

# OCCULT REVIEW

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

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*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

PSYCHIC experiences at the moment of death are by no means so rare as most people would have us believe. Those present at the death-bed are apt to explain such experiences by saying that the dying person is wandering in his mind. This is a very convenient method of explaining them away, but will hardly satisfy those to whom the other world is a reality, and not merely a theological convention. It would often appear that the friends or relatives of the dying persons come to visit them

PSYCHIC  
EXPERI-  
ENCES  
OF THE  
DYING.

on their deathbeds and are clearly visible to themselves, though not as a rule to the other people present. Cases of this kind were quoted in a recent issue of this magazine from Mr. J. Arthur Hill's latest work, *Man is a Spirit*. Similarly, Mabel Collins narrates a case in which she was present at the deathbed of a very poor old woman, living in a slum in a North Country town. Her life had been one of devotion and self-sacrifice. She was quite blind with cataract in both eyes for some time before her death. When the end was close at hand, Mabel Collins was surprised to see her move her sightless orbs up to the ceiling and

then down to her bed repeatedly, as though she were watching objects that descended from above. At last she murmured the names of two of her daughters, who had died twenty years before her, and said: "They are throwing flowers down to me, beautiful flowers, and they say, 'Don't be long, mother; we will help you up.'"

It naturally falls to the lot of hospital nurses to witness many death-beds, and one of these, whose psychic faculties are highly developed, has given a record of her experiences in a little book entitled *The Ministry of Angels*.\* The author of this narrative had been accustomed to hear psychic music in her early girlhood, and had had one or two remarkable experiences; once, when she had a vision of a Divine Figure whom she took to be the Christ, and on another occasion when she was nearly eighteen years of age, in connection with a girl friend. She narrates that she woke one night out of a sound sleep to find the room filled with light, although there was no light burning in it, and standing by her bedside was this friend, Maggie. Addressing her by name, Maggie said: "I have a secret to tell you. I know that

A PSYCHIC  
HOSPITAL  
NURSE.

I am going over to the other world before long, and I want you to be with me at the last, and help to comfort my mother when I am gone." The narrator told an old Scotch lady, in whom she was in the habit of confiding, of this experience, and wanted to know what she ought to do. "Trust to the guidance which you will receive," was the reply. "If Maggie is to die in your arms without your seeking, matters will be so arranged that you will be with her at the last." A week later she was summoned to her friend's home. The girl was suffering from a feverish cold, but no one was alarmed at her condition. Nor had she any presentiment of impending death or any knowledge or remembrance of the visit she had paid to her friend in her spirit body. The upshot of it was that Maggie's mother was called away to see a sister who was seriously ill, and left the author of the present narrative to stay with her during her absence. After three or four days Maggie was suddenly taken very ill and died in her friend's arms, as she had predicted, before the doctor, who had been sent for, had time to arrive. "It was the first death that I had witnessed," says the writer. "Immediately after her heart had ceased to beat, I distinctly saw something in appearance like smoke or steam as it rises from a kettle in which the water is boiling, ascend from her body. The emanation rose only a little dis-

\* London: Geo. Bell & Sons, Ltd., Portugal Street, W.C. 2s. net.

tance, and there resolved itself into a form like that of my friend who had just died. This form, shadowy at first, gradually changed, until it became well defined and clad in a pearly white cloud-like robe, beneath which the outlines of the figure were distinctly visible. The face was that of my friend, but glorified, with no trace upon it of the spasm of pain which had seized her just before she died." "After I became a professional nurse [says our author] I witnessed scores of deaths and always immediately afterwards I saw the spirit form, in appearance an etherealized duplicate of the human form, take shape above the body in which life had become extinct, and then vanish from my sight."

The author's next important psychical experience was immediately preceding the death of her father, to whom she was devotedly attached. She was then about twenty-two years of age, and had been some little time before haunted by a sense of impending disaster, and the idea that her unseen mentor was preparing her for grave trouble ahead. She had, however, no other reason to feel anxiety with regard to her father, who was apparently in his usual health, and good spirits. One evening three or four weeks after this foreboding came to her she was sitting before the open window of her bedroom, when she suddenly heard her father's voice calling her by name.

Then [she writes] I lost all consciousness of my surroundings, and a vision came to me. I saw my father lying in the garden fully dressed, and apparently asleep. It was broad daylight. Along the road two friends were approaching the house. They were Dr. —, our family physician, and his brother, who were in the habit of dropping in at odd times. I saw them enter the garden gate and then, apparently catching sight of my father, run to him. One of them raised his head, and the other, the doctor, unfastened his collar and necktie, and thrust a hand into his breast. "He has gone," I heard the doctor say. "He must have passed away without a moment's pain. But who will tell his daughter? I cannot."

Thereupon the vision vanished, and our author became aware that she was still sitting at the open window. She went to her father's bedroom, opened the door, and listened, and heard the regular deep breathing that denotes sound slumber. There was apparently nothing amiss. She walked to the bedside and knelt there and prayed fervently that her father might be spared to her. The next day her father went out at two o'clock for a walk, saying that he would be back to take tea. As he kissed her

A WARNING  
VISION  
FULFILLED.

she had a foreboding that she would never see him alive again. At 3.30 the manservant came in and asked if she knew where the master was. The doctor came in shortly after. "The moment I saw his face [she writes] I knew that he had brought a message of death, but feared to tell it to me. 'You have come to tell me that my father has met with an accident—or worse, that he is dead,' I said. 'He has been badly hurt,' he answered, 'and they are bringing him in.' 'Why not tell me the truth now, doctor?' I said. 'I know that my father has passed away.' 'I must not deny it to you,' he answered falteringly; 'he is dead.'" After the funeral the doctor asked her what had made her so positive that her father was dead. She then narrated the full details of the vision that she had seen, and learnt that everything had occurred as she had witnessed it, and indeed that the doctor had used the very words she had heard him speak. Her father had died of heart disease, and though he had kept the knowledge from her, was himself aware of the complaint. After this episode troubles came thick and fast. It was found that the supposed friend to whom her father had trusted the investment of his money had misappropriated it, and there was nothing left for her brother and herself. The brother resolved to make a living for both: went to a British colony and was drowned. Then followed the death of her favourite aunt, and after this a nervous breakdown and a long illness. A period of scepticism and hopelessness followed, and finally she began to contemplate suicide. When in this mood one day she happened to be passing a church and heard within the singing of her father's favourite hymn, "Jesu, lover of my soul." She was impelled to go in. Here she had one of those remarkable visions which it is always easy for the sceptic to put down to overwrought nerves. Let her tell her own story—

THE VALLEY  
OF THE  
SHADOW.

After a time [she writes], I know not how long, I became aware that the service was over and that I was kneeling alone in the church, now dimly illuminated by a few gas jets. Something like the calm that often succeeds the tempest had fallen on my storm-swept soul.

I raised my head and looked up and for the second time found myself gazing at the white-robed figure of the Saviour, surrounded by a bright light, which seemed to emanate from his own person. For a short time I gazed, spellbound by the indescribably tender compassion depicted on that radiant face.

"Oh, help me!" I cried, "for I am afraid to live and yet I dare not die."

The Saviour stretched forth his hands in a gesture of loving appeal, and said in tones that revealed a depth of sympathy and tenderness no human voice is capable of expressing:

"Come unto me, weary one and stricken with despair, and I will comfort you and give you work to do for me. Now go in peace."

The vision faded from my sight. A great burden seemed lifted from my soul, and I left the church resolved to begin a new life, a life that should be of some use to others.

The opportunity of taking up work as a probationer at a hospital offered itself shortly afterwards, and in applying herself to the duties assigned to her she gradually shook off her morbid melancholy. She again became conscious of the presence of her invisible guardian, and of a voice that often seemed to direct her what to do, and what not to do, even in the ordinary hospital routine. In the hospital to which she was attached, among other patients was a young boy whose thigh had been broken. His case was hopeless, and he suffered so much pain that he longed for death, and looked forward to meeting his father who, he declared, was waiting for him in another world.

That same night [she says] I was standing by the child's bedside when I became conscious of a dark, shadowy form standing at the foot of the bed. Looking at it intently, I perceived that the form was like that of a human being, but dimly visible, as a man or woman appears seen through a thick fog. It was enveloped in a long robe; and its features were veiled. I stretched out my hand to touch it, but could feel nothing, although

I could see that it was still there. A moment later it vanished. A feeling of dread came over me and I could not shake off the impression that the apparition portended something dire. Ere the morning dawned, as I learned next day, the child died.

Afterwards I often saw the dark, veiled form standing at the foot of a bed in which lay some patient whose condition was critical. I came in time to recognize that it portended the speedy death of the patient at the foot of whose bed it appeared, for it was always there it stood. Never, since it first appeared to me, has anybody died who has been in my care, whether at the hospital or in private houses where I have been engaged as a nurse, that it has not appeared to me before the death occurred. And generally the death has followed within two or three days after its appearance.

Not only was this hospital nurse able to foresee the deaths of the patients whose cases were hopeless, with far greater accuracy than the doctors, but in other critical cases where recovery seemed unlikely she would at times notice "a bright figure clad in a luminous robe, and with a youthful face of joyous aspect."

AND A  
FIGURE OF  
HOPE. This figure stood at the head of the bed with the right arm upraised and the index finger pointing upward. When she saw this form standing by the bed, however hopeless the case might appear to be, the writer always anticipated—and with justification—

a favourable issue. "When, as time went on in the hospital [she observes]—I remained there three years after serving a year as probationer—my predictions of recovery or death were invariably verified, it came to be generally recognized among the nurses, and to some extent among the doctors, that I possessed some weird gift which enabled me to foretell such things."

Writing on the subject of death-beds of the patients, she remarks that most of those who she saw die passed away in a state of torpor, incapable, seemingly, of feeling or expressing any emotion. But there were exceptions to this rule. Some deaths were calm and peaceful, and as good to look upon as the falling asleep of a babe, while in other cases, on realizing that their end was near, patients became terror-stricken by the fear of what might befall them afterwards, and fought desperately for life. She noticed, however, that often, irrespective of the physical condition or frame of mind of the dying, just before the end came, they would seem to recognize some one who was not of those at the bedside, and who was unseen by them.

I have seen [she says] a woman who had been in a comatose state for hours, suddenly open her eyes with a look of glad surprise, stretch forth her hands as though to grasp invisible hands outstretched towards her, and then, with what seemed a sigh of relief, expire. I have seen a man who had been writhing in agony suddenly grow calm, fasten his eyes with an expression of joyful recognition on what to those observing him was only vacancy, and uttering a name in tones of glad greeting, breathe his last breath.

OTHER SIDE. I recall the death of a woman who was the victim of that most dreadful disease, malignant cancer. Her sufferings were excruciating, and she prayed earnestly that death might speedily come to her and end her agony. Suddenly her sufferings appeared to cease; the expression of her face, which a moment before had been distorted by pain, changed to one of radiant joy. Gazing upwards, with a glad light in her eyes, she raised her hands and exclaimed: "Oh, mother dear, you have come to take me home. I am so glad!" And in another moment her physical life had ceased.

Afterwards she was able on occasion to see herself what was invisible to others in the hospital ward, with the exception of the patient; though, as she states, she had never herself doubted that the dying actually did see those who came to meet them from the realms of spirit life and to welcome them into another state of existence.

The first time that I received this ocular proof [she says] was at the death of L—, a sweet girl of seventeen, who was a personal friend of mine. She was a victim of consumption. She suffered no pain, but the weariness that comes from extreme weakness and debility was heavy upon her and she yearned for rest.

A short time before she expired I became aware that two spirit forms were standing by the bedside, one on either side of it. I did not notice them enter the room; they were standing by the bedside when they first became visible to me, but I could see them as distinctly as I could any of the human occupants of the room. In my own thoughts I have always called these bright beings from another world angels, and as such I shall hereafter speak of them. I recognized their faces as those of two girls who had been the closest friends of the girl who was dying. They had passed away a year before and were then about her own age.

Just before they appeared the dying girl exclaimed:  
**A HAPPY REUNION.** "It has grown suddenly dark; I cannot see anything!" But she recognized them immediately. A smile, beautiful to see, lit up her face. She stretched forth her hands and in joyous tones exclaimed: "Oh, you have come to take me away! I am glad, for I am very tired."

As she stretched forth her hands the two angels extended each a hand, one grasping the dying girl's right hand, the other her left. Their faces were illumined by a smile more radiantly beautiful even than that of the face of the girl who was so soon to find the rest for which she longed. She did not speak again, but for nearly a minute her hands remained outstretched, grasped by the hands of the angels, and she continued to gaze at them with the glad light in her eyes and the smile on her face. . . .

The angels seemed to relax their grasp of the girl's hands, which then fell back on the bed. A sigh came from her lips, such as one might give who resigns himself gladly to a much-needed sleep, and in another moment she was what the world calls dead. But that sweet smile with which she had first recognized the angels was still stamped upon her features.

Our author comments on the materialistic attitude of relatives and friends when brought face to face with the presence of death, and she frequently felt keenly the hopelessness of convincing them of the reality of what she herself was able to witness. In the above instance the father of the girl was an entire sceptic, and had convinced himself that there was no future life. His daughter's last words, the smile that lit up her face as she recognized the girl-friends who had come to take her spirit away, he regarded as evidence of a disordered imagination. It was not, however, always so. In the case of a patient who was dying of pneumonia, his wife was seated by his bedside and he called to her to draw her attention to their little boy, who had died at the age of five or six years, and who was waiting for him. "Look how he smiles and holds out his hands to me," he exclaimed. "Cannot you see him?" Though she could not see him like her husband, she remarked afterwards, "I am very glad that he saw B. before he died. I shall now be able to think of them as always together, and happy, and when I receive my own summons I know they will both come for me."

It has often been maintained that death at the end is almost

invariably peaceful, and painless, but though this is probably true in the majority of cases, it is clearly quite impossible to dogmatize or to lay down a law which will fit all equally. In the semi-trance state which frequently precedes death, the dying person seems in many instances to realize the passing from one life to the other in an allegorical form. Often this takes the shape of appearing to climb up a hill, or steep stairs, or, as in one case recorded by Mabel Collins, of having a rope thrown down for the dying person to climb up by.

A curious thing (she remarks) was once said by a dying woman. She had been unconscious for some time, and her husband brought her back to this life by a strong restorative. She looked at him reproachfully and said, "Why have you brought me back? I had such a steep hill to climb, and I had nearly got to the top when you brought me back again." She soon became unconscious again, and her husband knelt beside her, and let her spirit pass upward without hindrance.

