

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY 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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NOTES OF THE MONTH

SEVERAL years ago the "miraculous" cure of Miss Dorothy Kerin aroused great interest in medical as well as psychic circles, and I wrote some account of the case in the Notes of the Month of this Magazine. Another alleged psychic cure of a somewhat parallel but very different character, has now been issued to the world in a book entitled *One Thing I Know*, and published

CURE BY-
ALLEGED
SPIRIT
AGENCY.

by Mr. J. M. Watkins.* The most startling thing about the former cure lay in the fact that it was practically instantaneous. The present case is that of a lady who was bedridden for the greater part of a period of fifteen years, and whose recovery, when all medical skill had proved of no avail, was accomplished (as stated) through psychic means in eighteen months. The fact that the cure occupied so long a period, and that it involved the intervention of physical aid of a normal kind such as a trained masseuse, etc., appears at first sight to discount its value as evidence of spirit intervention. It may be argued, and it is, in fact, argued by the doctor who attended the case, that the cure

* *One Thing I Know*; or, *The Power of the Unseen*. By E. M. S. Preface by J. Arthur Hill. London: J. M. Watkins. Price 3s. 6d. net.

is sufficiently explained by the unremitting care and attention of her nurses and by the influence of suggestion operating upon the patient's mentality. Dr. Steadall, as he is called in this narrative, has no faith whatever in the reality of the spirit doctor. "I satisfied myself," he says in his report of the case, "that the spirit was neither Beale,* doctor, nor man." He was, in fact, in Dr. Steadall's view, the partially dissociated personality of the nurse, of whose body he claimed to have taken possession. The fact of the cure, however, is obviously indisputable, and equally so is the gravity of the case which doctor after doctor had abandoned as incurable. Dr. Steadall describes the case as one of the most interesting and difficult he had ever had to watch. The patient, E.M.S., was so ill that for years she was compelled to remain in bed and could not even sit up. Occasional attempts to sit up in bed for two minutes at a time resulted in the gravest relapses, from which she did not recover in some instances for many

SYMPTOMS OF THE CASE. It was admitted that the case was one of functional and not organic derangement, but it was none the less serious for this. The organs at fault, says the doctor, were "some of those nerve centres which govern the action of the heart and blood-vessels. In a healthy person these controlling nerve centres work well. In this patient they worked very badly." So far from getting better, she seemed in spite of medical treatment to grow steadily worse. Sometimes she was well enough to be carried out on a stretcher into the garden, but for the most part she was confined to her room, and mainly to bed, unable to do anything but read. "For nearly a year [she says] I was not able even to do that." For months together she was not allowed to see relations or friends, as talking brought on exhaustion, and conversation with even her nurse was limited to half an hour a day. For considerable periods she was compelled to live at a temperature of seventy degrees, with shuttered windows and curtained door, owing to her sensitiveness to the slightest cold or draught. All the doctors who had attended her, likewise all her relations, had given up every hope of her recovery.

Three testimonials from Lady Lush, Eugene Stock, and Canon Storr are prefaced to the work, as evidence of the truth of the narrative, and the absolute *bona fides* of the narrator. These witnesses do not commit themselves to any opinion as to whether or not her explanation of the nature of her cure is the true one. Look at it how we will, it makes a very curious and fascinating

* The name given by the Spirit Doctor.

story, and if we are to attribute the results to suggestion, the possibilities of what can be achieved in this manner are sufficiently startling.

There is prefaced to the book a list of what we may call the *dramatis personæ*, which makes the record more readily intelligible, as it will be understood that some of these are on the physical plane and some are not, while transformations take place in the course of the narrative during which the doctor from the spirit world, or alternatively a nurse from the spirit world, takes possession of the nurse's body, and it is necessary in order to follow the narrative, to be able not only to identify the body, but also the spirit occupant of the physical tenement.

THE DRAM-
ATIS PER-
SONÆ.

