

THE
OCCULT REVIEW

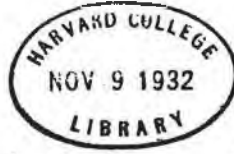
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RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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VOL. XXVIII.

JULY 1918

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

AMONG the many fascinating unsolved problems connected with early Christianity and the documents which form the basis of our knowledge of the inception of this most momentous episode in the evolution of the Spiritual in man, none is surrounded with more mystery and uncertainty than the origin and authorship of what is commonly termed "The Gospel according to St. John," or, in a more non-committal phrase, "The Fourth Gospel." It is now universally admitted that this Gospel is the latest in date of the four, and there is no hesitation in conceding it a unique place among the four accounts in the New Testament of the life of the great Master. This is recognised when we speak

THE
PROBLEM
OF THE
FOURTH
GOSPEL.

in the ordinarily adopted phraseology of modern criticism of the three Synoptic Gospels on the one hand, and of the Fourth Gospel on the other. The first three are admittedly records, doubtless of a very fragmentary kind, of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. We may put what value we will on their historical accuracy, but at least their main claim is to be

a narrative of facts, however marvellous these facts may be allowed to be. With regard to the Fourth Gospel the case is different. Whatever value we are prepared to place on the historical record here, it cannot be disguised that this record is subservient to the main aims of what is primarily a doctrinal treatise, written with the object of introducing Christianity to a wider field than that of Judaism. The author is making an appeal for the acceptance of Christianity by the Greek intellectual world, and interpreting it in terms which will render it intelligible to the current Greek thought of the day. The theological element, in the main so conspicuous by its absence in the earlier Gospels, is emphasized deliberately in that of St. John. Highly mystical as the Prologue to this Gospel is, there is no mistaking the fact that the aim of the work is to popularise Christianity in the Gentile world by placing it on a wider basis, and transforming a local religious movement into a world religion.

We shall not, then, understand the Gospel aright, unless we look at it, not simply as the mystic study of a recluse, but as a practical appeal for a new interpretation of life to a cosmopolitan Gentile audience. The idea of Christianity as a religion for the Jews has definitely been abandoned, and, throughout this Gospel, the Jews themselves are held up to obloquy as the inveterate opponents of Jesus. This is so much the case that it has even been argued and confidently maintained in certain quarters that the author himself could not have been a Jew—though the evidence on the other side seems to make this theory hardly tenable. The hypothesis which I advance in these Notes has the merit of offering a solution of the apparently contradictory evidence with regard to the nationality of the writer.

The anxiety of the author to prove to his hearers that the doctrine which he preaches is not merely in keeping with Greek philosophical conceptions, but actually constitutes their true interpretation, is plainly manifest; and the phrase of all others which constitutes the keynote to the theological attitude adopted is that contained in the much discussed preamble: "*The Word became flesh and dwelt among us.*" Many writers have laid stress on the obvious parallel between the Logos doctrine of Philo, and that of our author; but the truth undoubtedly is that St. John (if I may so term the author for the sake of convenience, without committing myself) does not so much adopt the philosophy of Philo, as use the terminology of a writer in touch with Greek ideas for the purpose of present-

ing his own cosmo-conception in a dress which will be familiar to the Greek intellect. Thus the correspondence between John and Philo is more apparent than real. It is, in short, on the surface, rather than of the essence of the author's teaching. To Philo, the Word or the Logos was a metaphysical conception, and represented an emanation from the Godhead, a connecting link, as it were, between creation and the Supreme Being. The bare suggestion of the Word becoming Flesh is a thought as alien to Philo's philosophy as it is possible to conceive. The very daringness of such an affirmation appearing in the very forefront of the Gospel would be calculated at once to arrest the attention of the Greek reader, and strike him as the most audacious of paradoxes. A bolder catchword than this epoch-making phrase was never hit upon by that most venturesome of innovators, the modern journalist. It was, indeed, a stroke of dramatic genius thus to link up the Gospel of Jesus of Nazareth with the subtlest conceptions of current Greek metaphysical thought.

I have said that the narrative side of St. John's Gospel is subservient to its main aim. It is, however, necessary before going further, to consider how far this narrative can be taken as a record of actual facts and incidents, and how far the speeches in it attributed to the Master can be accepted at their face value. This inquiry will also necessitate our considering how far the Jesus depicted in the Fourth Gospel can be regarded as identical with the Jesus of the Synoptics, and in what points his discourses in this Gospel represent a contrast to his method of teaching as portrayed in the other three.

A study of the problem of the Fourth Gospel, by H. Latimer Jackson, D.D., has just been published by the Cambridge University Press.* The work is emphatically a product of the Higher Criticism, and the writer is not troubled by orthodox scruples as regards the genuineness of the book as a record of the life of Jesus, or as regards the problem of its origin and authorship. He is, indeed, prepared to reconsider *de novo* all questions in relation to its authenticity. But though singularly open-minded

* *The Problem of the Fourth Gospel*, by H. Latimer Jackson, D.D., Christ's College, Cambridge, sometime Hulsean Lecturer, etc. Cambridge: The University Press, 6s. net. A very dispassionate and judicial record of the evidence available on this interesting subject with references to the views of all the most eminent British and foreign critics. I desire to acknowledge my own indebtedness in connection with the present Notes.

in his general outlook, he is perhaps somewhat too cautious in the conclusions he arrives at from his premises, and he seems to hesitate to give full weight to the force of his own arguments. Needless to say, the subject matter of his work has been fought out over and over again by critics, many of them of noted ability and acumen, and holding the most diverse views. Dr. Jackson frequently leaves them to speak for themselves, and puts their opposing statements in juxtaposition. Sometimes, one is inclined to think, he lets the critics speak too much and speaks himself too little. Here, however, is a very apposite modern criticism, by H. J. Holtzmann, of the point above referred to; i.e., the inconsistency between the method of speaking of the Christ of the Synoptics, and the Christ of the Fourth Gospel.

Here, in the Synoptics [says Holtzmann], we have the popular form of Oriental proverb wisdom and inventive parable; there in the Fourth Gospel the profound allegory with appeal to profound reflection. Instead of pithy and concise sayings alike luminous and easy to retain, a series of witnessings and disputings in exalted tone, and with utter disregard for the capacity of his hearers. According to the Synoptics the demands of Jesus are for self-renunciation, for compassionate love, for taking of oneself in hand for work for others. His warnings are directed against the desire for riches, worldly desires, and anxieties. Above all, he preaches about the Kingdom of God and the conditions of entrance therein. Not so in the Fourth Gospel. The preaching of the Kingdom recedes, while Jesus becomes the dialectician who treats of his own divinity and withal in singular and by no means popular style. In both cases he figures as teacher. In the Fourth Gospel the subject matter of his teaching is well-nigh exclusively himself.

It is singular in this connection that the emphatic "I" which, as used by Jesus, is found in the three Synoptic Gospels only thirty-four times altogether, occurs a hundred and seventeen times in John alone. It has, in short, been urged, and with great plausibility, that Jesus could not have spoken at once as he is represented to have spoken in the Synoptics, and also as he is represented as speaking by St. John. One or other Jesus must be a fancy portrait, and if this is so, there can be no question as to which we are justified in regarding as the genuine one. Among other notable discrepancies between the Fourth Gospel and the other three is a striking transposition of incidents in the former. Thus, according to the Fourth Gospel, the cleansing of the temple occurs at the beginning of the ministry, while the Synoptics

DR.
JACKSON'S
STUDY
OF THE
GOSPEL.

THE TWO
JESUSES.

A FANCY
PORTRAIT.

place it immediately before the closing scenes, and, in fact, treat it as being the decisive act which precipitated the trial and crucifixion. According to St. Mark's Gospel it was not until after John the Baptist's imprisonment that Jesus entered upon his work. According to St. John's he is represented as already active at a time when the Baptist was still attracting numerous followers. According to the Synoptics the public ministry of Jesus appears to begin and end within a single year. St. John expands it to a period which includes no less than three Pass-overs. It certainly seems difficult to accept the brief period of ministry given by the Synoptics, but in any case the discrepancy is a sufficiently startling one. In St. John again the main scene of the ministry is laid in Jerusalem and neighbourhood. In the Synoptics, until the closing scenes, practically all the incidents pivot round Galilee as a headquarters. In the Synoptics, John the Baptist's mission is of a far more independent character

DISCREP-
ANCIES
BETWEEN
JOHN
AND THE
SYNOPTICS.

than in the Fourth Gospel, where he is represented as the forerunner of Jesus, without voicing any independent teaching of his own. Perhaps too much has been made of the fact that the miracles in St. John's Gospel are more numerous and of a more startling character than those of the other three; but there are certainly a number of these,

such as that of the water being turned into wine, the healing of the nobleman's son, the walking on the sea, and last but by no means least, the raising of Lazarus, of which no note is taken in the Synoptics, and this fact has called forth considerable comment on the part of the critics. Perhaps the most noteworthy point, in reality, in connection with this, is that the miracles appear to be treated by the writer of St. John's Gospel as possessing importance on account of the evidence they supply of the divinity of Jesus and as corroborating his theory that he is the Divine Logos manifested in human form and under temporal conditions. In a general way it may be said that the Synoptics stress the humanity of Jesus, while St. John emphasizes his divinity rather at the expense of his manhood.

There are still certain critics of eminence who even now maintain the position that the Fourth Gospel was actually written by St. John the Apostle, and they are undoubtedly able to cite in their defence some notable opinions on the part of early Fathers of the Christian Church. Of these the three most illustrious are Eusebius, Origen and Irenæus. Eusebius was Bishop of Cæsarea A.D. 314 to 340. He states that John, returning from

his island exile in Patmos, governed the churches in Asia and continued to reside in Ephesus until the days of Trajan. According to him, the story current in his time was that John, having all his life preached but not having used his pen, in the end set himself to write under the following circumstances. The three

EVIDENCE
CONNECTING
GOSPEL WITH
JOHN THE
APOSTLE.

earlier gospels being handed to him, he admitted them and testified to their truth, stating, however, that they were defective, inasmuch as the earlier stages of the ministry were absent from their accounts. These omissions being supplied by him, he was pressed to undertake the task of writing a Fourth Gospel, giving therein an account of the period not touched on by the other evangelists, and the other doings of Jesus which they had omitted to record. The testimony of Origen is of a more important character on account of the fact that he lived nearer the date in question, and also on account of his great reputation for scholarship and intellectual integrity. This is what he writes in the fifth book of his Commentaries: "What must be said of him, John, who reclined on Jesus's breast? He who has left one Gospel with the avowal that he could write far more than the world itself could contain?" It is clear from these words that Origen alludes to the Apostle John as the actual author of the Gospel. In point of date the evidence of Irenæus is the most valuable of the three, and those who claim the Apostle as the author of the Gospel naturally lay upon it no little emphasis. Irenæus was a native of Asia Minor, born about A.D. 140. He became Bishop of Lyons A.D. 178, and his death is said to have taken place some ten or fifteen years later. Irenæus tells us the following story in reference to the origin of the various Gospels. "Matthew [he says] produced his gospel among the Hebrews and in their dialect, while Peter and Paul were evangelizing and laying the foundations of the Church in Rome. They being deceased, Mark,* disciple and interpreter of Peter, also handed down to us in writing things which Peter had preached. Luke, Paul's companion, set forth in his book the Gospel as it had been proclaimed by Paul. Thereafter John, the disciple of the Lord, who lay on his breast, he too gave forth the Gospel, while he yet abode at Ephesus in Asia." Elsewhere he says that "all the leaders, they of Asia who had conferred with John the disciple of the Lord, bare

EVIDENCE
OF
IRENÆUS.

* It will be noted that Irenæus makes Matthew's Gospel earlier in date than Mark's, a view now very generally rejected.

witness that their tradition had been delivered to them by John, for he remained on with them until the days of Trajan." Perhaps more remarkable still is the statement of Irenæus in his letter to Florinus, in which he says, alluding to the events of his own boyhood, "I can tell the very place where sat and taught blessed Polycarp, and how Polycarp spoke of intercourse had by him with John and of what he had heard from others who had seen the Lord." Polycarp, it is to be noted, was an early Bishop of Smyrna, and was martyred A.D. 166 in the reign of Marcus Aurelius. Polycarp, therefore, according to Irenæus, had talked with John himself at Ephesus, and presumably, though this is not specifically stated, was responsible for Irenæus's ascription of the Fourth Gospel to his authorship. We do not know the exact date of Polycarp's birth. His death A.D. 166 was not in the ordinary course of human nature. How long did John the Apostle live? Hardly, it may be assumed, even if he lived

DID THE APOSTLE JOHN TEACH POLYCARP? to extreme old age, much beyond the year A.D. 90. How old, then, was Polycarp, when he talked with him? The dates obviously raise a doubt as to whether the person referred to could have been John the Apostle. Of other early authorities who refer to the authorship of this Gospel Clement of Alexandria deserves a word of notice. His death took place in A.D. 200. He states that "the Gospels of Matthew and Luke were written first, that Mark at the request of many who had heard Peter at Rome then composed his Gospel, Peter neither encouraging nor hindering him, and that John last of all, perceiving that what had reference to corporeal things in the Gospel of our Saviour was sufficiently related, encouraged by his friends and inspired by the Spirit, wrote a spiritual Gospel."

Such is briefly the evidence of the early Fathers of the Church on which the defenders of the orthodox theory of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel rely for their case, and on the face of it, it cannot be denied that it appears fairly convincing. It at least establishes the fact that there existed some two hundred years after the birth of Christ a general tradition that the Apostle John wrote the Fourth Gospel in old age in Asia, presumably at Ephesus.

We have now to see what there is to be said on the other side. Now, in the first place, the assumption by all these Christian Fathers is that John the Apostle emigrated to Ephesus in Asia Minor, where he lived to a great age, and undertook the writing of his Gospel in the very last years of his life. The first point,

therefore, which we have to investigate, is how far this tradition is otherwise substantiated, and what evidence exists, if any, either presumptive or otherwise, of the emigration of the Apostle

**EVIDENCE
DESTRUCTIVE
OF THE
ACCEPTED
TRADITION.** John to Asia Minor. Now the last we hear of John in the New Testament * is that he, along with James and Peter (Cephas), "who are reputed to be pillars," gave to Paul and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, agreeing that the latter should go unto the Gentiles, while James, Peter and John

went unto "those of the circumcision"; that is, Peter, James and John remained behind in Palestine, and left the preaching to the Gentiles to Paul and Barnabas. There is nothing in the Bible record to suggest that this decision was reconsidered, or indeed, that John the Apostle ever left Palestine at all. Following upon this, the question arises, what independent evidence is there as to the nature of his end? In this connection it is noteworthy that both Matthew and Mark record an incident in which a request is made by the two sons of Zebedee, James and John, which leads to a prediction on the part of Jesus of the character of their deaths.

There came near unto him [says Mark] James and John, the sons of Zebedee, saying unto him, "Master, we would that Thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall ask of thee," and he said unto them, "What would ye that I should do for you?" And they said unto him, "Grant unto us that one may sit on thy right hand, and one on thy left in thy glory." But Jesus said unto them, "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink, or to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized withal?" And they said unto him, "We are able." And Jesus said unto them, "The cup that I drink ye shall drink, and with the baptism that I am baptized with shall ye be baptized. But to sit on my right hand and on my left hand is not mine to give; but it is for them for whom it hath been prepared." †

If this prediction means anything, surely it signifies that the Apostles James and John would meet with a similar end to that which awaited Jesus himself. As regards James, we know that this was the case. In Acts xii. 2, it is stated that "Herod killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." The question is, did a similar fate overtake John, and if so, where? There

**WAS JOHN
MARTYRED
BY THE
JEWS?** is some very interesting evidence in this connection. In the first place, Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, whose death by martyrdom took place about A.D. 160, and to whose lost writings we possess numerous allusions, is stated by two apparently independent authorities to be responsible for the assertion that John the

* Galatians ii. 9.