Sometimes, again, the passing over to the other world appears to the sufferer as the crossing of a river or torrent, while some one stands on the other side with hands outstretched to help the new-comer across. It is curious how frequently the mind of the dying, like the mind of the child, tends to interpret experience in allegorical terms, and to apprehend what is taking place in a purely symbolic manner. Thus, too, many dying people seem to themselves to be starting on a journey without appreciating the fact that the journey is one to another state of existence. Perhaps we should not be far wrong in saying that the world of the dying and the world of the dreamer are very near akin.

DREAM  
STATE  
OF THE  
DYING.

Eventually our hospital nurse gave up her hospital work and took up private nursing. On one occasion she accompanied a friend to the house of a lady who had been an invalid for many years, and needed a nurse. It was her friend, however, who was engaged as the nurse.

When I met her my heart went out to her at once, for in a moment there were revealed to me the depths and tenderness of her saintly soul. How, I know not; I cannot explain it. This woman, I said to myself, is the friend I have long been seeking, and a great hope came to me that I might win her friendship. But it was for only a brief space that I could entertain it. For while I conversed with her as she lay on a couch the dark form with the veiled face appeared at the foot of it. I knew then that she would soon die.

The aspiration, however, though not realized in this world,



was destined to receive satisfaction in one of those strange friendships in which one of the two friends is on this side of the veil and one on the other. "In course of time [she writes], quite a very little time, she became more intimately my friend than any friend I had known who belonged to this life. When she appeared to me, it was not to vanish almost immediately, but to stay with me and converse with me as freely and naturally as could any human being. When she was with me I could see her as plainly as I could see any of the everyday objects of life, and she disclosed to me an individuality just as pronounced as that of any person possessed of strong characteristics who still dwells on this earth." By means of this lady, whom she came to look upon as her guardian angel, she was taken in trance to visit many scenes and people in the other world, and in particular describes her visits to what she terms "the heavenly garden" and her friend's rest chamber there, where she came to rest and meditate. We can regard these descriptions as symbolic, but experience is none the less experience, and sensation none the less sensation, though we thus describe them. Symbolism is, in fact, in many cases the means by which certain emotions are interpreted by our consciousness, which would be unable to realize them in any other form.

A SPIRIT  
FRIEND.

My guardian angel [our author writes] led me through one of the entrances, and I found myself in a spacious chamber, filled with a subdued light, and in which various shades of colour were blended in such perfect harmony that it impressed one as some beautiful and soothing music made visible. The walls were hung with cloud-like draperies, in which greens, pinks, crimsons and golds were blended so artistically that there was nowhere a jarring note of colour. But the draperies were unlike any of earth's fabrics. They were distinctly visible to me, but they offered no resistance to my touch. It was like thrusting my hand into a cloud. In the chamber there were several couches that displayed the same soothing, harmonious colouring. Many plants and beautiful flowers were bestowed about the place.

"This," said my guardian angel, "is my rest chamber where I come to rest and meditate. And you shall come here and rest with me, often."

She was taken thence by her friend to visit the toiling millions in some city of the earth to whose sufferings the dwellers in the heavenly garden went to minister. Here she visited a factory, and observed that she and her companion passed through walls and partitions as they went from one department to another of the huge building. Neither brick walls nor steel beams offered the slightest resistance to their progress. "I often used to wonder [she remarks] how spirits entered houses and rooms

in which no doors were open, and how they left them when all exits were closed." Now she appeared to understand. "What to us on earth are solid walls, appear when approached close by one in the spirit body as though composed of something like fog, and to the passage of the spirit body through them they present just as little impediment as does fog to the passage of the physical body." "Many things [she observes] that are insoluble mysteries to the human understanding appear just as little mysteries to the spirit faculties as seem to us here the common things and experiences of everyday life. To find one's progress here stopped by a brick wall occasions no surprise, and similarly it occasions no surprise to one in the spirit body to find that the brick wall presents no impediment." We come here to a problem of the fourth dimension which puzzles many on this plane, and on which this curious record—which in parts reads like a fantasy of fairyland—throws some strange sidelights.

Another incident of a somewhat similar character, in the light it helps to throw on this strange mystery of interpenetrating planes, is given towards the close of this startling narrative. In one of her visits to celestial regions our author makes the acquaintance of a man she terms "The Mentor." "The Mentor [she says] lived several hundred years before Christ began his ministry on earth, and is a servant of the Master in the Courts of Light." Part of his business was to act as counsellor and guide to our hospital friend, to whom the beauties of Nature, or shall we say Super-nature, in these heavenly spheres made special appeal. Upon her expressing admiration of the flowers he promised her that she should take back with her to her earth life some of the blooms. "I tried [she says] to break some of these from their stems, but discovered to my surprise that I could not detach a single bloom. The Mentor plucked some for me with seemingly the greatest ease. When I returned in my spirit body to my home I placed them in a vase, but when next morning in my physical body I went to look at them, I discovered that though I could see them as plainly as when the Mentor had handed them to me and could still smell their exquisite fragrance, they were not palpable to my touch. My hands passed through them as they would through a ray of light, and still they remained unbroken with not a single petal deranged. Save myself, no member of my household could see them or smell them." "The angel [she adds—and here is a very curious point] who visits

A PROBLEM  
OF THE  
FOURTH  
DIMENSION.

A CELESTIAL  
BOUQUET.

me in my house, can handle them as we do earthly flowers, but the latter, of which I always have some in my house, they cannot handle. They see them just as I see them, but they offer no resistance to their touch." She asks in bewilderment: "Which is the world of solid realities, and which of intangible appearances, our world or the spirit worlds?" She arrives at one conclusion which I think is hardly open to dispute; that wherever the heavenly spheres may be, were it possible for a human being in human form, possessed only of the five senses which science recognizes, to be transported to them, he could see nothing of their wondrous beauties, could hear not a note of their glad music. To him they would be but empty and silent space.

A problem that often confronts us here is the question how far happiness in the other world is compatible with a knowledge of the suffering of those who have been loved and left behind in this. Our author raises the point in one of her conversations with her mother on the spirit plane.

"Does it sadden the angels [she asks] to see those they love on earth in trouble and distress?" "It does at times," said my mother, "but not to the extent it would if we were earth's inhabitants. For we here see, as those still on earth cannot see, how often conflict with trials and difficulties strengthens character, develops spirituality, and brings out the best that is in a man or woman. Our vision extends beyond the grave, and we can see what awaits many here, who, to earthly eyes, are overwhelmed by misfortune. Many on earth who are accounted wretched failures by those who know them— or think they know them—are regarded by us as among the noblest types of success, because though poor in worldly goods, they have enriched their souls with those things that are imperishable. And many who on earth are regarded as brilliantly successful are known by us to be wretched failures, because, however great their possessions, they are seen by us to have poverty-stricken souls."

For, as her Mentor had informed the narrator of this strange story, "poverty and riches are of the spirit."

A final word in criticism of this little book may not be amiss. I think it is perhaps a mistake that our hospital nurse employs the expression "angels" so perpetually, and uses it, as she does, to describe any one who has passed into a state of bliss in the world beyond. The word "angel" has become very hackneyed, and is inevitably associated in one's mind with unreal and artificial conceptions of heaven. If it is to be used at all in connection with spiritual beings (which seems inevitable), surely it is best to confine it to

those celestial hierarchies to whom is entrusted, as so many notable authorities have held, the harmonious ordering of the Cosmos, and not to apply it, as our author does, to common humanity in its disembodied state. "WHAT ARE 'ANGELS'?" The word "angel" itself has, indeed, no special spiritual connotation. The meaning of the word is merely "messenger," and its association with the spiritual world is a special application of the word in a specific sense. The angelic choirs may in this sense be looked upon as divine messengers from the Deity to mankind; but we can hardly regard our departed friends in this way, whatever may be their ultimate destiny. In the literal sense of the word, the chubby-faced messenger boy is much more truly an "angel" than the saintliest of departed humanity. What, however, I think one most dislikes when the expression is employed in the very free way that our author uses it, is its inevitable association with the stereotyped idea of orthodox "angels," with expressionless faces, and wings ill-fitting to their shoulder-blades. Such a conception inevitably draws us down to the low level of conventional religion, with its unwholesome associations and insincere professions, and all the canting respectability and stuffy atmosphere of a Puritan Sabbath in which the Christ is strangled at the birth. I think it was Ruskin in one of his lectures who took off Mendelssohn's well-known anthem, "Oh, for the wings of a dove," depicting the stalwart frame of the sweet psalmist of Israel endeavouring to lift himself into the air with the aid of these entirely inadequate pinions. This is doubtless a *reductio ad absurdum* of the idea of the average human suddenly presented with a pair of wings on his entry into the spirit world, a conception already sufficiently bordering on the grotesque. It is true our hospital nurse does not stress the "wings." My point is merely that the use of trite and conventional phraseology tends to detract from rather than to help the spiritual atmosphere of a record which is in many ways one of rare charm and beauty.

As no little interest has been aroused among readers of this magazine by my resumed Notes on the subject of Reincarnation, I think it may not be amiss to quote some remarks made on the subject by the late Laurence Oliphant in his book entitled *The Land of Gilead*. It appears that the Druses, whose acquaintance our armies in the East may now doubtless be making, accept the doctrine of Reincarnation as one of their fundamental dog-

mas. Laurence Oliphant observes: "The oneness and pervasiveness of the Deity is the prominent feature of the Druses' religion, believing that God is everything, and that nothing exists which is not He. Their idea of the highest degree of perfection in religion is a mystical absorption of the thinking and feeling powers of man in the unity of God. Hence they call their religion Unitarianism, and their followers "Muwahadeen" or Unitarians. . . . The idea that the human race originated from a primal pair the Druses ridicule as an absurdity. . . . The arguments upon which they base their belief in the transmigration of souls are so curious that they are worth quoting. Many, they say, are born to a life of doomed suffering and misery, while others enjoy an opposite condition of health, affluence and happiness. Now this cannot be consistent with the goodness and justice of God, unless on the supposition that their moral actions during the migration in a previous body had been such as to necessitate the present dealings of God with them. In arguing this point with Christians, they produce two passages from the New Testament which, in their opinion, conclusively prove it. The first is where the Saviour said that John the Baptist was Elijah. The second is the inquiry of the disciples, with regard to the man who had been born blind, whether he had sinned or his parents; for if *he* sinned, so as to have been born blind, he must have done so in a previous body. It is affirmed that instances are not wanting in which a person among them is conscious of the connections and circumstances which had been his lot in a former body, and that these statements in some cases have been thoroughly tested and found to be true." Laurence Oliphant observes that Dr. Wortabet \* relates the following incident as one among many others of the kind which are current among the Druses:

A child, five years old, in Djebel al A'ala, complained of the life of poverty which his parents led, and alleged that he had been a rich man in Damascus; that on his death he was born in another place, but lived only six months; that he was born again among his present friends, and desired to be carried to that city. He was taken there by his relatives, and on the way astonished them by his correct

**A MEMORY OF A PAST LIFE.** knowledge of the names of the different places which they passed. On reaching the city, he led the way through various streets to a house which he said had been his own. He knocked, and called the woman of the house by her name; and on being admitted, told her that he had been her husband, and asked

\* Wortabet's *Researches into the Religions of Syria*.

after the welfare of the several children, relatives, and acquaintances whom he had left. The Druses of the place soon met to inquire into the truth of the matter. The child gave them a full account of his past life among them, of the names of his acquaintances, the property which he had possessed, and the debts which he had left. All was found to be strictly true, except a small sum which he said a certain weaver owed him. The man was called, and on the claim being mentioned to him he acknowledged it, pleading his poverty for not having paid it to the children of the deceased. The child then asked the woman who had been his wife whether she had found a sum of money which he had hid in the cellar ; and on her replying in the negative, he went directly to the place, dug up the treasure, and counted it before them. The money was found to be exactly of the amount and kind of specie which he had specified. His wife and children, who were considerably older than himself, then gave him some money, and he returned with his new friends to his mountain home.

It appears that the Druses believe that souls only migrate into human bodies, while a neighbouring tribe, the Ansariyeh, hold with the Manicheans that the souls of the wicked pass into animal forms. It is worthy of note that the Druses also hold the belief in a periodical recurrence of divine or ministerial manifestations. Among these they include Adam, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, and others.

With regard to the psychic reminiscence entitled "The Lion" by K. L. P. in my last issue, I wrote to the lady whose experience this was, for further particulars as to its nature and the circumstances connected with it, and I think some of the statements which she makes in her letter worth reproducing here, as tending to throw light on this and similar psychic experiences. The lady in question writes me that for a year previously "THE LION," she had been reading a good deal of Theosophical literature, and was deeply interested in two special directions : the earnest desire for activity during sleep as an invisible helper, and after that in all connected with the memory of Nature and accounts of remembered incarnations. She states that previous to the "Lion" incident, and also subsequently, she has had several of these memory pictures. Sometimes she recalls them at the moment of waking, but at other times they come back to her later in the day, and she describes them as "Rather like a scene at a cinema, except that the figures speak," and that to a certain extent she is aware of their mentality and emotions. "In regard to Ignatia [she writes] I do not feel convinced that she is a previous incarnation of my own, although I have not enough knowledge of such things to explain the matter otherwise." She states in this connection that she

had no knowledge at the time of the experience, either of Ignatia's previous life or her mentality and character, and this I take to be the reason for her doubt. One point she adds, which will, I think, be of interest to readers, though she felt, doubtless quite rightly, that it would have detracted from the unity of the incident as recorded. "When the keeper's door was opened [she says] I recognized in the Captain in charge of the soldiers a man I knew well a few years ago as a foreign count, who may or may not be living now." The curious point comes in here: that whereas Ignatia had never seen him before, the percipient, who underwent again in her own consciousness the experience of Ignatia at the arena, recognized the man through the medium of her present-life consciousness. The suggestion apparently is that she sensed an earlier incarnation of her friend as Nero's courtier in what may or may not have been an incident in a previous life of her own. Of course it may possibly be that the percipient was brought into touch with the whole scene through her previous friendship with the foreign count, and his past association with the incident. K. L. P. writes that these experiences subsequently produce upon her a very exhilarating effect. She feels thrilled by them as well as interested. With regard to the lion incident, she states that she wrote out the account of this later in the day, and has hardly changed a word of it since, with the exception of the sentence referring to the glimpse of Nero, which, she explains, came to her in reality a few days later. The insertion of this seemed necessary to explain the action of the story. It is worth noting that in another of these memory pictures which had Greece about 400 B.C. as a background, the foreign count figured as a friend of the principal in the drama.

My readers will, I am sure, be sorry to hear of the passing over on Friday, May 10, of one of the oldest contributors to the OCCULT REVIEW, Dr. Helen Bouchier. Only four days previously she had dictated a letter to her friend, Mabel Collins (Mrs. K. Cook), from whom I have received the news of her death, in which she said, "I expect to be soon on the ethereal plane." Dr. Helen Bouchier, like Dr. Anna Kingsford, was one of the pioneer women doctors, who obtained their degrees in Paris. Subsequently she practised her profession for some time in India. Besides various fugitive articles in the OCCULT REVIEW and magazines of a kindred nature, Dr. Bouchier was the author of

DEATH OF  
DR. HELEN  
BOUCHIER.