There are, in fact, no less than four spirit doctors in this strange drama. In addition to this there is a spirit nurse, and a venerable spirit who goes by the name of Father Lucerne, and who for the purposes of the narrative must also be looked upon in the light of a physician or perhaps a super-physician. Then among the mundane characters we have Miss Rose, the masseuse with psychic gifts of clairaudience and clairvoyance, who is frequently controlled by Dr. Beale, the principal spirit doctor, but who is also liable to be controlled by Nurse Madeleine, the spirit nurse. Then we have another masseuse, a Miss Forrest, who also has psychic gifts, but is not subject to control, though Dr. Beale manipulates her hands presumably much in the same way that the hands of the automatic writer are controlled by spirit agency. In addition to these there is Mrs. Fair, the lady who first introduces Dr. Beale to the patient, the patient's own sister, who is also treated, and Mrs. B., a friend of the patient. We are not even thus brought to the end of the characters in the play; for the landlady and her deceased husband also figure. It is necessary in the first instance to keep dark what is taking place, for fear of scandal or misapprehension arising. Dr. Beale, who takes possession of the nurse's body, talks in a loud, stentorian voice, and is a particularly masculine personality. He has to be perpetually reminded "not to speak quite so loud." He marches up and down the room issuing his orders, and suffers some physical inconvenience from the feminine garments of which he is the involuntary wearer. In fact, he never quite gets used to feminine attire. "Muffs and furbelows taxed his patience to the utmost." Sometimes Miss Rose would come to work in rather tight cuffs, and the first thing he would do when he "came through," was to bring

EMBARRASS-
MENTS OF
A SPIRIT
DOCTOR.

his patient a pair of scissors, saying "Here, I cannot stand this. Just cut the stitches, will you?" Consequently when Miss Rose came back to consciousness she found a little job of needlework awaiting her attention. On another occasion she had just put on a new dress of a delicate shade. The doctor on taking possession of her body accidentally spilled some oil on the dress, and stained it badly. One can imagine the scene when the real Miss Rose came to, and found what had happened to her new dress, for the psychic is just as human as the rest of us! All's well, however, that ends well. She put the responsibility upon the doctor, declared that she could not afford a new dress, and left it to him to make good. In the meantime she had herself tried to get the stains out, but without success. "He promised her he would see what could be done, and told her to hang the dress over a chair in an empty room. Then he called to his aid "an old spirit who was very clever in dealing with all sorts of oils," etc., and when Miss Rose again inspected her dress, she found it quite impossible to discover where the stains had been.

We are told that the patient frequently found herself addressing Miss Rose, and on looking up discovered that it was the other tenant of the lady's body. The narrator seems to take most of these incidents very much for granted; but it must be confessed that they produce something of a feeling of bewilderment upon the reader. He finds himself asking, like the American humourist, "Do I sleep, do I dream, or is visions around?" The complications indeed, resulting from the blending of the two planes, might suggest a most comical and ingenious plot for the enterprising novelist. We really hardly require to be told that the

doctor's relations with Miss Rose were "unique,"
 "MY
 LITTLE
 GIRL."
 but it is certainly satisfactory to learn that "there was something very charming about them." He always called her "My little girl" (not, presumably while he was occupying her body), and she regarded him with real affection, and the greatest trust, and was at all times delighted to give him pleasure or help forward his work. Here is one of the incidents which resulted from this curious relationship.

"On one occasion Miss Rose's hot-water bottle leaked, and she was lying in a pool of water, but was asleep, and quite unconscious of the fact. The doctor took control of her, and, without waking her, removed her from her bed and took her across the passage and put her into a dry bed in a room opposite hers. She knew nothing whatever about it until the next morning when on awaking, she found herself in a different room. On other

occasions the doctor would get Nurse Madeleine to take his place, and she would undress her and put her to bed, and not leave her body till she was asleep." For Miss Rose herself was very delicate. She felt the cold greatly, and there were times when she needed the physician's assistance almost as much as her patient.

