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

IN my Notes on the subject of Reincarnation three months ago, I made a brief allusion to a work entitled *Whence Have I Come?* by Mr. Richard A. Bush,* which, as I then pointed out, is unique in espousing (from a spiritualist standpoint) the theory of Traduction; i.e., the theory that the parents are the sole authors of the life of the child which is born of them. I pointed out that this Theory of Traduction has found favour in materialistic circles, but that the objections to it, from a spiritual standpoint, seem insurmountable, inasmuch as from this point of view the spiritual cannot be held to antedate the material, and to be its originating cause. I drew attention to the fact that this conception of the order in time of spiritual and material is of the very essence of the spiritual philosophy. Mr. Bush, however, has a curious theory of his own, that spiritual and physical go together *pari passu*, so to speak, and that one is intermingled with the other. This seems like contending that cause and effect are in reality simultaneous. Obviously

WHENCE HAVE I COME?

* Letchworth: The Garden City Press. Price 2*s.* 8*d.* net.

the author rejects the reincarnation hypothesis, and his theory may be looked upon from one point of view as an alternative to this. I have therefore felt that the work in question merits some fuller notice in this connection than the brief foot-note which was all I could spare for it in what I have termed my philosophical defence of reincarnation.

Mr. Bush puts the problem which his book claims to solve, in the following manner :—

> How are the millions of individual spiritual units that are born year after year produced ? Is it by special repeated acts of creation ? Is it by the incarnation of spiritual entities awaiting birth ? Is it by the re-incarnation of people who have passed through the earth experience before ? Or is it by the natural laws of reproduction that govern the reproduction of all physical life ?

He summarizes his own position in answer to these queries as follows (p. 45) :—

> Every living thing reproduces its own species—fruit after its kind. If a man be a spirit—a living soul—should he not have the power of procreating spirits or living souls ? Why should it be thought necessary that a spark or particle of the universal divine spirit drawn from a source exterior to himself must be precipitated into the physical germ at every conception ? . . . Spirit with its spirit body, interpenetrates the whole physical organism. Therefore if the physical body produces a physical germ, why cannot the spiritual body containing the spirit after its kind produce a spiritual germ ? The two, i.e., the physical and spiritual bodies, co-exist as one when functioning on the material plane. Can they not exist as one in the seed germ whether it be of a plant, an animal, or of man ?

Mr. Bush first proceeds to tackle the materialistic hypothesis, and though many of his readers will agree that he is successful in doing this, and puts his case very ably, part of this case, as put, seems to tend not only to demolish the materialistic position, but also the one which he himself espouses. He says :—

> It is admitted that the eye would not have been created if there had been no light, nor the ear if there had been no motion or vibration of the air. It is acknowledged that a digestive and assimilative system would not have evolved if there had been no impulse to growth. As surely therefore as pre-existing light created the eye (and the eye is a positive proof of pre-existent light), as surely as primordial desire for growth evolved the digestive system, so surely pre-existent mind and thought must have created the marvellous organism of the brain. The human brain is a fair proof of pre-existent thought, and pre-existent thought must be proof of a pre-existent Thinker—pre-existent mind. It is no mere mechanism for registering internal and external physical sensations. The brain, or rather the mind behind it, originates ideas, and ideas are not physical matter.

I must say I think that the position I have advanced, that the spiritual must necessarily antedate the material, could hardly have been better put; but the line here adopted, as I think we must see, is not consistent with the author's hypothesis. The author asks: "As spirit interpenetrates all matter, why should not a spirit nucleus seize on the spirit substance contained in the physical matter which the physical body uses, and so build up a spirit body?" But if this spirit substance is already contained in the physical matter, where is the necessity for a spirit nucleus to seize on it in order to build up a spirit body? For Mr. Bush's assumption is that the spiritual and physical are already mingled in this substance. He states, in fact, that just as the physical germ is the nucleus of the physical body, so a spirit germ interpenetrating it is the nucleus of the spirit body.

SPIRIT OR VITAL FORCE?

It seems to me that Mr. Bush is mixing up two very different things: the human spirit and vital force. It is obvious that the parents are the parents of the latter, but by no means equally obvious that they are the parents of the former. It is also not unreasonable to suppose that this vital force exercises an attraction on the spirit entity that is destined to inhabit the tenement when it has reached the requisite stage of development. Mr. Bush observes that the power of differentiation (i.e., the line of evolution towards any particular species) "lies within the cell; i.e., the spirit permeating it. If these cells did not contain the life force they could not fertilize and cause development." This is undoubtedly true, but because they contain the life force it does not at all follow that in the first instance they contain the incarnating spirit. It will be seen that Mr. Bush's theory assumes that the entire spiritual essence is inherent in the original cell, and he argues that this cell in the case of birds, animals, etc., transmits all those instincts or intelligences, together with other characteristics of the species: shape, size, colour, and so forth. "According to the materialist [he observes] all these qualities of the flesh and powers of the brain must be impressed upon the physical matter constituting the fertilized ovum." He argues, however, that this is impossible; "for the protoplasm of man is physically and chemically the same as that of the dog or jelly-fish." "Hence [he says] we are thrown back upon the conclusion that it is the immanent life-giving force, not matter its instrument, that operates as intelligence and all the attributes of mind." This, he admits, involves the acceptation of the idea of mind residing in a microscopic cell of matter. But he contends that this difficulty is more apparent than real, as it

disappears on the right understanding of the nature of spirit which may be as potent in one form of organized matter as in another. It is undoubtedly true that in whatever form of matter we can find evidence of consciousness, there spirit of a sort resides, but the lower and more embryonic forms of matter are surely the least responsive to spiritual vibrations, and hence the higher the type of spiritual entity the more highly evolved must be the physical form which it inhabits. It is precisely this difficulty, which to Mr. Bush appears no real difficulty at all, which has led man at his highest stage of intellectual development to repudiate anthropomorphic forms of religion, the idea that the Absolute can be incarnated in the flesh appearing to him a contradiction in terms, however ready he may be to admit the descent into physical bodies of advanced spiritual entities.

THE NOBLER THE VEHICLE THE HIGHER THE SPIRIT.

The subject is in any case a very difficult one, and necessarily raises the problem of the date at which the spirit enters the physical form; though I think that whatever view we take of this, we must assume that it is necessarily a gradual process, the physical being overshadowed by the spiritual and perhaps never completely incorporating the entire ego. I have shown that the alternative theory of Mr. Bush is that the spirit, not merely the life force, is incarnate in the original cell as created by the parents. He seems, however, to argue in places diametrically against his own theory. For instance, on page 47 he says:—

DOES THE SPIRITUAL OVERSHADOW THE PHYSICAL?

> It is difficult to believe that matter, however highly organized, can carry with it to generation after generation characteristics that appertain to mind or spirit, unless we accept the law that matter dominates spirit——a proposition quite untenable in the light of modern science.

Surely this is neither more nor less than an admission that the acceptance of his theory involves along with it an acceptance also of the whole materialistic hypothesis—that one, in short, is implicit in the other. Again, he quotes Sir Isaac Newton in a statement which he seems to think favours his point of view, but in fact, does diametrically the reverse. "Nature [says Sir Isaac Newton] is simple, and does not abound in superfluous causes of things." Surely, then, we are justified in assuming that spirit, having once been created, will go on evolving in fresh bodies, and that it will not be necessary for the parents to create a fresh spirit on every new occasion of birth. Then, again, he appears to recognize the hopelessness of accepting the anti-reincarnationist

theory that one life on earth is sufficient for every one, for he says (p. 53): "Spirit could not obtain the essential and varied experiences of this plane without intimate association and incorporation with matter." And again, even more pointedly, on p. 64: "In order that man may receive the full experience which life affords it is obviously necessary that his body should attain to maturity. To take one instance only, no child under the age of puberty could attain the varied experiences, mental, moral, and physical, of married life." Holding these views, it seems incredible that the author should argue that one life on earth is sufficient, in view of the fact that this is terminated in innumerable cases in infancy and early childhood. He tries, indeed, to wriggle out of the inevitable conclusion deducible from his own arguments, by saying of those who have passed over to the other plane at an immature age: "These child spirits, in order to obtain as much of the mundane experiences as is needed, are closely associated under guidance for long periods with earth people still in the flesh." Surely it is impossible for any reader to take such an argument seriously. Surely no one in their senses can suppose that a life of this kind in the spirit world can be an adequate substitute for a life of first-hand experience on the physical plane, assuming as our author does, that this life on the physical plane is necessary for the evolution of the ego. It may be added that Mr. Bush's statement that children who pass out of the physical body are thus invariably intimately associated with the plane which they have left, is a purely gratuitous assumption. The most we can say is that it may be so in certain cases. Even to support his own exceedingly weak case we should have to assume that it was so always.

IS ONE LIFE ON EARTH ENOUGH?

If I understand the author aright, he argues that the original cell which when developed may become either man, animal, bird, or fish, is chemically the same whatever it eventually evolves into. This is what he says, and readers must judge of his meaning for themselves—.

It is admitted that all forms of animal life, from the lowest to man, start from the same beginning—the simple cell, a microcosmic speck—protoplasm. The cell is the primordial manifestation of all organized physical matter. All life is built up around it. The cell has the power (may we not say the intelligence ?) to select the food it requires from the various stuffs with which it comes in contact, rejecting that which it does not require. This food stuff it metamorphoses. *These cells, though they appear alike chemically and physically, develop differently. They have varying powers. From the same elements they can produce greatly different*

results. Some build up to become plants, others to become fishes, others animals of various kinds, others man, each according to some force that lies within, derived from the parent source. What is that force? . . . We call that force spirit. Each particular manifestation transcends its own characteristics. The power of differentiation lies within the cell, i.e., within the spirit permeating it.

We are obviously in rather deep waters here. Are these cells, as Mr. Bush suggests, all alike chemically and organically? I confess that I should regard this hypothesis (and he does not attempt to substantiate it) as in the highest degree improbable. But in any case, as already intimated, I think that for the word "spirit" which he uses we should substitute the expression "vital force." The existence of vitality clearly does not imply the presence of spirit in any but the very lowest form. It obviously does not imply the presence of the human spirit. Again, take two seeds, of two different kinds of trees, which may appear at first sight identical. Surely these seeds differ organically, and if they do so, Mr. Bush's argument falls to the ground. It might, perhaps, be argued with more plausibility that the original protoplasm from which all life was derived was the same in substance everywhere. Mr. Bush of course takes this view. I do not think, however, myself, that even thus far he is justified, though he assumes it as a matter of course, and bases what seems to me a quite untenable argument upon it. In the case to which I allude he is arguing against the doctrine of the survival of the fittest—a doctrine which, I am quite ready to agree with him, cannot be accepted without very considerable modification. "Survival of the fittest [he says] may account for, and may be a foundation process of the variations of species. But it cannot explain the origin of the first living organism, nor can it account for the first creation of other varying living organisms *when it had the whole world to itself*."

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Few will be inclined to quarrel with Mr. Bush in his statement that survival of the fittest cannot explain the origin of the first living organism; but his second statement simply begs the question. Whoever stated that at any period of existence one living organism had the whole world to itself? There is absolutely no justification for such a view. If the earth, to take our own world as an instance, "brought forth life abundantly" according to the phrase in Genesis, surely that life must have been brought forth over every portion of its surface simultaneously. Surely the original seed of life was implanted in the earth's sub-

stance generally, when it was in process of evolving from chaos. If so, what becomes of Mr. Bush's argument? Nor, as I have already said, do we appear in any way justified in assuming that all these seeds of life inherent in the earth—this protoplasm, to use the scientific term adopted by Mr. Bush—was everywhere identical in nature. Presumably the struggle for existence involving, in so far as it did involve, the survival of the fittest, began at the very commencement of life on earth. As to whether this struggle for survival involved *per se* the survival of the fittest in anything but the very obvious sense of the survival of those organisms which are most capable of surviving, is open to dispute. Looking at the struggle from a purely physical point of view, we can imagine it resulting in the survival of the healthiest and the survival of the strongest. We can hardly conceive such a struggle evolving the marvellous beauty of nature in all its varying forms. Why should the fight for existence, if it was this only, have evolved beauty at all? Clearly evolution, even in its lowest forms, was not a purely physical process; and so far, I think, we may all agree with Mr. Bush.

I have alluded elsewhere, in a brief note, to the absurdity, as it seems to me, of the position taken up by Mr. Bush, that human parents can have the god-like attribute and power of reproducing highly evolved human spirits. I have suggested that this attribute is one which magnifies the powers of the human race beyond all credibility. Let us think for a moment, assuming this to be true, how man stands in relation to the Deity. It is recognized even by the modern theologian that there was no special creation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; that the creation of the universe was a matter of gradual evolution from the lowest to the highest; and that this evolution holds good, not merely of the evolution of the vegetable and animal, but also of man himself. Man, in short, it is even admitted by the Church to-day, has, as his direct ancestor, the primordial protoplasm. Only through this gradual evolution through æons of time was it possible for the Divine Power at the source of Life to make man what he is to-day. Are we actually, then, to assert that man himself has a power compared with which this laborious process of slow evolution from the lowest to the highest sinks into insignificance, and which would justify him in considering himself, not merely the equal of Deity, but greatly his superior? If this theory is the true one, we may say that whereas God created the primordial protoplasm, it is man that makes man in his own image!

THE HUMAN AND THE DIVINE.

Mr. Bush devotes one chapter of his book—the sixth—to an attack on the doctrine of Karma, as expounded by the Theosophists, and as held, of course, very widely throughout the world quite outside the ranks of this society. It does not seem to me that his arguments on this subject touch the point at issue; though, as they have been frequently advanced in this rather crude form, and perhaps also accepted at times in an almost equally crude way, I feel that a few observations on the subject here may not be altogether beside the mark.

The theory, I take it, at the basis of the doctrine of Karma, is that absolute Justice underlies the entire ordering of the universe, and that in this Justice, and in this alone, mankind will find the truest divine Mercy. Justice and Mercy are often contrasted as if one were inconsistent with the other. From the point of view of the reincarnationist, Justice and Mercy are merely complementary aspects of the One Divine Wisdom, and in no way mutually antagonistic. In this sense there is no such thing as a man being forgiven his sins by the Deity in the sense of being absolved from their consequences. There is no Court of Bankruptcy in the divine economy whereby man can start again with a clean slate.

THE DOCTRINE OF KARMA.