† Mark x. 35-40.

Apostle was put to death by the Jews. One of these is Georgius Hamartolus, a monkish chronicler of the tenth century. In a manuscript of his chronicle, he records that Papias in the second book of the *Logia Kuriaca* says that he "was put to death by Jews, thus plainly fulfilling, along with his brother, the prophecy of Christ regarding them." The second testimony is from Philip of Side, a Church historian of the fifth century. In an epitome of his chronicle we read the statement: "Papias says in his second book that John the Divine, and James his brother, were slain by Jews." Confirming this we have the Syriac martyrology drawn up A.D. 411 at Edessa for the use of the local Church. Two of the dates given for martyrs in this chronicle are as follows:—

"December 27, John and James, the Apostles, in Jerusalem.

"December 28, in the city of Rome, Paul and Simon Cephas, the chief of the apostles of our Lord."

Dr. Jackson observes: "It would by no means necessarily follow that because thus linked together in the martyrology the two brothers suffered at the same place and date." I can hardly agree with this with regard to the question of place. It seems to me that this must unquestionably be taken as Jerusalem in both instances. As regards the date, probably this is merely the day on which their martyrdoms were celebrated by the local Church, and there is no reason to assume that it bears any other import. Confirmatory evidence with regard to the martyrdom of John the Apostle is to be met with in the homily of Aphrahat, Metropolitan of Nineveh, entitled *De Persecutione* (circa A.D. 343), where we read: "Great and excellent is the martyrdom of Jesus. To Him followed the faithful martyr Stephen, whom the Jews stoned. Simon also and Paul were perfect martyrs. *James and John trod in the footsteps of their Master, Christ.* Also other of the Apostles thereafter in diverse places confessed and proved themselves true martyrs." Clearly here again James and John are included in the list of martyrs of the Church, for it is difficult to attach any other signification to the bishop's words. The evidence, then, with regard to the martyrdom of St. John the Apostle is striking, if not conclusive. It is far more in accordance with what we may glean from the Gospel narrative than the tradition of the Fathers of the Church, that John emigrated to Asia, and died there at an advanced age.

But if we are to take the story of John's martyrdom as authentic, whence, one may ask, arose the tradition with regard to the

sojourn of the Apostle in Ephesus, and in particular, of the writing by him of the Fourth Gospel, and his instructions to Polycarp, as recorded by Irenæus. It has been suggested, and I think with good reason, that the tradition with regard to the Apostle John arose through a confusion between him and a certain disciple of Jesus, named John the Elder. This disciple is alluded to by Papias as follows:—

If anywhere any one also should come who had companied with the elders, I ascertained first of all the sayings of the elders, what Andrew or what Peter had said, or what Philip or what Thomas THE OTHER or James, or what John or Matthew or any other of the JOHN. disciples of the Lord had said. And secondly what Aristion and John the Elder, the disciples of the Lord, say. For, I supposed that the things to be derived from books were not of such profit to me as the things derived from the living and abiding Voice.

The change of tense from "said" to "say" will be noticed in this quotation, and appears to indicate that Papias had had actual conversation with John the Elder during his lifetime. Now it is clear that Irenæus had himself confused the two Johns as, alluding to the Apostle, he refers to Papias as a hearer of John as well as an associate of Polycarp; but, as we have seen, the John whom Papias heard was John the Elder, and not John the Apostle. The presumption is that John the Elder was a mere youth at the time of the death of Jesus and junior to John the Apostle by a considerable number of years. Obviously John the Elder was not an Apostle.

Now throughout the Fourth Gospel we have allusions to some one who is at times described as "the disciple whom Jesus loved"; at others, apparently in a more general way, as "another disciple" or "that other disciple." The generally accepted orthodox view has been that the author of the gospel, to wit, John the Apostle, took this oblique way of describing himself, and the popular idea of John, the brother of James, has been greatly modified, not to say transmogrified, owing to this assumption. The sympathetic, tender, and warm-hearted disposition of the Beloved Disciple has been credited to John, the brother of James, with whose character, as elsewhere described, it has little or nothing in common. James and John, it will be remembered, in Mark's Gospel are surnamed Boanerges, owing, apparently, to the impetuosity of their temperaments. As far as we can gauge from the references to them, they are ambitious, intolerant, and what we should nowadays describe as of a very pushing disposition. One instance

WAS JOHN
THE APOSTLE
THE
BELOVED
DISCIPLE?

of this has already been given in the demand of the two brothers that they should sit, one on the right hand of Jesus and one on his left, when he came in his glory; i.e., presumably, when he entered into that earthly kingdom to which all his followers looked forward. On another occasion they desired to call down fire from heaven on the inhospitable Samaritans. Their father, Zebedee, was a Galilean fisherman, and the brothers were apparently in partnership with Pēter. John himself we have seen later on in the guise of a pillar of the Church at Jerusalem, evidently representative of Judaistic Christendom. He has no idea of leaving Palestine at this time, and indeed, we may assume that he was too advanced in years to be likely to consider so radical a change of life at such a time. It may, indeed, be asked, if the Beloved Disciple is not to be identified with any of the apostles, how it came about that he appears, along with Peter, in the innermost circle of the friends of Jesus? And if Jesus showed him that favouritism which he is represented to have done in the Fourth Gospel, how was such treatment compatible with his position outside the chosen twelve? The matter is more readily understood if the Beloved Disciple was a mere youth, and, on account of his age, debarred from taking any active or prominent part in the work of the twelve apostles. Contrasting the two characters, Dr. Jackson * observes:

As for the Beloved Disciple, he is slow to speak; whatever may have been the case with John at a later period, in the days when he companies with Jesus he is scarcely reluctant to give vent to his thoughts. While on both sides there are features which testify to devotion to the Lord and Master, with the one it endures to the end, and with the other it fails with the test. There are singularly unpleasant traits in John; not so with the Beloved Disciple, even if the conjectured real man was by no means the placid and effeminate personage of conventional representation. There is little difficulty in recognizing the latter when the scene is shifted from Palestine to Asia Minor; on the contrary, there are vivid reminders of him in the "fragmentary tradition"; far less easy is it to discover the son of Zebedee in the stories told of "John of Ephesus."

John, in days gone by, had attained to prominence at Jerusalem; it might be tempting to suppose that, president of the churches of Asia, it is the self-same John who is once again in renown. As for the Beloved Disciple, he is evidently quite at home in a Greek-speaking community; the conjecture, then, might be that he who, in earlier life, had at least a smattering of Greek has become familiar with the language as the years go by. . . .

There is no escape from impressions as to difference of social status. As for the Apostle John, he is brought on the field at a comparatively

* *The Problem of the Fourth Gospel*, p. 163.

early date; not until a later period does the Beloved Disciple stand in full view. The latter is evidently a Jerusalemite; the former is as evidently a Galilean. The one, constant to the end, as at the Cross of Jesus; John, it would appear, is not there. And besides: "All the depth of insight and fervour of love which we connect with the name of John belong to the Beloved Disciple and not, so far as we know, to the son of Zebedee." *

The presence of John the Elder at Ephesus, and the termination of his long career at that city, would serve to explain the persistent tradition which associated, apparently quite erroneously, the other John with the Asiatic community. Here he may have collected together those records, which were eventually, after his death, utilized as the groundwork of the Fourth Gospel by his followers and probably by one especially who

JOHN THE
ELDER AS
ORIGINATOR
OF THE
GOSPEL.

acted as Editor-in-chief. Here the fact that he had outlived all the other disciples of Jesus may have given rise to the tradition that he was destined to live till the second coming of the Master, the tradition embodied in the story given in the Gospel that Jesus, being asked as to his future destiny, replied: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" This would explain the many evidences of personal acquaintance with localities and intimate touches which meet us in St. John's Gospel, and which seem to point to reminiscences of an eye-witness, an impression which is by no means borne out by most of the recorded speeches and discourses. It would also explain such an editorial blunder as the allusion to Caiaphas as being "high priest for the year," whereas the Jewish high priest was elected for life, a fact which must have been familiar to any dweller in Judæa, but would not be realized by a Greek Christian of Ephesus.

It has been alleged that John the Elder is a shadowy character, but this is not the case if we are right in identifying him with John of Ephesus. Now the tradition with regard to John of Ephesus is most persistent. If we are right in concluding, as I think I have shown in these Notes, that John of Ephesus was certainly not John the Apostle, there is a strong presumption that he was John the Elder, who was a disciple, but not an apostle, of the Master. Failing this he must have been some other disciple of the same name. This brings us to the only possible alternative which identifies him with John Mark. Now John Mark, more usually known as Mark, was already responsible for one Gospel. Those who would identify John of Ephesus

* Swete: *The Journal of Theological Studies*.

with John Mark have to assume that dissatisfaction with his first gospel at a later date in his life decided him to write a second, the second gospel being in the most emphatic contrast both as regards manner and contents with the first. Surely such a position has only to be stated in order to be rejected. We are, then, left with the only plausible hypothesis which now holds the field, namely, that John the Elder was John of Ephesus. Assuming this to be the case, are we justified in identifying him also with the Beloved Disciple? I think we are. Dr. Jackson has shown in a paragraph which I have already quoted that the two characters tally, whereas the character of John the Apostle has no resemblance to either. It has been widely held, and surely with justification, that the author of St. John's Gospel in his allusions to the Beloved Disciple was making an oblique reference to himself. The manner and terms in which he speaks of this disciple are hardly comprehensible otherwise. It is quite conceivable that the Greek editor of this Gospel, who certainly made the freest use of his editorial position, over-emphasized for his own purposes the intimacy of the relation between the Beloved Disciple and his Master. In doing so he would feel that he was strengthening the credentials of the Gospel which he was giving to the world. But that the original of the portrait was anyone else than the originator of the Gospel is, I think, extremely hard to believe.

It seems clear that the authenticity of the Gospel was early called in question, in view of the assertions made in it with the plain object of controverting the statements of the sceptical. "He that hath seen [says the writer] hath borne witness, and his witness is true, and he [that one yonder] knoweth that he saith what is true, that ye also may believe."* Why the need for this protestation if no question had been raised as to the bona fides of the record? Who is the writer who thus protests? Surely not the original author of the record, but one who vouches for the truth of this author's statements. Who, again, is he (*ἐκεῖνος*, that one yonder) who knows that the record is *bona fide*? It is indeed hard to say, unless perhaps the reference is to the disciple's Lord and Master.† Who are those, again, who, in the last chapter, generally regarded as an appendix to the Gospel, observe of the "disciple which beareth witness of these things and wrote these things," "we know that his

* John xix.

† Or perhaps more probably to John himself, pointed at by the Editor.

witness is true" ? Presumably here, again, we are in touch with the disciples of John the Elder, who wrote up from his records the Gospel in question, and who thus went out of their way to vouch for their authenticity. The Gospel, then, would appear as the expression of the views of an Asiatic school of thought which aimed at interpreting Christianity in terms of Greek metaphysics and Gnostic Mysticism while retaining the Central Figure as a glorified and transfigured semblance of the adored Master of the Beloved Disciple. To what degree, we may ask, would this interpretation of the Gospel story have met with the sanction or imprimatur of the author of the records ? Probably only to a very limited extent. Surely the Prologue was no work of one who had had personal relations with the Master. Surely, in many of the speeches, we can trace the doctrinal zeal of the editor, rather than the reminiscences of the Beloved Disciple. It is difficult for us to break away in our minds from the tradition that has associated John the Apostle with the Beloved Disciple, and with that follower of Jesus who, as it appears, survived to extreme old age at Ephesus, and who, in his last days, was wont to turn to his followers with the words "Little children, love one another," so frequently repeated. There seems, however, but little doubt that this tradition will have to go by the board, along with many other time-honoured beliefs. Two entirely different, and indeed strangely contrasted characters, have been amalgamated, and not only has this composite character been credited with the writing of the Fourth Gospel, but also with a combination of two different and alien destinies, one eventuating in martyrdom in middle age at Jerusalem, and the other in a peaceful end to a long and eventful career in the Greek city of Ephesus.*

* I have not thought it necessary in these Notes to go into the question of the very numerous wild and fantastic guesses which have been made with regard to the identity of the Beloved Disciple. One of the most ingenious identifies him with Lazarus, and another with the young nobleman to whom Jesus said that if he would follow him, he must sell all he had and give to the poor. Of both these persons it is said that Jesus loved them. Another guess identifies the Beloved Disciple with Nicodemus, and yet another—maddest guess of all—with Judas Iscariot ! There is a certain support among critics for the view that he was not actually a man of flesh and blood at all, but "an exquisite creation of a devout imagination," and Dr. Jackson seems to me more than half inclined to adopt this hypothesis. The theory which finds the most historical support and against which there are the fewest objections is, to my mind, unquestionably that which I have given in the text of my Notes, identifying him with John the Elder.

So many prophecies with regard to the present war have fallen short of fulfilment that the interest in them seems somewhat to have evaporated. The source of the following is a French officer's daughter, an Alsatian by birth, and I give it here for what it is worth. The two lines quoted presumably form part of a longer set of verses dealing with the same subject.

ALSATIAN
PROPHECY.

There is an old prophecy firmly believed in in Alsace. I am now fifty years of age ; but I have always been told from earliest childhood by my parents, "that early in the new century there would be a terrible War in which, practically, the whole of Europe would be involved."

In connection with this prophecy there is an old dictum that every child in Alsace was taught to lisp, before even it could talk properly, and which runs thus :—

"Zu Köln am Rhein
Wird's Ausgemacht sein."

which translated means, that the Peace Treaty will be signed at Cologne-on-the-Rhine.

According to this prophecy, Alsace-Lorraine will go back to France ; and the firm belief that it will do so has helped the Alsations to bear the detested German yoke.

CHARACTER AND LIFE

By JOHN BUTLER BURKE, .

Author of "The Origin of Life," etc.

IN the midst of the turmoil of that storm and stress through which we are passing, the problem of life assumes a serious aspect, even to the casual observer, and awakens the solemn sense of the sublime in many a myopic intellect to whom the clear vision of the world is denied without perhaps the aid of intellectual spectacles in the form of books and reviews to direct his attention to the facts before him. A blurred image is all that most men see. At the moment, then, no better glasses could be found than the essays in the little volume entitled *Character and Life*, by Percy L. Parker.* His power of direction and of discerning what is good is his striking characteristic. From a scientific standpoint I shall confine myself to the opening chapter on "Evolution and Character," by Dr. A. R. Wallace, in which the insignificant influence of natural selection in the development of character is discussed, with some curious assumptions as to the origin of the higher nature of man. I shall leave the other essays to speak for themselves.

He says, "All the evidence points in the direction of some spiritual influx analogous to that which first initiated the organic life of the plant; then the consciousness and intelligence of the animal; and lastly, reason, the sense of beauty, the love of justice, the passion for truth, the aspiration towards a higher life which everywhere, though in varying degree, characterize the human race."

"Character, the aggregate of the intellectual and moral faculties, must be acted upon by some form of natural selection if it is to be progressively developed." Of this development Dr. Wallace maintains that there is no evidence. The mind of the savage is potentially as strong, if not stronger than that of the civilized man. It is Weismann's theory of the non-inheritance of acquired characters which is responsible for this idea, and the theory in substance is probably quite sound. As soon as the germ-plasm in any animal or plant reaches the stage in which it is independent of the body of the organism, there is no trans-

* London: Williams & Norgate, 3s. 6d. net.

mission of acquired characteristics. Hence natural selection becomes the principal, if not the only, factor in progressive development. And as Dr. Wallace remarks, there is no evidence that any such process of development has taken place in comparatively recent times, since man acquired the use of tools, that is since the palæolithic or first half of the stone-age. A certain level having been attained for self-preservation of the species against the more ferocious lower animals, and later against hostile tribes of men, any further development has not proved really essential for the preservation of the species; so that the higher faculties which lay dormant till civilization arose, have not been improved by it, nay, rather if anything, this has tended to protect and preserve many weaker types, which therefore on the whole have tended to lower the general level of the race.