One thing at least is plain with regard to this case, that the illness was of the most serious nature, and had consistently refused to yield to any treatment. "I had consulted [says the patient] over a dozen medical men, specialists and general practitioners. I had taken every imaginable tonic and sedative, had submitted to the injection of gland juices and lymph extracts; had tried a mild form of the Kneipp and Neuheim cures; had experienced long courses of massage at the hands of various masseuses; had tried electricity and rest cures, and finally put myself into the hands of a clever medical hypnotist, and under his direction underwent a long course of treatment, but all to no purpose."

Though the cure occupied a long period—some eighteen months—this was short in comparison with the duration of the illness itself, and the cure when made appears to have been complete. The patient was introduced to her spirit-doctor through her attention having been drawn to a short paragraph in *Light* under the title of "The Ministry of Healing." In this paragraph a lady described how she had been cured of a growth on the kidneys by a doctor from the spirit world. The author of the paragraph undertook to answer questions on the part of any who might be interested in her case, and E.M.S. took advantage of this to com-

A PARA-
GRAPH IN
"LIGHT."

municate with her. The author of the paragraph, who is designated in the present book as Mrs. Fair, replied in full, explaining how Dr. Beale, the spirit doctor, had got in touch with Miss Rose who had consented to let her body be used by him for the purpose of carrying on his medical work on earth. Miss Rose had from childhood been conscious of the presence of the spirit world around her, and had frequently travelled in her astral body, so that she was familiar with the use of psychic gifts. At the time that she made the acquaintance of Dr. Beale, she was in business and earning a good salary at the head of a large department, but abandoned her business career in order to be in a position to assist Dr. Beale, having had for some time previously a great desire to make use of her psychic powers. A friend, Mrs. B., who had been in the habit of paying the patient occasional visits and discussing spiritualism and kindred subjects with her, offered to go to town on her behalf and interview Miss Rose, taking with her a lock of the patient's

hair as a psychometric test, and some medical notes on her case. It was arranged that Miss Rose should call at the hotel where Mrs. B. was staying, which she accordingly did. In the course of the interview Miss Rose, as usual, gave place to Dr. Beale, who prescribed for the case, but insisted on the necessity of obtaining another masseuse who should be in psychic sympathy with the patient, in addition to Miss Rose, who could not generally be spared. Hence the appearance of Miss Forrest, in whose charge the case was left for the greater part of the period which was required to effect the cure, Miss Rose relieving her from time to time, as might be necessary.

The writer of this curious narrative tells her story simply, straightforwardly, and in full detail. She is quite satisfied that her own explanation of her cure is the right one, while her earthly physician is equally satisfied that the whole story is romance and to be explained by his patient's vivid imagination, while he regards her cure as due to suggestive treatment and massage.