The future of every man is implicit in his past, and the popular misconception of reward and punishment dictated by divine partiality and caprice, has no place in the scheme. If man reaps what he has sown, he may in a series of previous lives have evolved the power of accumulating wealth, and this power may be born in him in some fresh existence. In this way he has his reward in perfect consonance with the laws of Divine Justice. He may have evolved scientific, artistic, literary or mechanical talent in previous lives; and here again he may find his reward by the accentuation in a new life of these particular powers. This is a reasonable hypothesis; but when Mr. Bush writes, in combating the theory of Karma, that "average poverty may be a higher state and more favourable than wealth to the building of character," we can only ask ourselves what, in the name of common sense, this has to do with the point at issue? There is no assumption in the doctrine of Karma that because a man was rich in his last life he must be poor to-day, or because he was a king in his last life that he must be a slave to-day; or because he has a good constitution in this life that therefore he suffered from all the ills of the flesh in another. There is no such assumption of the equalizing of the divine favours so that every one in the end shall get exactly the same. On the contrary, the whole hypothesis rests on the

WHAT THE DOCTRINE OF KARMA IS NOT.

assumption that every man receives precisely and only that which he himself has earned. What applies to the material applies equally to the spiritual, and the pursuit of the spiritual is paid in spiritual coin, just as the pursuit of the material is paid in material coin. Both have been equally won by their possessors; both are wages for services rendered, whether for service to Mammon or for service to the Christ. As the author of *Reincarnation, the Hope of the World* * well says—

"In the vague ideas which are current regarding the human soul, it is not realized that power, wisdom, and character are all the results of an age-long education, and not the carelessly scattered gifts of some whimsical Destiny." And again: "If each man's destiny is self-made there can be no injustice, and it can only be self-made if Reincarnation is a fact. Either destiny is due to divine caprice or to mere physical chance, which reduces the world of events to moral chaos; or, alternatively, it is due to causes set going by ourselves, which implies Reincarnation. . . . What happens to us is not in any sense a punishment, but a result; and the underlying purpose of it all is to teach us by actual experience what is right and wrong, wise and unwise."

Mr. Bush, it seems to me, makes very much too much of the physical in representing the spiritual as dependent on it, and its very existence subject to being liable to be prevented by any accident to the physical form.

In the light of Reincarnation, on the other hand (as Mr. Irving Cooper observes), it is recognized that the reason why nature cares so little for physical bodies is that they are really of minor importance. Their one function is to serve the growing consciousness as a means of gaining experience. . . . Nature destroys forms lavishly because the consciousness using those forms cannot die. . . . We may define Reincarnation by saying that it is a plan whereby imperishable conscious beings are supplied with physical bodies appropriate to their stage of growth, and through which they can come in contact with the lessons of physical life.

Thus, though "from the physical point of view nature is a house of death," and though this fact has been used over and over again by science as an argument against religious belief, the death of the body is in reality not the great evil that it appears to be, and its premature sacrifice is no valid argument, from the highest spiritual standpoint, against the spiritual ordering of the universe.

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A further point is made by Mr. Cooper in the book I have already alluded to which, from another point of view, seems to cut the ground from under Mr. Bush's hypothesis. "To think of human parents [he says] by means of a physical act creating an immortal personality is to suppose a logically impossible thing. A consciousness which comes into existence by the physical process of reproduction will surely cease to exist by the physical process of death. That which has a beginning in time cannot be exempt from dissolution in time; or, as Hume puts it in philosophical language, 'what is incorruptible must be ungenerable.'"

WHAT BEGINS WITH BIRTH ENDS WITH DEATH.

To sum up, then, Mr. Bush's theory would involve what all philosophy has shown to be a logical impossibility, if the survival of the spirit is to be postulated. It would imply the subordination of spirit to matter; the superiority of the human to the divine; and the incarnation in the lowest type of organized matter of the highest type of human consciousness. It would, moreover, in eliminating the theory of Reincarnation, eliminate also the principle of the universality of Divine Justice and substitute for it a gospel of chance or divine caprice.

Mr. Bush has made a bold attempt to divorce a materialistic hypothesis from the materialism on which it is based; but it cannot, I think, be said that he has succeeded in proving his case, even from the point of view of those who regard the theory of Reincarnation as far from being established by convincing evidence. At the same time it must be admitted that he has written a book that treats in an interesting and suggestive manner of many difficult problems in connection with the origin of human life, and with regard to a number of which one is very reluctant to speak dogmatically.

With reference to the discussion which has been going on in these columns with regard to the Old Catholic movement, and the section of this movement of which several prominent Theosophists are officials, I have received a letter from Bishop A. H. Mathew, who represented the original Old Catholic Church, and who states that he consecrated Mr. Frederick Samuel Willoughby, who in turn consecrated Messrs. King and Gauntlett, and later, assisted by two other Bishops or alleged * Bishops of the movement, consecrated Mr. J. I. Wedgwood and Mr. F. James. Mr. Willoughby, it appears, was formerly vicar of St. John's,

* The point is, of course, not mine, but Bishop Mathew's. I express no opinion on the validity of the consecrations.

THE OLD CATHOLICS.

Stockton-on-Tees, and left the Anglican Church under circumstances of which Bishop Mathew was at the time entirely ignorant. Bishop Mathew questions the validity of his own consecration of Mr. Willoughby, in view of the fact that some apparently essential part of the service was inadvertently omitted. Bishop Mathew questions in addition whether it would be possible for gentlemen holding Theosophical tenets "to have the necessary intention of receiving what Catholics mean by the Episcopate." "For these reasons [he states] I do not recognize the validity of the episcopal orders or acts of the Theosophical gentlemen alluded to." In this connection I think I might quote the declaration signed by all persons who have received ordination in the Old Catholic Church, and my readers will be able to form as good an opinion as I can as to whether these are compatible with Theosophical tenets.

| In the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity.—Amen.

I . . . having formally united with the Ancient (Catholic) Church of England, Ireland and Scotland, hereby declare that I know of no canonical impediment to my ordination, and that it is my firm purpose and intention, if ordained, to devote my life to the ministry of that Church; and I do hereby solemnly undertake and promise canonical obedience to all my ecclesiastical superiors, and that I will faithfully hold and teach without alteration the Faith of the One Holy Catholic Apostolic and Orthodox Church, in accordance with the Decrees of the Seven Holy Œcumenical Councils, and as laid down, in precise terms, in the Nicæno-Constantinopolitan Creed of the Universal Church.

I profess my belief in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in the Dogma of Transubstantiation, in the Seven Sacraments, and in the Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem of 1672.

It seems clear, to me at least, that the Old Catholic movement has been diverted by certain of its official representatives into a channel for which it was never intended. I can quite understand the strong feeling that many Theosophists hold as to the mixing of their tenets with a movement which is on the face of it antagonistic to the whole spirit and teaching of Theosophy, and I feel equal sympathy for the members of the old movement who resent

STRANGE BED-FELLOWS.

the name of the Old Catholic Church being, as they must conceive, prostituted for purposes of Theosophical propaganda. In view of what has been communicated to me on the subject, much of which I purposely omit in these notes, I feel that the matter is one for grave regret from either standpoint. What has happened would,

in fact, be enough to make Madame Blavatsky turn in her grave.* With the point of view of Mrs. Annie Besant, that the occult and sacramental side of religion as expressed in the Roman Catholic Church should have full weight in any great religious movement of the present day, I entirely concur, but from the manner in which it has been sought to amalgamate Catholicism and Theosophy in connection with a church which is obviously quite untheosophical in its tenets, I must strongly dissent, and I think the vast majority of my readers will feel in this matter as I do. When I put in my first note drawing attention to the present movement, I had no knowledge of the circumstances which have since been brought to my notice, and I think, therefore, it is only right that I should make this statement, if only to clear the air.

THE APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

I confess I am not disposed to take seriously the doctrine of the apostolical succession, of which so much is made by Roman Catholics. The assumption that St. Peter was the first bishop of Rome, and that the present Pope is his legitimate successor, is founded on what as a matter of fact is pure legend. There is no historical evidence to show either that St. Peter ever occupied a unique position as head of the Christian Church of his day; nor, if there were such evidence, would this materially strengthen the case from the Roman Catholic standpoint, as we have no knowledge of his immediate successors, and a chain can never be said to have greater strength than that of its weakest link. We are all familiar with the text on which this claim is originally based, "Thou art Peter [Petros] and upon this rock [Petra] I will build my church." The play upon the name Peter and the Greek word for rock is obvious, but it should be borne in mind that the genuineness of the text is open to grave suspicion, not least from the fact that the language used by Jesus Christ was not Greek at all, but Aramaic, and the point of such an observation merely retains its force where the word used for rock is identical with the name Peter.† The point is entirely lost in the English version and would presumably be equally so in Aramaic. It follows that if made at all by Jesus Christ the observation must have been made in Greek. As a matter of fact the Christian Church was not in reality founded by Peter, but by Paul. Had its foundation been left to Peter there would have been no Christian Church at all. It should hardly be neces-

"UPON THIS ROCK."

* A friendly critic of these Notes comments that Madame Blavatsky was cremated!

† St. Matthew xvi. 18.

sary to add that a Church with an elaborate hierarchical system of government was the very last thing ever contemplated by Jesus of Nazareth.

The idea of a Catholic (or Universal) Church is one that must necessarily make appeal to the sympathy of mankind, but if we have to choose between a single representative authority as voicing the teaching of the Master, and that search for truth without which all religious faith degenerates into mere credulity, it is surely better to sacrifice the former and retain our hold on the latter. The fact is, the Roman Catholic Church of to-day is an anachronism. It represents stagnation in a world of progress, and tradition and legend in a world of critical historical investigation. It sets itself in open opposition to the search for truth on the ground that truth has already been found once and for all. If a truth-seeker from time to time takes refuge within its fold, it is an admission on his part that he has abandoned this search for truth in despair. A spiritual weariness has set in, and he joins the Church which will relieve him of the trouble of thinking for himself.

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While I am on the subject of the Roman Catholic Church, I should perhaps make allusion to a letter of complaint by the author of *The Questions of Ignotus*, with regard to the review appearing in last month's issue on that book. I must confess that, having subsequently read the book myself, my sympathy lies rather with the author than with the Jesuit Father who attacks him. Father Power seems to adopt an attitude, in particular with regard to miracles, which is in exact illustration of the words I have used in reference to the Roman Catholic Church generally. It is, in short, purely anachronistic. So much so, in fact, that one finds it difficult to put oneself into the position of anyone at the present day adopting such a view. If I read Father Power aright, he still adheres to the notion which I thought had been given its quietus many a long day now, that miracles are breaches on the part of the Deity of the Deity's own laws. The argument, of course, is that if God can make laws he can also break them, because he is omnipotent. This is surely very like a contradiction in terms. We admit that God cannot lie, that with him "there is no variableness nor shadow of turning." Are we to regard this fact as a limitation of his omnipotence? Only, I conceive, in the sense that it is an admission that it would

"THE QUESTIONS OF IGNOTUS."

be impossible for him, owing to his very nature, to break his own laws; i.e., to be false to himself.

Father Power waxes very indignant with the writer because he suggests that Lazarus was in a trance during the days in which he lay in the tomb. Surely, if the incident actually took place —and the matter is one on which even the theologian may be allowed to have grave doubts—this is the only rational explanation, the assumption being that Jesus was telepathically cognizant of the fact. That Matthew should be the only evangelist to narrate the occurrence certainly raises suspicion, and it is hardly conceivable that the other three evangelists should have ignored altogether an event which must have created so widespread a sensation at the time. The argument adduced by the Jesuit that these three evangelists came to a sort of understanding to ignore the Master's miracles in Judea seems really too puerile to call for a reply. One feels, not unnaturally, some reluctance in dismissing so dramatic an incident as without foundation; but I am afraid that the evidence for its genuineness is none too strong. I propose to recur to the general position taken up by the book in question in a later issue.

Many readers of this magazine will have learned with sorrow of the death, after a very brief illness, of the Reverend Arthur Chambers, Vicar of Brockenhurst, which occurred on March 16 last. Mr. Chambers was one of the few clergy of the Church of England who expounded the truths of Spiritualism from the orthodox pulpit. He was an eloquent and popular preacher, of much originality of thought, and was entirely free from all narrow ecclesiastical prejudices. His genuine goodness of heart no less than the freshness and sanity of his intellectual point of view, endeared him to a very wide circle of admirers. Popular though he was as a preacher, his audience through his books was out of all proportion to those who came to hear the spoken word. His publisher, Mr. Charles Taylor, of Brook House, Warwick Lane, London, E.C., narrates how he brought him his first book, *Our Life after Death*, as an unknown curate in the East End, and asked him to publish it at his own risk, which he very wisely decided to do. The book has now run into its hundred and twenty-sixth edition, and has been translated into seven different languages. It is curious to note, in view of this amazing success, that the first thousand copies of the book took two years to sell, in spite of the fact that it was sent out widely for review. It is no less note-

THE REV. ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

worthy that it met with small mercy from the critics. The contents of the book were first delivered in the form of sermons at St. Mark's Church, Battersea, of which Mr. Arthur Chambers was at one time curate, and I gather that the idea of publishing them arose from a desire on the part of the congregation of St. Mark's, that they should be accessible in some permanent form. Mr. Chambers's broad mind and sweet reasonableness of disposition not only disarmed his critics among the laity, but also those Church dignitaries who might have been expected to view with suspicion his religious teaching ; but the truth is that he was very careful to back all his arguments on a future life by quoting Biblical texts. As a matter of fact, there are many clergy whose orthodoxy is generally regarded as quite beyond dispute, who would find it far more difficult to support their teaching by Scriptural citation than did the Vicar of Brockenhurst, to whom Bible records, when they related to matters concerning the future life, were by no means passages to be explained away. Mr. Chambers's first venture was subsequently followed by other books, *Man in the Spiritual World, Thoughts of the Spiritual, Problems of the Spiritual*, and *Ourselves after Death*. All of these found a ready reading public, but none neared the popularity of his first work.

The position of the Church to-day would be far more secure than it is if the standpoint of Mr. Chambers were more widely adopted and the clergy were equally ready to preach of the realities of an after-life and to accept openly the scientific evidence which is accumulating so rapidly on the subject.

I am asked to state that the offices of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and of *Light*, have been removed to 6 Queen Square, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. I should be much obliged if my readers who subscribe to *Light* or are otherwise interested in the above change of address, would make a point of taking note of this, in order to save unnecessary trouble both to the Editor and the post office.

THE CATHARI:

THEIR RELIGIOUS AND INDUSTRIAL WORK

By DAISY WILMER

"I smote you with blasting, and with mildew, and with hail, in all the labours of your hands."—*Haggai* ii. 17.

THE strange story of the Middle Ages records in full the strivings of mankind to pierce the veil of gross materialism with which the greater part of the Western world was then infected. Nations struggled and groaned beneath the stupendous burden of religious persecution and incessant wars; the Light of Truth burnt low. It was a period of travail, woe, and contest.