Wallace assumes that some special act of creation intervened at the stage when *mind* appeared, as it did in his opinion when *life* first made its appearance on this planet. These are assumptions which it is rash to make, without knowing more of the nature of *matter* and of *mind* and of the inter-relationship that exists between them, as well as the nature of life itself. They have nothing to do with Weismann's theory. The fact that character has not developed, may show that it was innate all the time; and we know nothing about germ-plasm to enable us to assert that the potential qualities of the highest developments cannot be stored up in the germ-plasm of the fish or simpler forms from which the human race evolved, any more than in the case of the germ-plasm of the individual in which these potentialities are undoubtedly latent.

The period which dates from the dawn of civilization to the present time is much too short to enable us to obtain any traces of actual structural or functional development. Plato lived only the other day, so to speak, and not more than seventy generations separate us from him. A few hundred generations are all in which any trace of civilization can be supposed to have formed a part of the environment of man. Throughout this comparatively short period, there has been little or no natural selection of the higher faculties, since they have played little or no part in the struggle for existence. And often great mental capacity being the concomitant of some physical imperfections, the tendency has been to suppress rather than draw out the greater qualities of the intellect, and of the heart.

Nevertheless a strong brain must have "survival value," and as recent psychological studies show, its possession with a strong

will may counteract many physical infirmities, so that individuals of a particular intellectual temperament, associated with general ability, rather than with genius, are marked by longevity; this in itself must help, however slowly, as a factor in the mental evolution of the race.

The fact that there have been certain epochs in history when the human intellect attained in many instances to heights seldom reached at other times, as for example at Athens and at Rome, or again during the Renaissance and the French Revolution in Western Europe, may show that it is the combination of certain predisposing circumstances that give rise to such abnormal development. The subsequent falling off may be but the result of facts conducive to the general level of intelligence.

The laws of heredity are extremely complicated, and eugenics has scarcely commenced to exercise any marked effect upon the course of development of the species. Intellectual giants, like physical giants, could permanently form new species, only if sport would mate itself with sport.

Now all history shows that as soon as the struggle for existence ceases to be fierce and a high state of civilization with its attendant luxury and refinement sets in, degeneration of moral character inevitably ensues. Of intellect perhaps not so, although that is doubtful. In either case the absence of competition and strife naturally blunts those faculties which are drawn out by conscious effort, whilst the lethargy of ennui naturally follows in the wake of comfort and indifference.

In the rude state of Nature, in pastoral and agricultural districts—the absence of competition as a necessary condition of existence may bear out the truth of Dr. Wallace's remarks, for they are in fact the circumstances which he seems to have in mind. But in industrial areas the reverse is assuredly the case. The industrial atmosphere tends to eliminate the idle and unfit, and large families are the rewards of the most industrious and successful amongst the working classes. It is remarkable that the vivacity and mental vigour of children born and reared in such districts excels those of their more placid country cousins, even if their health and vitality in later years be less assured. Generations of wealth seekers must—by mere natural selection—result in men with the instinct for money-making so developed, that only the severe struggle of civilized surroundings could cultivate. For instance, in some Oriental races the trait is so marked as to be unmistakable. Centuries before the instinct for gold was acquired, religious persecution must have convinced them that

money was their best and perhaps only friend and safeguard in a world of enemies, and that amongst them at least the man that hath not had better never have been. Moreover the strange doctrine that unto him that hath to him shall it be given, seemed further to strengthen this trait in their character even amongst Christians.

Again Confucians and Buddhists possess qualities which unquestionably indicate a survival of this quality as the result of natural selection, not the least remarkable being the firmness of commercial purpose and the thoroughness of business zeal, for instance amongst the Chinese.

That natural selection is playing and has played a most important part in the development of man's intellectual powers, there can be to my mind little doubt, although that selection has been accomplished instinctively by the survival of strong brains and nervous systems in outwitting enemies through some of the lower instincts. Ingenuity has enabled the more vigorous and intelligent to trap and deceive their foes, whilst these qualities with innumerable correlatives whose presence was detected as their use became more apparent, have handed on as concomitants many apparently useless potentialities of the intellect.

Some hundred thousand years since the pedigrees of man and ape branched off, can be made to account for a good deal. During that period man fought and groped his way, whilst his bare appearance and the absence of hair on his body, with which his enemies were endowed, must have done much to awaken and draw forth those qualities of inventiveness upon which alone his success in the struggle for his bare existence depended. It cannot be said that in that struggle he has been anything but overwhelmingly successful even in material force.

To suppose then, as Wallace does, that the selection of those qualities, with which the higher faculties are closely associated, although they *may* not have had occasion to be exercised, were not the result of natural selection is perhaps too gratuitous did such an assumption not come from so great an authority. Correlation is indeed one of the most remarkable of biological phenomena, and there is no adequate hypothesis at present for these phenomena.

The explanation, it must be admitted, is not altogether satisfactory, but it is perhaps the best that the occasion affords. During the thousand centuries of evolution of man from his ape-like ancestors, who can tell what divers forms of latent instincts the protection of the species may not have evolved; as

bees and wasps have developed peculiar faculties, for their particular work, thus rendering them a marvel to all acute observers. Even so has man in the effort to be supreme over the animal creation, drawn forth the veil—so far as character is concerned.

In the development of the future, still more so perhaps than in that of the past, instincts and faculties now latent will assert themselves in the more "creative" minds, and will be responded to like some new chord of music, some new melody or tune, some immortal poem, some new idea of vital moment and permanent value to be retained amidst countless ones that perish, for the evolution, the welfare, and the progress of the race. Thus advancement, with added strength, becomes the concomitant of that mental elasticity or creative power which is the chief intellectual capacity of our species.*

Creativity and receptivity are the marks of his vast cell capacity of "innate" ideas, and pliability in forming new combinations, in accordance with reason; so that mind may be regarded as constituting within itself a universe of infinite possibilities, even as the outer world reveals throughout the starry firmament the infinite host of creation.

"We stand between two infinities," said Pascal, he meant of course in space and time. But we stand equally between the infinitely great and infinitely small, in all other matters. The infinitude of the external world with its countless starry luminaries is comparable only to the infinitude within man himself, of his countless ideas, some of which stand out in greater prominence than others, and have attained to that degree of relative importance by the process of evolution.

There can be little doubt that the development of the human faculties as we know them has followed some such course as this; always assuming that the potential powers are stored, so to speak, in germ plasm "from the beginning of time," the presence of a mutative character having altered the environment for those within its sphere of influence.

But how could the "atom of germ plasm" or gamete contain these infinite possibilities without an infinite number of atoms within it? It is not a question of permutations and combinations, but of actual mechanical structure. In this respect then the germ plasm carries us beyond the atom, or for that the electron of Sir J. J. Thomson, which for our present purpose belongs to the same order of magnitude, being only 1000 or 1700 times

* Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson's work on *Originality* may be consulted on such matters as the sub-conscience.

smaller, but we are carried by biological considerations into infinitesimals of the *second order*, the electrons being those of the first; so that the phenomena of life draw us into the immeasurable abyss of that imponderable substance ether, to which light and heat and all other forms of electrical energy owe their origin, their potentiality, and their propagation. All growth and development of living forms is due to the absorption of energy from the ether in the form of heat, and germ plasm itself would appear to be the most primitive of atoms, which has eluded the chemist and baffled the physicist; for it is more primitive than the units from which either starts. No mechanism based upon the atoms or electrons of physicists would explain life and the potential properties of germ plasm. It is necessary to descend to lower orders and at least deal with infinitesimals of the second order of magnitude, and that is infinitesimals of the first order relatively to electrons and chemical atoms, which are now beginning to be looked upon in the light of these considerations as quite large and tangible objects for our contemplation.

The admission of the ether into atomic considerations opens vistas undreamt of by either the chemist or the physicist. No satisfactory attempt has yet been made to co-ordinate material phenomena with a molecular theory of the ether, nor indeed has the need of any such hypothesis appeared necessary to either of these two classes of observers until biology stepped in to embarrass them. Physical and chemical effects are all explicable on molecular, atomic and electronic conceptions. But biological phenomena, as we have seen, demand a higher degree of approximation. This is not at all a fanciful and riotous speculation, as Professor J. Arthur Thomson once remarked in the pages of the defunct *Tribune*, when reviewing my book on *The Origin of Life*. It is indeed what one might well be led to suppose. The hypothesis is thoroughly scientific in so far as it enables us to include in the dynamical system of Nature, this endless chain of physiological phenomena which the facts of heredity and germ plasm present.

Thus vital effects acquire in the light of such considerations an aspect which is as naturalistic as any other physical effects, whilst the attempt to discredit the mechanical theories of Nature when applied to life and mind will require further discussion ere they are considered conclusive, as a defence of vitalism in ultra molecular phenomena. For life if it is to be dealt with by Science must be regarded as an infra-atomic phenomenon.

The vitalistic obstacles emphasized by Driesch and others serve

only to push the problem a step forward, into the very ether itself.

Mutations arise in accordance with the re-arrangement of particles in an unstable state, just as the radium atom is transformed into radium, $\frac{B.C.}{-E.F.}$ and finally into helium in the atomic world.

The particles of the ether may be the monad of consciousness as Leibnitz supposed.

Now development of the highest human character and intellect is a consequence of selection amongst the innumerable combination of cells that serve to represent certain ideas to our minds. When these get on top, as it were, that is, attain a controlling influence over human conduct, that kind of conduct which is most beneficial to the race, the character of individuals, is moulded accordingly, and sympathy, one of man's most striking qualities, secures the permanence of the newly-acquired idea for the present to develop and the future to retain. Thus the growth of ideas means the growth of character, and although strictly speaking *these ideas appear as part of the environment*, they react in eliminating the characters which are not conformable to it; the difference between the typical race characteristics being doubtless largely due to the influence of this idealistic force in moulding by selection the essential characters of each type. That is education!

A certain amount of slow development may take place in this way, although imperceptibly so.

The storage of potential types in ultra-molecular and infra-atomic structures affords an opening which vitalists have not taken into account. The ether cannot be neglected in any calculations in which the residual phenomena of matter, such as those of life, enter without adequate explanation. And the difficulties which Wallace and others have piled up against dynamical theories vanish like a cloud before the development of these new ideas themselves.

Design no doubt there has been, but whether it is inherent in matter or external to it, is not really the question at issue. The monads postulated by Leibnitz represent universes in themselves, and indeed they would be independent of the order of magnitude in which they exist. This seems to be one of the most remarkable and beautiful features of Leibnitz's theory; that in the infinitely small we may perceive the manifestation of the infinitely large.

Hence the "vital force" which living matter presents in our scale of being, may be the result of evolution through natural selection in infra-atomic worlds, and so on *ad infinitum*, through the endless series from which the monad sprang or had its ultimate source as a permanent being.

The great monad which unites the whole, though distinct from all, is the Universal whose all pervading presence Leibnitz would have been the last to deny.

"Why then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing good or bad (or great or small) but thinking makes it so!" is the corollary of Hamlet's dictum.

* * * * *

Assuming the continuity of Nature on the one hand and that of germ plasm on the other, the number of atoms and electrons constituting the germ plasm being finite but the series of generations and the potentialities of the germ plasm infinite, it follows that in the infinitely small, that is in the monad, or from a physical point of view, from the ultimate particles of the ether, do the properties of life begin. Thus intellect and character are in themselves the inheritance of properties which matter held *in posse* before cellular substances began. This is perhaps a paradoxical result.

But the fact is that the continuity exists, its extension to ultra-molecular and infra-atomic structures implies an infinite series, and indeed requires that the mechanism inherent in the germ plasm should be possessed of qualities far beyond those which could be accounted for by the number of atoms, at our disposal in the cell. A suggestion due, I believe, to Sir Oliver Lodge, that the energy of living matter is absorbed from the ether, as the molecules of a fluorescent substance are roused up by light, or the leaves of a tree are shaken by the wind, may explain the vital energy but not the *structural potentialities* of the germ plasm itself. Thus whatever influence the surrounding ether may have in the stimulation and maintenance of vital energy, the innate and fundamental characteristics of living matter would appear to be intrinsically stored in the infinite capacity of the ethereal monad. This is Leibnitz's theory in a modern garb.

Upon the realization of this idea does the future of our race depend. A progressive step in its development will give fresh vigour to human character and intellect in days to come; as the level of manhood becomes higher and the standard of conduct is reflected through the influence of some great ideal, such as that initiated by the idea of Christian brotherhood, so will the concep-

tion of Man as an ethical being become rooted in practical affairs as the fundamental conception of the idea of manhood.

The Revival of Man, or should we say his mature awakening to a full sense of his dignity and power, of his place in Nature and of his true spiritual destiny as the flower of evolution in the cosmic process, will serve to throw a lurid light upon the silent host of atoms and of worlds he has outstripped and levelled far beneath him, and in the transitory glory of that wondrous but apparently unmeaning spectacle it is at last given to him and to him alone to reflect within himself the unity and majesty and the beauty of that creation in which he would appear to be the richest and the ripest fruit.

As the flower blossoms from the tree, so does consciousness spring from matter. But this evolution affords no one-sided triumph for the ardent materialist. It is in its essence as in its form the development of a sublime idea, which being implanted in the soil of that substratum, be it the Ether or the Absolute, that gathering force proclaims the reality, as well as the Nature and Destiny of our being. It is not "dust-to-dust," but "mind-to-mind," atom to atom, and ether to ether, for there is indeed nothing either great or small but only thinking makes it so. In this sense then life and character assume an aspect which the science of the nineteenth century denied to them, but which that of the twentieth proclaims to be in store for the generations to come.

THE EVOLUTION OF A PSYCHICAL RESEARCHER

By J. ARTHUR HILL

PROBABLY few of us keep a diary nowadays. I don't. But I somehow got into the habit, soon after I became interested in psychical things, of jotting down in a note-book the conclusions at which I had arrived—or the almost complete puzzlement in which I found myself, as the case might be. Glancing recently through these records of my pilgrimage, it seemed to me that a sketch of it might be of some interest or amusement to others; the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW concurred; I happened to have just had my photograph taken; hence this article, the outcome of these various factors.

Professor William James says in his *Talks to Teachers* that it is very difficult for most people to accept any new truth after the age of thirty; and that indeed old-fogeyism may be said to begin at twenty-five. It is perhaps therefore not surprising that, coming fresh to the subject at thirty-two—in 1905—I found the struggle to psychical truth a very long and arduous affair. Having been brought up on the ministrations of a hell-fire-preaching Nonconformist pastor whose theology made me into a very vigorous Huxleyan agnostic, I was biased against anything that savoured of "religion," and moreover "spiritualism" was unscientific and absurd. So I thought, in my ignorance; unconsciously thus showing that I myself was as *a prioristic* as a mediæval theologian, for I was judging entirely without knowledge of the facts, and was largely influenced by prejudice.

However, I fortunately ran up against hard facts which soon cured me of negative dogmatism, for I became acquainted with a medium who satisfied me that she could diagnose disease, or rather her medical control could, from a lock of the patient's hair; and this without any information whatever being given. Also that the diagnosis often went beyond the knowledge of the sitter, thus excluding telepathy from any one present or near. But this did not prove that the control was a spirit, so I turned to other investigations.