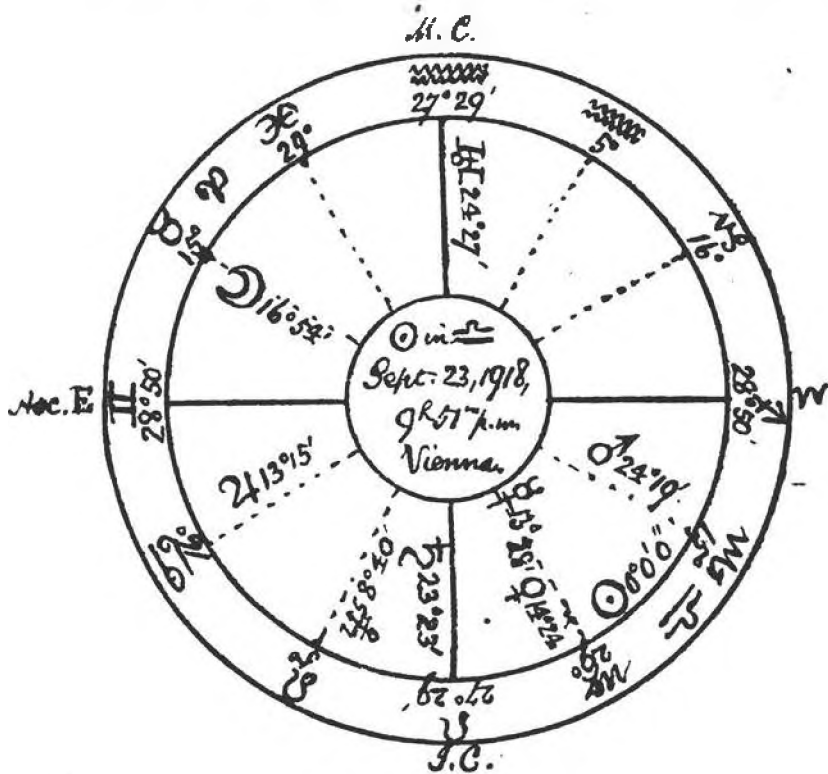
"The patient's interest in the possibility of life after death [he observes] and her growing belief in spiritualism, formed a firm ground for treatment by an (imaginary) spirit doctor." "The keen interest [he adds] in life after death may be called in psychological terms an Immortality Complex, a complex being any system of emotionally toned ideas. . . . Any object or idea even remotely connected with the complex raises its owner to bodily and mental activity. Ideas and arguments are offered to or arise in the owner's mind, and such arguments and efforts as are in harmony with the complex are reinforced and grow, while those which are in opposition to it are allowed to shrivel and die. Against a strong complex logic is powerless.

The nurses of E.M.S. enlisted as their ally such a complex, and won where I had failed. . . . Fortunately the stimulus to the whole personality which this complex provided was sufficiently strong to determine the behaviour not only of PSYCHO- her conscious nerve centres, but also of her disordered ANALYSIS. unconscious nerve centres, and they fell into line. Thus disordered action became ordered, and the patient was cured. . . . The preservation of silence during the massage treatment; the surprise visit of a new helper spirit; the careful choice by the spirit doctor of rooms and of nurses who were psychically 'all right'; the sudden disappearance for a long period of the spirit doctor; his careful provision of a spirit locum-tenens; the consultation together of several spirit doctors with reference to the case; the letters, the spirit robe of the doctor, his arbitrary decisions which were at times subtly contrary to the expectation of the patient; finally a guarantee by 'a spirit professor from a college in the higher spheres' that there was no danger of relapse, all these and many other procedures carried out in an atmosphere saturated with so-disant mystery, hope, and religion, appealed to the patient and maintained an attitude of expectant attention, until the involuntary nervous system had made a complete recovery."

This explanation on the lines of psycho-analysis is very ingenious, and is in accord with a powerful and influential school of thought of the present time. It is the sort of explanation which we should expect from an up-to-date medical practitioner. One point, however, it undoubtedly raises, and that is the question whether the nurses themselves were playing a game, or whether they, like the patient, were self-deceivers. Perhaps we may take it that the second hypothesis is the doctor's, as he speaks of the partial dissociation of the personality of Miss Rose. Both hypotheses obviously present grave difficulties. There are times in reading the narrative, especially when we come to the account of the old spirit who was very clever in dealing with oils, and who took the stain out of Miss Rose's dress, in which a reaction sets in against the literal acceptance of the patient's narrative, and we find ourselves for the moment almost driven into the arms of the psycho-analytical doctor, only to be driven back again to the more simple and more psychical explanation when we stop to contemplate the miraculous powers of an immortality-complex. Still, it must be admitted on the doctor's side, that the impression is left on the reader that the patient was too credulous to be critical, and that in matters concerning the investigation of psychical evidence, she would hardly have passed the standard set up by the Society for Psychical Research. It is unquestionably a most interesting record, most interestingly told; but as a "miraculous" psychic cure it can hardly be placed in the same category with the case of Miss Dorothy Kerin.