Throughout these five centuries of Spiritual Darkness in Europe, there lived a very remarkable community known in France as the *Albigenses*, and in Italy as the *Cathari*. The *rôle* played by this community in the history of the past has been considerably overlooked, and time has even obscured the memory of its deeds. The *Cathari* were the advance-guard of civilization; for this privilege they paid a heavy price in human flesh and blood, and after the closing years of the fifteenth century had run their course, not a trace of them outwardly remained.

The majority of contemporary writers have erroneously confounded the dualistic teachings of the *Cathari* with those of the earlier Manicheans; it is not difficult to see how this mistake arose, since the two systems were intimately allied in many of their fundamental principles. Certain vital distinctions, however, preclude all possibility of the religion of the former being identical with that of the latter. Briefly summarized, these distinctions are:

1. The service known as the *Consolamentum* was peculiar to the Catharist Church—the pivot, in fact, on which their faith depended. It had no analogy in the creed of the Christian Manes.

2. The Manichean Cosmo-conception postulated a material universe, the outcome of the Evil Principle which became *tem-*

porarily united with the Principle of Good; the *Cathari*, on the other hand, maintained that the two Principles were *eternally* distinct one from the other.

3. The Manicheans equally with the *Cathari* forbade the use of animals as food, but whilst the former included wine in the list of condemned articles, the latter did not.

The *Cathari* have likewise been wrongly confused with the *Vaudois*, a monotheistical sect that had its origin in France in the second half of the twelfth century. In Dalmatia an early Catharist community was founded in the important commercial town of Frau, directly opposite to Italy's principal ports. Access to Italy was obviously a simple affair, and we find that before long the *Cathari* had established themselves firmly in the land. From Italy, Catharism spread into France, and threw out ramifications into other parts of Europe. The Cosmo-conception of the sect was dualistic; they based all their tenets upon Holy Scripture, interpreting those passages that failed to harmonize with their dogmas in a mystical or allegorical sense. They postulated the existence of two Gods and two worlds, the one inherently good, the other inherently bad. The struggle between the evil and the good was eternal, without beginning and without end. All the misfortunes that befell terrestrial man—famines, floods, pestilence, and war—were the work of the Evil God, and of his agents. Sun, moon, stars, and every other visible thing were equally the creation of this God of Evil. The terrestrial world had, they asserted, no real existence; it was, in fact, from their point of view, a negation. The world of the Good God was one of light, that of the Evil God one of darkness. The Good God knew not of his evil adversary, nor of the creatures he had shapen. His own pure world was peopled with celestial beings, each of whom had a guardian angel as protector and guide.

But how came it that these celestial souls fell under the sway of the Devil? Why did they not remain eternally good? Because, said the *Cathari*, the Devil deceived them by making evil resemble good. Once imprisoned in earthly bodies, the souls discovered their mistake. Seeing their error, the Good God resolved to frustrate and abort the work of his evil adversary. To Jesus Christ he entrusted the sacred mission of leading the stricken souls back to their celestial abode. Jesus clothed himself with a body that, to all who beheld it, appeared human. This in order that the God of Evil might be deceived even as he had deceived the perfect souls created by the Good God. Practically all the *Cathari* believed in the passage of souls from one body to

another, until such time as they were received into the Inner Order of the Church through Initiation.

The members of the Faith divided themselves into two sections —" Believers," and "Initiates " or "Perfect Ones." To the former belonged the vast mass of the people, the Initiates numbering scarcely more than a few thousands among its entire ranks. The severe rules of life enjoined by the Catharist Church were not imposed upon Believers; they might marry, possess riches, partake of flesh food, and bear arms. If at the moment of death they had not been initiated into the Church through the ceremony of the *Consolamentum*, their sins would have to be expiated again and again in future bodies of dust.

The Initiates were those who had definitely renounced the world and taken upon themselves the vow of poverty and chastity: they used secret signs whereby they were enabled to recognize their brothers and sisters of the Inner Order of the Church. Even their abodes bore occult marks that none but an Initiate could detect or apprehend.

Services were held day by day in the houses of the Faithful, but when the persecutions reached their zenith, the ministers had recourse to secrecy, and the darkness of the night. The most sacred of the Church's rites was that known as the *Consolamentum*, of which mention has already been made; it constituted the bridge leading from error unto salvation. It was, moreover, a sacrament, and carried with it the remission of sins. After the completion of the ceremony, the new Initiate retired into solitude for a term of forty days, there to fast upon the bread of sorrow and the waters of tribulation.

The " Breaking of Bread " was performed by the Perfect Ones at each repast; it symbolized brotherhood in the sect.

Some writers have stated that the Catharist Church had a supreme Pope at its head, but there is no satisfactory evidence to substantiate the claim. Possibly the " Invisible Chief " to which they so constantly referred, was mistaken for an earthly Pope by some of the antagonists of the sect.

The terrible persecutions to which the *Cathari* were subjected by the Church of Rome, as well as those perpetrated upon the heretical sects that followed in their wake, caused even savage tribes to shudder at the atrocities committed by adherents of the Christian religion. Trades and industries were thereby ruined, populations and villages destroyed, and the commercial progress of nations retarded.

The record of the Middle Ages is one vast sea of human blood

shed in the name of Christ. In the midst of this chaos, the Catharist community built up the industries of mediæval times to an extent that is rarely appreciated to-day. The mystical methods which they employed to fulfill their task of love for mankind have since fallen into undeserved oblivion. They claim at least a passing notice here. With the advent of the *Cathari*, the gross mantle of ignorance which for centuries had lain over the Western world, began in a measure to be dissipated, and the light of Knowledge arose once more among the nations. The most interesting of the several mediums that led from total darkness to comparative light, was the very ordinary substance we know as paper. Quite a halo of romance surrounds the birth and growth of this essential commodity, though of its actual origin much still remains obscured by time. The *Cathari* were the principal pioneers of the industry; they were, however, aided in the work by various other sects.

Some authorities consider that the name *Cathari* sprang from the Italian word "*Patarini*," signifying old rags. The rag market of Milan, termed the "*Pataria*," constituted the hunting-ground of the *Cathari*, who flocked there in numbers to purchase old linen rags to convert into paper at their factory. That the paper they made became the means of obtaining fresh adherents to the ranks, and of binding together and sustaining the members already in the faith, is now looked upon by modern thinkers as a highly important factor in the history of European civilization and progress. The intermittent persecutions to which they were subjected compelled them to practise their religion in secrecy for many years after their apparent extirpation by the Pope. Paper-making presented them with an admirable opportunity for this purpose, since by an elaborate system of symbolical watermarks the *Cathari* were enabled to scatter their teachings broadcast, and to keep in close touch with existing members of the cult. The trade-marks on paper exceed in number and variety those of any other industry. Many are complicated, obstruse, and perforce difficult to interpret. Wide vistas of religio-philosophical thought lie concealed among the intricacies of their designs, proving messengers of hope and comfort to the afflicted brethren in foreign climes. These watermarks are never, it is stated, found on oriental paper, though they have of themselves an eastern origin. The watermark emblems were roughly fashioned in wire, and fixed to trays into which the linen pulp was poured. Afterwards, when the paper was pressed, the imprint of the symbol showed clearly through the sheets. Thus was the earliest rag

paper sent out into the Western world, its fibres interwoven with the mystical thoughts and aspirations of mediæval times.

As far back as the eleventh century, the principal towns and cities of Provence were already invested with a form of government that afforded considerable liberty to its citizens, and fostered the development of arts and industries. More freedom obtained in Provence than in any other part of Europe; towns and boroughs were affranchised by the nobles; the spirit of religion was elevated and pure; people deemed it contrary to the will of God to become slaves. Thus in a relative sense the South of France constituted the advance-guard of Western civilization and industry; the humble workers of this enlightened district having reached in their evolution a stage when their thoughts soared naturally towards the spiritual life.

The earliest watermarks appeared about the end of the thirteenth century, and ran through a course of several hundred years before they lost entirely their profound signification. The commonest symbols employed in the papermakers' art were apparently the hand, the crown, and the ox. The hand implied (supposedly) faith, fidelity, tenacity of purpose, and typified labour; pierced by a heart, labour with love; the ox stood for patient endurance, toil and strength. The unicorn was essentially a *Catharistic* emblem; being essentially pure, it repelled things noxious and unclean, and hence may have symbolized spiritual victory. The jester, or fool, was another watermark in frequent use; it has survived to the present day in the foolscap paper now so commonly employed, but bereft of its original meaning. The "fool" appeared as such to the men of this world, the wisdom of the "fool" being referable to a loftier sphere. Komensky, in his Bohemian masterpiece "The Labyrinth of the World," says of the true Christians:

"Those who wish to be good here, must wear cap and bells, for what is wisdom before God is to the world sheer folly." And again, "He that knows not how to suffer wrongs gaily hath not yet fully the spirit of Christ."

The stag, like the unicorn, symbolized purity of life, and in addition solitude, religious aspiration, and struggles against adversity. The first paper mill erected in England stood at Stevenage in Hertfordshire, during the reign of Henry VII. Its watermark consisted of two concentric circles enfolding an eight-branched star, presumably the eight beatitudes.

The frequent employment of the cross over the circle in earliest times as a paper mark is of peculiar interest. The cross over the

circle is the symbol of the planet Mars, representing the passions of man, his fighting proclivities and lower nature. Another widely diffused emblem was the letter " P " ; paper emanating from a factory at Cologne bore this symbol. Situated in this city was the headquarters of the *Catharist* sect in Germany ; it is thus permissible to infer that the community owned and worked the mills. The ancient form of the letter " P " closely resembled a shepherd's crook, and the meaning attached to the symbol is thereby made plain. " P " stood for the Great Parent, Protector, and Feeder of men ; it resolved itself into the symbolical picture of the Master carrying in one hand a shepherd's crook and in the other a lamb.

Sacred spectacles surmounted by a cross, and occasionally by the *fleur-de-lys*, exhorted the reader not to be misled by the unrealities of this world, but to behold all through the eyes of the spirit. In " The Labyrinth of the World," " Falsehood " gives to the Pilgrim spectacles fashioned out of the glass of illusion, with rims set in the horn of custom. Everything perceived therewith is reversed. When the Pilgrim enters the " Invisible Church " and becomes united with Christ, other spectacles are handed to him, whose borders are the Word of God, and the inset glass the Holy Ghost. He is then told : " Go to that spot that thou didst pass by before, and thou wilt behold things that, without these aids, thou couldst not have beheld." Objects are forthwith seen in their true light.

Among the emblems of persecution may be mentioned the axe surmounted by the cross. Another interesting symbol is the flaming candlestick, signifying the making of good works to shine forth.

Closely affiliated with the mystical paper-makers, and at one with them in their goal, were the mediæval printers. They used the same designs, and their piety was unrestrainedly expressed at the end of their books in short Latin sentences of praise to God, placed below a symbolical sketch. The *fleur-de-lys* typified the mental light the mediæval printers sought to carry to a darkened world.

The motto of the *Cathari* was " Work is Prayer," that of the *Waldenses* " The Light shineth in Darkness " ; their virtues and beauty of character earned for them the title of " The Good People." The happy combination of religion and work was not in those days confined to paper mills and the printing of books ; it permeated many branches of the industrial arts, and is undoubtedly responsible for the brilliancy of workmanship to be seen in

ancient products. Of the other professions followed by these mystical communities, reference must be made to coin making. Albi, a leading Provençal town, was the chief centre in France of the *Albigenses*. In this city, coin-making constituted an important industry, and at one period of the Middle Ages, when money in Europe was scarce, it circulated more freely in this province than elsewhere. Symbolism entered prominently into the manufacture of coins, the *fleur-de-lys* and the cross having pride of place. Some early examples were decorated with the Paschal Lamb and cross; a cross ending in three points; a crescent surmounted by a star; the cross and an "S" for *Spiritus*; a key between two *fleur-de-lys*: an "E," the letter of Light; the Holy One; a key, and by its side the letter "K." In the fourteenth century the famous "carlins" were introduced, and so excellent did their workmanship prove itself to be, that they were hailed as the heralds of the dawn of art. They survived the vicissitudes of fate throughout two complete centuries. The *fleur-de-lys* was the favourite emblem here; it appeared on the reverse side of the coin.

Nor does the story of symbolism in industrial art terminate with the manufacture of coins. Mediæval furniture can claim to be another medium through which religious philosophy and mystical thought were kept alive during ultra-material times. In this respect the provinces of France contributed the finest work, and there is little reason to doubt that the heretical communities, of whom the *Cathari* were the predominant sect, played again the principal part. In Dauphiné, the *Vaudois* had their centre, and the dolphin, the "friend of man," is a conspicuous object on many exquisite French chests. Those curious designs known as "Solomon's knots" occurred not infrequently on elaborate pieces: they symbolized the Unknowable Deity. On treasure chests the Griffin naturally found a resting place to guard the Hidden Gold. Circles of perfection with or without the interlaced triangle, five-rayed stars, the rose, solar wheels, the circle surrounding a heart, and hinges terminating in the *fleur-de-lys*, all proclaimed the depth of thought so strikingly characteristic of these mystical and religious craftsmen.

The intrinsic value of household goods was greater in those times than it is to-day; the scarcity of tables and chairs in the Middle Ages constrained travellers to carry their possessions with them from town to town, to ensure for themselves at least a moderate measure of comfort. House furnishings were highly prized; even so humble an ornament as a candlestick of latten or

brass would be expressly left by the terms of a will to a specified individual. The craze for collecting old objects is therefore something more than a passing idiosyncrasy. Primitive furniture is ensouled with the religious thought of the ancient workmen; their ideals are beautifully pictured in the varied symbolism portrayed upon its surface. A few of these symbols have survived, though stripped of their original conception, in eighteenth century drinking vessels. The rose, an emblem of secrecy, decorated the bowls of glasses used by secret societies and clubs to drink the health of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" over the water, and the materialized symbol of the vine and grapes shows to what a degraded practice our ancestors had applied this sacred sign. Not so, however, the old alchemists, whose mysterious "elixirs" were compounded in vessels of colourless glass shaped in the form of a peacock with outspread tail and blue-tipped wings and eyes. Strange, is it not, that this symbolic bird with its sleepless eyes should typify the highest possible goal to which the glorified human soul could attain? The spirit of religion among the humble artisans in mediæval times was the mainstay of their troublous lives. Work was inseparable from religion; the results of this harmonious combination still remain preserved and cherished in the records of the past.

That remarkable fraternity known as the "Bridge-Builders" is yet another example of piety, simplicity, and skill, blended together in a concordant whole. In the twelfth century a simple shepherd, renowned for his purity of life, conceived the project of building a bridge at Avignon. The structure took eleven years to complete; it measured one hundred and thirty feet in length, and required no less than eighteen arches to support it. The "Bridge-Builders" established themselves near to the site of their handiwork to guard and protect it from evil-doers. Another bridge built by this same community bore for a title "The Bridge of the Holy Spirit."