*A Crown of Asphodels*, published by the Theosophical Publishing Society, and of a novel entitled *A Great Renunciation*, published by Messrs. Hutchinson. Like Dr. Kingsford and Mabel Collins, she was an ardent supporter of the cause of anti-vivisection.

In view of Government regulations coming into force, which prohibit the sending out of magazines to the trade on sale or return, I would make a special appeal to readers to place orders for the OCCULT REVIEW with their regular newsagent, or failing that, would suggest their sending their annual subscription direct to this office, no extra charge being made for the postage of the magazine.

Owing to Government restrictions with regard to general circularizing, my publishers' catalogue has not been sent out in the usual free manner; but they are always pleased to send copies post free to all inquirers, and I hope, therefore, any readers who desire to see the list will write direct for it.

In connection with my remarks in last month's issue with regard to the raising of Lazarus from the dead, I accidentally alluded to the Evangelist who narrates this occurrence as St. Matthew. It should, of course, be St. John.

## UNDE PANEM?

By C. L. RYLEY

NOT from the lore of years long fled,  
 Not from the words of men long dead,  
     Who toiled and fought,  
 Martyrs and saints of bygone days,  
 Whose life was prayer, whose death was praise,  
     Must strength be sought.

Long ages still the world shall last :  
 The soul that feeds upon the Past  
     Shall hunger yet.  
 Although the chalice years we drain,  
 Full surely shall we thirst again,  
     Thirst and forget.



O vintage of the bygone years,  
 Made strong with life-blood, and with tears  
     Made bitter-sweet !  
 Pressed slowly out by those who trod  
 The Winepress of the Wrath of God,  
     Our father's feet !

Keen, potent as the Wine of Life  
 To nerve the heart for sudden strife,  
     To bid arise  
 The steadfast pride of creed and race,  
 To cheer the soul and glad the face  
     In Death's own eyes !

But when the long night watches come,  
 And the heart falters and grows numb  
     Amid the dark :  
 When, from the sullen mist around  
 The sentinel, there comes no sound,  
     There gleams no spark :—

Ah ! then the strength of long dead years  
 Is weak to chase the spirit's fears  
     And bid them fade,  
 Those weavers of the fatal spell,  
 The formless foes, invisible  
     Amid the shade.

Nor can the hope of future time,  
 Set forth in visioned pomp sublime,  
     For long endure :  
 For Hope grows thin and vanisheth,  
 Blown cloud-like on the wind of Death,  
     The one thing sure.

The great Hereafter, as the Past,  
 E'en though we fain would clutch them fast,  
     Must lose its power :  
 What strength is then for present pain,  
 When day by day drags on in vain,  
     And hour by hour ?

Some meat and drink our spirits crave  
 Ere yet they pass beyond the grave  
     Where all must go.  
 Ah ! whence shall come the wine and bread  
 Wherewith the hungry may be fed  
     While here below ?

# THE BRAHAN SEER: AN APPRECIATION

BY L. C. R. CAMERON

AS nearly every one interested in the Occult knows, the Brahan Seer, Kenneth Dun, or Coinneach Odhar Foisache—to give him the Gaelic name by which he was known in his own day—belongs to the beginning of the seventeenth century, and his prophecies were uttered between 1630 and 1680; in or about which year (for there is no documentary evidence on the point) he was burned to death in a tar-barrel for witchcraft, at the instance of Lady Seaforth, at Chanoury Point in the Black Isle, on the northern shore of the Moray Firth.

For many generations his prophecies have been known to the Highlanders of the extreme north of Scotland, the belt of country stretching from the Moray Firth on the east to the North Minch on the west, and embracing portions of Sutherlandshire, Ross and Cromarty and northern Inverness-shire. In more recent times, since they have been reduced from mere oral tradition to the medium of print, they have become more widely known throughout Scotland, and have penetrated so far south that the name of the Brahan Seer is recognized as that of one of the few prophets whose prophecies have actually been fulfilled.

Born in the Lewis when that island was in part the property of the Seaforth Mackenzies, and Kenneth therefore a clansman and dependent, it was natural that he should in course of time drift eastward to the headquarters of his chief at Brahan Castle near Strathpeffer; where he was employed in some capacity as a ghillie, and his natural gifts of wit and repartee as well as that of second-sight encouraged and rewarded as only in the comparatively primitive state of that part of the Highlands in those days was possible. Kenneth became as familiar with the districts surrounding Brahan Castle as he was with that of his native Island of Lewis and with the coast of the mainland facing it about Loch Broom and the Gair loch. The Black Isle and the country running round the head of Beauly or Bhealaith Firth eastwards towards the town of Inverness and so to Culloden, as well as

northward from Brahan Castle to Dingwall and the shores of Cromarty Firth, and westward through the glens that led to the west coast of Ross-shire and Inverness-shire, and formed the only route to the islands of Skye and the Hebrides, were equally familiar to him.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that all his prophecies are localized and deal exclusively with the personages, families, and places of the district with which he was himself familiar : although he does not limit them in point of time, and, indeed, expressly states that several of them would not come true for centuries. It has been customary among those writers who have collected and compiled various editions of the prophecies of the Brahan Seer to divide them into water-tight compartments : such as those that have been wholly or partly fulfilled, those as to the fulfilment of which there is a doubt, those unfulfilled, and those dealing with particular persons or families, of which, of course, the most striking instance is that regarding the fate of the great family of Seaforth, " High Chiefs of Kintail."

The remarkable fulfilment of this well-authenticated prophecy made at the moment when he was about to suffer death for having offended Lady Seaforth, has doubtless, and deservedly so, done more for the reputation of Kenneth Dun as a prophet than any of his other prophecies : although he was no less correct in his prognostication of the fate of other local families like the Mackenzies of Fairburn, the Mackenzies of Kilcoy, the Mackenzies of Rosehaugh, the Macleods of Dunvegan in Skye, the Macleods of Raasay, Clan Ranald of the Isles, the Mathesons of Lochalsh, the Lovat Frasers, MacNeil of Barra, and others.

These prophecies have attracted attention and have been dealt with by scientists and savants without number, even that strolling literary tinker the late Andrew Lang having condescended to examine in his usual semi-sceptical, semi-credulous manner the evidence for and against their antiquity and authenticity. On the principle of the Teutonic wiseacre who discovered that the plays of Shakespeare were not written by Shakespeare, but by another man of the same name, the result of these pseudo-scientific researches has been to prove that all the best known and most important of the Brahan Seer's prophecies were made if not by Kenneth himself at any rate a long time in each case before they were fulfilled ; and as the name of no rival seer has been introduced, unless it be that of the Minister of Petty, who 100 years later unblushingly stole many of Kenneth's prophecies and put them forth as his own, we may be quite safe in saying that

the majority of, if not all, the prophecies attributed to the latter are undoubtedly those of Coinneach Odhar Foisache.

The day has long gone by when it was necessary to apologize for a belief in the gift of second-sight, as was the case of Sir Walter Scott in the *Legend of Montrose*. The fact that certain persons do possess this uncanny power is now not seriously disputed by any one. Even Andrew Lang admitted its existence, though he was very much concerned to prove that it was a gift not peculiar either to Highlanders or to persons of Celtic descent, but common to all races.

We may take it therefore that Kenneth Dun had undoubtedly this gift of second-sight, and that in strong contrast to the majority of his countrymen to whom it comes unbidden and frequently unwanted, he consciously used it at will in order to satisfy the curious or to foretell events then far distant, but many of which have since been fulfilled. That this was the case is shown by his use of an instrument of divination, variously described as the bone of a sheep or a small stone with a hole in it : though it does not appear that he always employed this species of crystal-gazing as a means of foretelling the future. Indeed it is probable that the greater part of his visions came unsought. But such evidence as there is substantiates the fact that Kenneth Mackenzie, alone among Highland Seers, deliberately exercised his gift of the second-sight, although never for profit.

The publication of the Brahan Seer's prophecies in several editions has now rendered it possible to check their fulfilment from time to time. The impossibility of doing this was one of the points made by Andrew Lang in his preface to the edition of the "Prophecies" published at Stirling in 1909.\* "We can scarcely ever," he writes, "except as to the deaf Seaforth, find any evidence that the prophecies were recorded before the event." But Andrew Lang was a "literary man" who must see things set down in black and white and be completely satisfied as to the date at which they were so set down before he would believe in their authenticity. He was always a doubting Thomas, who, had he claimed to have been born in the Northern Highlands and to have heard, throughout his childhood, the common recital of the prophecies of the Brahan Seer, would have in the course of his life been able of his own knowledge to check the fulfilment of a quite considerable number of the prophecies uttered 250 years before and repeated from generation to generation before they

\* *The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer*, by Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A., Stirling: Eneas Mackay.

were fulfilled and before they were eventually collected and printed for the reference of the present generation of believers and sceptics alike.

Andrew Lang wrote that "in many cases fulfilment could only occur either in the ancient fighting clan society or under its revival, to which we cannot look with much confidence." He therefore dismisses all this class of prophecy as being of no account. But Andrew Lang was not himself a prophet, even to the extent that the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts was, and did not foresee the present European War.

The personal limitations of the seer must always be taken into account in any estimation of the meaning of his prophecies. Kenneth lived as a peasant in a remote district; he was probably uneducated as we understand education in these days; his range of vision was limited to a circumscribed portion of northern Scotland and to a restricted number of personages. He could see or foresee events, but he could not know anything of the conditions that would obtain in the far-distant days when those events might come to pass. For instance, in his prediction of the slaughter of the Mackenzies he could see the Seaforth tartan and badge, and thereby identify the victims; but he could not foretell that in process of time many thousands of men wearing that tartan and badge would be enrolled in the British Army as the Seaforth Highlanders and would fall—as they have recently done—in greater numbers than even Kenneth foretold on the battlefields in Flanders and Northern France.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced person that in Coinneach Odhar Foisache the Highlands of Scotland and indeed Great Britain produced a real seer, who undoubtedly foretold events, important or trivial, that have in many instances come to pass, but of which many yet remain to be fulfilled. There are not in the history of western civilization so many prophets of which so much can with truth be said. Most prophecies are first heard of by the general public when they can be considered as having been fulfilled. This was never the case with those of the Brahan Seer. Indeed, every Highlander has heard of them from his cradle. During the last two decades they have been available in book-form. Many of them have been actually fulfilled, and where doubt can be held to exist it may be due to the interpreters of their meaning or to hastiness of judgment as to the nature of their fulfilment. For example, the prophecy as to the "soldiers that will come on a chariot, without horse or bridle," may indicate an armoured car or a tank, instead

of the railway-train which for a long time it has been held to prognosticate : while the " dun hornless cow " that is to appear in the Minch and knock the chimneys off Gairloch House might conceivably prove to be an enemy submarine.

The Seaforth prediction is well known, and has already been given in detail in the OCCULT REVIEW. There are, however, other prophecies of the Brahan Seer which, if not so celebrated, are at least almost equally remarkable. The first place among these should, I think, be allotted to the prophecy with regard to the Macleod family. An account of this prophecy is given in an appendix to Dr. Norman Macleod's Life by his brother, the Rev. D. Macleod. Dr. Norman, it appears, in 1799, visited Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, the property of the Macleods, and one of the oldest inhabited houses in the country. He gives the following narration of a very curious incident which took place at the castle on the occasion of his visit.

There had been a traditionary prophecy, couched in Gaelic verse, regarding the family of Macleod, which, on this occasion, received a most extraordinary fulfilment. This prophecy I have heard repeated by several persons, and most deeply do I regret that I did not take a copy of it when I could have got it. The worthy Mr. Campbell of Knock, in Mull, had a very beautiful version of it, as also had my father, and so, I think, had likewise Dr. Campbell of Killinver. Such prophecies were current regarding almost all old families in the Highlands ; the Argyll family were of the number ; and there is a prophecy regarding the Breadalbane family as yet unfulfilled, which I hope may remain so. The present Marquis of Breadalbane is fully aware of it, as are many of the connections of the family. Of the Macleod family, it was prophesied at least a hundred years prior to the circumstance which I am about to relate.

In the prophecy to which I am about to allude, it was foretold that when Norman, the third Norman (" Tormand nan 'tri Tormaid "), the son of the hard-boned English lady (" Mac na muatha caoile cruaidhe Shas-sunaich ") would perish by an accidental death ; that when the " Maidens " of Macleod (certain well-known rocks on the coast of Macleod's country) became the property of a Campbell ; when a fox had young ones in one of the turrets of the castle, and particularly when the fairy enchanted banner should be for the last time exhibited, then the glory of the Macleod family should depart ; a great part of the estate should be sold to others ; so that a small " curragh " (a boat) would carry all the gentlemen of the name of Macleod across Loch Dunvegan ; but that in times far distant another John Breac should arise, who should redeem those estates, and raise the power and honours of the house to a higher pitch than ever. Such in general terms was the prophecy. And now as to the curious coincidence of its fulfilment.

There was at that time at Dunvegan an English smith, with whom I became a favourite, and who told me, in solemn secrecy, that the iron chest which contained the " Fairy flag " was to be forced open next morning ; that he had arranged with Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan to be there with his tools for that purpose.

I was most anxious to be present, and I asked permission to that effect of Mr. Buchanan (Macleod's man of business), who granted me leave on condition that I should not inform any one of the name of Macleod that such was intended, and should keep it a profound secret from the chief. This I promised and most faithfully acted on. Next morning we proceeded to the chamber in the east turret, where was the iron chest that contained the famous flag, about which there is an interesting tradition.

With great violence the smith tore open the lid of this iron chest; but, in doing so, a key was found under part of the covering, which would have opened the chest had it been found in time. There was an inner case, in which was found the flag, enclosed in a wooden box of strongly scented wood. The flag consisted of a square piece of very rich silk, with crosses wrought with gold thread, and several elf-spots stitched with great care on different parts of it.

On this occasion the melancholy news of the death of the young and promising heir of Macleod reached the castle. "Norman the third Norman," was a lieutenant of H.M.S. the *Queen Charlotte*, which was blown up at sea, and he and the rest perished. At the same time the rocks called "Macleod's Maidens" were sold, in the course of that very week, to Angus Campbell of Ensay, and they are still in possession of his grandson. A fox in possession of Lieutenant Maclean, residing in the west turret of the castle, had young ones, which I handled, and thus all that was said in the prophecy alluded to was so far fulfilled, although I am glad the family of my chief still enjoy their ancestral possessions, and the worst part of the prophecy accordingly remains unverified. I merely state the facts of the case as they occurred, without expressing any opinion whatever as to the nature of these traditionary legends with which they were connected.