First, I set myself to "read up." I feel sure that this is the best course for beginners to adopt, after once achieving real open-mindedness. It enables one to investigate with proper

scientific care when opportunity offers, and with much better chance of securing good evidence. Without this preparation, an investigator has little idea how to handle that delicate machine called a medium,—and indeed no amount of reading will entirely equip the experimenter, for there are many things which only experience can teach. Also, without this preparation, the investigator will be liable either to give things away by talking too much, or will create an atmosphere of suspicion and discomfort by being too secretive. It takes some practice to achieve an open and friendly manner while never losing sight of the importance of imparting no information that would spoil possible evidence. This of course is desirable from the medium's point of view as well as from that of the sitter. It is hard lines on a medium if a really supernormally-got name, for instance, does not count because the sitter himself had let it slip.

I think my reading began with *Light* and some of Mr. E. W. Wallis's books, but I soon found my way to the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, and recognized that here was what I was seeking. I cannot sufficiently express my admiration, which is as great as ever, for such masterly presentation of evidence as Dr. Hodgson's account of sittings with Mrs. Piper, in volume 13. If we were perfectly logical beings, without prejudice, that account ought to convince anybody; certainly it ought to convince the reader of the operation of *something* supernormal, and it ought to go a long way towards excluding telepathic theories and rendering the spirit explanation the most reasonable one. But we are not logical beings. We require to be battered at for a long time by fact after fact, before we will admit a new conclusion. I remember saying, as indeed I noted down in the diary mentioned, that a few of these volumes, with Myers's *Human Personality*, left me in the curious position of being able to say that though I was not convinced, I felt that logically I ought to be, for the evidence seemed irrefragable. Then I read Crookes' *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, and my logical agreement was accentuated, for Sir William Crookes was my scientific Pope, in consequence of my having worked from his *Select Methods in Quantitative Analysis* and other writings, and having an immense admiration for his mind and method. But my actual inner conviction was not much changed. Kant says somewhere that we may test the strength of our beliefs by asking ourselves what we would bet on them. At this point I had not got to the stage of being prepared to bet much on the truth of the survival of human beings or the possibility of com-

municating with them if they did survive. I thought the case was logically proved, but I didn't feel it in my bones, as the saying is. For this, personal experience is necessary; at least it is for an old fogey of over thirty, with my particular build of mind.

And I was fortunately able to get this experience. One of



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the two best-known mediums in the North of England Mr. A. Wilkinson, happened to live only a few miles away, though he was and is generally away from home, speaking for spiritualist societies from Aberdeen to Exeter, and being booked over a year ahead. However, I was able to get an introduction to him, through friends who also carried out investigations with him (described in my *New Evidences in Psychical Research*) and

since then, with intermissions due mainly to ill-health, I have had friendly sittings with him continuously. To him I owe my real convictions, and for this I cannot adequately thank him. Without his kindness I could never have achieved certainty; for owing to a damaged heart I could not get about to interview mediums, and there was no other medium within reasonable distance. Besides, Mr. Wilkinson has stretched a point in my case, for he does not give private sittings, preferring to confine himself to platform work; and I suppose he makes an exception in my case in view of my inability. I here once more thank him for all he has done for me.

At my first sitting with him he described and named my mother and other relatives, whom he saw apparently with me. I had no reason to believe that he had any normal knowledge of these people; certainly I had never mentioned them to him, and it was in the last degree unlikely that any one else had. My mother had been dead twenty-two years, and was not at all a prominent person. Moreover, he got by automatic writing a signed message from her, giving the name of the house in which we lived at the time of her death, but which we had left eleven years later. This seemed to be given by way of a test. At later sittings my father and other relatives manifested, with names and identifying detail, and the proof began to be almost coercive. The evidence went beyond any possibility of the medium's normal knowledge, and was characteristic of the different communicators, in all sorts of subtle ways. Telepathy alone remained, as a possible alternative to the spirit explanation.

Then came a peculiar phase, as if there were a definite plan on the part of some of my friends on the other side, for the purpose of utterly convincing me by bringing evidence which could not possibly be accounted for by any supposition of a reading of my own mind. A spirit friend of mine would turn up, bringing with him a spirit whom I had never heard of and saying that he was a friend of his. And on inquiry I would find that it was so—and sometimes it needed a great deal of inquiry, which made it all the better evidence, for it showed how difficult it would have been for the medium to obtain the information; though indeed at this stage the evidence had forced me past crude suspicions of that sort. On other occasions unknown spirits would appear, and I would find that they belonged to the last visitor I had had. Several incidents of this kind are described in my book *Psychical Investigations*. After some years of this kind of experience I became fully satisfied that the spirit expla-

nation was the only reasonable one. Some writers, like Miss Dougall in a recent volume of essays called *Immortality*, invent a complicated hypothesis according to which my mind photographs the mind of a visitor and the medium on his next visit develops and reads off the photograph; but I confess that my credulity does not stand the strain put upon it by such an hypothesis. Besides, I have lately had—as if to get round even such tortured theories as this—evidence giving details which have not been known to any person I have ever met. I was told to write to a certain friend of mine, father of the ostensible communicator. The facts were unknown even to him, but he was able to verify them completely; and they were characteristic and evidential of the identity of the ostensible communicator.

If all my results were of the kind I have had through Mr. Wilkinson, the case would, for me, be so utterly and overwhelmingly proved that doubt would be absurd. But this is too much to expect. I have had many other mediums here, with varying success, but nothing approaching Mr. Wilkinson's. In many cases it is fairly obvious that the medium's subliminal—or the control's imagination—has been doing part of the business, no doubt unknown to the medium's normal consciousness. But in no case have I had any indication of fraud. This seems sufficient answer to Mr. Edward Clodd's credulous acceptance of the theory of a Blue-book and inquiry system which enables mediums to post themselves up about likely sitters. It would be the easiest thing in the world for an imitation medium to learn enough about me to give what would seem on the face of it a fairly good sitting. But this is never the case. Either the medium fails or he is so successful that normal knowledge is ruled out. On Mr. Clodd's theory, I ought to have neither of these extremes; I ought to have no failures, and no results going beyond what inquiry could produce. But I need not labour this point, for Mr. Clodd has recently confessed his almost complete innocence of any first-hand experience. In a letter to the *International Psychic Gazette* for April 1918, he said he had been to a sitting about fifty years ago, but he does not remember much about what happened! Yet he sets up as an authority on this branch of experimental science! It is like some one writing on chemistry after being in a laboratory once, fifty years ago.

Some of my most curious experiences, concerning which I have not yet published anything in detail, have been in connection with crystal vision. I happen to know a sensitive—not a professional medium or even a spiritualist—who has physical-pheno-

mena powers of very unusual and indeed probably unique type. Not only can she see in the crystal and get evidential messages by writing seen therein, but the writing and pictures are visible to any one present. I have seen them myself. As many as six people at a time, myself among them, have seen the same thing, and not one of the six was of suggestible type. All were middle-aged except one young lieutenant, and we were indeed a rather exceptionally un-neurotic and stodgy lot. But though the things seem objective—I am going to try to photograph them, also the sensitive, in the hope of confirming the Crewe phenomena—they are somehow more or less influenced by the sensitive's own mind, without her conscious knowledge; for, *e.g.*, in one message purporting to come from my father, I was addressed as Arthur, a name which would be natural to the medium, who knows me mostly from printed matter and a few letters, but which is entirely inappropriate in relation to my father, who used my other name or the two together. Yet a good deal of evidence of identity has come through this sensitive, and this "mixture" does not invalidate the case. Again, a queer feature of this sensitive's powers is that lost objects are frequently found as a result of instructions given in the crystal; and in many of these cases it seems certain that the position of the lost object could not have been known to any incarnate mind, or of course it would not have been left there. In one case it was a valuable ruby; in several others it was treasury notes. This sensitive also is a medium for very good raps, which all present can hear quite distinctly and which show intelligence, answering questions and so forth.

I have therefore reached the conviction that human survival is a fact, that the life over there is something like an improved version of the present one, and—a comforting thought, supported by much of my evidence—that we are met at death by those who have gone before. Some of my more mystical friends, who have not needed such prolonged jolting to get them out of materialistic grooves, are rather bored with me for dwelling so much on the evidence and on the nature of the next state. They call it "merely astral"; as for them, their minds soar in higher flights. One friend, a sort of radical High Churchman, said to me some time ago that he was "not interested in the intermediate state." But I rather think that he will have to be. I may be wrong, but I suspect that, whether they like it or not, these good people will have to go through the intermediate state before they get anywhere else. Good though they are, I do not believe they are

good enough for unalloyed bliss or union with the God-head. ~~Such~~ sudden jumps do not happen. Progress is gradual. Indeed I have ~~noticed~~ lately that my High Church friend has shown much more interest in these merely psychical things. Perhaps he thinks he had better turn back and make sure of the next state and its nature, perceiving that it is a necessary bridge or "tarrying-place" (which is the alternative reading for the "mansions" of our Father's house) on the way to the heaven which he quite rightly aims at.

As to the future of psychical science and opinion, I feel sure that great things are ahead. The war, with the terrible amount of mourning it entails, has quickened interest in the subject, and for millions of people the question of survival and the next state has become an urgent and abiding one. Their interest, instead of being almost wholly on this side, is very largely over there, whither their loved ones have gone. Similarly with the soldiers themselves. All have lost friends, all have faced the possibility of sudden or—still worse—slow and painful death. And probably all young people at present, and most thoughtful adults, have out-grown the crude beliefs of last century's orthodoxy with its everlasting hell, and are ready for a more rational system. This is being supplied, backed with scientific proof, by psychical research and scientific spiritualism. It seems likely that the religion of the best minds for the next half-century or so, and perhaps onward, will be something like that which Myers came to hold in his later years. It does not much matter whether the spiritualist sect grows as an institution or not. Many people will accept its main belief without feeling any necessity to leave the communion to which they already belong. It seems certain that the idea itself will be the ruling idea in many minds for a long time, and no doubt psychic faculty will become much more common, for thousands are now trying to develop it who never cared to try before. Quite possibly the effort on both sides of the veil, in consequence of so many premature deaths, may bring about a closer communion between the two sides than has ever been known before. A great lift-up of earthly thought would be the result, a perhaps final emergence from the chrysalis stage of materialism; and we shall then be near the time when, as the inspired Milton makes his Raphael say:—

Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and winged ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may, at choice,
Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell.

A POST-MORTEM ROOM GHOST

[*The subjoined is a narrative of the experience of Dr. B——. It has been transcribed for the benefit of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW by Dr. J. H. Power, the record having been previously checked and its accuracy confirmed by Dr. B——.*]

SEE me, at the time the following episode happened, a medical student at a hospital in Dublin. I was not quite a novice, being in the third year of my course. I was in the pink of health, and with the happy irresponsibility of the golden age of twenty-one years. In truth I was a bit of a lad, never happier than when I was playing pranks on citizens both offensive and inoffensive. All the same I was never in serious trouble, for up till then a bottle had never touched my lips, and my little differences with the police were the outcome of friendly religious and political fights.

I mention these few facts about myself as a proof that I was, for my age, a normal Irishman, with vague ideals, content to take life as it came, never troubling about anything practical save what the moment gave, and loyally hating the Government.

While I was taking my turn as resident clinical clerk at the hospital, a young man was brought in one morning with a temperature of 106°, a condition known as hyperpyrexia. No cause was found for his high fever at the time, though later it was discovered that he had been suffering from peritonitis, and, for some reason that I have forgotten, he was sent to the wing of the hospital that was reserved for infectious cases. I saw this patient that morning in company with the physician under whose care he was placed, but not again during the day.

As clinical clerk it was my duty to go round the wards during the night and inspect the patients, reporting to the house surgeon or the house physician if I found anything that I thought needed his attention.

About midnight came my visit to the fever wing. This was built separate from the rest of the building, and I had to go some twenty yards in the open air to get to it. The side door of the hospital, through which I left, was kept locked, and on opening it, I found that snow was falling. Turning up the collar of my jacket, I started to make a dash for my destination, when I saw coming towards me through the snow the hyperpyrexia patient who had been brought in the previous morning. He was

clad—so far as my impression went, and I confess that I did not think much of how he was clad, and, of course, the light did not favour a casual glance—in the night-shirt and red flannel jacket that were used in the wards.

Stopping short, I waited for him to come up, thinking that he was walking in his sleep ; and having some notion that a somnambulist should not be awakened suddenly, I stood back by one of the buttresses that supported the wall of the hospital. As I glanced round, fully expecting to see a nurse running from the fever wing in pursuit, he passed me in the direction of the side door of the hospital. No nurse was in sight, and on looking again for the patient, nobody was to be seen. The man had gone—nowhere, for I had locked the side door on leaving the hospital, on the right of the side door was an unscalable wall, and immediately opposite this side door was the morgue, the door of which was fastened with a Yale lock of which I had the key. He could not have passed back the way he had come, or I should have seen him.

Then I felt that kind of chilliness down the back which is not caused by cold, for I realized that I had come across something a trifle out of the ordinary. "There's no fun in snow," said I to myself, and made a bolt for the fever wing.

On entering the ward, I saw the night-nurse sitting in a chair asleep, with a book in her lap. I went to the bed of the hyperpyrexia man, and, as I expected, found him dead, the condition of the body showing that he had died but a few minutes before. I next went to the slate on which the night nurse wrote reports of patients, and found that opposite the number of the hyperpyrexia patient's bed, she had noted that his temperature had fallen and he was better, not more than a quarter of an hour previously.

I then went to the nurse. She woke with a start, and exclaimed, "My God, you did give me a fright. I thought Sister had come in and struck me on the mouth with a clothes-brush." "How is No. 19?" I asked. "Oh, much better," she replied, "his temperature has dropped." "Should you be surprised to hear that he was dead?" I answered. She was much upset, but still she was not to blame, and as there was no more to be done, the night-porters were sent for, and the body taken to the morgue.

At 9.30 a.m. the pathologist gave demonstrations in the morgue, and by that hour bodies had to be prepared for him by the clippical clerks. This rather nauseous task fell to my share

during the week, and about 2 a.m. I decided that I would get on with the preparation of the body of the hyperpyrexia man.

I own that the job had no attractions for me. I was feeling more upset by what I had seen in the snow than I would have believed possible. Up to that time I had laughed at the idea of being afraid of anything uncanny, and would have gone out of my way to meet a ghost. Besides, our morgue was not a very cheerful place. No post-mortem room that ever I came across has many pretensions to liveliness, but in addition the gas burner in our morgue was faulty, and had a way of slowly and silently allowing a jet of gas to grow up to a flare, and then cutting it off till the flame faded to a minute spark. However I would not allow to myself that I was so badly scared as not to be able to do what there was to be done, so I went down to the morgue.

I had to hold myself well together as I put the key in the lock. . . . Then with another effort I pushed the door open.

The gas had not been turned out by the porter, and by its uncertain light I saw the corpse lying on the table, covered with a sheet, with the feet towards me, and facing me, standing at the head, close against the table was the Figure of the man himself, watching.

I must have been a plucky youngster in those days, for even then, frightened as I was, I did not give in. I remember that I did not look straight at the Watcher, but kept my eyes slightly averted. I had in my mind the notion that he could not, or would not blame me for what I was about to do to his body, if I did not know he was there, and so I pretended that I did not see him. Why I should have thought that he would be so easily deceived I cannot tell, but one has strange notions at trying times.

Strive as I would, however, I could not bring myself to go through the process of prosection in the usual way. I cannot be certain now, but I fancy I had some idea of finding if the man was really dead, and making a wound to test the matter. Still taking no notice of the Figure, I gave the table a pull, and ran it on its castors till it was quite near the gas. The Watcher at the head moved with it. Then, instead of uncovering the body from the head downwards, as I should ordinarily have done, I took hold of the sheet and threw it upwards from the feet. The Watcher at the head did not move. Then, greatly daring, I took the knife in my hand, and made as if to pierce the leg of the corpse. Instantly the Watcher made a motion with his hand, and . . .