But what are we to deduce from this continuous output of symbolism which has been handed down to us from time immemorial? Whence came the idea, the inspiration to express these veiled truths through the channel of material needs? Herein lies the answer. The old mystics were the guardians of the Spirit of Truth: to them was entrusted the Gold of Wisdom, the Eternal Light, to treasure and conceal the same and to pass it on to generations as yet too unspiritual to read the signs aright. Striving to express Divinity through every fibre of their being, they thought God, lived God, and laboured for Him in love. It

was impossible for them not to reveal Him in their industrial work; they placed His seal upon their products, and sent them out into the world stamped by the Unseen Hand which guided and inspired them in all their ways. If we would seek to know why these symbols bear so profound an import, it is to Nature that we must go for the clue.

The cross, that most mystic of symbols, is met with in almost every sphere of the creation. Placed under the microscope, the mysterious Cross is seen to predominate in the midst of a vast array of intricate forms and designs. The Cosmic Mind unfolds itself through nature by the symbol of the cross; from this have other glyphs derived, until, with a striking labyrinth of differentiations based upon four simple lines located within a circle, there is no attribute of the Divine that cannot be disclosed to him who diligently seeks to find. In the social reconstruction that will assuredly arise—

> When this tumult of terror and strife shall cease,
> And life be refashioned on anvils of peace—

the revival of the glorious combination of Work and Prayer is one that will call for man's most earnest endeavour. The Soul of things has been temporarily hidden from the restricted mental attitude of the mind peculiar to the age; twentieth century products are objects devoid of life, the impermanent effect of automatic pressure caused by materialism, commercial instinct, the greed of gain, and stifled emotions. What we need is to get back the spirit of the inspirational *Cathari*; this, added to our wider and more accurate conception of the Divine Scheme, will blend once more the world of Nature with that of its living counterpart. Their spirit has indeed survived in other sects and communities, but not until the nations are finally at peace will the Gnostic Truths reassert themselves to their fullest limit. Now is the moment to prepare for what is to be a revival of work and religion united, until man's thought is so permeated with Divine Ideas that they flow out as a natural sequence into the most trivial acts of his daily life and labour. Only when this Utopian cycle re-emerges from beyond the grey shadows of the mists of time, will the secrets of lost arts be discovered afresh. Then will the love of the artist-craftsman for the labours of his hand fill the universe with the breath of true religion to a degree that has never yet obtained in the history of the world. The mystic spirit of the East and the intellectual ability of the West will fuse into a harmonious whole, to the betterment and enrichment of the Earth, and to the upliftment of the nations upon the globe. The

spiritual nature of man is exquisitely expressed by an Eastern Teacher in the following beautiful lines :—

" O Son of Spirit, I created thee rich. How is it that thou makest thyself poor ? I made thee mighty. How is it that thou holdest thyself cheap ? From the Essence of knowledge I brought thee forth. How is it that thou seekest aught besides Me ? From the Clay of Love I kneaded thee. How is it that thou turnest from Me ? Direct thy sight to thine own being, that thou mayest find Me standing in thee, Powerful, Mighty, Supreme."

SANCTUARY

By TERESA HOOLEY

" THE peace of God which passeth all understanding "—
Cool words, soft-flowing as water, fall through the years,
To us who are fevered and faint and parched with sorrow,
In a world that is bitter with blood, that is rank with tears.

Whither, O God, shall we seek this infinite solace—
Rest but a name, and Happiness long since fled ?
The breasts of earth are red with the stains of slaughter,
The waves of the sea moan over the martyred dead.

In the heart alone shall ye find a place of forgetting—
A secret haven hushed from the travail and pain :
My peace as of old, and My kingdom, abide within you—
Turn ye and look, My children, turn ye again.

A STRANGE HAPPENING

By ETHEL HARTER

THE moment I got into the house I knew I should take it. I could somehow *see* myself at once living in it. And yet it was not at all an attractive interior, far from it; the house was dingy and full of heavy large Victorian furniture of the ugliest type. Yet it appealed to me from the first. I knew I should live in it, and, what is more, be happy in it. There is an "atmosphere" in some houses, repellent or attractive, serene or disturbing, harmonious or discordant, which affects some people.

Just as I stood at the foot of the stairs, leading up to a window where the sun was vainly trying to struggle through the heavy rep curtains that enframed the grimy panes, I looked down and saw some dark drops staining the dingy carpet; they looked wet, so I drew my skirt aside, and inside my mind I wondered why I had noticed them at all. I stood there, physically trying to move on, but somehow my legs did not move, my foot did not attempt to step up the stairs, I felt rooted, immovable. The old woman who was showing me over the house, was behind me, and rather wonderingly said:

"The drawing-room is upstairs, ma'am, just up these stairs."

"I know, I know," I answered, and, suddenly released, I went up.

(What had held me, and what released me?)

The impression soon passed off, and was not a disturbing one. I liked the house, it seemed to me friendly and as if, somehow, it was opening its arms to me, inviting and welcoming me. But coming down the stairs I was again arrested when I reached the foot, and this time I pointed to the stains and asked my old guide what had been spilled there? She peered down at the carpet, and bent over it, and then lifted a rather perplexed face to mine and said:

"What stains, ma'am?"

"Those drops of something that has stained the carpet, there, and there," pointing with the toe of my shoe.

"I don't see no drops, nor no stains," she said dully.

This annoyed me, but why it should have done so I cannot think, for, after all, I was not going to buy the carpet, so what

did it matter to me if there were stains on it that looked like drops of . . . what ? well, drops of blood.

I pulled myself together and said rather distantly, " Well, I can see them, if you can't, or won't." And I walked off to the agent and bought the lease.

It took me some time after the people had removed their ponderous and dingy furniture to have the walls stripped of their dark ugly papers and cleaned, and have various alterations made, but in the end it was a very light, pleasant and friendly house into which I moved my household gods. I cannot quite remember how long it was after I " got in " that I made my discovery, because for some little time the stair-carpets were not put down on account of the wall-paper, which could not be finished off, as a little border, intended to link the paper with the wainscot, was delayed in the making and we had to wait for it, and all that time the staircase and hall were more or less littered.

It must have been a week or so after everything was finished that one day as I came home I paused at the foot of the staircase and noticed, with a strange thrill, that there were some stains on my new carpet, stains like drops of . . . blood. I called the housemaid and pointed them out to her. But, and this was stranger still, though she is young and quick to see all that pertains to her work, she saw nothing ! She looked at me with a smile, the sort of injured-innocent smile of one almost shocked at the suggestion that any mess could possibly defile a brand-new carpet in her care, so I looked again, bending down and touching the stains with my ungloved finger.

" Here, and here, and here, what are these marks, Rose ? Can't you see them ? "

" No, m'm, that I can't. I can't see anything on the carpet at all. It must be some shadow."

" But what shadow ? I can't think how it is you can't see them, here they are, lots of drops, they even seem wet," and I raised my finger and looked at it close.

Why couldn't she see what I saw, for I swear I saw a dark mark on the tip of the finger that had touched the stain.

After that I never went up or down the stairs without looking for those drops. I made Rose clean the place where the stains were, willy-nilly ; no doubt she thought I was mad, for she saw nothing, nor did the others, where I saw what I can only describe as blood stains.

But there was at least one creature who felt as I did, and seemed to have my views, and that was no human creature but

a dear dog who is my companion and friend. He is by nature just a bundle of fun and frolic, yet I noticed that he was arrested by *something* at the foot of the stairs the first time I brought him into the house, he bristled all over, and stood rooted and unnerved, unable to move, although, watching the effect, I kept on calling him from the top of the first flight of stairs. Shivering he crouched, looking up at me reproachfully, so I went down and carried him up. Later on that same day, I tried him again. This time, emboldened no doubt and encouraged by the fact that I had carried him over the fearful spot, he gathered himself together, and after some hesitation and nervous apprehension, making a sudden spring in answer to my repeated calls, he succeeded in avoiding the place and landed on the second stair. A dread of *something* not to be defined remained with him, however, and that he never failed to be reminded of his fear, was evident, because ever afterwards I noticed it became his habit to make a flying leap *across* that place, and I have even caught him jumping sideways through the banisters on to the second step, doing anything, in fact, to avoid the spot at the foot of the stairs.

But I would not tell anybody about it all until I was quite sure that he and I were right and the others were wrong, and I will admit that sometimes and in some lights the stains seemed to disappear, whereas on other occasions the sinister marks were only too apparent.

One warm day as I was sitting in the Square-garden after tea, for the evening was close and still, my little dog made friends with a small Dachshund puppy belonging to a lady who was walking up and down, and, getting a little too violent in his play, he let his spirits run away with him, and rolled the little thing over. The puppy squealed, and then, with the pluck of a game 'un, ran at my dog, and the play began again, a rather unequal one, for every time he returned to the attack mine seemed to roll the puppy over in rather too boisterous fun. I called him away several times, but he was amusing himself too well to obey, so he turned a deaf ear to me, and the best I could do was to approach the owner of the puppy and ask her if she minded the one-sided game, and if so, would she catch her dog? She seemed quite open-minded and indulgent and said it was good for it to have a game, even if it was a trifle strenuous, and we sat down together and talked, whilst the dogs' uneven play became quieter, and they sat on the grass with their tongues out and looked at each other before beginning another wild chase round and round.

After a bit, I spoke about my house, for she knew I was a new-comer, and asked her if she knew anything about the people who had lived there, and what sort of people they were? She began by complimenting me on the change I had wrought in the house's exterior appearance, and I, of course, said I hoped to show her what I had done to the inside, and how I had made certain structural alterations, etc, and then she said in a musing tone:

"Yes, I shall be very glad to come in, I have been wondering what you have done there, it is a long time since I have been in the house, not since the tragedy."

I felt myself thrill all over, cold water ran down my back, yet I flatter myself that it was in my usual voice that I said:

"What tragedy? I didn't know there had been any tragedy there."

"Well, it was about a baby. You know it was a boarding-house. It was some years ago that a young married couple took rooms there, and after a time the baby was born. They were not well off, I suppose, anyhow a very young nurse was engaged, no doubt because the mother thought she could look after it mostly herself. This nurse-girl was taking the baby out one day when she fell down the stairs, and the poor little creature was killed, its skull was broken. You see it was so very small, only about a fortnight old. The young mother heard the noise, and came rushing downstairs, and when she found her baby dead, the shock and grief in her delicate state of health sent her mad. It was very sad, she was such a pretty young thing. I came to live here somewhere about that time, and I often saw her walking up and down the Square just before the baby was born, so we made friends, and she said I was to come in and see it, so I went only the day before it was killed. It was such a soft little thing, and pretty as babies go . . . it all seemed such a pity."

I listened to her story with deep, almost breathless interest, and said:

"Did the baby fall at the foot of the stairs?"

"Yes, I think it was picked up just at the foot of the stairs."

"Was its skull crushed? Did it bleed?"

The lady (we became great friends later) looked at me in surprise, as if she thought I was gloating over her description, which would have been horrid of me, and she said rather coldly:

"So I was told."

"I am asking you these questions with an object," I said.

" I will tell you something about it presently; all I want to know now is what became of the poor young mother ? "

" Oh, I believe she got all right again after a time, at least so Mrs. Miller * told me, but she and her husband were Catholics, and what she grieved over most was the fact that the baby had not been baptized. When she was mad she kept on saying she had lost her child for ever, she would never see it again in Heaven, as it had never been baptized. And then they went out to India, where he had been given some appointment in the Civil Service, and she died on the voyage. It was all a sad story. And somehow the Millers did not seem to prosper after that tragedy. I don't know how it happened, for it was no fault of theirs, but little by little they lost their hold on things, and the rooms did not let, so at last they went away to live with a married daughter, and left the house to let. It was a long time in the market because it required so much doing to it, and I suppose the people who came to see it either did not care to spend the money on it, or had not the sort of eye that perceives the possibilities of even so unprepossessing an interior."

I was not listening to her at the last, I was thinking of the baby and of the blood stains, and wondering—wondering, in a sane and unprejudiced way, why it had been given to *me* to see those little drops of blood when no one else could do so ? For now I was quite sure that those drops of blood on my new carpet were the baby's blood, yet how had they oozed through, and why ? And above all—I returned to the one final question—why was I the only person to see them ?

Suddenly I turned to my acquaintance and asked her then and there if she would like to step across and come in and see my new domain ? A little taken aback at my impulsiveness, she consented, but I could see she thought me rather sudden ! She lifted up her game little Dachshund, who, quite exhausted by his violent play, had come to lie against the edge of her dress, whilst my dog, sitting opposite, eyed him, alert and watchful, ready to pounce and recommence the game at the first sign of movement.

My new acquaintance entered my house with me and seemed at once struck with its lightness.

" How light you have made it," she said, " the entrance was always so dark before. I see you have thrown down a wall and made it a square hall, how charming . . ."

I led her to the stairs, and, full of my idea, said :

" Is this where the baby fell ? " pointing to the place.

* The proprietress of the boarding house.

"I suppose it must be," she answered, rather inattentively I thought, for she was looking about her, and interested in some typographical coloured engravings of Old London that hung on the walls.

"Just look here," I cried, pointing to the carpet, "don't those stains look like drops of blood? What do you think? Yet this carpet is a new one."

She looked round at me with a sort of deprecating smile and said, "You've got my little story on the brain!" and went on looking at my pictures.

I lost interest in her then, but when we went upstairs and she saw the pictures over my bed she turned to me and asked:

"Are you also a Catholic? Like the baby's parents?"

I don't know how it happened, but just then in a sort of flash I seemed to understand. The drops of blood that only I could see, were they not crying out to me for help that the little mother who had now joined her child (but had she?) could not give? What was it? What could I do for the mother who mourned and grieved because her little one was not baptized?

Afterwards my friend (whose acquaintance I had then only just made), when she came to know the whole story, told me I almost pushed her out of the house, telling her hurriedly that I had forgotten an appointment and must rush off at once.

I went forthwith to the church close at hand which I attend, and, making my way to the place where I generally see the Padre, who is my friend there, was disappointed to find him absent, but I went round to the clergy house and left an urgent message for him asking him to come and see me as soon as possible on a private and important matter. When I reached home again the dusk had fallen, and I let myself in with my key. As I gained the foot of the stairs it seemed to me that in the darkening light those strange drops glistened and looked almost wet; so anxious to make a final appeal I rang up for my own maid and when she came down to me I said, pointing to the place:

"What are those stains, Babette, those drops of something on the new carpet? Can you see them, or shall I turn up the light?"