The figure for the Autumn Equinox in Central Europe is of such a sensational character this year that though I have already referred to it in a previous issue I have thought it well to reproduce it in the present number. The figure I am giving is for Vienna; but for Berlin the positions are even more striking. It will be noticed that Uranus is close to the cusp of the Mid-heaven in close opposition to Saturn and in close square with Mars. At Berlin the Mid-heaven is $24^{\circ}36'$ degrees of Aquarius. Here, therefore, Uranus is actually within a quarter of a degree of exact culmination in longitude, while Mars is within half a degree of the exact square of the Mid-heaven, and Saturn only a little over one degree from the opposition of one, and the square of the other. The reason I give the figure for Vienna in this connection is that the planets indicated, at the time of the Equinox form the conjunction, square and opposition respectively of

the Austrian Emperor's Sun, which occupied the 25th degree of Leo at birth. The threat to this horoscope is therefore of the most formidable character, and in view of the fact that at birth the Moon is besieged in the Mid-heaven by Mars and Saturn, appears to threaten this monarch with the loss of his throne during the



Declination

☉ 0° 0'	♂ 7° 25' N.	♄ 14° 42' N.
☾ 19° 16' N.	♃ 19° 55' S.	♁ 14° 6' S.
♀ 7° 49' N.	♂ 23° 38' N.	♃ 18° 0' N.

ensuing autumn. If we are justified in taking these quarterly figures as a presage of the events of the ensuing three months, it is clear that a crisis of the gravest kind threatens Central Europe. Rome, too, can hardly expect to be immune from its effects either physically or politically. A devastating earthquake may follow in its wake. At Washington Mars has only just culminated, afflicted by Saturn and Uranus, while Mercury and

Venus are in conjunction in the ascendant and in sextile with Jupiter. The last time Saturn was in opposition to Uranus from these signs was in July, 1829. It is noteworthy that this opposition throws favourable aspects (trine and sextile) to the Moon of the British Premier. The Editor of Zadkiel's Almanac, who kindly forwarded me the figure, expresses the desire that it should appear in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW, as it is likely to "make history." It would be hard to find a parallel to these most sensational quarterly positions even after search through a long series of years. In view of the fact that the Mid-heaven is the point specially afflicted, it is the governing powers of the countries involved that are threatened by these dramatic planetary configurations. From September to December the planet Uranus is continuously within a degree of the exact opposition to the Austrian Emperor's Sun. Clearly stirring events are ahead.

The transits and stationary position of Saturn in the latter part of the year afflict the horoscope of President Poincaré, and later on, early in the New Year, a second opposition of Saturn and Uranus falls in conjunction and opposition with his Sun, and in square with the radical position of the Moon in the horoscope of the German Emperor. A transit of Mars combining with these influences renders the month of January still more critical. The eclipse of the Sun on December 3 should not be lost sight of as it falls in the Seventh House in Western Europe and is in conjunction with Venus and the Dragon's Head. This eclipse may therefore prove to be a harbinger of peace, especially as by this date Mars has passed away from the parallel of the Sun in King George's nativity. Readers of this magazine will have noticed with interest the way in which the tide turned in favour of the Allies immediately following King George's Revolutionary Figure of June 3, of the favourable indications with regard to which I wrote in a previous number.