I remember no more till about 9 a.m. the next morning, when

the other clinical clerk came to the room and found me asleep on the floor. I think it likely that the mental strain had made me lose consciousness, but I did not feel like telling anybody about it all, and said that I had been tired and had lain down there and fallen asleep. We must have been a happy-go-lucky lot, for the fact of my having chosen the cold stone floor of the morgue as a resting place excited no particular remark from him. I caught a bad cold, and another man did the prosection, but I told nobody what had happened on that dreadful night till many a day later.

IDEAL

BY JOCELYN UNDERHILL

THROUGH the world's market places, the bazaars,
 Thy face hath led me. I have followed on
 From break o' dawn until the light was gone,
 Whereon I traced thee by the dust of stars
 Which marked thy passing. Through cold prison bars
 I saw thy face and worshipped: that same day
 I wrought a path to Freedom. All the way
 My feet dripped blood, from wounds that now are scars.

Not mine to know thy name, or if to me
 It shall be given that I win the right
 To hold thee as mine own; I only know
 Even to follow thee is ecstasy,
 Wherefore I cease not, every day and night,
 To seek thee. Where thou goest I must go!

THE TWELVE-FOLD PATH OF THE GLORIOUS NINE

BY LEO FRENCH

ACCORDING to Orphic tradition, nine is the number of perfected manifestation. Twelve is the number of completed co-ordination; twelve and nine, twenty-one; two and one, three; here the numerical circle of re-becoming brings us back to the great mystic number of practical magic, whose three mantrams are Power, Wisdom, Love. The basic number of relationship, whence are derived both twelve and nine.

The essential necessity of the science of numbers is known to scientists; it should be studied by artists, if they would produce balanced forms in all art-worlds. Music and mathematics have been ever indissolubly connected. *Sound, measure, number*, a trinity in unity. The priest knows the value of "the three in one and one in three" if he be aught of an occult ecclesiastic. The magician evokes "the power concealed in the three mysteries." Sculptor, architect, painter, realize that their work must be true to scale. The poet fails if his measures falter, or do not recur with a symmetry and balance no less "scientific" on the life side, because frequently divinely unconscious. The poet, in recollecting man's divinity, poetry's essential function and faculty, remembers it most correctly when the structural form thereof is wrought to highest perfection, united to inspirational life, for thought married to music is poetry. No less within the realm of Planetary Law, the form is eloquent of the life within.

Among the Delphic Mysteries are those of the Nine Muses. Each muse a poet of life, the appointed spiritual drama or rhythm of each, the song, dance, and poem, of being. Through the language of symbols, man draws near to the unutterable and inexpressible, the "pleroma" or image of his own godhead. Yet even in the presence of greater beings, man may stand firm and hold his ground, though not failing in due reverence and awe; removing the shoes of prejudice and preconception from his feet: standing on the threshold of deity he yet raises fearless eyes to his Teachers. Is he not chosen and called? "He was ordained to call and I to come!" exclaims the Lover of all time.

We then may dare to look upon these sacred scrolls, traced with Planetary Symbolism, the astrological approach to the Delphic Mysteries. It must be remembered that the truths revealed through

astrology are but one medium of translation, one key; they do not commend themselves to every temperament, and those to whom they make no appeal will learn nothing from them. The planets are not pedagogues, they are divine enchanters. Beauty is their lure. There are who cannot even hear the voice of the enchanter, charm he never so wisely! But those to whom astrology speaks, upon them, also, if they live to learn and learn to live, descends the divine afflatus: the Delphic incense ("the twelve vapours of the oracle") steals once more upon them, "gladdening the sense with dear remembrance," the cave, tripod, wreaths of rainbow-coloured fumes of godhead, surround them once again, ancient chants reascend from their depths to meet the descending antiphon, the Zodiacal Mysteries are reborn in the minds and hearts of those who learnt therein all they know, and far more than may be uttered.

Many of their rites were celebrated within secret rock-hewn temples, others on mountain sides and summits whereon winds and clouds were, in literal truth, their ministers, the flaming sun and scintillating stars, lord and tutelary spirits.

To one such cosmic ritual drama I would take those of you who will come with me: you, too, shall look and listen while the very clouds unfold, disclosing eternal forms through the medium of mental vision, imagination, the divine invocatory spell. Picture, then, a high mountain-summit. Thereon, a fire, spiral in form, both fountain and spring, it seems. The flames ascend and descend, in rapid, whirling alternation. Within the fire live and move celestial beings formed like mortals, with ethereal many-coloured bodies. Some in perpetual movement from without, others appear immobile, though suddenly, perfect fiery forms dart out from within, highly-articulated, each following their own law of rhythmic beauty, and each "after his own kind." Every variety of curve and contour, from winged figures to mere fiery mounds and moulds of atomic essence; the distinguishing rhythm of each and all, *life*. Life eternal; creation, dissolution, but phases and stages followed by re-creation in ever more highly developed perfection of configuration. Apparently, the more is given out, the more remains; this is the motif of the fire-drama. As we look, the three "fiery functions" separate themselves, distinctly: we may watch the drama as a whole, thus gaining infinite joyous largesse from the life-side of manifestation, or we can so focus our perceptive organs (in this supernormal condition of mental vision) that the scientific faculties can receive *substance* for thought, analytic and synthetic, by observation. The mutual adjustment of each organism, the gradual, rational evolutionary processes, from primeval simplicity to primal splendour, the entire history of creation's epic is here unrolled for our learning, minus the barrier of space, the arbitrary divisions of time!

Here appear Aries, Leo, Sagittarius, and the entire fire-deva tribe, from the cosmic daimon to minutest salamander-server. Aries,

spiritual warrior, the pioneer, "going from strength to strength" each conquest a new world of fire. Beneath Arian inspiration arise archetypal fountains, lakes, rivers, seas, of fire. The sons of Aries glitter and quiver with rose and golden vibrations, visible pulsations of fiery life. The eye follows, dazzled, almost blinded, yet determined to "hold on" even if physical sight be sacrificed (as repercussion-effect of the ethereal optic-nerve excitement). Far within the whirling wheel of Arian revolution, a white heart-shaped sphere is perceived: (it is impossible to describe this inner seeing, with any degree of adequacy, the seer's failure to reproduce must be pardoned!); at first it appears absolutely still, "fixed in its everlasting seat," of Leo, solar-fire, but as we concentrate and re-focus attention, we see that the effect of stillness comes from untranslatably rapid movement from within. Here is Life itself, urn of sacrificial fire, whose outpouring marks the supreme culmination of the fire-drama. The Leo fire fulfils not its life-rhythm, is not "finished" in creation even, till it "gives forth the self from the heart of the self," either as a work of solar creative art, or "as divine bestower of divine life" to some being, whether human or elemental. Surrounding those globes of fire are great golden clouds, composed of flames, blue, golden, orange, palest primrose, shot with Sagittarian sky-blue shafts from flying fiery messengers, whose joyful life expression is to do the will of Aries and Leo, "living arrows of sacrificial joy."

Through these three fire-vortices nine great figures glide in an ordered cosmic dance, living spirit symbols of the eternal rhythm. We see the sun-spirit, drinking ardour and activity from Aries, creative life and love from Leo, response to inspiration from Sagittarius. The Moon-Spirit is more timid; Arian flames almost devour her fragile and tenuous form, and she fears Arian discipline, though submitting. There is no need to go through each separate Planetary ritual in the fire-dance, you can trace it for yourselves, with the help of the magician's Imagination. The Sun, Mars, Jupiter and Uranus, gloried in the fire-ritual, Venus glided in and out, with easy grace, "at home" in each and all, absorbing and giving forth light and beauty, help and health, simultaneously. The Moon and Neptune's parts seemed those of submission and renunciation, somewhat of a spoliation from the outer aspect, but doubtless containing characteristic compensation.

Gradually the fire-pictures vanished from the cosmic stage, and I saw the ethereal dramas.

"Fixed Air," Aquarius, appeared as a great globe of luminous green. Again, I am overpowered by a sense of the inadequacy of words as a medium of representation. Think of Coleridge's "green light that lingers in the west"; Andrew Marvell's mystic lines convey somewhat of that magical atmosphere—

Annihilating all that's made,
To a green thought, in a green shade.

The very spirit of green-silence, stillness, growth, "a subtle form of light and shade." Within this globe appeared a figure. Watts's picture "The All-Pervading" may have been inspired by this spirit, which it distinctly resembles: a form wherein strength and repose mingle in perfected expression. From the figure went forth waves and clouds of luminous blue, indescribable in colour and texture, deep yet transparent, full of radiant colour, passion, and delicacy, united by a supreme artist. These waves and clouds were received and re-directed by another figure, the angel of Libra, Cardinal-Air, in whom joy of action rose to unimaginable heights of ecstasy. Thoughts came forth from Libra in multitudinous forms of intellectual beauty. Emotion and reason were seen working together in closest partnership, Emotion colouring and suffering, Reason in-forming. Pioneers of progressive thought were seen suffusing themselves in Libran colour-waves; not the "thought militant" of Aries, but those "sweet-airs" from realms of the higher mind, which "steal upon men, unawares," might-compelling because inspirational. The fascination of this aerial drama was extraordinary. As I watched, I felt I could have gazed for ever on that green world of living light, and its no less wondrous companion-sphere of deep heaven-blue, the blue of tropic skies by moonlight, and on the new ethereal drama, peopled by the singing flowers, jewels, and dancing stars of Gemini, Mutable-Air. Hither and thither they flitted, glided and floated, amid exhalations of joy. Life was joy; joy, life. "Happiest of all mortals, those born under Gemini, home of dancing stars," I cried, in an irresistible impulse. I looked, and saw them falling falling, floating through myriad leagues of ether, toward the earth sphere, and I marked how each shining shape lost some lustre of radiance as it "fell upon earth"; some looked like "divine butterflies," their wings' lustre dulled by earth-contagion, others resembled flowers, transplanted to uncongenial soil. Yet what joy they brought to others—living echoes of spherical melodies—

The devotion of something afar from the sphere of our sorrow,
The desire of the moth for the star, of the day for the morrow.

This seemed the motif of Geminian-Mercurian rhythm, to stir mortals to divine discontent with drab mediocrity in all worlds. Some were teaching, directly—Children of a diviner day, themselves, they knew how to lead children on "ever by symbols and bright degrees." Others, wandering aerial sprites, with "the perfume and suppliance" of sweet frail ephemeral, but as necessary and useful in the cosmic scheme, as the sons of Mars and Saturn with their iron sinews and persistent endurance.

Lingeringly I withdrew my gaze from these spheres of air, the last flower-form faded into distant light, and I became aware of a great mass of still water, fathomless in depth, with a strange circular pulsating movement from within. These waters at first appeared

colourless, but as I looked more intently, far down, endless miles below, it seemed, wonderful crimson suffusions welled up, at first almost black, raging outward through infinitesimal gradations into faint rose and purest carmine. The magnetic vibrations of these serpentine colour-convolutions were tremendous, the atmosphere throbbed and beat upon my consciousness. Within this fixed-water realm of Scorpio I felt, rather than saw, that some of the greatest most crucial "testing" processes were at work. Birth, death, rebirth, the dramas of gestation and dissolution, mysteries of generation and the "sloughing" of mortality when the divine epoch reaches consummation, these passed before me in typical forms that defy words. An extraordinary sensation, as of the hidden soul of heat drew me within its vortex, almost compelling me to descend into water's secret abyss: I scarce knew how I kept from the maelstromic contagion of gravitation. But "I held myself apart" resolutely. As I looked I saw forms descending into such infernos as I will not attempt to describe. Yet I knew that this descent into water's hell was voluntary, undergone in response to inner volition from each pilgrim of experience. I will say no more concerning the Scorpio evolution, for there are mysteries of birth and death, agony and torture, beheld and felt by the seer, which are not lawful to utter, revelation here would be sacrilege.

On leaving Scorpio's realm, I heard "the sound of many waters." Never shall I forget the joyous "sense of return" borne in upon the mortal senses, at this transition from Scorpio to Cancer, nor the life and beauty of that moving world of waters. I saw neither green nor blue thereon, but every imaginable and unimaginable shade of silver, grey, and purple—ranging from glittering argent, almost blinding in its brilliance, to the deepest violet, with shining black shadows—purple, mauve, heliotrope, amethyst, a colour that partook of, yet surpassed, all. Eastern dyes alone, suffusion of tropic shells, recall hints of the water-colours. Movement was perpetual, but a deep, ordered rhythmic motion, intelligent response from without to direction from some invisible source of inspiration. Self-dedication surrounded the auras of these forms moving on the face of the waters. Imaginative grace, and utmost freedom of action were here united with perfect response to unseen commands. Such response as rose from the waters of manifestation at the word of Life Divine, when they divided themselves, forming the second chalice-vessel of creative power, next after light.

Here I saw countless water-activities at work. Planetary Spirits transparent yet fully and exquisitely formed, plunging from one joyous activity to another; dispassionate yet enthusiastic in each, at one stage; at another, completely "absorbed" in each respective task, with a tenacity of interest and devotion that spoke "volumes" in huge columnar waves of absorption surrounding and enclosing some of these water-children: here I saw them, literally, "working with"

atmosphere ; producing images under the influence of every imaginable atmospheric-differentiation ; from fragile tenuous " Moon-blossoms " formed of foam, iridescent with lunar light, vibrant with lunar charm and glamour, to workers in ship-construction and the operations thereof, to the latest dreadnought and engine of water-warfare. From Celtic poets, with a wave in their hearts, to the last word in naval-defence and aggression, all to whom the world of waters is both home and school.

The transition to Pisces seemed rather abrupt, the vast majority of Cancerians " knew what they were doing," at any rate when they once got into the swim, and were adepts at going with the tide—whereas the introduction to Pisces came in the form of a sudden appearance of numerous rudimentary fish-like shapes drifting hither and thither in an apparently aimless fashion. But I looked again and saw that most of them were messengers (some unwilling, but they did not possess enough " backbone," literally, to refuse), employed mainly by Cancer and Scorpio. These helpless little creatures were but the natural prey of those whose manifold " organization " schemes outran the measure (and suitability) of direct performance by the organizers. These, however, were only the " offscourings " of Pisces, as I soon discovered, the scullions and dish-washers of the watery signs : for that vision soon passed, and I saw the higher Neptunian vibrations playing on the Pisces tribe, moulding them into priests, artists, poets, musicians, all in whom response to feeling and intuition produced " fishers of men " : those who, being active partakers of divine life, yet take upon themselves the form of servers, suffering mystic death into sentient life ; toilers of the deep, experiencing the dark night of the soul (" we have toiled all night and taken nothing "). Yet with first ray of morn, they let down the net, and a world redeemed arises, saved from destruction's flood, by these kings and priests after the order of Neptune's mystic name.

From the world of waters to that of earth seemed a natural transition. The next episode in consciousness took me to the mountain's heart ; it opened—one yawn, and I was inside. Of the life pulsating through that mighty system, how shall I tell ? And there are those who speak of earth as " inanimate " ! No experience held more of beauty and wonder than this revelation of silence and withdrawal, simultaneous enfolding and withholding. Patience, pity so tender that no element of condescension or " unbending " marred the perfect harmony, a love impersonal only in so far as it went out to all who needed, all-embracing, intensely individual. In it were gathered all rhythms and runes of earth, each overtone and undertone of her eternal song—pine's music, echoing the infinite to every son and singer of infinity, imprisoned in time and space, deep peace at heart of the yew, Death's sentinel ; Spring canticle of beech and birch ; minor enigmatic harmonies of willow and poplar, all that whispers to man of life's ineffable mystery, whereto earth holds not the final clue, yet

through whose portals alone he wins "right of way" to liberation, escape from prison. Not only these, but the secrets of rock and stone I heard; the diamond and ruby sang from their dark kingdoms, inviting discovery, as their part in the cosmic sacrificial ritual; the deep blue notes of lapis lazuli echoed music of fire in mode of earth. All sureness and splendour, endurance and conquest, born of earth-experience lay open to my sight and hearing.