She looked down, indeed she knelt down, and her face was puzzled and faintly disconcerted when she answered:

"Mais Madame, je ne vos rien!" And she, also, tried to soften the denial by suggesting there was some shadow that deceived my eye!

That finished me, I became more and more obsessed with

the feeling that the message, set forth in those drops of blood, which, apparently, were only visible to me, was an appeal which somehow or other only I could attempt to understand or grant. When the Padre came it was late, I had just finished dinner, so he was shown into my little morning-room on the ground floor, and he came towards me with a look of concern as if he thought my hasty summons implied some heavy news, but I quickly reassured him, and, bending towards him as we sat together on the sofa, I told him the whole of the little story, such as it was, from the very beginning. When I finished, the Padre looked just a little bit puzzled and said :

" Well, well, a curious little tale, I must say, and it has evidently taken hold of your imagination, and caused a sort of suggestion, but was this all you wanted to say to me? I quite thought and feared there was something serious the matter." . . .

And with that he rose to go, looking just a little annoyed at being " called out " after supper to hear such a trifling story.

But I could not let him go.

" Father," I said rather desperately, " I thought you would help me ! I wondered if you would suggest some way out that would ease the pain of that little mother were she still alive. Is there nothing you can do ? "

I am quite sure he thought me mad. For he answered, " Do ? I cannot follow your meaning. There is nothing to be done for an ' idea ' or a ' suggestion ' like this, my dear lady. One cannot take you seriously. You must go away to the country for a week or two, and let these cobwebs be blown out of your brain ! " And he actually laughed as he made for the door.

But my " idea " was not to be so easily uprooted, and I was fixed in my purpose.

" In Catholic countries, Father, you know as well as I do that people's houses are blessed every Easter by their parish priest, and also on going into a new house the Priest always blesses it for them—have you any objection to blessing this new house of mine ? "

The Padre, arrested, turned round and looked at me rather fixedly, he had just begun to realize that at all events now I was in earnest, so his tone changed from one of almost vexed ridicule, and became kindly, whilst he soothingly patted my shoulder. " Very well, we will talk about that another time," he answered. " It is late now, and I must get home."

That was all the help I could get from him for the moment, and I felt deeply chagrined and nonplussed as we went together

along the corridor into the hall where the electric light shone softly through a suspended alabaster bowl. Then as we passed the foot of the stairs, I suddenly laid my hand on his sleeve and stopped him, saying in a low tone :

" It was here, Father, that the little creature fell. Look at the place with me, Oh, do you not see the drops of blood ? "

He glanced down at the place, carelessly at first, and then bending nearer, he looked still closer, and remained silently looking . . . looking . . . looking . . .

And then a curious thing happened, for I could have sworn that I heard a low soft sound like a sobbing wail dying away again into silence, and what is more, I became somehow aware that he had heard what I heard, and that he had seen what I saw, those little drops of blood that glistened in the electric light. . . .

His hand went out to the banister and he held it as if to steady himself. It trembled, I could see.

" What was that ? " he asked hoarsely.

And again we both listened in silence as the sound of the faint sobbing wail rose and fell. When at last he turned to me—it seemed a long time—it was plain that he was under the influence of some strong emotion, for his voice broke, and he crossed himself as he said, speaking very softly :

" I will come to-morrow morning to bless your house."

* * * * *

Afterwards . . . I never saw those drops again.

THE POWER OF LIFE

By REGINALD B. SPAN

WHAT are the laws which govern human life? How can life be prolonged to a great age?

Man is a spiritual being, immortal and indestructible, destined to Life eternal. His body is but the outer covering of the immortal self.

The spiritual self can by *faith*, *will*, and *imagination*, be placed in such connection with the spiritual world that it can draw an unlimited supply of force from that great source of all life, and transfer this life power in the form of electricity or animal magnetism to the physical body, thus making it ever young and prolonging life indefinitely.

It is a well-known fact that electricity or animal magnetism is the life of the blood and in fact is the source and mainspring of all vitality in organic systems or animal bodies. This is indeed the Elixir of Life which alchemists have sought for in vain. The secret was known to the patriarchs of old, who lived to fabulous ages, by constantly renewing the life of the body, by drawing electric power from the spiritual world by means of their spiritual bodies. Enoch, we are told, lived in such close contact with God, as the source of all life, that he did not pass through the transition of death. It was not necessary for him to die, as his spiritual body, by constant connection with the source of life, became all powerful, and transferring its life power to the physical body rendered it deathless and beyond the power of decay. If others possessed the faith and knowledge that Enoch had, they could do the same.

Centenarians all differ in their rules for long life. Some insist on one thing, others on just the opposite, and none agree in any particular. One will tell you to eat plenty of meat, another will say that no meat at all is best. Some have always smoked a good deal, others consider tobacco rank poison. Some believe in plenty of exercise, others in very little. As a matter of fact these things have very little to do with strength, youth and long life. Mental and spiritual powers are the only real life-giving sources. As a man *thinketh* so he becomes.

Sleep—complete repose of body and mind, and pleasant recreation are of more value than people imagine for the prolongation of life and the retention or renewal of youth. During sleep the spirit goes into the Unseen World and gathers force for its physical needs—that is why sleep is so necessary. Rest without sleep is not the same thing, as then the spirit does not leave the body—a state of absolute unconsciousness is essential for the purpose. This indrawing of force from the spiritual world is the secret of all strength, vitality, and beauty. It can be increased by willing before you go to sleep that more power may come to you. Strength can be acquired in a waking state by lying flat on your back for twenty or thirty minutes, relaxing the muscles, closing the eyes and taking deep breaths. With every slow indrawing of the breath will strongly that force and life shall come to you, and in your mind's eye (or imagination) see streams of electric power being drawn into your body by the nervous system, in the form of a luminous mist.

Magnetic power is often received into the system through the finger tips when the hands are placed together as in the attitude of prayer with the palms pressed together and pointing upwards—acting as a natural conductor of the magnetic fluid. When in such a position the mind must be concentrated on the indrawing of power. We are surrounded by inexhaustible supplies of electric and magnetic force which can be drawn into the nervous system by faith, will, and imagination. This may sound absurd to many, but let any one having faith try the experiment and he will be soon assured. The magi and seers of old used to kneel down facing the East, and pressing the palms and finger tips of the hands together, extend the arms above the head, at the same time silently and earnestly willing and demanding that power (or virtue) should be given to them.

This power was visualized by the imagination as a stream of electric light drawn from the ether and entering the system through the finger tips and crown of the head. The prophets, saints and seers used to retire into solitary places for this purpose. The time will come in the evolution of the human race when physical death will be superseded by a gradual transition from the physical into the spiritual by a process of electric refinement. Death will not then be necessary. Enoch and Elijah—and possibly others of whom we have not heard—passed into the spiritual world in this way.

Those who have witnessed the phenomena of spiritualism will have noticed how a spirit (invisible and intangible in its

normal condition) will gather material force from the "medium" and its surroundings, until a material body is built up over its spiritual body, and the spirit becomes "materialized" and as solid, visible and tangible as any human being. The best known case of this phenomenon was recorded by Sir William Crookes in his *Researches in Spiritualism* when he personally investigated the materialization of a spiritual entity known as "Katie King." Just as the spiritual body can draw to itself material force to become physical and solid, so can the material body draw to itself spiritual force so as to become spiritual and immaterial.

Every miracle that ever was performed (not excluding those wrought by Jesus Christ) was governed by laws as immutable and certain as those which control the revolutions of the solar systems. Nothing ever happens by chance. Suppose a person lived to the age of 200 years in perfect health and with unimpaired faculties, the world would say a miracle had been wrought. Nothing of the kind. The duo-centenarian simply understands and obeys laws which are hidden from the rest of his fellows. It is quite possible to-day to live to that age did we but know how. What has been done before can be done again. Mankind is exactly the same to-day as it was many thousands of years ago. The human body has not altered in the least, and has the same capacity for very long life now as in the days of Methuselah, Enoch and Moses.

Two of the most remarkable cases of longevity in modern times were Signor Cornaro, an Italian, who reached the age of 128 years, and a Countess of Desmond, who lived in the eighteenth century, and died aged 152 years. The latter was in good health till within a week of her death, when she had a fall in getting out of her pony trap, and died from the effects of it. It is stated that she lived a great deal in the open air, farming and gardening, and used to take her own produce to the market—like any old market woman. This old Irish lady took no particular care of her health and observed no rules as to diet, exercise, etc. Cornaro, on the other hand, took the greatest care of his health, and followed every rule and habit which was considered conducive to great vitality and long life. Up to the age of thirty-four he had led a wild dissipated life, then suddenly changed and went to the other extreme. He found that concentrated food in small quantities, and allowing plenty of time for complete digestion, was the best. He abstained from tobacco and alcohol, lived much in the open air, took plenty of sleep and gentle exer-

cise, and sat much in the sun absorbing the electric force from the solar rays.

The latest opinion of the highest medical authorities is that the human system is capable of living in good health for 150 years, that it is quite erroneous to suppose that human beings should be old and worn out at "threescore years and ten."

There is no doubt that as a general rule we are much longer lived than our forefathers. In the past century men were old at fifty, and elderly at forty. That was no doubt due to excessive drinking and the very material ideas and conceptions of life. We are living to-day in a more spiritual age, and more advanced in scientific attainments and hygienic knowledge. The sanitary conditions of the people are infinitely better. People are longer lived than they have been for centuries, but there is yet an enormous amount to learn as regards the art of living. So far we have only mastered its A B C. The psychic realm opens up infinite possibilities, as it shows us a new world in which the complex system of the human being can operate.

The psychologist tells us we are not mere clods of earth existing only on a material plane, but *living* souls, connected by our spiritual natures with the electric power-house of God and the Infinite, from whence all the force and life we require can be drawn to animate, sustain and rejuvenate our mortal frames. Those who, like Enoch, "walk with God," will obtain *life* in abundance, and immortality even in the flesh. There will be no more death, and disease and pain will be reduced to a minimum, when the psychic laws of life are comprehended and obeyed.

The writer met a man named Francis Schlatter years ago in the West of America, who fully understood these laws and consequently worked seeming miracles. He often fasted for weeks at a time, and was as well and strong at the end as before he began. His body was sustained by the electric power which is the source of all life, so that for considerable periods material food was superfluous. He was a remarkably strong and healthy man and could walk thirty and forty miles a day, and endure great physical fatigue without inconvenience.

For several weeks he took up his abode in a house on the outskirts of the city of Denver in Colorado, where the writer saw him almost daily at his work healing people of their infirmities by the "laying on of hands" from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. without a break or rest. At that time his only food was a small bowl of bread and milk the first thing in the morning. He explained that the forces of God worked through him. In reality he was

sustained by that wonderful electric power by which the Deity performs every work of creation and volition, and is in fact the "breath of life" which was responsible for the creation of man on this planet.

Jesus of Nazareth always insisted on this power as the chief factor in human life. He, of course, had it in abundance. He was also sensible of its loss in even a small degree—as in the case when the woman who was healed of her ailment by touching the hem of His garment, He knew at once that some one had drawn power from Him as He felt that "virtue" (i.e., power) had gone out of Him. To obtain life in abundance we must connect our souls with the vast forces of the Infinite—with the unseen electric currents of life which traverse and permeate the ether surrounding us. This can only be done gradually and by persistent practice—and power will only come imperceptibly and by slow degrees.

Prentice Mulford tells us that "greater spirituality implies a greater power for the spirit to hold and renew the physical body."

Communion with the Supreme Power—being in tune with the Infinite—is the secret of life, and long life—and thus communing with God has nothing to do with going to church or going through religious rites and ceremonies, or in fact any spiritual exercises, such as are practised in convents or monasteries and by religious fanatics. One can commune with God anywhere and under any circumstances without saying a word or assuming any posture. It is as simple and spontaneous as the song of a bird or the unfolding of a blossom. Christ always taught, and insisted on, the extreme simplicity and naturalness of true communion with God. The "lilies of the field" and little children, all things bright and fair,—beautiful and innocent—formed texts for His spiritual teachings. "Consider the lilies" —"Become as little children." Both were symbolical of the spiritual world.

The Patriarchs (shepherd kings) lived very simple lives—at one with God and Nature. They believed implicitly in the proximity of the spiritual world; and God, to them, was a great reality.

We are now at the beginning of a new era, a fresh spiritual dispensation, a brighter dawn—that Dawn which Tennyson speaks of, "stranger than earth has ever seen," "for the veil is rending, and the voices of the Day are heard across the voices of the dark." With the end of the great war will come the ***commencement*** of a new civilization, when brute force will be

superseded by spiritual forces, and when all that contributes to the misery of mankind will be dispelled by Love, Wisdom and Knowledge. Intolerance, bigotry, tyranny and cruelty will gradually be relegated to the barbarism of the past. Religious sects, with their absurd and unnatural antagonism, will be united in one great universal religion—that of Humanity and Love. Great spiritual teachers will arise who will show mankind the Glory of God and the true way to live.

At present ignorance is the great bar to human progress. Ignorance is not only the mother of crime, but the cause of bigotry and intolerance. Ignorance can be removed by a higher education and enlightenment on the natural and spiritual laws which govern mankind, and the spiritual powers and forces which surround us.

Anything which conduces to artificiality in life is a hindrance. No one can be truly spiritual unless they are first truly natural. Seek God in Nature and not in dead rites, ceremonies, and creeds, which are artificial, and of the " letter that killeth."

Ignorance was the cause of all the religious persecutions since the time of Christ—ignorance of the simplest laws and teachings of the great Founder of Christianity—the dense ignorance of people supposed to be educated. Ignorance bars the advent of spirituality to-day, and all those reforms which really matter and are of vital importance to the human race. This new civilization and spiritual dispensation will be of very gradual growth—as all great movements are, and its effects will not be apparent for many years to come. War is an abomination to God, and with a higher civilization wars will not occur.

God is not willing that any should suffer, but people bring suffering on themselves by transgressing laws, and setting in motion the causes which produce suffering. God is the God of Life, " *and that last great enemy which shall be destroyed is death* " —and death in time will not occur to many—or will be made as easy and painless as going to sleep. This of course will sound as incredible as Marconi's wireless telegraphy at one time did.

In the rejuvenation of the body and the prolongation of life it is important that the laws of hygiene and health should be observed, but " we do not live by bread alone." Many thousands of people pay the strictest attention to the laws of health and have the best of food, comfort and care, but they live no longer than any one else, nor are they stronger or more healthy, so it is obvious that it is not mere attention to meat and drink, and exercise, fresh air, etc., which matters most in the production

of power, life, and vitality. We have to seek for the source o energy outside the pale of matter and physical laws.

