Mabinogi called *Peredur the Son of Evwrac* are of historical and literary importance, but do not account for the Graal in its final form, towards which it grew in a development of some generations. The old things were adapted to show forth a doctrine of the Eucharist belonging to the period, and mainly that of transubstantiation. Dr. Fisher tells how this doctrine came about and how it is related to the romances. What she does not happen to be aware of is the fact that so far back as 1909 I covered this ground in my *Hidden Church of the Holy Graal*. It is good to have a second iteration of the subject from an independent standpoint. For the rest, Dr. Fisher is not a mystic, and transubstantiation for her does not rise above the literal measures of the Lateran definition. The *Quest of Galahad* has one at least of those high intimations for which I should look as a mystic. Dr. Fisher misses the significance of that last Mass in the "Spiritual City," when after all previous physical wonders Galahad beholds the final secrets of the Graal, which were no longer fleshly but spiritual things. In the stress which she lays on what is called by convention the *secreta* of the Mass-Book, she misses also the whole point of the secret on which Robert de Borron—or another—dwells in the metrical *Joseph*. This was obviously an Eucharistic secret, communicated by Christ to Joseph of Arimathea, and the implicit of this invention is that there was an ordination, derived from Christ and not through apostolic mediation, which came into Britain long before a Roman pontiff sent St. Augustine to convert these islands. The implicit is conveyed by other romances. It will be seen how far the subject has departed from the realm of folklore and from those reveries on vegetation-gods which Miss Weston offers in her later books, following the lead of Frazer in *The Golden Bough*. Dr. Fisher has little use for these and less for the same lady's allusions to other mystery-rites, about which she has no warrants that entitle her to speak. Dr. Fisher herself does not help us much over the Graal regarded as a stone in the German version. She gives an arbitrary emendation of the two miswritten Latin words in Wolfram which have exercised so many scholars, like these unaware that *lapis exilis* is a name of the stone in alchemy. These things notwithstanding, her book is good, and I affirm in conclusion with her that the Graal can be elucidated only with reference to Eucharistic doctrine. There are, moreover, important side-lights in the many legends con-

cerning relics of the Passion of Christ. Dr. Fisher writes also on "Eucharistic influence in *The Divine Comedy*." A. E. WAITE.

IMMORTALITY: AN ESSAY ON DISCOVERY CO-ORDINATING SCIENTIFIC PSYCHICAL, AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. pp. xiv, 380. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is one of an increasing number of co-operative works which the tendency to specialization is making a necessity of the age for the thorough treatment of big questions. In the remarkably interesting volume before us Canon Streeter and the Rev. C. W. Emmet, Dr. Hadfield, Mr. Clutton-Brock and Mrs. Dougall discuss the burning topic of the Future Life from their several individual and representative standpoints. Looking at the book as a whole the reader is chiefly struck with the immense advance in thought which it evidences over the standpoint of, say, even twenty years ago, and he notes with some surprise that the advance is more marked in the theological field than in that section of the book which deals with those investigations that might be supposed more particularly to concern the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. While, for example, Mrs. Dougall commences her review of Spiritualism with the words, "Most of us dislike anything that may be called occult," Canon Streeter, writing of work in the world to come, says, "We may suppose that part of it will consist in labour for the souls of those who have entered the next life lower down in the moral scale than themselves. And why may not the work of some be to watch over and inspire the lives of loved ones still on earth?" The same contributor emphasizes the need for a conception of "a Progress in the next life in which the leading idea shall be that of addition rather than of subtraction, and which will emphasize the need of enriching that which is good in the character rather than merely the purging away of that which is evil." Needless to say a punitive and permanent Hell is treated as an entirely obsolete doctrine.

Dr. Hadfield's contribution is on "The Mind and the Brain"—a broadminded and up-to-date essay on the psychological aspect of the question. Mr. Clutton-Brock supplies the introductory essay on "Presuppositions and Prejudgments," as well as a short paper entitled, "A Dream of Heaven." The author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* undertakes criticism of the spiritualistic and theosophic positions, and writes chiefly from the standpoint of the S.P.R., with a distinctly Christian bias; but the criticisms are serious, and neither spiritualist nor theosophist will find the rancour, or the frivolity, which used to characterize the treatment of both those schools of belief. The writer's conclusion is that while Spiritualism showed a "healthy instinct" as opposed to the extreme Protestant position (reacting against the sale of indulgences and the like), yet the methods employed by spiritualists "to bridge with friendly overtures the stream of death appear to be mistaken and therefore dangerous."

In a final chapter Mrs. Dougall claims to indicate a "better way"—to show "how love can open a door between this life and the next." The four things needed to this end are "prayer rightly understood; a living theology; a truer interpretation of experience; and a consideration of the goal of our existence." We think our spiritualistic friends will regard this advice as superfluous, but the whole volume is well worth the reading by all—and they are a growing number—whose thought is seeking truth about the things on the other side of death. VERITAS.