In referring to the above prediction, Mr. Mackenzie, who published a collection of the Prophecies of the Brahan Seer, observed that so far from the estates having passed out of the family of Macleod, that the present chief was rapidly improving the prospects of his house, and that the probabilities against the fulfilment of the prediction were therefore strong. The accuracy of our seer has, however, long since been established. Alexander Smith, in his *Summer in Skye*, writing on the subject of Dunvegan Castle, observes:—

Dun Kenneth's prophecy has come to pass—"In the days of Norman, son of the third Norman, there will be a noise in the doors of the people, and wailing in the house of the widow; and Macleod will not have so many gentlemen of his name as will row a five-oared boat round the Maidens." If the last trump had been sounded at the end of the French war, no one but a Macleod would have risen out of the churchyard of Dunvegan. If you want to see a chief (of the Macleods) nowadays, you must go to London for him.

Another prophecy with which the Brahan Seer is credited, is that in connection with the Battle of Culloden. The seer is narrated to have exclaimed when passing over the country on which this battle was subsequently fought, "Oh! Drummonie, thy bleak moor

shall ere many generations have passed away be stained with the best blood of the Highlands. Glad am I that I shall not see that day, for it will be a fearful period. Heads will be knocked off by the score, and no mercy shown or quarter given on either side."

Another of our seer's predictions had relation to the stone of Petty, an immense stone of about eight tons in weight which formerly marked the boundary between the estates of Culloden and Moray. On February 20, 1799, it was mysteriously removed from its former position and carried about 260 yards into the sea. This occurrence has never been satisfactorily explained. While some have attributed it to an earthquake, others have suggested that the stone was carried off by the action of ice. Neither explanation seems particularly plausible, nor does the local superstition that his satanic majesty was responsible for the occurrence offer us a very hopeful alternative. "Be that as it may [observes his biographer] there is no doubt whatever that the Brahan Seer predicted 'that the day will come when the stone of Petty which though it is high and dry upon the land as it appears to people this day, will be suddenly found as far advanced into the sea as it now lies away from it inland, and no one will see it removed or be able to account for its sudden and marvellous transportation.'"

Many of the seer's prophecies related to the fortunes of Highland families. Thus, he predicted of the Mackenzies of Fairburn, very wealthy Highland chieftains and landowners in his time, "That the day will come when they shall lose their entire possessions, and that branch of the clan shall disappear almost to a man from the face of the earth. Their castle shall become uninhabited, desolate and forsaken, and a cow shall give birth to a calf in the uppermost chamber in Fairburn tower." The whole of the curious prophecy has been literally fulfilled even to the extent of this cow giving birth to the calf in the room indicated. One is almost inclined to suspect that some local wag must have arranged for the fulfilment of this latter part of the prediction, so that the prophecy should be accomplished to the letter. The cow and calf in any case were an object of interest to the neighbourhood for some considerable time later, and many pilgrimages were made to the spot in order to gratify a not unnatural curiosity.

Some of the seer's most doleful prophecies have certainly so far not been accomplished, nor is this likely to be the case until the British Isles are in the hands of some foreign conqueror. Here is one of the most startling:—



The day will come when the jaw-bone of the big sheep, or "caoirich mhora," will put the plough on the rafters (air an aradh); when sheep shall become so numerous that the bleating of the one shall be heard by the other from Conchra in Lochalsh to Bun-da-Loch in Kintail; they shall be at their height in price, and henceforth will go back and deteriorate, until they disappear altogether, and be so thoroughly forgotten that a man finding the jaw-bone of a sheep in a cairn, will not recognize it, or be able to tell what animal it belonged to. The ancient proprietors of the soil shall give place to strange merchant proprietors, and the whole Highlands will become one huge deer forest; the whole country will be so utterly desolated and depopulated that the crow of a cock shall not be heard north of Druim-Uachdair; the people will emigrate to islands now unknown, but which shall yet be discovered in the boundless oceans, after which the deer and other wild animals in the huge wilderness shall be exterminated and drowned by horrid black rains (siantan dubha). The people will then return and take undisturbed possession of the lands of their ancestors.

Another curious prediction has relation to the Clach an Tiompain, a well-known stone in the vicinity of the Strathpeffer wells. The meaning of this name is "the stone of the hollow sound," as, when struck it emits a hollow sound or echo. The Brahan Seer predicted that the "day will come when ships will ride with their cables attached to this stone." It is of course conceivable that a canal may be cut through the valley of Strathpeffer, but the prophecy has certainly so far not been fulfilled.

Other predictions relate to bloody battles, of one of which the Island of Lewis was to be the scene. The seer may have had in his mind battles between Highland chieftains, an idea natural enough in his time, but which one can hardly associate nowadays with anything but invasion by a foreign foe. The Lewis prediction runs as follows:—

A battle will be fought at Ault nan Torcan, in the Lewis, which will be a bloody one indeed. It will truly take place, though the time may be far hence, but woe to the mothers of sucklings that day. The defeated host will continue to be cut down till it reaches Ard a chaolais (a place nearly seven miles from Ault nan Torcan) and there the swords will make terrible havoc.

The present war and the submarine menace has made us all feel that an island even when defended by a powerful fleet, is not so safe a place to live in as we had once imagined. We may hope, however, that it will be a very long time yet before the Brahan Seer's gloomy prophecies are within measurable distance of fulfilment. After all, if you do not limit yourself in point of time, you may make bold prophecies of the kind with comparative impunity. Those which strike one as more remarkable are the

predictions with regard to Highland families such as the Mackenzies and Macleods which have been fulfilled in such a curiously detailed manner, and where a blind shot could not be made with any conceivable chance of success.

## WHEN WE MUST DIE

By EVA MARTIN

WHEN we must die—we two who captured love,  
And dwell with him while yet we tread the earth—  
Forsake me not in that far, strange re-birth,  
But let our climbing souls together move.

Let there be no dark thought to part us then,  
No faint desire to draw our steps astray,  
No dim and secret memory locked away  
In either heart, hid from the other's ken.

Let our untrammelled spirits merge and meet  
Where fire divine melts mortal locks and bars,  
And climb the white road laid among the stars  
In comradeship grown perfect and complete.

But if fate wills that one of us shall find  
The pace too quick, the starry path too steep,  
Let it be mine to linger and to weep—  
I could not live if thou wert left behind!

Better for me to fall beside the way,  
To tire and faint, to perish in the dark,  
Than to be swept to heaven, a soaring spark,  
And know thee lost in spaces vast and grey.

# DREAMS

BY BART KENNEDY

## I

IS it that they are born of inherited memories, and of suggestions coming from out the scenes known as actual? And do they at times come from mysterious mind-agencies that are outside the power of the waking consciousness to define?

One is not to know. For consciousness itself knows not the whole of the realm over which it reigns. It is evolved out of the unknown. It stands alone in the midst of a vast uncharted sea.

In dreams it is overwhelmed. Another power takes charge of the mind. A power more vague, and, at the same time, far greater. We are carried into magical scenes and into magical lands. The personality expands and grows mighty.

We have shaken off the clamps and chains of what we call the actual life. We pass through space in a flash. We pierce through obstacles as though they existed not.

In dreams is given to us a god-like power. We go forth on the wings of a luminous imagination.

We summon beings to us from out the dark regions of death. Again do we see those who have passed into the life behind the veil. We hear their voices. They are vivid to us even as they were in the waking consciousness of the past.

In dreams. In dreams they appear before us.

Blessed are dreams.

For in times of stress and sorrow, in times when we are under the shadow of a hard fate, they come to us and bring us healing. We break from the bond that the consciousness of the waking day imposes upon us.

It may be that you are a slave. It may be that you are one who lives in a cell. If this be so, there comes to you the succour of the splendid dream. There comes to you the time when the walls of your prison-house fall from around you.

## II

Blessed are dreams.

For in them appears the loved one. The one whom you thought was gone from you forever. The one for whom you

sorrowed. Lo! that one is here—living and vivid! The grave has given up its prisoner. Your loved one is here before you. Living in this beautiful dream.

And forget not that this dream is of the woof of life even as is what we call the actual. Forget not that the actual itself is but a dream born of consciousness. We are of a dream, we live within it. The things that we call unreal are in themselves as actual as the things we call real.

Therefore is it that the loved one, who appears before you in the dream, is real and actual and vital. The bond between you is restored. You are again united. And surely it may well be that the time will come when you will be united forever.

### III

We move through the air of ourselves. We possess the power told of in the old, old legend. We are beings of the light, the sun. Space is our slave. The darkness divides before us. We see behind the veils. Our eyes pierce through mysteries.

Magical is the life of the dream. We pass into places of a splendour unimaginable. Our souls go forth to adventure glorious and strange. The glowing landscapes that shine with brilliance transcendent, that shine at times with a light that is not as earth-light. Is it that our souls go forth to worlds that circle around suns that live out in the far beyond as we lie in sleep? It may be.

At times we see in dreams beings that are as no beings here on earth. And it may be that these are the beings of the worlds afar out.

What is the power that takes hold of the helm of our imagination as we dream? Is it a god that lies dormant within us as we live in the waking life? When we pass through the gate of death will this god take us forth again? It may well be so. For it surely is that we are of the life immortal. Death is but the passing to another life. The dream is a presage.

### IV

In the beginning the waking life and the dream life were to man as one. His consciousness knew not the way to divide them. And in this surely there was a wisdom. He was guided by the life he lived in dreams even as he was guided by the life of the day. He was given glimpses of things to come. To him came omens and portents. The future unveiled its strange face.

But the time came when he divided the one life from the other.

And he began to close out from his mind the significance of the vague and wondrous life of the dream. For him the life of the short view—the life he called real—became in the end the only life of which he took account.

He believed no longer in the life of the dream. Upon his mind had come a dimness.

And at last he came but to believe in the things that he could touch and could see in his waking hours.

He became short of sight and short of faith.

## V

Splendid, glorious, magical life of dreams! Life when there comes to us a luminous awakening! Life when the powers of the soul come to the full! Life when it comes that we are able to bring before us the loved ones who have passed out through the strange gate of death!

Who is the one who can say that in this time of world-sorrow this life is of no avail? Who is the one who can say that there is in it no meaning?

Surely no one of wisdom.

For in this beautiful life of dreams there is as potent a fulfilment as there is in the life called real. Nay, there is a greater fulfilment. For in it the soul is free.

In it we have the power to call our loved ones back through the dark gates through which they have passed.

# ETHERIC VIBRATIONS

By E. KATHARINE BATES

FROM the days when the Walls of Jericho fell at the sound of the trumpets, until the present year of grace, A.D. 1918, a golden thread seems to have run through the centuries, indicating with more or less clearness the existence of some tremendous force which can only be released by those who shall find the key to the laws of harmonic vibration in the universe.

To go back to ancient days, many still hold the belief that the raising of Egyptian obelisks and the gigantic monoliths still to be seen in Egyptian temples, could only have been achieved through some occult knowledge of this kind long since buried beneath the ages. But the stray hints on such subjects still to be found occasionally in treasured mystic books, seem to have attracted no practical experimental student until, within our own time, an American, named Keely, spent laborious years of research into the domain of harmonic vibrations. More than thirty years ago, during my first visit to America, I heard for the first time, in Philadelphia, of the claims made by him—claims at that time almost universally condemned as the dreams of a madman at best, but more probably the tricks of a shameless impostor. His theories in those early days were grounded on the idea of inter-atomic energy locked up in every atom of matter. I suppose in these days we should say the energy held in equilibrium by the electric ions of which we hear so much and understand so little.

When Professor Frederic Soddy read a paper on this subject at the York Meeting of the British Association in 1906, Keely's name was not mentioned, but his "wild ideas" were to some extent assimilated under scientific patronage. The few men and women nowadays who remember Keely's name probably regard him merely as a fraudulent impostor, whose tricks were long since exposed by the son of the lady who understood his research and so generously assisted him to carry it out. It was certainly not a money-making research judging by the very modest little house in which I found Mrs. Keely when I called upon her in

the outskirts of Philadelphia. The tuning-fork which he used in finding the necessary harmonious note, stuck in the throat of Science in those days as obstinately as the celebrated cigar and whisky and soda in the Raymond Records, stick in the throat of the British Public to-day, when Sir Oliver Lodge's epoch-making book is read.

"What a mistake to have put that in, it invalidates the whole book." I have heard this remark made by literally hundreds of people—showing how entirely they fail to realize that a scientific report cannot be "edited" in this sort of way, to meet the various stages of public opinion. Most things that eventually turn out to be true have had to run the gauntlet of such criticisms as must of necessity meet the claims of higher knowledge, from more limited minds. Following the sneers and abuse so freely dealt out to Keely, in spite of the favourable reports of more than one set of experts who were given every assistance in their search for incriminating or suspicious facts, has come of late years a succession of books hinting, more or less vaguely, at the existence of some force of the mysterious quality and intensity demonstrated by Keely.

Long before his experiments were made, Bulwer Lytton in the *Coming Race* had formulated the existence and deadly power of a force which he called VRIL, and which would answer to the suggestion of inter-atomic force under control of human will. Even in Keely's day the occultists agreed that such a force existed in latent form, but that the world was not yet prepared (morally) to handle with impunity such tremendous possibilities. They said one of two things would happen. Either Keely would fail in gaining complete control of the power he had already demonstrated, or that in gaining control of it he would sign his own death warrant. I have seen the original of the short and very beautiful letter written by him to his loyal friend and coadjutor Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore, telling her that at last he had gained control of the power and that his work was finished. Within six weeks of writing this letter, he was dead, leaving no records of his years of research. It is quite possible that the Higher Powers prevented any such records surviving him.

Many years after the publication of *The Coming Race* Miss Corelli published her first book *The Romance of Two Worlds*, which I believe will be read long after her more recent books are forgotten, as one of the early suggestions of the Electric Constitution of Matter. In this book we pick up once more the idea of some tremendous force, of which the secret is practically lost,

under control of the human will and which her heroine uses with deadly effect in times of urgent need.

Algernon Blackwood's rather uncanny book *The Human Chord* touches a similar note in relation to the enormous energy locked up in the universe and only to be released under harmonic conditions.