Attention has already been drawn by me to the primary direction in King George's horoscope for July of Sun sextile Venus. I have only just received information through a fellow astrologer with regard to the horoscope of General Foch, of which I have been in search for some time. It appears that the celebrated General was born at 10 P.M. on October 2, 1851, according to the "Acte de Naissance," in the Department of Hautes Pyrénées. The latitude is approximately 43° N., and the longitude 0°. This gives the ascendant as 3 degrees Cancer, and approximately 10 of Pisces on the Mid-heaven. The interesting point lies

in the fact that Jupiter entered Cancer on July 13, and the actual transit of Jupiter over the General's ascending degree corresponds with the latter days of that month. The date of entry of Venus into Cancer is July 24, the conjunction of the major and minor benefics being formed on the ascendant of General Foch's horoscope on July 27. One is almost inclined to suggest that the French General must have had some knowledge of Astrological lore, in view of the date for which he timed his auspicious counter-offensive.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S RIDDLE

By EVA GORE BOOTH

A Jelly-Fish afloat on the bright wave—
 A white Sea-gull—a great blue Butterfly—
 A hunted Hare—a Wolf in a dark cave—
 All these I was—which one of these was I?

A gold-maned Lion mad with rage and fear—
 A white-Bear ranging over trackless snow—
 A Savage living by my bow and spear—
 A mighty fighter giving blow for blow.

A Student gazing at the starry skies—
 A Rebel planning the downfall of kings—
 A Searcher of the wisdom of the wise—
 A questioner of all mysterious things.

A Priestess singing hymns to Proserpine—
 An old King weary on a golden throne—
 A Marble Carver, freeing limbs divine
 From the cold bondage of enfolding stone.

A hothead Poet by the world reviled—
 A Heretic of desolate dreams and dire—
 And now a little silent long-legged child,
 Weeping alone beside the nursery fire.

Ye who have guessed the hidden lights that burn
 Behind the blue wings of the butterfly,
 In a child's grief the riddle's answer learn—
 "I was all these, yet none of these was I."

KABIR'S CHART TO HIDDEN TREASURE

By G. R. S. MEAD

KABIR was one of the most virile religious geniuses to whom India has given birth. Living when the Mohammedan power in India was at its height, passing the major portion of his long life at or in the close vicinity of Benares, the Rome of India and hot-bed of its many orthodoxies, religious and philosophic, he dared with remarkable courage to assail single-handed the many contradictions between performance and profession in the religious world surrounding him, both Moslem and Hindu. For Kabir the only thing that counted was the realization of the presence of God. He himself was filled with the spirit of utter devotion to God as the one and only reality and truth in this ever-changing and unstable world, and at times indubitably enjoyed intimate communion with the source of all joy, wisdom and benevolence. Unschooled in the midst of learning, he cried out upon the false knowledge that keeps men asunder; for him the true learning is that knowledge of God in the hearts of all which draws men together and recognizes that our man-made distinctions have no standing in God's sight. It may have been that Kabir did not know even how to write. At any rate he declares: "I have not ink or paper, nor take pen-in hand." Certainly he wrote nothing; his utterances were oral.

The simple historic facts of Kabir's life are now very difficult to ascertain. Legend, both Moslem and Hindu, has been busy in contradictory interests, and foolish followers have here, as in so many other cases, decked his life in wonder and exalted the prophet to the status of deity. He lived to a great old age, apparently throughout the whole of the fifteenth century. He was either born or adopted into a poor and obscure family of Mohammedan weavers. Indubitably he earned his livelihood by the loom, and in numerous poems he uses the imagery of his craft. He married and had a son and daughter; so says the simple and more credible Moslem account. Hindu legend, however, would have Kabir throughout a rigid ascetic, invents