I saw human forms evolved from fixed-earth-plasm, at every stage; from dumb prisoners of fate, chance and circumstance (earth's three gaolers), whose eyes alone reveal tragedy's rhythm, to those poets whose divine gifts of invocation and evocation have taught them to learn from these little ones; onward, to great primal titan-forms, "superhuman" (according to humanity's present gauge) in force and resistance, both; creatures brave and strong, made to weather and to rule the storm-forces of earth, Love their lode-stone, Endurance their spell of static might.

Then the alternate rhythm of Cardinal-Earth held me captive; with innumerable variety and complexity of manifestation. From the activity of nature-sprites to earth's political administrations, the Capricornian gamut swept, from minister of earth-element (giving or withholding "the kindly fruits of the earth" according to their knowledge of "the next step" in the experience of the Earth-Spirit, no figment or fantasy, but a veritable figure, great and splendid, though not yet attained unto perfection, but with the patience of the everlasting hills, the understanding of depths, aspiration of heights, carved into a form of majesty, vibrant with a life wherein birth and death are but exhalations and inhalations in that "breath of life") to ministers of state, I saw the rise and fall of many a statesman, marked the lessons taught by ambition, emulation, "desire of fame, and all that makes a man." In a series of inner mental impressions, the nature of which no words can describe, I *perceived, saw* and *knew* whole dramas of mental evolution and dissolution wherein "tact" crossed intrigue's shadowy border, where reserve darkened into prevarication, and silence took the livery of deceit. These transformation scenes passed before me in alternating flashes of comprehension, that left me wondering and bewildered. "Is the mind of man, then, naught but an ever-whirling wheel, driven by time, subject to no law save cyclic alternation of recurrence?" I cried. But even with the query came an inner conviction that the Mind of Man advances, however slowly, with howsoever many fallings back though the minds of men retrogress, perpetually, falling back and even "out of the Plan" for a season.

Last of all I saw the Mutable-Earth folk, the children of Virgo. From the scribes (able assistants of pharisees, in all ages) to the humblest recorders, the residue of officialism, run to seed! From the pale scholar, imprisoned in mediæval tower, pouring over kabalistic manuscripts, absorbing knowledge at every pore, till years crumbled

away, and he with them, to the modern secretary, with every imaginable appurtenance for swift mental service. Every grade of mental agent was represented in forms of lithe organic activity, "the tireless servant." I marked the beauty and selflessness of much of this service; devotion to work, skill in detail, precision, punctuality, together with its natural weakness and decadence into mechanical table-service, and contagion of red-tape, from "live literature" into "dead letters." Some among this army of servers reminded me of humanized type-writers, as they ran about, "clicking," registering numbers and letters, babbling of references and sub-headings. Yet among these Mutable-Earth children were some who had reached the summit of the Virgo tree of life, these looked out, over humanity, with a wide, attentive gaze of dispassion, having passed through the tangled snares of meticulous exactitude, they had come forth into the new earth of accuracy informed by "the philosophic mind," with their eyes enlightened by imagination. Future and past were open to them; they had won extension of vision by an ever-heightened response to the light of reason, and walked illumined, no longer "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought."

"*When Truth becomes tradition, it is time for her to take a new vesture,*" I heard, as the last Virgo Scholar passed me, with rapt down-cast gaze, his eyes bent on earth as though to probe her deepest secrets.

Then, all faded . . . a pause. . . . A moment (or a lifetime?) of realization of the twelve-fold path of the Glorious Nine.

I saw the Nine Spirits before the Throne of Life, each with their tribute of praise—knowledge gained from experience and reason; power from supreme toil and effort won; Love that passed through all places, foul and clean alike; from the shrine within the outcast's heart to that within the central Sun, Life of Life, Source of Creation.

A great wind swept through my being.

A touch from a wand of fire burnt each inmost recess.

A wave lifted me from the crest of being down into the gulf of becoming.

A shudder from earth's breast convulsed this form, and I came back into what mortals have christened "the world of reality."

THE HERMETIC TRADITION

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THOSE who appreciate the publication of important books in a distinguished and worthy manner owe no small debt of gratitude to Mr. Tait for the care and excellence with which he has produced his reprint of Mrs. Atwood's remarkable work.* It is admirably printed, in a sharp and clear type, on paper which shows that a publisher in Belfast is by no means at the end of his resources in this respect, notwithstanding scarcity of supplies and their fourfold cost. There is, moreover, a good plain binding, eminently suitable to the volume; altogether the result compares well with that which was attained in the year 1850 by those who had charge of the first edition. There is another debt, but it is due more especially from persons who have been waiting and hoping for the text to be made available. At this day one has scarcely any need to inform occult readers, or indeed many who would not subscribe to this designation, that very soon after its appearance Mrs. Atwood called in the original impression, destroyed the sheets and for some years subsequently secured—with the same intention—every copy which she heard of in the book-market. In this manner it became very rare, and on those occasions when it was available a purchaser did well if he obtained it for four or five pounds. I have seen it at much higher prices. Gratitude is due therefore to Mr. Tait for taking the risk of reproduction and for offering it at what is—under all the circumstances—a moderate price.

From whatever point of view it be regarded, the *Suggestive Inquiry*—as I have indicated—is a remarkable performance, and among modern books it was one of my enthusiasms at the beginning of literary life. It continues to impress me as the production of a comparatively young woman and, beyond a certain extravagance of expression, I have nothing to reduce in the notice which I wrote so far back as 1887. † But I stood then

* *A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*. New edition. With introduction by Walter Leslie Wilmshurst. Also an Appendix containing the Memorabilia of Mary Anne Atwood. Demy 8vo. Belfast: William Tait. 16s. net.

† *Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers: Introductory Essay*, pp. 9, 14-16, 25, 34-36. See also *Azoth, or The Star of the East*, 1892, pp. 60, 76; and certain correspondence which passed between Madame de Steiger and myself in *THE OCCULT REVIEW*, Vols. XI and XII, December, 1911, and January, 1912.

only at the threshold of the Secret Tradition in Hermetic literature and in other literatures and movements of Christian times. The years have elapsed, and without alluding to the natural and ordinary growth of a student's mind, I have had the opportunity as it happened—besides other activities—to make a special research into alchemical texts and into the history of alchemy. The criticism which was put forward in the year mentioned would no doubt be extended further, did occasion arise seriously, but I question whether it will do so beyond the scope of these brief paragraphs, which are primarily a thank-offering to a deserving publisher. In the year 1887 a great opportunity was given to research by M. Berthelot's publication of the Byzantine texts of alchemy, followed at no distant date by the Arabian and Syriac alchemists. In this manner and in others one came to know at first hand the memorials and remains of personalities who had been almost mythical names in the long story of alchemy. Such were Zosimus the Panopolite, Ostanes and Democritus. One came also to know that the Latin Geber bears practically no relation to the original Djaber and that the collection which passes under the former variant of the true name is what is called a forgery in the sense of literature. No such additions to equipment were needed to discover that the first part of Mrs. Atwood's work is—to say the least—uncritical. She accepted every ascription in a literature which abounds in false references and accounted for any counter-views as "unscrupulous private prejudices." She did not distinguish Raymund Lully, the propagator of Latin Christianity among the Moslems and the author of *Ars Magna*, from the pseudonymous adept who adopted that name and wrote the alchemical texts. She received such testimony concerning the latter personality as is borne by a so-called Abbot of Westminster, named John Cremer, who is not in the historical list of persons bearing that title. In one place she refers the *Open Entrance* to Alexander Sethon and contradicts it in another; her great debt to Thomas Vaughan notwithstanding, she seems unacquainted with *Aula Lucis*; while she ascribes to Vaughan the translation of *Fama et Confessio R.C.*, notwithstanding his express denial. Finally she speaks of the exceedingly late *Tractatus Aureus* as a most ancient text. It does not follow that her general understanding of alchemy is wrong because she is not a guide in criticism or a textual or historical scholar, though the free use of exceedingly doubtful documents is discouraging from any standpoint. The grounds of her interpretation are in Vaughan and there is no

one whom she quotes more often, but it is only the simple grounds. She carried her developments to such a point that the debt—which is of little or indeed no consequence in any case—almost ceases to exist, and her book is her own and no other's. She failed, however, to recognize that there are two sides to alchemical literature, by which I mean that some writers who pass as adepts had no special concern outside the transmutation of metals, while others dealt only with a spiritual experiment under the same veils. So far as there is evidence—good or bad—of metallic transmutation in the past—as, e.g., that of Helvetius—it does not tolerate her view as to how *ex hypothesi* it was accomplished.

But when she passes to another ground, to the consideration of Greek Mysteries and that which lay behind them—whether we can accept her explanation or not in the later light of researches by German and English scholars—her thesis is profound and original. As a lover of good and beautiful things in the world of imagining, I prefer them to all the learning of those who find dry bones only in the sanctuaries of old. She offers an elaborate and enlightening commentary on Plato's direct "contact with the object of rational inquiry" and on the classical notion of "participation in Deity." I cannot help thinking that had she known to what extent Eckehart and Ruysbroeck were concerned with the same experiment and how they explored the same ground, attaining a deep realization in an identical end, she might have reconsidered the efficacy or likelihood of that "key" which she offers to unlock the mystery. This is Animal Magnetism carried to a grade of which that art or science has not dreamed in these days.

The text is now available, for all and any who are concerned to take as they can. It reminds us in any case of that great experiment which has been always in the world, however much it may miscontrue the *modus operandi*. For myself as a mystic I know no "mesmerist" but God, no odic force but the work of His grace in the heart of love. If the experiment of alchemy and that shadowed forth in the Mysteries attained the end in God it was by no other way than this. If they carried any disciple or master to the end more deeply it was by this Divine Operation extended more fully and this Divine Force more utterly received within. Mr. Wilms-hurst has had the advantage of two revised copies of the original edition—one of them made by Mrs. Atwood—and we are therefore in possession of a sound and correct text. He has furnished also a sketch of the writer's life and a general introduction.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just been reading the remarks *re* Mr. Richard Bush's theory that the birth of children is not from the direct action of God ; but from the direct action of the parents. They carry as vehicles the germ-seed of humanity. The father begets his son. Not God !! This seems to you a materialistic idea, but I, though a mystic of extreme persuasion, have always for years held it, as the result of observation and experience. I feel certain it is the true solution that humanity *makes* and *unmakes* itself. If you have a copy of my *Superhumanity*, pp. 34, 35, 38, the book I wrote in 1912, though I have had no opportunity of seeing Mr. Bush's more recent work, I find *we both* have decided to hold a special idea, not generally entertained as a truth in nature without (as far as I am concerned) any authority otherwise than my own conclusion, but I have considered the matter carefully for very many years, and now I am fully persuaded that Mr. Bush and I hold the key to the query as to whence come children !

I dare say Mr. Bush and I could by no means agree to the whole of each other's theory, and both may be thought very material and as if I exalted matter to the abasement of spirit. I do not, but I particularly wanted to suggest in my book *Superhumanity* rather than state what I deem as fact, that man is all powerful *in this world* ! I agree, "the spiritual essence is inherent in the original cell"; also, "that the protoplasm of man is physically the same as that of the dog or jelly-fish. I agree, but with an addition, also, *i.e.* with a quality minus in the dog, etc. My view is, that in the cell of the human protoplasm there is a *spiritual tincture* (I use Jacob Böhme's term, I do not know an orthodox one) which is NOT found in the cell of the mere animal protoplasm.

But as this is a higher and more vital and pervasive spiritual life than the mere vitality which constitutes the sensuous life, it cannot of course be scientifically demonstrated.

But it means, that each kingdom is vitalized in its own kingdom for its own use ; no species can ever be interchanged, the fish remains fish ; dog, dog ; jelly-fish, jelly-fish.

There was a primal word issued at the origin of time ; the beginning of a period, which specified so to speak until the *end of that beginning* each kingdom, and gave each kingdom full capability for fulfilling its destiny and no other.

But with the human kingdom, an added destiny was required and given, and that was, there was given to man's seed a certain quality not existent in any of the plasms of the lower kingdoms—this quality was besides the faculty of reproducing itself as man, that of being able to add a cubit to his stature and becoming super-normal man. Now it is said man can *not* do anything of the kind—just the contrary indeed—and it is true man can only engender man as he is, physically ; and he need not, nor in fact does he *ever*, really ask God to permit him to beget a son or daughter ! We know into what a chaos of religious confusion people are brought, whenever they try to state what they are taught is truth, what in fact is a ludicrous and even to my mind wicked idea, that children come from God and heaven, etc., etc., etc. They do not. Man comes from man, and each child is born with human life and qualities, that are already a degree higher than those of an animal. The human stock germ is vitalized from a purer kind of "cosmic stuff" Man is the animal stock germ. But man (it is implicit in his spiritual nature), adds a cubit to his stature in the spiritual degree. That state of cosmic stuff carries within it a still purer latency, and this is the vital life that is not to be found in the animal kingdom, but implicit in the human, and with it he gains his degree in the spirit world. Far from this being material, it is to my mind a sure sign of the true origin of man, i.e., Spiritual. The matter in which this spirit is encased, the envelope, as it were, is physical and all concerning *this* is the right work of man's brains to comprehend, because latent within man lies the comprehension of ALL things. Religion of the various nations is the means by which this latent supernormal spirit is by degrees released from its prison, until which time it really knows as little of itself as an animal almost.

When he does learn what man is, what are his powers, capabilities and prerogatives, he recognizes that his pro-creative qualities are ones to garner with care and right thought and devotion to humanity in general. But I will stop here, I don't want to enter in more detail, but I feel very sure, if man had true *faith in God*, and love for humanity, his brother and himself, the troubles of humanity would be *enormously* lessened, and man would then, as the human kingdom, take the next step to the super-human one !

Believe me, yours ever,
ISABELLE DE STEIGER.

OLD CHESTER ROAD,
ROCK FERRY.

THE ALCHEMICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—On p. 62 of Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst's "Introduction" to the new edition of Mrs. Atwood's *A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*, the following remarks appear in a footnote:—

"It may be recorded here that an Alchemical Society existed in London for two years (1913-14) for the purpose of studying and elucidating the subject and the texts of the Alchemists. Its published transactions (with one exception, a paper by Madame de Steiger) evince but an academic interest in the subject and show no comprehension of its vital intention or its practical methods."

If by "showing no comprehension of its vital intention," etc., Mr. Wilmshurst means that the authors of the papers in question were not disciples of Mrs. Atwood, pledged to support her ideas on the subject, but were anxious to discover by the only reliable method *i.e.*, a close study of alchemical texts and contemporary literature, what exactly were the origin, nature and fruits of Alchemy, no doubt he is not greatly in error. It would have been wiser for him, however, to have acquainted himself with the transactions themselves, before picking out one paper therein for praise, and censuring the rest; which he does not appear to have done, because in this event he would have known that the Alchemical Society was founded in 1912, and that it commenced to issue its journal in January, 1913, and continued publication until September, 1915, in which year, owing to the war, its activities ceased. As to the quality of the papers contained therein, it is perhaps only necessary to mention the names of the late Professor John Ferguson, LL.D., Mr. Arthur Edward Waite, and the Venerable J. B. Craven, D.D., as amongst those of the contributors.