Finally Dr. Crawford's painstaking and scientific series of experiments may some day be extended to the discovery of the disintegration of matter through knowledge of appropriate methods. A dear old friend of mine, Mrs. Wiseman—who may still be remembered by some psychics—told me of an interesting sitting she had once at the house of one of the famous mediums of the last generation. A little child control, either a Maori or a Red Indian, came up to her with an iron bangle, which at Mrs. Wiseman's suggestion she put on to that lady's wrist, not slipping it over like a bangle, but putting it on *at the wrist* although there was no opening at that point. Before doing this the child drew Mrs. Wiseman's attention to the process by saying "*Look, Squaw Wiseman, you look, see.*" There was sufficient light to see the child's action and the little flash of light as the bangle was fastened on to the wrist. It was almost too good a fit. The child had departed through the cabinet and was absent for some time. Poor Mrs. Wiseman was contemplating a very uncomfortable Sunday (it was Saturday night), as it was too late to have it removed by a locksmith until Monday morning. "*Come back, you little rascal,*" she said, "*and take this off, it is hurting me.*" The child, previously invisible, was by her side at once, and with a merry, mischievous laugh said again: "You look, see, Squaw Wiseman—I take it off." Mrs. Wiseman looked down at it—the child put her hands on it, there was another flash of light and the bangle was off.

"*Now, Daisy, be a good child and tell me how that was done,*" said my friend. "*Ah, that is very difficult for me to explain,*" said the child; "*it has to do with the disintegration of matter.*" Here I must pause, for this brings us to the "passage of Matter through Matter," the falling down of the Jericho walls through harmonic vibrations and other problems.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And now for the practical application," as the parsons say.

Most of us in these days have some knowledge and belief (however wavering) in the power of concentrated thought—even of that appealing thought, from our weakness to the eternal strength, which in the good old days was called Prayer.



Why should not each one who reads these lines give such concentrated Prayer a chance? "More things are wrought by Prayer than this world dreams of." Never were words written more appropriate to our present needs. Can we not (each of us) find three or four friends to join us even for ten minutes daily; in spirit if not in body; and at the same time to devote those minutes to an earnest appeal to the Higher Powers, for some desperate remedy to meet the world's present desperate need? We are told daily in the papers how many million more men and women and guns and aeroplanes and submarines are needed—*urgently needed*. How are they to be found and equipped in time?

Let us for a moment imagine such a force as we have discussed able to act directly upon physical matter, as wireless telegraphy dispenses with wires—a force put in action through certain laws of the harmony of the spheres and capable of destroying, without the horrors of bloodshed and agony and mutilation. All these attend imperfect implements of warfare, just as a poor "shot" and a poor sort of gun wound leave the tortured birds to bleed to death in agony.

Since higher vibrations alone could set such powers in motion, it is surely no idle dream that the vibrations of *those who operate from the Higher Planes, in dealing with such a force would of necessity harmonize only when working in concert for the Highest Good of All.*

There is only one rock ahead to be avoided—Discouragement. Concentration, even for ten minutes in the day, is far from easy in these times of extreme tension, and we are apt to become easily discouraged and to think that because we have forgotten or omitted our daily exercise two or three times we "*might as well give it up altogether.*" Many have given me this as a reason for losing faith in the attempt. This is, I am convinced, a device of our ghostly enemy or enemies, to weaken an attack at its very source. If you forget two or three times, or even twenty times, fall in again the moment you remember, at the hour appointed, and "do your bit" once more—better late than never. A soldier who stumbles and falls from some passing weakness might as well refuse to "join up again."

We are all weak and fallible, and our "best" may seem a very poor "best" in the eyes of our fallible fellow creatures. Thank God! it will be judged by "wiser, other eyes than ours."

Meanwhile, our results will be given to us in full measure, heaped up and running over, so long as we obey the heavenly

vision which points now so unmistakeably to co-operation with the heavenly laws and powers.

Certainly it would appear for their own highest good that those who have now sunk so far below the level of the beasts that perish through unspeakable outrages and hellish hatred of their foes should be allowed to perish on the physical plane before the measure of their iniquities is complete, which might entail that "losing of the soul," the meaning of which we can apprehend so dimly; but which must surely include indefinite delay in the orderly progress of Evolution, whereas some at least might now have a fresh chance of salvation from low aims and cruel deeds in some more favourable environment!

Now that the human race is "growing up" and learning that *our co-operation with the Divine is a necessary part of our training*, what right has any one of us to say off-hand whether these words are mere folly or worthy of some consideration?

We do know the effect of Satanic thought and Hohenzollern *Kultur* upon the nations of the world, but we do not yet know what the result of Divine thought may be.

The Kaiser has determinedly put the closure on all advanced thought in his country; thus daring to come between his unfortunate subjects and their mental liberty. It is only fair that he should be the first to suffer through his impious coercion and to find that he has cut himself off, by his own act, from his place in the Sun.

The Romance of Science can disclose dreams of the past which once appeared as foolish and impossible as anything written here—yet these "dreams" are now the commonplaces of our daily lives. Even our most advanced scientists know little as yet of etheric energy, beyond the name; and less still of etheric possibilities.

# EVIDENCES OF SPIRIT COMMUNION

By M. D. S.

ON Easter Monday I was not well and was alone resting, when my esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. W——, called to see me. We had for nearly three years been very often together; and I had found when listening to the wonderful music my piano gave forth under Mr. W——'s master hand, that visions were induced of a highly interesting nature, so that many happy hours have we spent together. Many times healing vibrations poured forth from the music he created; and knowing this, I said to him: "Will you play for me before you go?" He complied, and soon I felt the influence of the waves of sweet soothing sounds, and was lost to my surroundings.

I found myself liberated from the body—and knew I was floating over France, and soon over the awful battlefield; heard the roar of the guns, and saw clouds of smoke and flame and the horrors of the desolated land. Then there was silence—the smoke rolled away, and a delicate ray of light shone upon the figure of a man in khaki. I drew nearer, and I saw it was my beloved boy Fred, and that he had made the supreme sacrifice.\* He lay face downwards, but not quite hidden. The shock brought me back to myself again. I was most unhappy, for I felt the vision was true.

For over two weeks I tried to convince myself that perhaps, as I had not heard from my boy for some time, my subconscious self had produced the picture. Then I had a communication from the Canadian Office saying that my son was "missing." This news made me wonder why I had seen him lying dead.

After some weeks more of anxious waiting I received the dreaded news: "Private F. Smith killed in action on April 9"—the day I had the vision—so I must have seen him a few hours after his death.

Since then he has made himself known very often, and has made me understand how he wishes he could have done more for his country. From his last letter, written on April 8, the day before his death, it was evident he felt he might not get

\* Private Fred Smith, No. 842097 Scottish Canadians, was killed in action on Easter Monday, April 9, 1917, at Vimy Ridge.

through the fighting, for he says, "Remember, mother, whatever happens I do not regret joining up, and would do it again, if the same cause arose and the opportunity occurred, notwithstanding the hardships and discomforts; and if you have official news of my fall, write to A. E., in Canada."

My boy understood what was meant by spirit communion, and had taken part in three or four such communications in my home. When he was quite young he was of a philosophical and poetic temperament, a passionate lover of music. He had very delicate health for years and went to Canada some years ago and lived with his brother in Sherbrooke; he had two operations of a rather serious character in 1913-14. He joined up as soon as he was allowed to do so after War was declared, and when he came from Canada to see me I felt very proud of him, he was so big and strong.

Three weeks after I knew of his passing over, I went, at the request of a friend, to seek information for her from a well-known clairvoyante. I have never visited mediums, and had no thought of a message for myself. A lady, Mrs. H. P——, went with me to take down the interview. The clairvoyante, Mrs. L——, was quickly controlled and began to describe two young men; one, she said, has passed over many years, but the other just recently. She then described my khaki boy, and then his brother, whom she called by his correct name, "Willie"; he was my eldest beloved boy, who had been in the Summerland over twenty-five years. He was injured at football (Rugby rules), and died in great suffering at twenty-two years of age—my beloved khaki boy was thirty-three years of age. Both my boys spoke through the clairvoyant control; my eldest boy gave me messages for his father, and my youngest boy, Fred, said: "Mother, I feel quite at home here, and seem to know my surroundings. It is all so familiar, I must have been here before. I am so glad that Willie is with me, he is such a help—it is good to have him to show me how to adapt myself to many things which are novel and quite new. I feel almost ashamed that I feel so happy, because I know the grief of some whom I have left will be great."

I questioned in my mind why the place was so familiar to him, and instantly the answer came within myself that when he had been under anæsthetics he had travelled in his finer body to the surroundings and conditions of the spiritual world he had made for himself during the earth life. And so I feel it will be with all of us when we rise from the body—our first home will be one which is consistent and harmonious with the life, char-

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acter, aspirations, and work we have been most sincere in while on earth.

A few days after I had received news of my son's death at Vimy Ridge, I received a letter from my daughter-in-law at Fresno, California, saying she had a strange vision of Fred. She and her husband and two children had gone to the mountains for a holiday, leaving her eldest daughter Nina at Fresno. I give you the account in her own words. "On Thursday morning about 4 a.m., June 7, we were in the high Sierra mountains about 8,000 feet above the sea level. I was awake, and intended going out of the tent to see the sun rise over the range of mountains, but felt I must lie quietly, when suddenly the tent became illuminated and I saw Fred so bright and luminous, so big in stature and so handsome. He seemed to have floated from the mountain in the flood of sunshine. He spoke to me and said: 'I know,' and added that he expected me always to do my best. I told him I was studying Christian Science. Fred replied, that was good, and if I found it helped to go on. I could tell he knew so much more than I did, and he left a benediction behind him. I could not rise for some time, the vision so overwhelmed me. I thought of the many hours I had nursed him in his weakness, giving him alcohol sponges, soothing and crooning him to sleep like a tired spent child, he was so helpless, and so fearsome at night, and his poor face would look so wan and drawn, as though he was trying to get at something which always evaded him; then he would get half-conscious and see I noticed his tangles and smile such a sweet smile to put it right and say, 'Don't mind anything I say.' I think, dear mother, that he showed himself in that luminous body because I had seen his earthly body suffer so much. A few days afterwards we went back to Fresno, and Nina handed me your letter giving the terrible news of Fred's death."

During the anxious time after I had notice that my boy was "missing," Lady P—— called on me, and as I entered the room I heard her playing very softly and sweetly on the piano. I went to her quietly and begged her to continue. She turned to me and pointing to Fred's photograph which stood upon the piano, said: "He made himself known to me in my garden before I came to town, and he wished me to play." This was very significant to me and so like Fred, for music was his soul's delight. Lady P—— did not know my boy, nor his love of music; she only knew he was "missing," and gave me her loving sympathy.

## SOME GHOSTLY INCIDENTS

By REGINALD B. SPAN

THE Tower of London, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, and other historical buildings have their ghosts, so also has the House of Commons.

One of the oldest and best known spectres of Westminster is the "Terrace ghost," which takes the form of a tall gaunt-looking woman clad in a long trailing grey robe, who appears (or used to) at the western end of the terrace and walks slowly along to the eastern end wringing her hands as though in great distress and then throws herself into the river below, uttering a wild cry of despair.

An attendant named Ralph Gurdon was nearly driven out of his mind by seeing the ghost on the terrace one foggy winter's night many years ago. The spectre has been seen by several reliable witnesses.

Another female ghost, which some fifty years ago used to haunt the House with great regularity and persistency, was the "White Lady." This appears to be a favourite term for ghosts, as we have heard of "White Ladies" haunting baronial halls and other stately homes of England, as well as the celebrated "White Lady" of the Hohenzollern castles.

The "White Lady" of the House of Commons at one period was a much talked of spectre. For weeks and months at that time she used to wander up and down the corridors, and from room to room, almost every night. That was between fifty and sixty years ago. The servants at first were very much scared, but after a time they got used to seeing the phantom, and were no longer alarmed, especially as it was so harmless and gentle looking.

This ghost suddenly ceased its wanderings and was not heard of again until the year 1900, when it appeared to the servants of Mr. J. S. Milman, the Clerk of the House of Commons, also to others; and later an account of it was published in the papers. On one occasion when Mrs. Milman was in her bedroom, the door, which was fastened, was thrown wide open. She looked outside, but could see no one, so closed the door.

A minute later it was again thrown open, and was once more shut and fastened. This occurred several times, and the lady,

being alarmed, rang for the servants. The butler, who answered the bell, declared that as he approached the door a lady dressed in white hurried past him down the corridor and disappeared.

Later, the same mysterious lady was seen again by the butler, who called out to her asking what her business was in the house, but received no reply. He went in pursuit of her as she entered one of the rooms, but was unable to find any trace of the elusive woman in white.

The same being appeared to several other people at that time, and could not be accounted for in any natural way.

There used to be a child spectre in the "House," a little boy of apparently twelve years of age, not unlike the child spectre of the Castlereagh family (generally known as the Radiant Boy). This ghost also had a beautiful face enhaloed in bright light and brightly shining eyes. It used to wander through the rooms after midnight. The reason for this apparition has never been ascertained. There has been no child tragedy in the House of Commons as far as the history of the place can tell us.

Concerning the ghosts of children (which are comparatively rare) I must here relate a very remarkable instance which was told me by a well-known lady (Lady C—— C—— P——) as an experience of her own. She was staying at a large country house in one of the southern counties belonging to her brother, the Earl of D——, and was occupying a room which was very seldom used. One evening as she was in her bedroom the door suddenly opened and a pretty little girl of about nine or ten years ran in attired in a nightdress. Lady C—— stared at the child in astonishment, as she knew there were no children in the house, and was about to inquire who she was, when the little apparition ran up to her and looking up in a wistful, pleading way said: "Oh, please, may I say my prayers by your bed?"

Lady C——, struck by her winsome beauty, replied kindly: "Why, certainly, my dear," whereupon the little girl knelt down, and—vanished! The figure seemed to melt away into thin air. Lady C——, later found out that the apparition had been seen by every one who had occupied that room.

The house is a very old one, and in past times there had been some tragedy there connected with a child, but I never heard details of the story.

But to return to the Parliament ghosts. There is one that appears before the deaths of some members of our Royal Family. It is not a very aristocratic ghost, and takes the form of a hunch-backed old man who appears in an old-fashioned boat (such as

were used centuries ago) below the terrace wall. The boat crosses the river from the Surrey side, and vanishes on reaching the Terrace wall. On the night before the death of the Duke of Clarence (January 14, 1892) the river police saw a boat approaching the Parliament buildings, and called on the occupant to halt, but the old man who was rowing took no notice, but calmly pursued his way. They went after him and were astounded at seeing the boat and its occupant go right into the wall and vanish.

This was also witnessed by a policeman on the wall above, who gave a full account of the strange affair in his report to Scotland Yard.

The same apparition was seen before the deaths of the Prince Consort, Queen Victoria, Princess Alice, and the Duke of Cambridge. It is said that the ghost of Guy Fawkes still haunts the vaults. At one time there was so much talk about this apparition that the Sergeant-at-Arms ordered the vaults to be thoroughly searched. Another ghost which was reported to walk up and down the Terrace was that of Oliver Cromwell. Most people may have heard of the ghost, or "double," of a certain member of the House which appeared in the Division Lobby and voted when the actual person was dying in Italy. The tellers saw and recognized this M.P., and his vote was duly recorded. A short time afterwards a wire was received telling of his death at San Remo.