Julius V. Mayer, a celebrated scientist and physiologist, states :—

"There is but one energy which operates with unceasing change in dead and in living things, and nowhere in either does any change take place without alteration in the form of energy. Physics has but to investigate the metamorphoses of energy, as chemistry has to investigate the transformations of matter. *The generation as well as the destruction of energy is beyond the range of human thought and action.* Gravitation, motion, heat, magnetism, electricity, chemical difference, are all but varying modes of manifestation of one and the same natural force that reigns throughout the universe, for any one can under special conditions be converted into another."

It is certain that there is some force outside matter which can build up and sustain, or tear down and destroy, the human body. This force was employed in all healing miracles by Christ, and the saints and prophets. It has been used to heal persons at long distances from the operator. It undoubtedly is some form of magnetism and operates through the ether. *In this life power we have the secret of all life and creation :* and by applying this power of life to our nervous systems we learn the secret of the rejuvenation of the body. Magnetism may be drawn from trees by standing in a leaning position against the trunk of some fine living elm, beech, oak or pine. The spine (in which is the centre of the nervous system) should be pressed against the wood, and long deep breaths should be taken, inhaling and expelling the air very slowly.

In drawing magnetism from the earth, one should choose as dry a spot as possible (sand and gravel for choice) and lie at full length on the soil with arms extended at right angles to the body. When lying face downwards the palms of the hands should be pressed wide open with fingers apart on the ground. In this position deep breathing should be practised. These methods were well known to the Red Indians.

Walking barefooted on the grass is a very old remedy for nervous troubles—debility, insomnia, anæmia, etc. The reason why this is so restorative, is that magnetism is imparted to the system through the soles of the feet, which readily enters the bare flesh through the innumerable cells. When the feet are covered by any substance, the way is barred to the vital power. The sun bath is equally efficacious. The sun is a great reservoir

of electric force, and supplies all Nature with life and sustenance. Rain also contains electric force, and sunshine and rain in equal proportions produce the greatest amount of life. Magnetism from the sun can be obtained best by exposing the bare flesh of the whole body to its life-giving rays. Choose a sheltered spot facing south, and lie on the back at full length—keeping the head and face sheltered, if the sun is too warm—and let the sunshine enter the system through the pores of the skin. This method is wonderfully invigorating, especially on the sand by the sea, with an occasional dip in the water.

The astral body, when projected from the physical (in a completely quiescent condition) can gather life force from the sun, and later transfer this vitality to the physical body—the two being so intimately connected that what feeds and sustains one, helps and vitalizes the other.

In the wonderful occult forces that surround us may be found a remedy for every ill. Dame Nature is an exceedingly kind and beneficent mother to those who will learn her secrets and obey her laws. "Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Behind Nature—and controlling her forces, is the Great Creator, "in Whom we live and move and have our being." "Ye will not come unto Me that ye may have life"—and so millions live unhealthy lives and die long, long before they *naturally* should, quite unaware of their high calling as immortal souls and sons of God, for whom *life* is their real heritage. "Thy Kingdom come on this earth, as it is in Heaven" we pray every Sunday in our Christian churches—and have done for hundreds of years—and where is there any sign of that Kingdom?

The Kingdom of Heaven could be just as much on this earth as anywhere else. It is as much a condition of the mind as a locality. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," said the Master. This state has nothing to do with death, and when the Kingdom of Heaven comes on this earth—as it eventually will—the majority will pass naturally into the next phase of existence, their material bodies becoming sufficiently refined and spiritualized—after the manner of Enoch and Elijah (to take two well-known instances) so that physical death will not be necessary. It stands to reason that if the human body was capable in ages past of existing nine hundred years, it can do the same in this modern time, given the right conditions. In the spiritual world time is of no account—a thousand years are as one day. What was done thousands of years ago can be accomplished to-day.

Human nature is exactly the same as in the time of Noah, Enoch and Methuselah.

The same may be said with regard to the working of miracles, —of which we see nothing in the Christian Churches of modern times. As miracles were performed in past ages, so they can be to-day. The "age of miracles" never ceased—it was not confined to one period of this world's history. God never intended that it should be. Miracles, and exhibitions of spiritual and psychic power are as much needed now, in this grossly materialistic time, as in any other period. To live in perfect health, with unimpaired faculties and unabated vigour, to the age of one hundred and twenty years (as Moses did), is a possibility of the future, as we are now entering the spiritual age, and he who keeps in contact with the higher forces of the spiritual world will command undreamed of power.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," is an old promise, and to those who really seek will be eventually fulfilled. "All these things" would include health, wealth, happiness, love, joy, peace, long vigorous life—and all that makes up the sum of human welfare.

Nothing conduces more to health and longevity than happiness and contentment. A sunny joyful temperament and disposition, a constant rejoicing in one's heart, the joy of living, a good and kindly nature, loving all things which God has made, and ever optimistic and trustful, is one of the greatest aids to health and perpetual youth. Of such persons one may say:

> They come amongst us, child-like, glad and wise,
> With haloed heads, and gleaming feet unshod,
> Walking this glorious earth without surprise,
> And kindling Nature with a touch from God.

It is the *mind* which gives vitality to the nervous system, elasticity to the limbs, beauty to the face, and suppleness to the form.

The circulation and condition of the blood, the very texture of the skin and hair, are determined by the quality of a man's habitual thoughts and the mental and moral calibre he attains. Mind is the immortal part of us, by which we can connect ourselves with the great electric power-house of God, and the Infinite, from which ever flow abundant streams of *Life*—given free, "without money and without price," to those who seek the Creator of all good things, and abide in His love.

THE LION

By K. L. P.

[Those of my readers who are students of the problem of past lives may be interested to peruse the subjoined narrative, setting upon it what value they think fit. My correspondent, who is a regular reader of the Magazine, writes me from Switzerland that the narrative is in no sense a product of the imagination, but was seen and heard. She says: "On awakening one morning two years ago in my Surrey home, I remembered it, and wrote it down, and only minor changes have been made since the first writing. I confess I cannot remember whether Roman soldiers wore steel helmets or not. If history books should tell me they did not, I should still believe they did, so clearly did I see the light gleaming on them. The manuscript has been forwarded to me for publication as a psychic record, the writer vouching for the truth of every word of it as it appears here.—Ed.]

IN a place paved with stone, with walls and arched roof of stone, some twenty or thirty persons were crowded together. There was an iron gate across an opening, and beyond it the sunshine blazed upon the sand of the arena. Where the sand ended a portion of stone wall, pierced by low openings and lying in deep shadow, was visible.

I stood with the others, but nearest to the bars, looking out into the arena, and talking idly with a young soldier.

We were all Romans who had been collected haphazard from the prisons to be thrown to the lions, for they needed food. The prisoners were of both sexes and various conditions—good and bad, rich and poor.

Behind me a young woman had thrown herself face downward on the ground and was sobbing; but for the most part we were a silent and stoical company. This was the established order of things, and did not arouse any feeling of outraged justice.

The young man and I were plainly of the educated class—though he was a soldier and I was a courtesan—and I noticed the well-bred quality of our voices. I was saying that being mauled by a hungry and probably mangy lion would not be a pleasant experience, to which he assented with a shrug.

He appeared to be thinking deeply, and I studied with some interest his rather stern young face, small head, and athletic figure. Presently he said—

"Of course I cannot help you much when we get out there, but if you will stand close beside me and bury your face against

me, I will hold you in my arms and may get the first onslaught. At least you would be spared seeing the beggar come on."

Kindly meant as it was, the proposal did not please me. To meet death with averted eyes offended all my instincts. An interruption spared me the necessity of replying. There was a sound of clashing weapons, the gate in front was withdrawn, the prisoners behind us were thrust roughly forward, and we found ourselves in the arena, the gate again closed at our backs.

The glaring light, the smell, the heat, were overpowering.

I saw nothing of the spectators that I knew must surround us, but only vague, lean shapes leaping and creeping in the alternating light and shade of the circus. I heard snarling, and one piercing shriek. Then I felt protecting arms round me, and hid my face submissively.

Almost instantly I was flung to the ground by a violent shock, and was aware that a large lion had felled my soldier, crushing in his head with a mighty paw.

I sat on the ground where I had fallen.

The soldier was certainly dead, and the wild beast was already tearing and wrenching as he stood between me and the body. With every movement the big muscles rippled along the lion's back and flanks under the tawny hide. I could see his tossing mane, but not his head. As I leaned there on my hands, I seemed to see some portion of myself. Hanging forward over one shoulder was a thick tress of hair, of a reddish-yellow colour, and so solidly and thickly wavy as to be almost ugly. I was scantily clothed in a single garment of white wool or linen, much torn and not very clean.

My hands, pressed down on the sand, and reddened by the position, were small and delicate, and the slender arms were of an extreme whiteness, having a slightly greenish tinge.

Calmly observant, I studied the lion.

A strange emotion of sympathy and kinship with the animal was stealing over me. For the dead soldier I felt nothing. He was dead, and of no further interest. But the lion—splendid vital creature of the jungle and desert, caught and caged, enjoying now a brief moment of liberty—the lion touched a chord of deep understanding.

Cautiously drawing a little nearer to him, I laid one hand on his heaving back. With a snarl he swung his head round and looked at me, eyes glaring, furry ears pressed back. For an instant we held each other's gaze, then he turned away and went on feeding.

"As he is nothing but a big cat," I thought, "he may like having his back stroked," so I crept yet nearer and gently rubbed and patted him.

This time he only snarled without turning, continuing to feed; and I thought he lifted his back a little under my touch, as cats will, asking for more. I was now entirely absorbed in the lion, and in my desire to show him my friendship. A feeling of isolation grew upon me, and I seemed to be shut away from the sounds and sights of that blood-soaked place. Nothing existed for me except the burning sunshine and the beast, and I watched and stroked him, sinking my nails into his coat, while he satisfied his hunger.

Presently raising his head, licking his terrible jaws, he turned towards me. Now his great mask faced me as I sat. Straight into mine his eyes glared, and I held them without any feeling of fear, and saw the flame of animosity slowly die out of them.

Dropping his head, and with a sort of lumbering carefulness, the lion came close to me, and pressed his great front against my shoulder. I laid one arm across his neck, and pulled and kneaded his mane.

After rubbing and butting against me, nearly knocking me over, he flung himself down beside me, and proceeded to lick his paws, occasionally pushing me with his muzzle to signify that he was content with my presence, and also, perhaps, to make me understand that I was by no means free to go at my own pleasure. We two seemed to be alone on an oasis of peace.

* * * * *

Beneath a canopy supported by white and gold posts, Nero sat. Lounging back, he twirled round his finger a jewel hanging from a silken cord that gleamed in a varying circle as the cord wound and unwound. Slightly behind him a very handsome man, evidently a courtier, leant on one elbow and whispered a long story into the Emperor's ear. Nero's amused expression showed that his attention did not wander from the narrative; and, as the courtier spoke, his own glance moved, hardly seeing, over the rapidly-moving drama of death and fear that was being enacted on the blood-soaked sands below. To-day's spectacle was like that of so many previous days. And yet—the courtier's gaze was suddenly arrested by something unusual happening in the arena. The thread of his story broke, he started forward in surprise.

"By the gods! That is—that can be only—Ignatia! There

are not two women in Rome with hair like that, which looks so fatally like a wig, yet is not. How came she here ? " Summoned thus abruptly, Nero leaned forward on the stone balustrade and looked where the pointing finger indicated.

* * * * *

Patiently I stroked the lion until he rolled over on his back, wriggling on the sand, paws in air, cruel claws sheathed, a picture of lazy ease. Suddenly, with lightning spring, as though the point of a spear had touched him, he was on his feet, standing tense, apparently startled by something I had not noticed, listening, every sense alert. My hand lay upon his mane, and I instinctively grasped a lock of it.

With a movement I cannot explain, as it was too quick to understand, the lion had tossed me upon his back and was carrying me as he ran in great bounds. I was breathless, half-frightened, half-exhilarated by the springy jolts, and held fast.

The air, hot as the blast from a furnace, rushed over me. " In this way," I reflected, " do these creatures carry their dead prey home to the lair." My weight seemed nothing to him.

Across the blazing sand we swept, and through a low opening into darkness.

The lion dropped me roughly on stones, and flung himself down beside me, panting. I had almost lost consciousness, but here it was cool and shadowy, and I began to revive. The uneven pavement under me hurt my body, clothed now only in fragments of cloth. Overhead was a low roof of stone ; stone walls surrounded me. I was in one of the cubicles where the wild beasts were kept.

From where I lay I could see the opening by which we had entered ; opposite that was a barred door giving the keepers access to the place. The cubicle was clean, but had the evil smell of carnivorous animals in captivity.

Confused sounds reached my ears from the arena ; faint shouts and muffled roars, shrieks and applause ; like wind in rushes at a river's edge, and having little more significance for me.

The noisy panting of the lion lessened.

He yawned, turned over, and became absorbed in licking his paws, and the long hair under his throat.

He was certainly a magnificent specimen of his kind, a creature of royal attitudes and lithe movements.

Even his toilet he performed with a sort of noble dignity. Having brought this to an end, he heaved himself lazily erect, and stood regarding me.

Throughout the whole episode, I had been unconscious of physical fear of him, although I was well aware that at any instant I might be killed by a blow from that enormous fore-paw. Perhaps I was too tired to feel fear. Possibly I faintly enjoyed the thrill of toying with the death I knew presently awaited me—the swift and merciful death I was beginning to long for.

Once more the lion and I gazed calmly into each other's eyes. Then he came very close, sniffed my face and hair and rubbed his head against me, plainly trying to be gentle and ingratiating.

I pulled his velvet ears, and he almost purred, his head sinking ever lower, until with a sigh he lay down once more, this time with his head in my lap. I might have enjoyed it, but for my increasing fatigue, and for the odour of the place.

Slowly I stroked him, giving him the caresses he invited, and felt the weight of his head relax upon me, almost crushing my knee. I thought he was about to go to sleep. In this, however, I was mistaken, for suddenly and without warning, he sprang to his feet, and, flinging me flat on the ground with a push of the shoulder, began to shove me about with his muzzle. The roughness, the blast from his nostrils, were almost unendurable. This way and that he rolled me upon the uneven stones, tapping me with powerful velvety pads, until I was so bruised and aching that I could hardly keep myself from screaming with the pain. I was growing weak and faint, and my only definite thought was, "A mouse caught by a cat must feel as I do now." But in this play of the lion there was a difference. He did not wish to harm me; rather he loved me, and was showing his affection in this terrible manner. I must have fainted then, for I was next aware of a sound at the keeper's door, and that the lion was standing above me and growling. His four great legs seemed to grip the pavement like rods of iron riveted to it. The door beyond the bars was cautiously opened, and from where I lay I could see soldiers and the gleam of armour in strong daylight. They shuffled awkwardly, trying to line up in the restricted space of the corridor. The captain—a blond and sunburnt man, whose red nose was peeling—called out—

"Hey, you there, come out. The Emperor wants you. He says you are too good for the lions."