Early in his essay, Mr. Wilmshurst quotes my opinion from *Alchemy: Ancient and Modern* (1911), that "Alchemy had its origin in the attempt to apply, in a certain manner, the principles of Mysticism to the things of the physical plane"—labelling it as "curious and wholly unjustified." Well! there is a chapter in the book to justify it, and if Mr. Wilmshurst is not satisfied, a paper in the despised *Journal of the Alchemical Society* (Part I). In any case, seeing that in this very "Introduction" Mr. Wilmshurst makes, quite dogmatically, the most astounding statements concerning the nature of Alchemy, the epithets "curious and wholly unjustified" remind me of stones thrown by dwellers in glass houses. Later on, after having given my theory a final death-blow by referring to it as an "inept" suggestion, he says "Alchemy considered as inorganic chemistry is certainly not the Hermetism enshrined in the imagery of the Odyssey, of the sixth Æneid, or that taught in the ancient myths and mysteries, or that testified to by Plato and the Platonists, or veiled in the glyphs of the Bible." But the Alchemy whose origin I have endeavoured to trace is the Alchemy of those who called themselves and were known to

their contemporaries as "alchemists" and not the philosophy of those who had either never heard of the term or would have repudiated it if applied to themselves. Mr. Wilmshurst's remark is as fantastic as if, *e.g.*, a writer on Cubism were criticized because his book did not deal with the art of Tintoretto, Michael Angelo, Rubens and Landseer!

When Mr. Wilmshurst turns his attention, as he does after dispatching myself, to the subject of metallic transmutation, what he has to say well illustrates the danger of those who know little or no physical science venturing to treat of it and more especially to criticize its findings. The modern theory of the evolution of the metals, whilst certainly justifying a belief in the possibility of transmutation, lends no colour whatever to the *order* in which the alchemists supposed the metals to be evolved. There is not the least evidence that gold is nature's final product in the inorganic realm, or that lead is impure or undeveloped gold. In fact, lead appears much more likely to be an end-product. The story of Lully's gold coins, which Mr. Wilmshurst mentions, is one open to the very gravest doubt, though one would hardly gather this from his remarks.

Alchemy was a remarkable instance of an attempt to explain nature by the *a priori* method, and with all its folly and futility that method did yield some things of very considerable value. It is, I venture to think, worthy of our study, if for nothing more, as an instance of the workings of the human mind. The alchemists for too long have been vilified and despised. But it is by a careful study of the records that they left and of contemporary works, in the light not only of ancient philosophy, but also of modern science, that we shall gain a knowledge of what they believed, what they sought, and what they achieved.

Yours very faithfully,

H. STANLEY REDGROVE.

WEST HAM MUNICIPAL TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, STRATFORD, E.

SPIRITUAL FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—On page 310 I find: "The angel who visits me in my house can handle them"—spiritual flowers—"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." And you naturally speak of this as a very curious point.

Now I do not, in what I write, make myself responsible for any theory, I but state a mathematical fact,—a fact to us on earth.

We are conditional in three dimensional space and so have experience of objects which offer resistance. But if we assume objects exist in two dimensional and in four dimensional space, none of these objects would offer resistance to us: we could not even see them. For objects in two and in four dimensional space have no materiality

for human beings in three dimensional space. In exactly the same way if we existed in *four* dimensional space, objects in that space would be material to us, and objects in three, immaterial. This is strange but true.

So if the "angel" existed in four dimensional space it *could* handle its own four dimensional flowers and could *not* handle our three dimensional flowers. Therefore the curious point you refer to is explainable by human thought!

F. C. CONSTABLE.

WICK COURT, NEAR BRISTOL.

A DEATH OMEN.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I think the following psychic incident may be of interest to you.

It was a lovely winter day, flooded with sunshine, when I went over to inspect at Gillingham, Dorset. During the course of my work I found that I had to walk to a school about a mile off, which I proceeded to do. As I walked along I suddenly saw between my feet a horseshoe shining brightly—with two nails in it. I picked it up, hoping that it meant better news from South Wales, stuffed it into my wallet with my papers and proceeded on my way. When I arrived back at Sherborne that night at 7 p.m. I found a telegram from South Wales, telling me to go and warn M—— (my sister) that H—— was dead, had passed away the previous night. I at once packed, paid my bill and motored over to Yeovil, where I caught a train to Bristol, in order to catch the express to North Wales.

As I had had no dinner, and been out since 8 a.m. inspecting, I at once asked the porter if I could get any food, and glancing up at the clock he said, "If you hurry across now, I will see to your box and bring it across; you will just get into the refreshment room before they close." So I dashed away for dear life. As I entered the room—a large lofty apartment—I heard a crash of glass, and as I walked up to the counter, the two girls and the head woman had rushed to a pile of cut glass which was in ruins. I said, "Dear me! what a bad smash you have had! how did it happen?" and the Head said, "That is a mystery; they were two cut-glass stands, one on the top of the other, and suddenly they crumbled, as you see, in pieces—just as you came in." The girls were as white as sheets, and one said in an excited way, "There is terrible, sudden death standing by one of us here"; so knowing that many have their sweethearts and relatives at the Front, I said, "Well, I will take the ill luck off you three, for I am standing by terrible sudden death, and am now on my way to break the news to the wife."

The death came as a merciful release to those concerned.

Yours faithfully,

B. W. E.

IS LONG LIFE A BLESSING?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just begun to study Spiritualism, in which I am deeply interested. I understand that life is much more full and beautiful when the physical body is discarded; and that spirits say "*they would upon no account return to this plane.*"

If this be so, why, may I ask, should we wish to live here for 100 or 152 years as Mr. Span suggests?

The prospect of increased life on this plane for many toilers is anything but cheering, and it is surely strange if the Spirit World be so beautiful that we should not be glad to go there when the time comes—and not cling to this.

I find these contradictions very puzzling. Will some one in authority enlighten?

AN IGNORANT INQUIRER.

WOMAN AND THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I write a few words as to Womanhood and the Old Catholic Church?

Bishop Wedgwood has, according to his own admission, carried the fundamental teachings of Theosophy into the Old Catholic Church, of which he is Presiding Bishop. He says in your June issue "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 to-day."

But he has evidently forgotten one of the fundamental teachings—the very important one of sex equality. The first tenet of the Theosophical Society reads—"To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour."

A short time ago I asked Bishop Wedgwood if he were prepared to admit women into the priesthood; his answer was in the negative. Therefore I maintain that the Old Catholic Church is not being carried on according to Theosophical principles, but is a continuation of the old idea that women are not fit for ordination.

He refers to "the 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." Apart from the dangerous way in which this might be interpreted, does he infer that a bad man

is a better channel than a good woman, when it is a case of the administration of sacraments ?

If so, the Old Catholic Church stands already condemned, for it cannot give out the true Gnostic teachings, but must continue along the old paths which have led to the degradation of womanhood and the domination of the priest.

True Gnosticism, unadulterated by the teachings of the astral in regard to sex, appeals to the divine masculine and the divine feminine within each one of us, and points out the true meaning of sex. The male priesthood has degraded woman, and as a result of her degradation the Church has fallen from its high estate.

In " Pistis Sophia "—that finest gem of Gnostic teaching—we recall that Christ emphasized the mystery of the Divine Feminine " The mystery within the veil which is before all mysteries, even the Father in the likeness of a Dove—the Eternal Mother."

The true priest is the divine hermaphrodite, both male and female in one, and how few of these there are in male bodies ! It is full time that those in female bodies should come forward and unveil those mysteries which only the pure may uncover.

Denied the privileges monopolized by the male priest, woman shall nevertheless be ordained to carry out the mission for which she is so well fitted, for the feminine is the inner nature of man, and woman as " the most highly evolved organism and the repository of the creative forces is the objective representative of the Divine Feminine."

The Old Catholic Church has missed an opportunity of retrieving the error made by the Churches established upon the basis of a male priesthood, and Bishop Wedgwood has still to learn the meaning of the Lord's answer to the question, " When shall the kingdom of heaven come on earth ? " which is " When ye shall tread upon the vesture of shame and when the two shall be one and the male with the female, neither male nor female."

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

C. E. ANDREWS.

THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—A slight inaccuracy occurs in my letter of last month's issue. Bishop Willoughby acted as Bishop-Auxiliary to Archbishop Mathew not for " some nine months " but for nearly seven months.

Yours faithfully,

✠ J. I. WEDGWOOD.

2 UPPER WOBURN PLACE,
LONDON, W.C. 1.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AN important place among those Anglo-Indian periodicals which are representative of eastern religion and philosophy must be assigned to *The Vedanta Kesari*, which keeps green the memory of Vivekananda, himself a zealous—if sometimes perhaps an extravagant—exponent of the Vedic wisdom. The place of honour in the last issue is given to one of his articles, translated from the Bengali. It affirms that the Vedas are the mouthpiece of universal religion and the supreme authority thereon; that the Puranas and other oriental scriptures are to be followed only in so far as they agree with these; and that Ramakrishna—with whom the paper is more especially concerned—was embodied in India to demonstrate the true religion of the Aryan race. He created a new epoch or dispensation. Another native writer considers the appeal made by Indian religion under the light of modern thought and as an essential factor in human evolution rather than an accident, because it is in close and “vital connection with the social ideals” of the human race. Finally, there is a long report of a lecture by Sir John Woodroffe on the spirit aspect of the universe: it may be described briefly as a suggestive study of the Absolute, considered as true being and reality and as the “boundless permanent *plenum* which sustains and vitalizes everything.” In this connection we may mention an Indian writer in our American contemporary *Reason*, who explains that the term Vedantic Philosophy is by no means limited exclusively to the Vedas or Scriptures of India, for the word Vedanta signifies “end of wisdom.” The philosophy in question explains “what that end is and how it can be attained.” It has many phases, among which may be mentioned that which is called dualistic, distinguishing between the individual soul and “the ultimate Truth of the universe.” It advocates the worship of a personal God. There is in contrast with this the non-dualistic phase, which we in the West might connect with a literal understanding of Christ’s statement that “I and my father are one,” but it is understood here in the sense of unqualified pantheism. On the religious side Vedanta has various paths: (1) Karma Yoga, which is broadly the gospel of work; (2) Bhakti Yoga, being the way of devotion and love; (3) Raja Yoga, or the science of psychic powers and phenomena; and (4) Juana Yoga, described as the path of right knowledge and discrimination—a kind of religion of philosophy. As a whole, it is claimed that Vedanta is based on “those all-inclusive words” of Krishna which are recorded in the Gita: “Whosoever comes to me, through whatsoever path, I reach him: All men are struggling in the paths which ultimately lead to Me, the Eternal Truth.”

The Masonic Secretaries' Journal improves with each issue, and we have already put on record the fact that it made an excellent beginning on its first appearance. Its editor, Mr. I. Cohen, who is also the indefatigable secretary of *The Fratres Calami Lodge*, from which the magazine emanates as its Transactions, is sparing no pains, and with him is the honour of the success already attained. The list of contributors on the present occasion includes some distinguished names, among which we can note only Sir John Cockburn, who writes on Masonic Signs and Symbols in their connection with various alphabets: Mr. W. J. Spratling, Grand Secretary of the Order of the Secret Monitor, whose contribution regards Freemasonry as a living bond of empire; and the Rev. W. W. Covey-Crump, a thoughtful and instructed writer on the deeper understanding of Craft Ritual and procedure, who reviews the evidence for a connection between modern Speculative Masonry and the Roman College of Artificers through the Comacine Guild. The *Journal* should certainly take a position of importance among Masonic periodicals, wherever published, and we look to that time. . . . The *Quarterly Bulletin* of the Iowa Masonic Library has reached us from the Grand Lodge of Iowa, and it is again evident that the question of reopening communication with Latin Freemasonry is very much to the front. We referred to this question at considerable length last month and are now concerned only with the facts recorded here. It is said that "ten or more Grand Lodges have already taken action looking toward closer fraternal relations between the Masons of America and those of France." The Grand Lodge of California, having affirmed that the "universality of Freemasonry" no less than "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" ought to be more than empty phrases, has resolved to appoint a special committee to report some plan "whereby, if possible, the breach between French and Anglo-Saxon Masonry may be healed without the sacrifice on either side of any essential principle or matter of conscience." On the other hand, the Grand Lodge of Missouri "denies any recognition," on the ground that "the Grand Orient of France is an atheistic and political body," while the Grand Lodge of France is neither strictly an atheistic organization nor yet deistic. The answer of the Grand Orient has some time since affirmed that it does not deny God, though it obviously leaves the question of such a belief open. On the matter of political activity there seems to have been no pronouncement. The *Bulletin* reminds us on its own part that the strongest advocate for removing the name of God from the Constitution of this Grand Body was "a protestant minister of the Gospel," because he thought that a profession of belief in God signified for many a "belief in the God of the Roman Catholic Church." The distinction is valuable as a gauge of that minister's mind, but the fact is nothing to the purpose in any other respect. The question is whether Masonry is or is not a theistic institution. If it be, then those bodies which have ceased to be such are not of or within Masonry: they have ruled themselves out.

But if it be not, our "Anglo-Saxon" doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, our Consecrations, our prayers, our exhortations, are all redundant to Masonry, an expression of pious opinion or feeling besides the mark of brotherhood, and when it ceases to signify whether we retain or remove them, their removal will be preferable on the score of common sincerity. For ourselves we believe that there is no true Masonry, no real and living brotherhood of man outside the eternal sanctions, and that apart from these there is no meaning in our august ceremonies.

Pleasant and thoughtful articles from the editorial chair are a rule in *The Harbinger of Light*, and the last issue which has reached us maintains the good custom. The subject on this occasion is the law of spiritual evolution. It is at work among us here and now, and the thesis is that it operatēs not less potently in the unseen world. There and here it is one and the same law, at once the foundation and guarantee of that perfection which it is the mission of the Christ to achieve in all His followers. Hereunto His work on earth was directed, "and this is the work upon which He and His angelic hosts are still engaged." The same issue contains a sensible article on occultism and occult arts. We note also a discourse on the Resurrection in the light of psychic science, from the pen of Dr. James Coates, who is well known among us. . . . The Haunted Gallery at Hampton Court has been a topic of recent days in *The International Psychic Gazette*, an opportunity being offered by the fact that it has been reopened to the public for the first time since 1750. Tradition says that the spectral female form which visits the gallery represents the earth-bound spirit of Queen Catherine Howard. The writer of the article has visited the place accompanied by Mr. J. J. Vango—described as a "most sympathetic medium"—and there is a story of experience on the spot, followed by another much more realistic the day after. The testimony is that the restless incarnate personality is being helped to a better state by various workers, here and on the other side. . . . The report of a lecture in *Light* given by Miss Dallas reminds us that E. Dawson Rogers, one of its most respected editors, was the person who suggested to Sir William Barrett the foundation of a society designed to attract "some of the best minds which had hitherto held aloof" from inquiry into the phenomena of spiritualism. That suggestion bore fruit in the mind of the auditor and the result was the *Society for Psychological Research*. The first Council included among its members Sir William Barrett, Dawson Rogers and Stainton Moses. In another number Dr. Greenwell gives account of the part played by "Gypsy Communities amongst the race-types of Europe." They have intermarried with the Balkan races, the Magyars and the Austrians. "In Hungary much of the aristocratic blood is mingled with that of the gypsy." Italy, Spain, Portugal and even France are brought into the alliance. Our contemporary has also a memorial notice of Eusapia Palladino. . . . *The Theosophist*, in commenting on Professor Wood-Jones' recent affirmation that "man is far more ancient" than those anthropoid apes from

which it has been supposed that he is descended, points out that according to H.P.B. the said ape was a result of relations between the human and the brute. Therefore "the ape is a degenerate man, not man a more highly evolved ape." However this may be, the finding of the man of science, who is professor of anatomy at University College, illustrates once again how scientific research of to-day cancels the theories of yesterday in evolutionary as in other speculation. . . . *Reincarnation* tells us that "the principle of authority is to be regarded as one of the chief foundation-stones" belonging to the structure of the universe. Another way of putting it from the cosmic standpoint would be that of a late Duke of Argyll, namely, the reign of law. Our contemporary is, however, more concerned with authority considered as "the right by which man has control of some definite department of human activity"—not presumably excluding departments of human thought. A wise dictum said in a forgotten novel: "From thought to action, from action to thought sways the world; and the food for thought is found in action, while the seed of action is sown in thought." But these are also two aspects of one thing, for the law of thought is not apart from the law of action. *Reason* says well that unity must be secured by inter-relation. . . . *Le Monde Invisible* is a small monthly periodical for the propagation of spiritism in France. It tells us that Leo XIII has communicated, affirming that the spirit of a pope has left him; that the church will spread more widely, "though divergent in its dogmas"; and that while great or high spirits have manifested on earth at intervals of 2,000 years the incarnation of Christ was unique. It is said that He will return no more—meaning presumably that He will not reappear in flesh. . . . A monograph on the first book of the Iliad fills the last issue of *The Philomath*. It is by Dr. W. H. Quilliam and is singularly complete and informing, not only on the particular section of the Homeric poem, but on the great epic generally, as also on things connected with and arising therefrom. . . . According to an article on the Kingdom of God in the *Islamic Review*, almost every religion in the world has (1) lost sight of the original truth, or (2) obscured it with ridiculous traditions. The one exception is the religion of Islam, which has kept the truth in its entirety, though at times it has "lost perception of its full significance." It follows that even El-Islam can fall from the highest standard. The article is curious, having the zeal of a presumable "convert" on every page. We have brought away from it a conviction that the prophet had a sardonic sense of humour. "Trust in God, but tie your camel," said Muhammad. . . . We have received several issues of *The Ploughshare*, described as "a Quaker organ of social reconstruction." There is much upon the work of rebuilding the civilization "shattered by the war." There are articles on the beauty of holiness and on the soul's independence, which bring us near to the saintly spirit of George Fox.