Another instance of a "double" appearing in the House of Commons was that of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who was seen in his usual place on the third bench below the gangway, when he was at that time in Ireland, having been called away to the funeral of a relative. He was distinctly seen and recognized by Mr. J. Swift McNeill and several other members. So much for the weird and uncanny in the Houses of Parliament.

The case of Mr. O'Connor's "double" reminds me of the following well authenticated instances of ghosts of the living appearing to relatives and friends at a distance.

A Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had taken a house for the summer holidays at the Lizard in Cornwall, where they went with their family. They were expecting two friends from London to join them—a Mr. Barwell and Dr. Earle. These gentlemen left Paddington by the 8.10 p.m. mail train on Monday, August 7, 1882, and travelling all night arrived at Penryn on the early morning of the next day.

Whilst they were having their luggage placed on the bus outside the station the train they had just come by departed, and another train from Falmouth to London came into the station..



Happening to glance across the platform at the newly arrived train, which was slowly passing through, they saw to their astonishment Mr. Wilson, their friend at the Lizard, leaning out of one of the windows waving his hand to them and calling out a greeting. They returned the salutation, and Barwell shouted a query as to why was he going away just as they were arriving, had anything happened to take him up to London? Wilson called back some reply about seeing them later, and looked at them eagerly, nodding and smiling, as the train left the station and disappeared round a curve.

They were greatly puzzled as to why Wilson should have left for London on the very day they had expected to meet him at the Lizard, but concluded that he must have received a telegram calling him to town on some matter of importance, and that he had stayed at Falmouth for the night so as to be able to leave by the first train in the morning instead of having the long coach drive from the Lizard to Penryn.

On arriving at the Lizard they were surprised to find that none of the Wilson family had come to the coach to meet them. The reason was soon apparent when they reached the Wilsons' house and learnt that Mr. Wilson (whom they had seen in the train on his way to London) was very ill in bed, and his wife and family were very anxious about him. It seems that at 7 o'clock that morning Mr. Wilson, accompanied by his two sons, had gone to Honsel Cove for their usual morning swim. On coming out of the water Mr. Wilson was taken ill and fainted. In this condition he was conveyed home, with a doctor in attendance, and at the exact time that Dr. Earle and Mr. Barwell saw him in the train at Penryn he was lying unconscious at the Lizard.

Who can explain such a mystery?

Here is another strange case, related by the Rev. W. L. Clay, of Rainhill Vicarage, Preston, Lancs. One wet Sunday afternoon Mr. Clay went to Preston jail to perform his usual duties as prison chaplain, leaving his wife alone in the house. Mrs. Clay was sitting reading in the dining-room when she heard footsteps come along the path outside, crunching the gravel, then cross the yard and enter the house by a back door which she knew to be locked, as she herself had fastened it securely only an hour or so previously, being rather nervous about tramps. Startled and amazed, she went to the dining-room door and stood there listening intently, and distinctly heard some one come along a passage in the basement with a firm heavy tread, open the door at the foot of the back stairs and ascend to the front hall.

She then recognized her husband's footstep, and being reassured returned to her seat, though wondering what had brought him home so early. She heard him place his umbrella in the stand, then take off his overcoat and shake it, and a minute later he walked into the dining-room with his usual heavy step, and passing her without a word he went to the fireplace and stood warming himself with his hands resting on the mantelpiece and his back turned to her.

After a few moments Mrs. Clay remarked that it was not advisable to dry his wet things on him in that way, and that it would be better to go up and change. To which he replied, "Yes, dear, you're right; I'll go up and change at once," and so saying he left the room and went upstairs. Nearly an hour passed and he did not come down, so Mrs. Clay went up to see what he was doing, and found he was not in his room, or anywhere upstairs: in fact he was nowhere in the house.

Later she heard footsteps approach the house and saw her husband coming along the path. He entered, placed his umbrella in the stand, took off his coat and shook it, then walked into the dining-room and stood before the fire with his hands resting on the mantelshef, exactly as his "double" had done.

She asked him why he had gone out again, and he replied that he had only just come from the jail, where he had been all the afternoon, and certainly had not entered the house at any time previously that afternoon. Curiously enough the "double" had entered the house by the back door, which Mr. Clay had never done in his life.

Colonel Meadows Taylor relates the following strange incident in *The Story of My Life*.

Before going out to India he was engaged to a young lady whom he hoped to make his wife on his return. However, his duties in India were such as to render his return to Europe very problematical, and at last he thought it only fair to write and tell his fiancée everything and release her from the engagement.

One evening he was lying in his tent, rather tired after an arduous day's work, when a figure appeared at the open tent door, which, by the bright light of the moon, he at once recognized as that of the girl he had left behind him in England and whom he had been obliged to relinquish as his prospective bride.

Her face was sad and distressed and the tears coursed down her cheeks. She held out her arms to him and cried out: "Oh, don't let me go! don't let me go!" in plaintive tones. She was dressed all in white, with a quantity of beautiful old lace. He got up and ran towards her, the figure receding at his approach and

seeming to glide backwards without any perceptible motion.

He followed it across the open space around which the tents were pitched, greatly to the astonishment of the sentry on guard, till the apparition, growing fainter and more ethereal, vanished into thin air.

He heard some weeks later that his old fiancée had that day married a man she did not really love, her heart being with her old lover in India.

Tennyson, in his poem "The Ring," refers to communication with spiritual beings, or ghosts, in the following lines:—

The Ghost in Man—the Ghost that once was Man—  
But cannot wholly free itself from Man—  
Are calling to each other through a Dawn  
Stranger than Earth has ever seen: The Veil  
Is rending, and the Voices of the Day  
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

The phenomenon of the "double," or "astral form," proves conclusively the existence of the "ghost in man." *We are all of us ghosts*, however much we may deny or ridicule the existence of such things, we can't get away from that fact. It seems only natural that "the ghost in man" should desire to communicate with the "ghost that once was man" (i.e., those loved ones who have passed over the bourne of Death), and now in this time of great mortality the desire is becoming ever more and more widespread and insistent.

## 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.*]

### WHENCE HAVE I COME?

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR, In the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW I think we have the doughtiest living protagonist of Reincarnation, not excepting that grand woman Mrs. Besant. It is a pleasure, therefore, to cross swords with such an able advocate of the theory. In his Notes in last month's issue he attacks some of the arguments in my book *Whence Have I Come?* which are antagonistic to that dogma. It is common experience to be told that one's arguments are "absurdities," or "cannot be taken seriously," "gratuitous assumption," etc., but it is somewhat unusual to be informed that one's book proves the very opposite of what was intended. I thought that was delightful. In a footnote in the February number of the REVIEW, referring casually to my book, he writes, "It ignores, of course, the position I have taken up in the above Notes that mind must exist before matter." That was a staggerer. As the whole work from beginning to end is clearly and emphatically founded on that position, it shows what a distorted view can be taken of a treatise when read with an opposite "*idée fi.*" I have, however, to thank him for a justifiable criticism of my use of the word cell in one particular sentence. The meaning of that sentence was that it is the protoplasm in every cell which appears alike chemically and physically, i.e., physiologically. That at present is an accepted fact as far as demonstration is possible, and is a strong point in favour of the suggestion that there is a spirit or a psychic germ (as well as a physical germ) which accounts for differentiation in development.

In dealing with the theorism that "the spirit in man, which is man, pro-creates man a spirit being, etc.," I notice that the arguments drawn from the discoveries of [Psychic Research and the vast mass of experience accumulated in the movement known as Modern Spiritualism are carefully ignored or, as in the only reference to them, contemptuously swept away by the remark "surely it is impossible for any reader to take such an argument seriously." That won't do. Are we to understand that our Editor rejects as of no value all the information about the laws and conditions of the spirit-side of life with which the Spiritualist Movement is packed? If so, then of what value are the "out of the body" experiences of Theosophists, upon which the doctrine of Reincarnation is largely founded—or at

all events by which they are buttressed? None. Reincarnation becomes simply an hypothesis without any evidence to support it. I hold strongly that we possess most valuable data from the aforementioned source and it cannot reasonably be repudiated. May I suggest that the Editor should, in a subsequent issue, deal with the arguments and incidents narrated in Chapters IV and V of my book?

As the Editor maintains that Spirit was primordine to matter (the use of the word "time" is confusing), and so do I—we are agreed upon that point—even if my arguments do prove the reverse of what was intended! I shall confine my comments to those criticisms which apply more directly to the question of the origin of the ego. Limitations of space will prevent me dealing with them as fully as I should like.

In the first place, there is confusion in the import of the words creation and pro-creation. If parents pro-create (which is the word and idea I used in connection with my theory), then, obviously, no claim is made that they are the sole author's of the life of the child which is born of them. The idea is that the Universal Spirit is working through them to individualize spirit—in contradistinction to the idea that a distinct, separate entity already in existence apart from and unconnected with the parents is brought down, incorporated or planted within the womb of the mother at some definite time between conception and birth. For the former idea of Traduction we have the analogy of the whole of the organic world—unless it can be proved that reincarnation applies to animals also—and for that we have no scientific basis in the way we have for reproduction in the vegetable kingdom. I have claimed for man that in his begetting powers he is neither inferior nor superior to any other creature in this world. He simply begets fruit after his kind. Man pro-creates only in the degree that he is able—God creates as He wills. To assert that this makes man "not merely the equal but greatly the superior" is rather a gross distortion of the meaning of words. If man were mortal I agree that to suppose him to be capable of creating an immortal personality is "to suppose a logical impossibility." But man has been proved to be immortal in so far as he survives death. Man has been proved to be a spirit incarnate. Of course, the Editor believes this. That makes a great difference in the argument, does it not? Will he not also agree that man is or possesses a portion of the Divine universal Spirit, and therefore the creative spirit?

Occult science, theosophy included, accepts the axiom "as above, so below." That means there is a natural law in the spiritual world and a spiritual law in the natural world. It means that the radical principle of any law is the same in all spheres, where similar processes are at work. We can therefore legitimately argue from the known to the unknown. If we know the principle of reproduction on the physical plane, we ought to have a clue to the principle of reproduction in the spiritual, in the same way as, supposing we knew nothing

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about the methods of reproduction in the animal world we should find the clue in the vegetable world. If the different spheres were abruptly separate, in like water-tight compartments, we might imagine different, even opposite sets of law for each sphere. Occult science, however, accepts the interpenetration of spheres or conditions. This is not "a curious theory of my own." Man himself is an example of spirit interpenetrating matter. And so by the law of "as above so below" is it so outrageous to premise that the law of reproduction for man the spirit is the same as for man the animal, and occurs at the same time? Writing of the difference between human spirit and vital force, the Editor says: "It is obvious that the parents are the parents of the latter, but by no means that they are of the former." Why not? What is the power within this vital force which he agrees is "transmitted?" (This the Editor's word. It is a good one.) Separate man's spirit from his body and what becomes of his vital force? He becomes a dead 'un. Surely in transmitting (why not the word pro-creating?) one you must transmit the other—because vital force without spirit is also dead.

The fundamental difficulty is the proper understanding of the nature of spirit. I do not profess to be able to solve that riddle. Yet, by studying the laws and operations of nature I think we do get some light on the working processes of spirit, because I hold to a spiritual conception of the Universe.

Let us consider electricity for a moment, and see if we can gather a hint on the problem of the creation and pro-creation of spirit entities. The atmosphere is ever charged in greater or lesser degree with this force—diffused throughout it. Liken this to elemental spirit. Make a body of steel or copper. It has the power to attract and absorb the electric force so that a current is continually flowing through it.

This force can be drawn upon by lesser rods and wires of the same material indefinitely, limited only by the amount of current flowing in. And the lesser rods or wires may themselves be tapped and drawn upon indefinitely, and are also capable of attracting some of the exterior force. Electricity may manifest as force, heat and light—the latter being variable according to the substance and conditions through which it is made to manifest. The stream of power consists of myriads of units or atomic centres of energy. In aggregation and sameness of direction they seem like a current. God thought Humanity—Himself in Humanity. This may be likened to a focussing of a stream of human Spirit from Himself, matter being the medium and the human soul and body the conductor.

This stream of spirit being infinite in its source and nature may be split up infinitely without addition to a diminution of its totality, and must partake of, must contain inherently the powers and characteristics of its origin, and so it has the power of making its own special conductors or transmitters. The analogy of electricity cannot be pressed too far—no analogies are perfect. Materialist and spiritualist

can claim for their own purposes its far-reaching implications. They may be applied to Incarnation and Reincarnation. It is a transmitter and is itself transmittable. It is like the primal source of all, both cause and effect. Thus indeed do we plunge into deep waters, and it were well for all not to be too dogmatic. I do not know any satisfactory analogy for Reincarnation based on the known facts of the organic world. From the inorganic world we may draw many analogies, and some examples, but also they indicate a reincarnation without progress.

RICHARD A. BUSH, F.C.S.

[Obviously there is no space here to reply to Mr. Bush's numerous criticisms of my rather frank remarks with regard to the subject matter of his book. I would, however, point out that I am not responsible for the expression of any opinion adverse to the view that animals also reincarnate as well as mankind. With reference to Mr. Bush's query about the difference between human spirit and vital force, I should like to point out that I was not speaking of the human spirit in any general sense, but of an individual human spirit. It is clearly one thing for vital force to be transmitted, and quite another for a fresh individual spirit to come to birth.—Ed.]

#### THE APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—May I venture to inform your readers that what is understood by Catholics as to the Apostolical Succession has nothing whatever to do with St. Peter or his successors the Popes.

By the Succession we mean the spiritual descent by valid ordination of certain ministers of religion, in a direct line from the Apostles.

The Popes claim to be successors of St. Peter, when they are elected to be Bishops of Rome. The Roman Catholic Church has always held that St. Peter established his see in Rome and was martyred there.

This belief is not derived from Scripture, but from a well-founded tradition.

Neither does the Roman Church claim to base its belief in the powers and prerogatives of the Pope upon Scripture, which does not profess to be a complete directory or manual of Christian theology. The Scriptures are merely a collection of certain writings to which the Church attaches great value and importance, but, apart from the decisions of the Universal Church, which Church existed before any of the books of the New Testament were written, the value of the Scriptures would be very greatly diminished. The Church finds in the Scriptures not the source but only corroboration of her teaching. That teaching was communicated immediately by the Divine Founder of Christianity to the Apostles, and it would have been in all respects precisely the same had none of the books of the New Testament been preserved. If the Church Universal were a merely human institution,

and not the Divine Teacher of mankind, it would be impossible to regard the unsupported evidence of the collection of books, letters, etc., which form the Bible, as sufficient to guide the human race in its relations with the supernatural. The Catholic Church has never entertained such an idea as that which is enunciated by certain good people who affirm that "the Bible and the Bible only" is their "religion." It certainly is not mine.