Slowly I raised myself, grasping one of the fore-legs of the lion; dragged myself round in front of him who stood like a statue of bronze; leaned back against him.

"Who wants me?" I inquired.

"Nero, the Emperor."

"The Emperor—your Emperor? Tell him that I prefer the lion."

Strange, how plainly I can see myself at that moment!

I looked the man straight in the eyes, insolently.

Raising one arm above my head, I buried my hand in the lion's mane and rested against him, smiling.

There was confused movement among the armed men observing me. Then the captain said—

"I suppose you know what you are saying?"

"It is my habit to weigh my words," I replied.

"Well then, we must kill the lion, take you to Nero—and not deliver your message."

"First you must kill the lion," I reminded him, smiling eyes half closed.

And now the bronze statue came to life.

Through the lion I felt a tremor run, and heard the lashing of his tail. He sensed danger.

Like a clap of thunder, a coughing roar rent the air. It struck that narrow place of stone and seemed to crack the walls and fall back upon us in a rattling avalanche of sound.

In that mighty challenge, I heard the defiance of a free-born creature, the defence of its own, the nostalgia for wide spaces, the indifference to odds, and yet the uneasiness of the savage faced with some suspected trick of civilization. Again and again it pealed forth. The vibrations were like blows, and I felt the remnant of my strength leaving me.

At the first impact of sound, the soldiers had recoiled, but now one pushed forward armed with a long spear tipped with iron. I saw that they were going to kill my lion from a safe distance, and I think he saw it too. With a tremendous bound, he hurled himself against the bars, and before that onslaught the men fell back.

The lion wrenched and tore at the bars with teeth and claws, struck through them at the soldiers, seized the pike and broke it in his jaws.

Another spear was brought, and they drove it into his breast. As I saw that royal fighter beaten down I could bear it no longer, and sprang to his aid, throwing myself in front of him.

Something cold pierced my back.

No doubt they killed me then, for I remember nothing more.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

"THE QUESTIONS OF IGNOTUS"

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Will you permit me, courteously but frankly, to say how disappointed I am at the notice which Miss Virginia Milward has given my volume. I desire neither acquiescence nor praise, but I had hoped for a review, not a summary of the contents and a few colourless generalities. Of course my pages may be unworthy of such consideration, and in that case I have only to submit.

But if my book is to be so summarily dismissed might I not respectfully claim that the few statements made by Miss Milward should be correct? The reference to what "some seekers after truth" require is not relevant to myself, and conveys a false impression of my purpose in writing. That Miss Milward does not understand this purpose—though the volume states it again and again—is manifest from her remark that "men without God remain unsatisfied." I have done my utmost in my chapters to explain that I speak for the man who believes in God, utterly and truly, but who, thus ardently believing, finds Church and sects unsatisfactory. Does Miss Milward wish your readers to understand that a man cannot be a Deist unless he belongs to a Church, and that if he withdraws from a Church he also withdraws from God?

May I also point out that her attitude on this subject is entirely at variance with the editorial attitude in the OCCULT REVIEW as manifested in (for example) the article on "Have the Churches Failed?" when dealing with the volume of Benjamin Swift? That article much impressed me, and was an echo of my own thoughts. But Miss Milward seems opposed to it.

This is not my only complaint.

Miss Milward writes that I had "a passage of arms (on miracles) with Father Power and was badly defeated." This bare assertion might at least have been supported by a little evidence. It is not for me to vaunt of victory, but if Miss Milward believes that I was "badly defeated" she believes that the mediæval dogmas of the Catholic Church successfully overthrew the proved facts of modern science. That is not a view I should have expected to be taken by the OCCULT

REVIEW, which is so broad, bold, and progressive, and is free from ecclesiastical superstition and tradition.

The chivalry of my allowing my clerical opponent the last word in my book, and of not even correcting one or two of his obvious errors (such as misunderstanding "sleeping sickness," or swoon, to mean an impossible case of beri-beri) seems to have escaped Miss Milward.

But, to make her confusion worse confounded, she adds, "a man must be very sure of his theology to argue successfully with a Jesuit." Then, by implication, I am a theologian!—and if she had only done me the honour to glance through my pages she would have found fifty emphatic repudiations of that idea, and three whole chapters devoted to a protest against theology. I believe it to be the bane of Religion, to have been the cause of stagnation, of persecution, of the enslavement of thought, of the opposition to science, of the obscuring of truth. My fight is against theology, with all the power I possess. And yet, I am "badly defeated" by a Jesuit because I am not sure enough of my theology!

Is it quite fair?

Yours very truly,

THE AUTHOR OF "THE QUESTIONS OF IGNOTUS."

[I allude to this letter in my Notes of the Month.—ED.]

THE MYSTERY OF CHILDHOOD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I was extremely interested to read the article "Rents in the Curtain," by Mr. G. M. Mayhew, and that which suggested it, entitled "The Mystery of Childhood."

As regards the former, although I quite understand what the writer means by his statement, "Certain it is that Nature blocks its doors of entry as the Child grows into the Adult," I think it is somewhat misleading, inasmuch as it suggests a change in Nature rather than in the individual; which is obviously not the case.

Unfortunately, I have not the earlier article by me at the moment; but, if I remember rightly, your contributor expressed one opinion which, I venture to think, will not be generally shared. There is little evidence that the children of to-day are, as the writer suggests, more imaginative than their predecessors.

The present educational system, excellent as it may be from a purely practical standpoint, and the strain of modern life, apart even from where it is directly influenced by the War, tend, I submit, to restrict the exercise of the child imagination. The "make-believe" of yesterday was less conscious than it is to-day. The description "old fashioned," which one generally hears applied to a truly imaginative child, is in itself significant. The normal child, as Mr. Mayhew says, "would seem to possess an inwrought knowledge of the cosmic

life in all things,"—though the normal child would scarcely explain it in those terms!—for "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"; but, unfortunately, the increased strain of life on the material plane is felt, though probably not recognized, by the receptive mind of the growing child. Its attention, so to speak, is diverted. It has been said that "the imaginative process may be likened to a state of reverie," and we may add, a state from which, it seems, even children are debarred in the rush of to-day.

In conclusion, the following passage from one of Mr. E. F. Benson's short stories, "The Bus-Conductor," may be of interest in connection with "Rents in the Curtain."

"Imagine then that you and I and everybody in the world are like people whose eye is directly opposite a little tiny hole in a sheet of cardboard which is continually shifting and revolving and moving about. Back to back with that sheet of cardboard is another, which also, by laws of its own, is in perpetual but independent motion. In it too, there is another hole, and when, fortuitously it would seem, these two holes, the one through which we are always looking, and the other in the spiritual plane, come opposite one another, we see through, and then only do the sights and sounds of the spiritual world become visible or audible to us. With most people these holes never come opposite each other during their life. But at the hour of death they do, and then they remain stationary. That, I fancy, is how we 'pass over.' Now, in some natures, these holes are comparatively large, and are constantly coming into opposition. . . ."

Apologizing for writing at such length.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

H. G. B.

P.S.—I notice that in the second article a quotation is twice ascribed to *Hugh* Thompson. The Christian name should be Francis, of course.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Quest has been seldom—if ever—more interesting than it is on the present occasion. Professor Parker's second paper on religion in ancient China is a good and informing account of Laocius and Confucius. Dr. Rappoport's study of religious sects in Russia throws a curious light on the paths followed in that questionable land by those who were seeking deliverance " from the shackles of gross materialism and . . . from social evils and oppression." Dr. de Beaumont, who is so well known in Swedenborgian circles, discusses the reality and value of messages from " behind the veil," and gives a serviceable account of Swedenborg's views and experiences on the subject. In an article on " Zoroastrian Prophecy and the Messianic Hope," Mr. Herbert Baynes shows us how Parsism looked forward to a Saviour " who would be clothed with light or accompanied by a divine glory," and suggests that the three magi " who were led by a heavenly light right up to the cradle of the Lord " were actually Zoroastrian priests. The most important articles, however, are those of the editor and Baron von Hügel. Mr. Mead continues to discuss problems of psycho-analysis, indicating the defects and insufficiencies of the Freud school. He reminds us how it began by assuming that " the imaginal content of an individual mind is determined solely by the impressions made on it by stimuli from its material environment." Later on it was compelled to admit that within each individual there is " a world of racial memories." As yet it has failed to recognize that " part of the personal content of the mind may also be derived from the direct psychical influence or play upon it of another mind or intelligence, whether embodied or discarnate." Mr. Mead does good work also by his trenchant criticism of the repulsive and ill-assorted technical terms which make up the distinctive jargon of Freud, Jung and Pfister. From our own point of view he has treated the whole subject and its claims with singular and forbearing moderation; but we should not be indisposed to welcome a competent expression of opinion in plainer words. Mr. Mead says, for example, that " the child's running back from the dangers of life to its mother's arms is not rightly to be spoken of as incest." Assuredly not rightly; but the school which uses this language and thereby appears to adopt whatever may lie behind it is bearing that kind of false witness which deserves to be characterized as an abomination before the face of God. From a single example we derive a pattern of the whole; and of the whole it is not unjust to say that whatsoever comes into its hands—however beautiful, reputable and holy—goes forth unclean therefrom. There are said to be certain signs of a recent revulsion, of an attempt to raise the

hypothesis from the lees in which it was born ; but our feeling is that it must be liberated from German hands before it can enter into light. Till then the analysis of the soul by those who know the soul will continue, thank God, to be one thing, and the ashpits-methods and findings of psycho-analysis will be another—*nihil ad rem sanctam, catholicam et deificantem.* . . . Baron von Hügel has the front place with a study of religion and illusion. The question before him is whether—in the face of " our present situation " and in " the midst of a titan's war "—religion itself is not a " spent power," to be relegated to an " archæological lumber-room." The writer is a German, as we know, and he says : " Look at Germany." There is, of course, only one answer, but he adds : " Look at Italy, France, England, America," asking whether religion is really the central force at work within them or any of them. So far as the answer is a negative, some of us may cite the peaceful penetration of German philosophy as part of the accounting cause. But looking at the war itself we think that there is another answer as regards the four countries, while in a particular and transcendent manner we hold that England and America have entered therein through a supreme sense of the right and justice of things, that they are and believe themselves to be on God's side in the war, that, so far as this at least is concerned, they are in that " sound and spiritual state " about which Baron von Hügel is asking. All this, however, is merely a preamble of his study, and of the study there is more to follow, so that the answer from his standpoint is not as yet forthcoming. At the moment he is dealing with Fuerbach, and in this connection offers a definition of religion as " the affirmation of a more than human reality." It seems to us bad as such. Religion assuredly involves an affirmation of reality, but whether this is " more than human " lies outside the concern. Such reality may be within us, and who shall say that we have failed, supposing that we find it within ? Who shall make its discovery without us a *sine qua non* of success ? But Baron von Hügel is of the Latin Church, and the thought that what he terms *isness* may be other than external to himself will suggest some condemned pantheism. He can have no part therefore in Fuerbach's dictum that every advance in religion is " a deeper self-knowledge." It led this German thinker of the earlier nineteenth century where none can follow him, and yet it is difficult to escape from because there is a very true sense in which man is the sole measure of all his experience, of that which is without him even as of that which is within ; he is the sole canon of realization concerning that infinite by which he is environed, and about which Fuerbach says that " religion is consciousness of the infinite " ; and he is the apprehension of that " great self-revealing reality " in the cosmos, the recognition of which is Baron von Hügel's way of escape from " the quicksands of religion as illusion to the rock of religion as the witness and vehicle of reality." It is only within us that the great reality can reveal itself ; that revelation can only unfold

in the form of a deeper self-knowledge ; and to say this is not to preach pantheism, though we speak as of those who believe that God is all in all

The Messenger is the official organ of the Theosophical Society in America, and its last issue devotes a special article to the Bacon Society of England, which it recommends earnestly as devoted to " the hidden work of Francis Bacon." This is held to include, as we know, (*a*) the authorship of the plays attributed to Shakespeare, (*b*) of much other Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, (*c*) of the Authorized Version of the Bible, etc. We learn also that the alleged bi-literal cipher in the Shakespeare plays is being further decoded, and that a publisher concerned with the enterprise is " so convinced of the genuineness of the cipher story that he confidently expects to convert the whole world." . . . Dr. W. F. Prince, who will be always in affectionate remembrance for his providential care of Doris Fischer, writes in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, giving therapeutic suggestions arising from that epoch-making case of multiple personality. They include the need for rectification of mischievous daily environment, the regulation of daily work in neurotic cases, and a consideration of sleep as " the greatest single, non-complex factor in a cure." . . . We learn with much sympathy and interest that Mrs. Lang, who is the editor of *Divine Life*, published at Chicago, keeps her own " little printing shop " in the basement of her house, and produces that monthly periodical with " the help only of one young man." It is certainly most creditable in appearance. She adds further in the last issue that she is not subsidized by any organization. We have had occasion to take exception to many of her views and statements, and it is a pleasure to recognize her singular perseverance amidst great difficulties. The " independent theosophical society " of which we hear in her paper does not seem to be incorporated. . . . *The Islamic Review* tells us at great length about a miraculous fish which is said to have flung itself into a fisherman's boat, and proved to be inscribed on the tail fin with certain Arabic words concerning the unity and majesty of God. We hear that it was taken to the " British Residency " at Zanzibar, and was tested by experts with chemicals, after which it was affirmed that "the inscription on the fin was natural." A finding so expressed offers sufficient evidence as to the qualifications of the alleged experts, for we have yet to learn that versicles on the Divine Being are natural to the fins of fishes. However, the Islamic writer proves to his own satisfaction that the miracle is a message to all that " the final triumph is for Islam," and that man " should bow to no deity " but Allah, as distinguished from any Trinity and any Divine Incarnation. The occasion is also taken to dwell upon the conceit, arrogance, irreligiousness and atheism of Europe—as compared presumably with the benignity and godliness of the Turk. There is a picture of the wonderful fish and its markings, and we should think

that a zealous and imprudent Jew might find that they were Hebrew letters. . . . *Light* gives some excerpts from the Annual Report of the London Spiritualist Alliance regarding a " great increase in public interest in the evidence for human survival," and the consequent extended activities of the Society in all directions. The same issue reminds us that Sir Oliver Lodge is on the side of pre-existence, holding that " there is some great truth in the idea," a truth which is not of reincarnation nor of transmigation, and may not even presage individuality prior to earthly experience, the suggestion being rather that " we are "—or presumably may be—" fragments of a great mass of mind, of spirit and of life." We take this opportunity of offering our sincere congratulations to *Light* and the Alliance on their removal to 6 Queen Square, where the offices overlook the pleasant garden of the square, and where there is an admirable room for lectures and large meetings.