REVIEWS

THE PROMISE OF AIR. By Algernon Blackwood. London: Macmillan & Co. Pp. viii.+275. Price 6s. net.

THE effect of Mr. Blackwood's new novel is that of a eulogy of movement. "Wherever I am I go," sings the daughter of the idealist whose thoughts are to this book its *raison d'être*. We are heavy, and in our heaviness isolated; and, spiritually speaking, our egoism acts like heaviness preventing interflux: in some such sentence the systematically selfish might express the disadvantage of their mental structure and pose. One fancies that Mr. Blackwood would add the bane of self-consciousness in the ludicrous to the discomfort of egoists; and yet the sweet spirit which permeates his latest work leaves no opportunity for disagreement to become anger.

Through the mouth of Romance Mr. Blackwood prophesies the joyous realization by our race of a freedom impossible to the thralls of conventionality and the anxious devotees of matter. The quick courtship which opens his story has a charm as of a rescued and unalterable May day. Afterwards the charm is over, because the author loses the novelist in a being whom one may call the eloquent lecturer. Yet one is not unmoved when the hero succeeds in awakening the dormant spirit of aerial freedom in his wife, and this proves that Mr. Blackwood's best is not exhausted by his first fifty-six pages.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE SINGLE EYE: ESSAYS FROM THE MYSTIC POINT OF VIEW. By Arthur Edward Gray. London: C. W. Daniel. Price 2s. and 3s. 6d.

THIS volume is full of deep thought expounded with appealing lucidity. Every essay rings true, from "Education," "Art," "Religion," to "Politics" and "War." Indeed, Mr. Gray has a brilliance all his own. His belief lies in the ultimate Nirvana of the true mystic, to blend into the cosmic joy, to become as William James expresses it, "as nothing in the floods and waterspouts of God." And yet Mr. Gray, unlike so many mystics, leaves a margin for coincidence in the fatalism of his creed, a little room for the unexpected and the charm of the irregular. As he says:

"The *mens sana in corpore sano* is not the only good; it is not necessarily the greatest good," "There is no excellent beauty, that hath not some strangeness in the proportion! Perfect balance and equanimity is as sterile as the self-satisfaction that leads nowhither."

In the chapter on "Art" especially, the remarks on music and language are gems of perception and expression.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

MOMENTS OF VISION, AND MISCELLANEOUS VERSES. By Thomas Hardy. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street. Price 6s. net.

IT is impossible to be coldly impersonal in reviewing these poems, the work of a master-craftsman. Their effect upon the reader, or on one reader at least, is much like that produced by a superb violinist whose

technique is perfect even though the theme may not always be to one's liking. Mr. Hardy simply plays with our complex English tongue. Words are to him as toys, and jewels and pebbles. As jewels they leave behind a radiance not easily forgotten; as toys they make us smile; but they are mere pebbles when, for instance, in *Lines to My Father's Violin* he asks:

" Does he want you down there
In the nether glooms . . . ? "

and answers, in true Calvinistic mood:

" Well, you cannot, alas,
The barrier overpass
That screens him in those mournful meads hereunder,
Where no fiddling can be heard
In the glades
Of silentness, no bird
Thrills the shades;
Where no viol is touched for songs or serenades,
No bowing makes a congregation's wonder."

The poem entitled *Old Furniture* touches a truer note, while in *The Glimpse* we have a flash of Reality. But to-day we are most in accord with the *Poems of War and Patriotism*, which conclude the volume. It is curious that the first of these, *His Country*, should have been written before the war. It embodies the natural question asked by most thoughtful minds: How to be national yet universal? . . . Why could not this brilliant thinker and marvellous master of words have soared farther into the light!

EDITH K. HARPER.

THIS LIFE AND THE NEXT. By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D., Principal of Hackney College, Hampstead, etc. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street. Price 4s. net.

PRINCIPAL FORSYTH's theme does not deal with the grounds for faith in another life, but is a consideration of the effect produced upon our present life by the belief in immortality. Needless to say his book is lofty and illuminating. His limitations, as some would think, are rather in the letter than in the spirit, for he is always upon the heights, and to share his outlook one must ascend. Few would disagree that a mere endlessness of present conditions carried on to another plane would be as it were the wheel of Ixion. The grandeur of immortality is the fuller development of the Christ life, and all that it implies in the individual. "Time is sacramental of Eternity," and our life here is but the first round of the spiral of evolution, the growth of the God consciousness within. Where the author loses ground is in his apparent failure to sympathize with a certain state of mind now poignantly in evidence owing to the world tragedy. For instance:

" I venture to think that it is a surrender of Christianity to find from ghosts a comfort and hope about the unseen which we do not draw from Christ. It is a moral. It is another religion and a debased. It is the renunciation of the moral element in religion for quite an inferior mysticism (magic). It is a non-moral mysticism which gets from some Bond Street medium a faith which the soul fails to receive from Christ or His apostles and saints."

This is very like the old-time reasoning against the use of chloroform. It is also a confusion of ideas. The *baneful* fortune-teller is not identical with those rarely-gifted persons whose extension of God-given faculties enables them to be conscious of the presence of our invisible friends. "Comfort from ghosts" has saved many a soul agonized in the first stage of grief, from lunacy or suicide. But that, as Principal Forsyth says, is by the way! . . . Even so, his fine book is as a well of healing waters in a thirsty land.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE NEW REVELATION. By Arthur Conan Doyle. London, New York, Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price 3s. 6d. net.

At no time could Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest book have been more opportune than now, when on every hand bereaved humanity is once more asking for a "sign." Amongst several valuable books recently published on the all-important subject of life after death, and offering clear demonstration that there is indeed such a life, none meets the present need more admirably than does his. Brief, clear, and straight to the point, it is just the book for anxious seekers new to the quest. But the *new* revelation is not new, it is the oldest of the old. It was crudely known to the ancient Egyptians; believed by our Aryan ancestors; and gloriously realized by the first disciples of the Great Teacher whom the Church professes to follow. It is not, however, the philosophy of the book that will so much attract readers as its sound reasoning from undeniable facts. The mature convictions of a distinguished author must carry weight with all but the most arrant and wilful mis-believers. At the same time Sir Arthur boldly faces the many bewildering problems and limitations which beset the pilgrim on the psychic way, and he strongly and most wisely counsels an avoidance of its merely sensational side: "When once you have convinced yourself of the truth of the phenomena the physical séance has done its work, and the man or woman who spends his or her life in running from séance to séance is in danger of becoming a mere sensation hunter." The author tells how he first approached the subject, many years ago, in an agnostic frame of mind, and recounts the various developments which in course of time gradually transmuted scepticism into certainty, and led him to realize the enormous modification which must result in the commonly accepted creeds and dogmas of orthodox religion, especially in regard to the conditions of existence in the next state of consciousness. Truly the Higher Spiritualism is, as Sir Arthur says: "A revolution in religious thought, a revolution which gives us as by-products an utter fearlessness of death, and an immense consolation when those who are dear to us pass behind the veil."

EDITH K. HARPER.

RE-BIRTH: A ROMANTIC NOVEL. By Rathmell Wilson. London: Stanley Paul. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

AN emotional little love story, with a psychic moral. Percival Nairn and Beryl Garden—two young people of strong artistic ambitions, he for Poetry, she for the Stage—meet, by chance, on a moonlit moor at midnight; exchange confidences, and are filled with the mystic conviction that they have met elsewhere, and are destined for each other. Percival, we are told, "draws Beryl's temperament into his soul," and would surrender, without more ado, to the supernatural

leading. But Beryl distrusts love as likely to hinder her ambitions, and returns in haste to London, leaving the love-stricken youth an anonymous letter of farewell. The rest of the book deals with the long years of struggle, failure, and triumph, wherein the two are separated, always haunted, however, by dreams and visions of those former lives in which they were lovers, and in which, also, Beryl's cruelty and selfishness brought tragedy.

So, we are given to understand, she learns her lesson. Percival achieves fame, but failure dogs, and finally subdues, *her*.

Then (again as by chance) comes the happy re-union. . . . "At last they had come to the end of the story, and yet, perhaps, not really the end; for ages hence, perhaps, in new bodies, their souls might startle the world."

Mr. Wilson writes with much earnestness; and the trials of the two protagonists, especially poor Beryl's sordid struggles for a livelihood, are sympathetically told. But, in our judgment, he is not successful in his treatment of the THINGS Invisible. He speaks much of them, but their atmosphere is not there. Most believers in Reincarnation will agree with him that Reincarnation "cannot be *proved*, it can be only *known*"; but a work of fiction, inspired as Mr. Wilson's is, by enthusiastic faith in the theory, might give the reader some glimpse of the steps by which the writer attained that knowledge.

G. M. H.

HOW TO SPEAK WITH THE DEAD: A Practical Handbook. By Sciens.

London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. Pp. xiii + 133. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE cleverest thing about this book is its title, which is certainly catchy. But the book itself is disappointing. It is generally sensible, but is weak and vague, quoting this and that authority, and giving the impression of a garrulous elderly gentleman afflicted with the itch of writing but with nothing original to say. He tells us carefully how to get table-messages by asking for one tilt for No, three for Yes, and so forth, which is all right for babes, but useless for any except very young ones. And though he claims to have some first-hand experience, there is no evidence of it, and one feels that he is merely retailing what he has read in *Raymond* and in Dr. Crawford's *Reality of Psychic Phenomena*. E.g. he refers to the "frequent practice" of pulling down the blinds and having a red light for trance sittings, and also says that it is better to ask for a table-sitting than a trance-sitting. This shows familiarity with Mrs. Leonard's methods as described in *Raymond*, but suggests unfamiliarity with mediums in general. It also shows lack of critical faculty, for the evidential value of table-messages (when the sitter's hands are on the table and his subconsciousness possibly doing the tilting) is much less than that of correct trance-utterances.

The author believes in "transmigration," but gives no scientific evidence, in spite of his pseudonym. By the way, why does he hide his name? His book is harmless, if weak; and, anyhow, if he is ashamed of it he ought not to have published it. Also it is bad business; readers naturally distrust, by a right instinct, a book to which the author will not put his name. As a matter of fact, I have discovered who he is, by internal evidence plus previous knowledge of another book of his; and, inasmuch as he lives near one of our good mediums, I suggest that he

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might go in for some personal investigation and let us have some first-hand results in his next book, instead of secondhand generalities.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

LINNETS IN THE SLUMS. By Marion Pryce. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. Pp. 57. Price 2s. net.

THIS is another of the "young poets unknown to fame" whose work is being issued by Mr. B. H. Blackwell in his "Adventurers All" series. Well printed, and charmingly got up, these little books make a claim on the attention of all who are interested in the poetry of the present day. Miss Marion Pryce's work has a certain vague and elusive quality, which makes it necessary to read some of her poems twice, or even three times, before their full meaning can be grasped, but where she is content to be more simple and more direct, she is more successful, as in the lines "To F. F.," "The Yellow Trees," "The Starling's Song," and one or two others. The title-poem of the book, and the "Lament" for a dead slum-baby, are very touching, with a note of deep human feeling that seems lacking elsewhere. In "Rhododendron" Miss Pryce expresses, curiously enough, thoughts almost identical with those of the writer of a recent article in this *Review*, entitled "Rents in the Curtain." This article, in describing the mysterious life of a child, spoke of "the adventures which he *shared* with the trees and the light and the shadows." Likewise the poem—

" In the things we know in youth
Youth lives, and its hands to me
In the flowers of a flowering tree
Reach out . . .
I will touch and see and hear . . .
Grow one with the flower bearing
To and fro in the wind."

Poet and prose-writer both are desiring the same thing—"the complete merging of one's own life with the intense throbbing life of the Universe"—and their desire is one which indeed can only be attained by those of the child-like heart.

E. M. M.

THE TRYST AND OTHER POEMS. By E. V. Rieu. London: Oxford University Press. Pp. 56. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a pleasant little volume of melodious verses more or less mystical in nature. "The Astral Night" contains some striking lines, while of the sonnets, "Love in Peace" is perhaps the most successful. "The Traveller," a long poem addressed to the writer's new-born son, is of special interest in that it sees the latter not as a new-comer to earth, but as a pilgrim soul reborn in new surroundings, who, together with others of his generation, shall—

" discover, in the solar fire,
And all the starry legion of the sky,
The atoms and the rolling worlds, one choir,
One temple for the praise of the Most High."

In "A Prophetic Ode" there is a note of inspiration, and a glad vision of the future, and the lines entitled "War Harvest" are distinctly original and worthy of a place in any collection of war-poems.

E. M. M.

WHY I BECAME A CHRISTIAN THEOSOPHIST. By G. A. Ferguson.
Crown 8vo. Paper. 142 pp. London: Theosophical Publishing House. Price 2s. net.

THE cycle: Orthodoxy; Agnosticism; Theosophy, seems to be the normal line of mental development for those who become attracted towards Theosophy, from the present respected President of the Society down to many of its humbler adherents. Without imputing motives to the lesser lights of the Movement who feel moved by the zeal born of the newly-found Light to lay bare their inner lives, it is nevertheless apparent that the value of such an outline of mental evolution will depend to a great extent upon the public prominence of the writer. So when one reads that Mr. Ferguson, author of "How a Modern Atheist Found God," is constrained to put before the world a record of his gropings after truth in the hope that it may be of service to others, the reader must be prepared to sink his own personality in face of the wearisome reiteration of the first person singular, and centre his attention upon the substance of the message that the author has to give. Briefly, the message contained in "Why I Became a Christian Theosophist" should prove both interesting and helpful, even though for some its value may be impaired by the fact that there is too much "I" about it.

H. J. S.

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