WALMER, KENT.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
✠ ARNOLD H. MATHEW.

### THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to place certain facts before you in reply to the statements of Bishop Mathew summarised in your Editorial Notes of last month.

1. The information given to you with regard to the various episcopal consecrations is inaccurate, which is not in itself remarkable, seeing that Bishop Mathew was not consulted in the matter; moreover the lack of knowledge on his part is sufficiently evidenced by the vague reference to "two other Bishops or alleged Bishops of the movement" who are stated to have consecrated myself and Mr. F. James. The true facts are these. Bishop Willoughby publicly consecrated Messrs. King and Gauntlett, and at a later date assisted by the two last-named consecrated me in the presence of nearly 100 witnesses. Mr. F. James, who is quite unconnected with our movement, was not consecrated by these three, but at his own instance and at a much later date by Bishop Willoughby, without our concurrence, or that of any other bishops. Bishop Willoughby (who performed these consecrations *before* he was received into the Roman Catholic Church and then required by the authorities of that Church to give an undertaking that he would not again exercise his episcopal powers until permitted by them to do so) was anxious that justice should be done on all sides; the other seven bishops consecrated within four years by Dr. Mathew—all of whom had found it impossible to work with him for any length of time—were by that time in other communions; Bishop Willoughby was, therefore, the sole remaining channel through which the succession could be continued, and he had been elected and consecrated at Dr. Mathew's express instance to safeguard that succession.

2. It is not a fact that Bishop Mathew before receiving him into the Old Catholic Church was "entirely ignorant" of the circumstances under which Mr. Willoughby left the Anglican Church, though it is true that the remainder of his clergy were. Dr. Mathew's own letters which are extant—one of which has been shown to you, Sir—completely rebut that assertion. Mr. Willoughby after his reception was in friendly communication with his former Anglican diocesan.

3. The contention that Bishop Willoughby's consecration to the



episcopate at the hands of Archbishop Mathew was invalid is too ludicrous really to deserve attention. No "apparently essential parts" of the ceremony were omitted. What was inadvertently omitted was the Imposition (but not the Tradition) of the Book of Gospels and the Litany of the Saints. No theologian would look upon these as in any way essential; they do not figure in various rites regarded as valid. The essentials are: The Imposition of hands by the consecrator, Prayer (usually with the form "Receive the Holy Ghost"), to which should be added a sufficient specification of the office to be conferred. The Delivery of the Instruments—the Staff, Ring, Mitre, etc.—is highly desirable; but all of this was duly carried out according to the form of the *Pontificale Romanum*. The two omissions referred to were immediately after the ceremony brought to the notice of Archbishop Mathew and Bishop Willoughby, who both, after a short consultation, expressed themselves as entirely satisfied with things as they were. Several witnesses can prove this.

Bishop Willoughby acted as Bishop-auxiliary for some nine months, performed episcopal functions, such as Confirmation and Ordination, on Archbishop Mathew's behalf, wore the episcopal habit, signed public documents in conjunction with him and was continually addressed by him in the episcopal style. It was not until the breach with his clergy that Archbishop Mathew devised this utterly reckless charge—but with what naive forgetfulness of his own reputation for seriousness and responsible action your readers can judge. He perceived the imminent danger that Dr. Willoughby might hand on to the exiled clergy the sacred succession that he had been appointed to hold in trust for the movement.

4. It is doubted, next, whether it would be possible for gentlemen holding Theosophical tenets "to have the necessary intention of receiving what Catholics mean by the Episcopate." I need not go into the ramifications of development of the modern theories of Intention. All sober theologians recognise that a sufficient intention, whether on the part of minister or recipient of a sacrament, is "to do what Christ instituted the sacrament to do." That intention was clearly present in our cases. The suicidal consequences of more rigorous requirements in the way of personal belief would not, of course, occur to Dr. Mathew or theologians of the gramophone type. How about the Jewish and Moslem bishops of Spain under Moorish domination; Talleyrand, and the bishops and priests who threw off the mask at the French Revolution and openly avowed their previous disbelief? No, the theory will not work: it is too clever, and incidentally it detracts from the far grander theory, which is the basis of the whole sacramental system, that Christ Himself is the true minister of all sacraments, Whose power can and does work irrespective of the private fancies or personal unworthiness of the human instrument He uses in the interests of His people at large.

However, Dr. Mathew's point does not occur in this connection

at all. I and my episcopal colleagues are all unequivocally orthodox on the question of Holy Orders, and the study of Theosophy in that connection, as in many others, only serves to accentuate the truth of what the Catholic Church has immemorially taught. He therefore fails in the primary object of casting suspicion and discredit on our Orders, the unchallengeableness of which is a bulwark of our movement now, as it was when he presided over it. Moreover, we should equally have been incapable of receiving the priesthood at his hands—a state of affairs which, if true, would have rather seriously embarrassed his own work and position. But that point, again, would naturally escape him.

5. The Ordination Declaration is quoted. But the facts are suppressed that I received ordination on my own terms, that I submitted Mrs. Besant's book "Theosophy" (in the Jacks Series) to Dr. Mathew before ordination, stating that it represented substantially my beliefs, and that I have a letter of his in my possession, written after the breach between us, saying that I in no way deceived him and was perfectly open and frank.

6. Permit me to add in conclusion that I do not agree with your suggestion that our movement is incompatible with theosophical thought, nor obviously do some hundreds who belong to it. Since it has passed into the hands of my colleagues and myself great changes have taken place: the ritual has been completely revised, and people are admitted in the widest basis of intellectual freedom. It is Theosophy alone, to my mind, which provides an avenue of intellectual approach to the sacramental and ritual system of worship, and our work is merely the putting into practice of ideas which are becoming very prevalent in the world of to-day and which have for some years been promulgated by the more influential thinkers in the Theosophical Society. Many of us owe our inspiration to the Theosophical Society, but our movement is separate and distinct and is not intended to be mainly in the interests of Theosophists, but rather of the many into whose lives the light of the esoteric teaching has not yet dawned.

Long before I entered the movement Bishop Mathew had broken off relations with the continental Old Catholic Churches, and ceased to use that name. But even that Church has no uniform standard of belief and worship. The measure of liberality which separates the present English movement from the Swiss body under Bishop Herzog is no greater than that which separates the Swiss Church from the Dutch. Every Church has a right to alter its formularies and policy, as did the Church of England for example, and there was great need for alteration in ours.

There is much more of a recriminatory nature that could be said in justification of our actions, but I prefer that it should be left unsaid, and have tried to confine myself to the points which have been raised by others. Let me add that the original remarks in the OCCULT

REVIEW were in no way inspired by any member of the Church over which I have the honour to preside. Our policy is to avoid controversy as far as possible, and the inevitable *odium theologicum*.

Yours faithfully,

✠ J. I. WEDGWOOD,

Presiding-Bishop of the Old Catholic Church.

2 Upper Woburn Place,  
W.C. 1.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I have seen your remarks on the Old Roman Catholic Movement in England in the OCCULT REVIEW for the present month. Permit me, as one of the original members of the Movement, to offer you my best thanks. The behaviour of Mr. Wedgwood and his friends, and the way in which they tried to capture the Movement, and use it for their own aggrandizement, has caused us the greatest possible pain.

That the Theosophical Society does not appear to regard Mr. Wedgwood and his friends as its accredited leaders and principals is no small revelation to us.

It is with genuine sorrow that I have to express my entire and uncompromising disagreement with nearly all you have to say with regard to the Catholic Church and the Sacred Scriptures, and I am sure that the sense of justice so clearly manifested in your article will enable you to understand what I trust is a polite but necessary expression of my disagreement.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

BERNARD M. WILLIAMS.

WOODLANDS, ALMONDSBURY, BRISTOL.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

FROM month to month we continue to receive convincing evidence that the influence of Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, prophet and exponent of modern spiritualism, whose Harmonial Philosophy began to be promulgated when spiritualism itself, as now understood, was still an event to come, is, if possible, on the increase rather than a waning power. It comes to us from all quarters. Our excellent contemporary *Light* offers one of the chief instances; the Australian *Harbinger of Light* is another case in point; and at the present moment there lie before us the most recent issues of *Reason* and *The Progressive Thinker*. The editor of the former is opening a new consideration of the Davis philosophy, and having regard to the material in his hands, we should think that such a study might continue for many months. In the latter Mrs. Cadwallader and her contributors are good friends to the American seer, and we have been reading with interest an article of several columns in which a new panegyric is offered to the author of *Nature's Divine Revelations* and *The Great Harmonia*. It affirms that looking back upon the life and work of Davis no other man can be found "who was more true and steadfast to great and eternal principles." This notwithstanding, it is recognized—we believe—on all hands that of the forty tomes save one—or whatever the number was—which contain the contribution of Davis to his country and his time, there is a not inconsiderable proportion which was of no great moment at its period and has long since passed into the limbus. Two things remain, however, and of these, one is the unquestionable fact that the Poughkeepsie seer was a zealous exponent of liberal thought on the spiritual side, while his vision of the states immediately succeeding death offer a consideration of man's future destiny which has appealed to untold thousands, by its innate reasonableness. The phenomena—real and alleged—of modern spiritualism are simply its illustration at large. And now that his writings have become available, at least in England and the colonies, within the compass of a single volume, we anticipate that his influence and repute will be extended much further.

As it is impossible to speak of Davis apart from the spiritualism which he heralded and expounded beforehand, so it is an easy transition from this most recent word upon him to a word upon spiritualism itself, which—we observe—has been celebrating recently the seventieth anniversary of its birth, if indeed that can be said to have been born, which seems, under one or other of its aspects—to have been always in the world. Assuredly, however, it entered on a new phase at the epoch-making period of the Rochester knockings; and there is no need to say that it is this which has been commemorated with con-

siderable enthusiasm by mass meetings at Manchester, in this land of ours, and, less or more, throughout America. However we may, each of us in our individual ways, account for or discount spiritualism, there is no doubt that the year 1848 was one of a great beginning. It is not easy to realize all that has developed onward from that date connecting directly therewith, and how much also which might endeavour to renounce its genesis. The pregnant science of psychical research derives from Rochester and Hydesville in the sense that it arose out of the disputed and problematical claims of modern spiritualism. We believe also that the new spring of interest and concern in the occult sciences during the past thirty years is referable to this source, though it is sometimes supposed to have begun with the writings of Éliphas Lévi in France of 1860. There is something to be said for both views, which do not exclude one another, for it should be remembered that in 1860 spiritualism was already in the world.

There are certain recurring questions, of importance in themselves, which imply something beyond their own field, and that which they imply belongs very often to the psychical and intellectual fact of their existence—how it is, for example, that they have not been determined years or centuries ago, and the singular want of realization which characterises certain subjects and a number of real interests. This illustrates the difficulty with which large bodies of intelligent persons penetrate to the root and foundation of their own concerns and principles. We know that in a very true sense Freemasonry is a living moral and intellectual force in the lives of many thousands of persons who—taking them altogether—are men of understanding and education. It would seem almost impossible antecedently that masons at this date should still be discussing the religion of Freemasonry and what is to be held concerning it, supposing that it has a religious side. The figurative and symbolical system which passes under this name has been in existence for considerably over 200 years, and the more particular form under which we are acquainted with it is marked in an especial manner by that memorable meeting at the Apple Tree Tavern in 1717, when the Grand Lodge of England was founded. And yet, as we have intimated, the religion of Freemasonry is still a matter of debate on which thoughtful people take sides and on which more or less learned people continue to write. It has been discussed by the *Freemasons' Chronicle* in an article of some interest which begins with the adage that Freemasonry is universal and admits every one, "provided they believe in a Supreme Being." This has been the keynote of contention from that time which is called "immemorial" in the terminology of the Craft, where it usually signifies anything that is sixty years old. For example, the Premier Conclave of the Red Cross of Constantine is premier and time immemorial because it existed previously to the present Grand Jurisdiction located at Mark Masons' Hall; but its history prior to the year 1860 is for those who can find it. Now against the alleged universality and the assumed condition

of membership there uprisés the body general of Latin Freemasonry, which would hold that Freemasonry is universal, since it admits all honourable men, whether or not they believe in a Supreme Being. It is obvious that neither contention is precisely true, nor can an institution be properly termed universal when it is thus divided against itself and when those of Theistic persuasion have cut off communion with the free thinking and agnostic branches. It will be seen also that under such circumstances the religion of Freemasonry must be a keen question of debate. It becomes complicated when we remember that original operative masonry was Christian, but the Constitutions adopted by Grand Lodge in 1717 were so muddled in expression that it remained doubtful whether any form of faith was required on the part of a candidate. The Christian elements had naturally disappeared. In 1737 new Constitutions were promulgated, these being Deistic in character and requiring a belief in a Supreme Being. There arose soon after the host of inventions denominated High Grades, the most important among which were militantly Christian in character. These facts will indicate that the religion of Freemasonry is not only an unsettled question but one the determination of which offers peculiar difficulties. Intelligent and experienced persons, not to speak of many who are scarcely within that category, will continue to raise the point and settle it after their own manner. We saw recently that an appeal is being made in America for the healing of the breach between Latin and English-speaking Freemasonry by the process of restoring relations, apparently without stipulations on any matter of belief. An informed writer in the last issue of *The Builder* affirms that "America must bring the Masonic world together." We wish our brethren in that great world of the West a full fruition in the task; but it will take place about the same time as the corporate union of the Churches. There can be no true union between those who believe in a divine direction of the world and those who do not.