The Two Worlds very properly gives all possible prominence to a presentation of the problems of mediumship by Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., which embodies an admirable review of the position. In the necessity of such mediation as the term implies the distinguished writer sees nothing remarkable from a purely scientific standpoint, for the analogies are abundant—e.g., " the waves of the luminiferous ether require a material medium to absorb them before they can be perceived by our senses." Sir William goes on to point out that this is true of life itself, which is known only " through its varied manifestations in organic matter." It is therefore, above all things, reasonable that a discarnate mind should require a medium for its manifestation. As to the peculiar psychical state that constitutes mediumship we know absolutely nothing. The only wise course is therefore to study its peculiarities with patience and under our best lights, remembering that as " the thermal radiation of an operator " must be isolated when he is " exploring the ultra-red radiation of the sun," or the results will be confused and unintelligible, so the pseudo-scientific investigator at a séance who plays the part of an amateur detective is merely illustrating his own incompetency to deal with the problems in hand. In conclusion, Sir William regards mediumship as dependent on " the emergence of the subconscious life, and therefore the ordinary waking consciousness must be more or less passive." He of course regards the term " medium " as objectionable, because it begs the question which is really at issue. . . . *The Epoch* brings us many wholesome messages from time to time, but we are disposed to question the wisdom of insisting on a personal guide in the following of the mystic way and its practice of the Presence of God. This is the thesis of a writer in the last issue. He must be " one who has trodden the way," has " completed many stages of the journey," and risen from disciple to master. However, the article ends by admitting that the Great Master is Christ within.

REVIEWS

THE QUESTION: IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN? A Brief History and Examination of Modern Spiritualism. By Edward Clodd. London: Grant Richards, Ltd. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. CLODD'S book is an agreeable contrast to some of the recent "criticisms" which have been mere literary Billingsgate, for it is good-humoured and, on the whole, fair; meaning by this that though all facts which tell against spiritualism are seized on and made the most of, the suppression of facts in its favour is not as complete as it might have been. The style of the book is light and bantering, hence it is very readable; but, like the farmer with his claret, quoted by Mr. Clodd, it gets us "no forrarder." It neither proves nor disproves anything.

The author, feeling that spiritualism and psychical research are not of themselves worth taking off his coat to, generously throws in Theosophy and Christian Science, and polishes them off in excellent style, reminding at least one reader of a very young man's sermon on the Roman Catholic Church, in which the latter was utterly annihilated. As to spiritualism, which "grew up in an atmosphere of fraud," D. D. Home was a "variety artist"—who seated the most credulous sitters nearest to him—Miss Goligher is a conjurer, Stainton Moses was a humbug who took to drink, and Mme. Palladino, Mrs. Wriedt, and Mrs. Piper are "repellent" because their "thin lips" and "calculating look" (in photographs) are ample proof, to a writer of Mr. Clodd's exceptional acumen—or imagination—of their hideous crimes. Further, "*no darkness, no séance*, is the absolute condition under which the whole gang works," which will come as a surprise to those who have had séances with some of the gang and who were under the impression (doubtless being hallucinated) that the proceedings took place in broad daylight or at least with artificial light.

Some hesitation is shown over the George Pelham case, which is admitted to be strong. But Mr. Clodd reassures himself by accepting the myth of a Directory or Blue Book giving information about people likely to come in contact with spiritualism, and by assuming that this book would not be "unknown to so acute a woman as Mrs. Piper" (p. 207). This Blue Book for Mediums must be a very wonderful affair to enable Mrs. Piper to pick out Pelham's friends (about thirty) out of a hundred and twenty sitters all introduced anonymously or pseudonymously, and to greet them by name, with exactly the right degree of intimacy in each case. Mr. Clodd has a

vivid imagination, and is very credulous; for he accepts the existence of this famous book without any proof. He refers to the swallowing power of psychical researchers, but he himself has an œsophagus like Polyphemus if he can swallow that Blue Book.

Professor Sidgwick, we note, is duly praised, because he was "never persuaded into belief." Mr. Clodd dismisses the Census of Hallucinations as establishing nothing, but it is unfortunate for him that the committee which accepted some supernormal causation of apparitions included both Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, who signed the report along with Myers, Podmore and Miss Johnson. Mr. Clodd, though himself subject to hypnagogic illusions, will not tolerate ghosts, which are no doubt the effect of pork pies: "given a healthy condition of mind and body, there is no room for phantasms of either the living or the dead. The causes which beget them are explained, and their doom is certain" (p. 74). Whereas Dr. Sidgwick has said that these hallucinations are not necessarily false or morbid, but that on the contrary many of them "have no traceable connection with disease of any kind; and a certain number of them are, as we hold, reasonably regarded as 'veridical' or truth-telling; they imply in the percipient a capacity above the normal of receiving knowledge, under certain rare conditions" (*Proceedings S.P.R.*, vol. vi. p. 8). From which it will appear that Mr. Clodd's estimate of Dr. Sidgwick's wisdom may have to be revised; somewhat as another "rationalist," Mr. Joseph McCabe, recently had to admit with sorrow that Sir William Crookes had not recanted about Katie King, as Mr. McCabe had prematurely supposed, the wish being perhaps father to the thought.

On the whole it may be said that Mr. Clodd has written an entertaining book, but that he never really comes to grips with the evidence. He rushes a few weak posts, then hangs out his flags and rings his joy-bells and gives the children a half-holiday, but the exploit has no effect on the general situation. The really strong positions he deals with as the theological professor dealt with sceptical arguments—looks them boldly in the face (not *very* boldly) and passes on. And, worst of all, he gives no indication of having done any investigation himself. But criticism is easier than inquiry, and it is not surprising that many take the broad road which leadeth, so to speak, to destruction—for they will find out eventually that they were wrong, and will have to learn. It is pathetic to note Mr. Clodd's beautiful tribute to his mother, whom he would like to meet again, as he assuredly will. No doubt his bias is due largely to repellent forms of theology, which sent the present reviewer into the Rationalist camp, where he sojourned with Mr. Clodd and his friends for some years, until driven out by new facts. All of us have not the same opportunities, and one's chief regret on finishing Mr. Clodd's book is that he has been denied, whether by circumstances or his own will or both, the first-hand experience which is necessary to produce conviction in any properly cautious mind.

J. Arthur Hill.

THE INVISIBLE FOE: A Story adapted from the popular play by Walter Hackett. By Mrs. George Crighton Miln. Crown 8vo. pp. 293. London: Jarrolds, Ltd. Price 6s. net.

PERHAPS the one type of dramatic situation capable of evoking more intense interest than any other, is that centring round the struggle of the human soul against its inner foes. For the *Invisible Foe* of Mr. H. B. Irving's recent success at the Savoy Theatre is not only the discarnate personality of a man who passed out of this life leaving a great wrong unrighted; but is equally the remorselessly-stifled conscience of one of the living, whose guilty secret, shared by the departed, places him on a rack every whit as torturing as that of the Inquisitor.

It is round the soul of this man, Stephen Pryde, the dominant character, that the action of this powerful psychological drama revolves. Keen of intellect yet sensitive of nature, unsatisfied heart-hunger drives him back upon himself until he hardens into the implacable fighter for his own hand, and success at any cost. Less clever, but more affectionate and yielding, his brother Hugh suffers a cruel wrong at his hands, but in spite of all is the happier of the two. A pretty and vivacious American girl, an ardent spiritualist, cherishing the conviction that "if they'd only let the spiritualists run this war, we'd have the Kaiser dished in a jiff," adds by her whimsies the relief of comedy to an otherwise tragic situation. But it is Helen, the dead man's daughter, who knows naught of "séances" or "controls" who successfully brings through her father's message and is the means of effecting the resolution of the complications of the crucial situation which unfolds itself. For, from the psychical research standpoint, the problem reduces itself to a sort of "willing game" on the part of the deceased Bransby, with his daughter for sensitive, and the missing proof of her lover's innocence "willed" to be discovered.

The climax depends for its intensity on no fortuitous physical expedient, but on the struggle of Stephen in the grip of his own ruthless ambition on the one hand, and on the efforts of the dead man to effect his exposure on the other. The reaction of the several characters implicated in the crisis falls naturally and harmoniously into place as, in a well-constructed drama, they should do. The plot lends itself well to casting in narrative form, and may be recommended to all to whom a skilfully exploited psychological situation makes the most direct appeal. H. J. S.

THE WILL TO FREEDOM; OR, THE GOSPEL OF NIETZSCHE AND THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST. By John Neville Figgis, D.D., Litt.D., of the Community of The Resurrection, etc. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 6s. net.

THIS Olympian work consists of the "Bross Lectures" of 1915, a Foundation established by a former Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, in agreement with the Trustees of Lake Forest University, to stimulate the best literature on the scientific and ethical history of the race, especially in relation to the Christian Religion. The six lectures cover a rapid analysis of Nietzsche's career; his youth spent in the ultra-puritanical atmosphere of a Lutheran circle; the various influences that followed, in college life and the world; and the gradual succumbing of that marvellous mind to chloral, wrecked

health, blindness, and finally utter insanity—a heart-rending picture! That here and there in Nietzsche's writings incipient insanity may early be detected is clearly shown. A point missed by Dr. Figgis, but of interest to students of the occult, is that Nietzsche must have been an extraordinarily powerful psychic, judging from an episode related by the author suggestive of the "mediumship" of D. D. Home. It seems that on one occasion this "superman" put his hand into a hot fire and held it there, impervious to the flames, until compelled by a friend to desist. It is indeed but just to think that this errant genius became the victim of almost constant "possession." Hence the key to his violent inconsistencies and changeful moods. Setting these aside, with the grotesque ultra-snobbishness of the "Blond Beast," one feels that the real man existed in his unfailing tenderness for his mother, and in that intense adoration for the highest and most spiritual in musical art, which, very near the end, wrung silent tears from his eyes at the sound of Beethoven's divinely inspired harmonies, when the sweet bells of an intellect long jangled out of tune, responded to the wonderful music whose origin was never of this world alone. . . . Enormous thanks are due to Dr. Figgis for a nobly accomplished task. His book incites to deep thought long after its last page has been read, for while in no sense a commentary on the World War, it is a glowing signpost at the parting of the ways. EDITH K. HARPER.

REALITY AND TRUTH: a Critical and Constructive Essay concerning Knowledge, Certainty, and Truth. By John G. Vance, M.A., Ph.D. $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins. × $4\frac{3}{4}$ in., pp. xii.+344. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*

PROF. VANCE is very confident as to the possibilities of philosophy, and concerning what he has achieved in this book. The solutions of the great problems of philosophy—the existence of an external world, the freedom of the will, the immortality of the soul, the reality of God—are not such as man may hope to approach asymptotically, but can, in his view, be settled once and for all. Indeed, the dominant note of absolute certitude invites criticism of such matters as might otherwise be allowed to pass unnoticed. I should like to remind Prof. Vance that every natural law is no more than approximately correct, and that the quality of probability attaches to the findings of philosophy no less than to those of natural science. Prof. Vance lays great stress on the unquestionable truth of the formal laws of thought. But their truth is unquestionable only in so far as they are formal, *i.e.*, contentless and hence useless, and when we find that assent to the "principle of contradiction" implies assent to that of "causality" and that the truth of the "principle of being" justifies inductive reasoning and hence involves the uniformity of nature, we must allow scepticism to be possible.

Prof. Vance "demonstrates" the real existence of an external world of matter, his argument entirely depending on the contention that "spirit" is a purely negative term, meaningless if matter does not exist. It is a poor argument. Would Prof. Vance maintain that the concept of spirit as that which wills is purely negative? Moreover, later we learn that matter is "an unknown something which exists, which is extended, and which may have a multitude of variant qualities inhering in it" (p. 175), which does not seem very informative as to what matter *is*. In fact,

it is not difficult to see in matter purely an invention of the mind—a mental tool and nothing more—for co-ordinating its experiences. The ether, by the way, in spite of the work of Lodge, is likened by the author to "the lighter gases."

Prof. Vance assumes, though he does not explicitly state this, that like effects are the products of like causes, and his treatment of the concept seems to me to involve a belief in the uniformity of nature, which is not justified (and then, as I have hinted, unsatisfactorily) until later in the book. I would suggest to Prof. Vance that every experience-complex, or every natural object, is unique: hence that the universal is merely an approximation. The science of chemistry has recently afforded a good illustration: work on the elements of the rarer earths indicate that the atomic weight of any element is not a true constant, but rather a mean value from which every atom slightly (more or less) diverges.

But in spite of its defects, and especially that of over-confidence, *Reality and Truth* is an interesting contribution to epistemology and contains a number of valuable ideas. Moreover it is more pleasantly written than the majority of treatises on this topic. The opening chapter, a criticism of "The Realism of Plain Men" is especially good. But there is nothing in the book to supplant Berkeley's *The Principles of Human Knowledge*, whose arguments Prof. Vance has unanswered.

H. S. REDGROVE.

LIFE BEYOND THE VEIL. By Rev. J. H. Howard. 7¼ by 4¾ in., pp. 143. London: Headley Bros., Ltd. Price 2s. 6*d*. net.

THIS is an interesting little book of speculations concerning some of the problems of the life after death, written from the Christian standpoint, by one who accepts the authority of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. In endeavouring to combat the fear of death the author tends, somewhat, to the opposite extreme—I am afraid the war has rather got on his nerves, as it has in the case of most of us—and would almost have us believe that death is a very pleasant process. The fear of death, however, or what is the same thing, the instinct of self-preservation, is a most desirable element in man's psychic constitution, lacking which the species would soon be exterminated. Let us believe in a future life by all means, for the evidence warrants—nay, rather compels—this belief; but let us not cease to fear, and hence to avoid, the transition. The Reverend J. H. Howard, however, is a broad-minded thinker, as his attitude towards psychical research and such hotly debated questions as the future life of the so-called heathen and the value of prayers for the dead makes plain. I am glad to be able to record that on all these matters he entertains heterodox notions. Concerning prayers for the dead and future probation there are particularly interesting chapters, which may well cause Protestants to question whether in their much-needed endeavour to purify Christian doctrine the Protestant Reformers did not reject some wheat with the chaff. I was interested, too, by the significance the author attaches to the expression, occurring more than once in the Old Testament, "was gathered to his people," which may well be cited as evidence of a belief in survival and recognition in the after-life amongst the Jews.

H. S. REDGROVE.