The seventh issue of *A Voice from India* shows considerable improvement and is of marked interest throughout its columns. So far as we can see, it must be called an occasional publication, though it has the outward appearance of a journal: in any case the various numbers bear no indication of date. It is described as representing a movement "to bring before the world-public the art, literature, poetry and drama," philosophy and life of the East. "It is time that the message of the great civilization of India should reach every man and woman of the West." There are articles on Buddha as "the teacher of Nirvana" and also as the Lord of Compassion, on "self-determination in the light of Nirvana," on "the Golden Temple of Amritsar" and on Sri Ramakrishna. But the contents are not entirely restricted to eastern matters, for Mr. Laurence Housman writes on St. Francis of Assisi, and we learn that he has a study of the Christian saint preparing for publication . . . *Boston Ideas* retells the old, old story of the sun's death on December 21 and its resurrec-

tion at the season of Easter, with other astronomical events designed to illustrate a connection between the luminary of the physical world and the Spiritual Sun of Christ. It is not especially well done and the presentation is not especially clear. The truth is that solar mythology has had its day and has become unfashionable. The vegetation gods are in vogue and people who have something to say on the natural history of religion conform more or less to the new predilections. Those who have no special titles occasionally turn over the medley of old theogonies and old notions concerning them. . . . A writer in *Azoth* has some curious observations on the subject of ceremonial magic, which is termed "an elementary phase of practical occultism," the particular conclusion concerning it being that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." . . . *Le Monde Invisible* mentions the question of reincarnation and the standpoint of the Latin Church without throwing much light either upon the subject itself or the specific views of the Roman Orthodoxy thereon. We learn only that according to an individual French cleric, speaking unofficially, the doctrine is neither impious nor intrinsically impossible. . . . *L'Affranchi* proclaims a new Holy Alliance for the restoration of outraged right and order by a just peace, which shall be sacred in the most true and divine sense of that word. The nations of the world shall no longer be paid in words; they are starving and thirsting for living realities. Unfortunately we do not pass from the region of lyrical enthusiasm to that of practical politics: it is still the current coin of words. . . . In *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* Mons. Camille Flammarion distinguishes between fatalism and determinism as between "two absolutely different doctrines." Man is regarded by the former as a passive entity contemplating inevitable events, but he is active according to the latter and forms part of active causes. The question before the French astronomer is, however, one of some subtlety, namely, whether prevision of the future can be conciliated with the idea of freewill. He decides that it can and is, because that which is beheld by the psychic is not that which is bound to come about, but merely something that will. . . . Professor Hyslop has a study of philosophy and democracy in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, and we appreciate as usual some at least of his lucid and trenchant statements. He affirms that unless we can produce or maintain a gospel which embodies the highest ideals, "we must go a withered and palsied race into the asylum of all false prophets." Again: "It is not mere increase of knowledge but the possession of character that is necessary to save man." For the rest, if "we do not know the nature of things or of consciousness," nor indeed anything but "co-existence and sequence in physical and mental events," this is sufficient in Professor Hyslop's view "to vindicate all the objects for which transcendental metaphysics so long stood."

## REVIEWS

THE TWILIGHT OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS : A WORLD TRAGEDY. Twelve Illustrations by Glyn Philpot. Cecil Palmer and Hayward, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Price 5s. net.

IN these pictures the artist presents a striking parallel drawn from the symbolism of Wagner's "Niebelungen Ring" between the curse of Alberich which brings about the destruction of Valhalla and the Gods, and the curse of German greed which waits upon German ambition to her undoing. In the first picture German Ambition grasps at the dominion of the world, which can only be wrested from the elemental forces which guard it by him whose lust for power will drive him to forswear the charities of existence to obtain possession of the gold—interpreting the stanza from "The Rhinegold."

" My hand quenches your light,  
I wrest from the rock the gold :  
Fashion the ring of revenge ;  
For, hear me, ye floods :—  
Love henceforth be accursed."

The Rhine-maidens are here represented by the daughters of the World-spirit, Truth, Liberty, and Justice, and as they call for help darkness falls on the world. In the following plates the shade of Bismarck implores German Kultur not to attempt the dominion of the world, but in vain : German ambition takes counsel with German greed how to achieve it : German Kultur leads German art, science and industry to an eminence whence they see in the distance a superb stronghold from which flies a banner with the device " Deutschland über Alles." Thereafter Prussian Militarism forges and tests the sword of Military Preparation, which shivers to pieces on the anvil of the Allied armies ; the three Norns sever the rope of the German Empire on the jagged rock of Destiny—the German conscience (!) warns and entreats Pan-Germanism to give up the ring of World-dominion ; finally the fire of Retribution consumes with tongues of flame the bodies of Prussian Militarism and Pan-Germanism ; the waters of purification rise and flood the blazing funereal pyre. Day dawns, and the sun rises upon a world made new.

Each of the scenes chosen by Mr. Glyn Philpot to illustrate this parallel is handled with strength and simplicity. The dramatic effect is obtained entirely by a direct treatment of the figures representing Pan-Germanism, Prussian Militarism, German Ambition, and German Kultur. These are admirably drawn, and convey the attributes depicted with convincing power and aptitude. The twelve plates constitute a high achievement in imagination and interpretation. The passages of the text from the " Niebelungenlied " are given in German and English, the translation being that of Mr. Frederick Jameson, by permission of Messrs. Schott & Co.



THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM. By C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. Crown 8vo. Paper. Price 1s. 6d. net.

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KRISHNA THE COWARD. By Mohini Mohan Dhar, M.A., B.L. Wrappers, pp. 112. Price 1s. 6d. net.

London : Theosophical Publishing House, 1 Upper Woburn Place, W.C. ; and India : Adyar, Madras.

In the pages of his interesting little book, reprinted from the *Theosophist*, Mr. Jinarajadasa points out that Mysticism may exist without any religion, in the conventional sense, at all. He analyses Mysticism into six main types, based upon the relationship of the devotee to his Divine Ideal : The Mysticism of Grace ; Mysticism of Love ; Pantheistic Mysticism ; Nature Mysticism ; Sacramental Mysticism ; Theosophical Mysticism. Of course few mystics conform rigidly to any particular type : the Mysticism of Grace and the Mysticism of Love, for instance, have many characteristics in common. In each type the author considers the mystical Theme, its special Method, Ideal, and Obstacle to Union. Within the small compass of a few pages he lays what may prove to be a valuable foundation upon which to erect a system of Comparative Mysticism.

The dainty little book, *My Holy Place*, by Arthur Burgess, consists of graceful fragments of allegorical prose by an author of whom Mrs. Duckworth in her foreword says, "So may it be that in sending this little book forth, an Angel-Wish of another brave young heart may be brought to fuller fruition." May he realize the promise of his early efforts ! For, in his work we detect a charm and fragrance which we trust will appeal as much to others as to ourselves. The proceeds of the sale of the book, it should be noted, go to the aid of "The Servers of the Blind,"—although it must not be thought that we put forward this consideration as an *excuse* for the little book's publication : its quality is in itself sufficient justification.

Many of our readers will doubtless have already made the acquaintance of Mr. Dhar in connection with his former work, *Krishna, the Charioteer*. In pursuance of his subject, the author now deals, in *Krishna, the Cowherd*, with the early days of the great Lord of Love, whom, as Mrs. Besant points out, "the Hindus call Krishna and we call Christ." Mr. Dhar is at great pains to disarm Western prejudice in reference to the incident of Krishna and the Gopis, or shepherdesses as we should call them, although there is an adequate allegorical interpretation of this incident ; and amorous passages of a parallel character are not unknown in the Western Bible. It is curious, also, to note the many parallels in the lives of Krishna and Jesus Christ, all pointing to similarity of origin in the spiritual worlds. This, and the author's preceding work, form a valuable commentary on the teachings of the *Bhagavad Gita*, which students of Indian religions should find of no little value. H. J. S.

ANNIE BESANT : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. (Fourth Impression. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MR. FISHER UNWIN is to be congratulated on this excellent, and seasonable, reprint of a sincere and interesting life-story. First published twenty-

five years ago, it does not, of course, carry us further than that date ; and its final chapter—"Through Storm to Peace"—describes Mrs. Besant's conversion to Theosophy, with the resulting happiness and mental composure of the convert—a happiness and composure which we are given to understand have been hers ever since.—"Those on whose heads . . . the touch of the Master has rested in blessing can never again look upon the world save through eyes made luminous with the radiance of Eternal Peace."

Yet since this inner, has not always coincided with outward peace, the numerous disciples of Mrs. Besant, and the still more numerous persons who respect her personality and follow her courageous career with interest and admiration, may wish that she had availed herself of this opportunity, to bring the record up to date ; and to give us the full story of those strenuous labours and stormy episodes of the later years, whereof she makes brief reference in her "Preface to the Third Edition." She has not so chosen, however. And as she herself looks upon her conversion to Theosophy as the central point of her spiritual life and the end of all her mental struggles, a book that, in spite of its practical interest and eventfulness, is essentially the story *a soul-pilgrimage* could not, perhaps, be fitly prolonged beyond that point and end. This new edition will bring it many new readers, who will not be only Theosophists.

G. M. H.

THE COMING CRISIS IN THE CHURCHES : AND HOW TO MEET IT. By William Phipps. London : Arthur H. Stockwell, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. Price 1s. net.

A MESSAGE TO THE CHURCH. By Alex. McKirdy. London : Arthur Stockwell, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. Price 3s. net.

"NEVER," announces the author of the first of the above pamphlets, "has Satan transformed himself so successfully into an angel of light as in this sixtieth century of the world's history." In damning proof whereof he cites "the worship of science and intellectual scholarship," which he considers "is, from a spiritual standpoint, the great curse of the age," together with the "pagan theory of evolution in relation to the genesis of the earth and the origin of man." Incidentally he also bewails the multiplicity of empty pews and the decline in the number of church members ; at which no one need be surprised if Mr. Phipps's tirades are a sample of the spiritual fare served up to them. "Necromancy," "Swedenborgianism," and "the specious formula of the universal Fatherhood of God, and the universal brotherhood of man," are among the themes which inspire his wrath. But his most excited fulminations are against the Church of Rome. After declaiming against prayers for the dead, the wearing of mascots and charms, and the erection of memorial shrines in public places, demands that "some drastic measures should be taken" to promote a revival of religion "on sound scriptural lines." Farther comment on this gentleman's sweet reasonableness is unnecessary. . . .

The second pamphlet, from the pen of one Alex. McKirdy, is in a much milder vein and is rather an appeal for the recognition of the spirit of prayer, and the deep truths to be found by those who make a careful study of the Bible. Unfortunately those truths are embodied for the

author in such dogmas as the "Atónement" and the "Second Advent," according to the Calvinistic conception of these deep mysteries. We can all agree with Mr. McKirdy's assertion that "Fellowship, one with the other in the things of God, can have only one result, that of deepening our spiritual lives." Still, both he and all of his way of thinking only succeed in clouding with complex shadows, the joyous, lovely, and simple teachings of the Nazarene.

EDITH K. HARPER.

ARTHUR STANTON. A Memoir. By the Right Hon. George Russell. With Portraits and other Illustrations. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row; New York, Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. Price 10s. 6d.

"ARTHUR STANTON'S, so far as it can be traced through written records, was a life of continuous growth in grace and piety. It contains no history of conversion, whether gradual or sudden, nor of any conscious change from darkness to light." So writes Mr. G. W. E. Russell in his fascinating memoir. Yet, strange though it may seem, the subject of this tribute was as heartily and persistently persecuted during the greater part of his fifty years' labour of love, at St. Alban's, Holborn, as any victim of an Inquisition which in modern days has been forced to substitute "Inhibition" for the stake. The stupid and illiberal efforts to suppress the energies of a man whose whole life was loving-kindness, toleration and boundless charity, is a blot on the history of an "Establishment" which by such travesty of the Master's teaching, and such worship of hard and fast cast-iron rules, has weakened its hold upon the thinking world. "A New Commandment I give unto you that ye love one another" is the sum of the gentle Nazarene's message, and Father Stanton followed it in letter and in spirit through all his noble life. He was the friend of the criminal and the outcast, "the *undeserving* poor who never go to church," as he once phrased it. To them he was just "Dad." . . . In earlier days he had much influence among the soldiers at Chatham, and an especially hard cut dealt to him was a letter from the War Office, from the Chaplain General, in 1867, prohibiting his ever again officiating in a Military Chapel, in consequence, presumably, of his unbalancing effect upon the Army! Mr. Russell quotes this epistolary gem in full (page 94). Indeed it is principally by means of letters to and from Father Stanton that the life of this stormy petrel is gradually unfolded to the reader. In this case one feels that no Memoir could have been more admirably arranged; for the letters give many a sidelight and intimate touch which reveal the soul of the man in a way not otherwise easy, besides constituting a burning commentary on the intolerance and narrow bigotry of Mid-Victorian ecclesiasticism.

Mr. Russell's own comments and explanations are always characteristically clear, witty, and sympathetic with his subject; and a debt of gratitude is due to him for the accomplishment of what must have been a strenuous task, while it is obviously the sincere homage of a friend.

It is pleasant to know that toward the end of his life times became more peaceful for the good Father, and persecution ceased, even to the extent of an offer by the Bishop of London of a prebend's stall in St. Paul's Cathedral, which, however, Father Stanton thought fit to refuse. An Appendix to the book contains two most beautiful Appreciations, by

the Very Rev. F. E. Carter, Dean of Bocking, and the Right Rev. Bishop Frodsham, Canon of Gloucester. Dr. Carter spoke for many when he said: "Countless numbers of us thank God that ever we came under the inspiration and guidance of this Christ-like priest."

EDITH K. HARPER.

JAP HERRON. A Novel written from the Ouija Board. With an Introduction: "The Coming of Jap Herron." New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Price 1 dollar 50 cents.

MARK TWAIN'S legion of admirers all over the world should rejoice to be told—what to spiritualists is no matter for surprise—that the great humourist, since his transition, has lost none of his lovable qualities, and that his interest in the tragic comedy of earth-life is not a whit less keen. It would appear that the inimitable Mark took with him to the Other Side a quantity of unused literary matter, and that he has spared no effort to find a suitable amanuensis or intermediary through whom to transmit it. Ultimately he discovered two American ladies, previously unacquainted with each other, Mrs. Cora Hayes and Mrs. Hutchings. In her Introduction "The Coming of Jap Herron," Mrs. Hutchings relates with much interesting detail the subsequent developments which eventually resulted in the amazing volume now before us. She remarks:—

"The story bristles with profanity and is roughly picturesque in its diction. It deals with a section of the Osark country, with which neither of us is familiar, and in the speech of the natives there are words that we had never heard, that are included in no dictionary, but are, it transpires, perfectly familiar to the primitive people in the south-western part of the State."

So much for the "credentials" of the transmitters. As to the identity of the spirit-author, no less critical an authority than Professor James Hyslop, the distinguished secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, has submitted that the story bears innumerable evidences of its alleged paternity. Humour and pathos are interwoven with subtle simplicity. Primitive emotions and the most delicate traits of a higher evolution, make a warp and woof which scintillates from beginning to end of the story and grips the reader in a way that is quite indescribable. Take, for instance, the curious brevity of the manner in which the death of Ellis Hinton is conveyed; and again, the scene at Flossie's funeral, where the minister after denouncing her as a "freethinker" and a "wanderer from grace," prays for the same mercy to be extended toward her as was shown to the thief on the cross, so that she may arise forgiven at the "Last Day!" Then, Jap's impassioned declaration to the awe-stricken assembly that "Flossie Hinton's life was a religion," and his fierce assertion that she was not lying dead in her coffin, but was more alive than ever. . . . But would Mark Twain really have been guilty of the literary fault of the anti-climax reached in Mrs. Grainger's death? With this one exception, the novel, taken on its own merits alone, is an artistic triumph. If I may speak for myself, I have no hesitation in sharing the assertion of Mrs. Hutchings that she does not for one moment doubt "that the story of Jap Herron is the actual post-mortem work of Samuel L. Clemens, known to the world as Mark Twain."

EDITH K. HARPER.