for him a miraculous birth, gives him a virgin consort and an adopted son and daughter, to all three of whom he is made to stand solely in the spiritual relationship of teacher. Equally at variance are the traditions as to his own religious teacher. The Mohammedan account would have it that Shaikh Taqi was his Pir or spiritual instructor. But in one of his poems Kabir exclaims: "The Immortal dwells in every body: O Shaikh Taqi hear!" This is in direct contradiction to Moslem orthodoxy. Though Kabir must have known something of Sufi mystical views, it is difficult to detect any special signs of characteristic Sufi doctrines in his poems. Indeed it may be said that the knowledge they show of Islam in general is by no means profound, and might very well have been gleaned without any special instruction. Shaikh Taqi seems to have been an opponent rather than a teacher. Indeed Mohammedan history does not reckon Kabir as a Moslem but simply as a theist. It is otherwise with the Hindu elements in his poems; these show that Kabir was largely imbued with Hindu thought and mythology. Numerous references confirm the tradition that he was a pupil, though a most unconventional pupil, of Ramananda the most saintly and distinguished teacher of the day at Benares. Ramananda was a Vaishnava and a follower of the path of devotion and love. It is remarkable that though Kabir declares over and over again that the names given by men to God are unessential and that all mean the same, he nevertheless himself continually uses the name Rama. By this he does not mean Ramachandra, the epic hero and avatar, for he thinks little of avatars, but God as he is in the fullness of divine being. Tradition says that this was the name of God used by Ramananda in his secret devotions. Legend will have it, not altogether to the credit of Kabir, that the latter obtained it from the sage by a trick, and so forced him to take an outcaste as a pupil. Kabir, the story runs, in the dark before daybreak laid down on the steps leading to the Ganges, down which Ramananda passed daily on his way to bathe. Absorbed in thought, the sage stumbled over Kabir's prostrate body, and taken off his guard uttered aloud the sacred name he was mentally muttering, and so Kabir became possessed of the secret. But ever and always he remained original and recalcitrant to all orthodoxy. Kabir travelled about at times, and in his wanderings went as far as Gujarat. He was repeatedly persecuted and even arraigned before rulers for his heresies, for from his childhood he is represented as scandalizing the prejudices of Moslem and Hindu alike. But always,

according to the legends, he showed the greatest courage and confronted his accusers or the autocrat with unrivalled wisdom. When condemned to death he always miraculously escapes. The best known legend is the beautiful story of the dispute of his Mohammedan and Hindu disciples over his dead body. The Moslems would bury it, the Hindus burn it. In the midst of the dispute either Kabir himself appears or a voice is heard, bidding them remove the winding sheet. The body has vanished; nothing but a heap of flowers remains. The Hindus burn one half, the Moslems bury the other. It is a beautiful tale; but it is also told of a Rajput prince some centuries before, whose body was being disputed over by his followers and those of his Greek wife.

Kabir used the tongue of the people, indeed a local dialect, full of colloquialisms and phrases out of grammatical construction. Some even think his native dialect was from the east of Benares and not one of the local variants. But when he says: "My speech is of the East: no man can understand. He only can understand me who is of the East"—it is permissible to think that, like so many other of his utterances, this has a mystical reference. The speech of Kabir came from the East, the dawn-land of the spirit, even as was the case with the Gnostic hero of the Syriac "Hymn of the Soul." Nevertheless, though he used the folk-tongue and wrote nothing, Kabir is indubitably the pioneer of a rich Hindi literature and the father of Hindi poetry. Sur Das and Tulsi Das not only succeed to his verse-forms, but largely reflect the inner burden of his teaching. The religious influence of Kabir indeed has been directly and indirectly far-reaching. The simple virile theism of the Sikhs owes no little to it. Guru Nanak, the founder of Sikhism, was an enthusiastic admirer of Kabir, some say a direct disciple. The hymns of the *Adi Granth*, the Sikh bible, are permeated with Kabir's influence, and Gobind Singh, the Guru who gave its military form to the community, expressly declares: "The religion of Kabir has become Khalsa." Khalsa (Purity) is the name of the Sikh community. More immediately the twelve disciples of Kabir, almost all of whom were of low caste or no caste, travelled extensively and spread his message far and wide, each establishing an independent order. To these have succeeded other sects and movements, some of which continue to the present. There are said to be to-day some million direct followers of Kabir's path called Kabirpanthis; they are almost all Hindus, the Mohammedan followers being a mere handful. In many

respects they have fallen far away from their founder's ideas and ideals. But the poems and sayings of Kabir are by no means confined to his acknowledged followers; they have been for long and are still on the lips of many a wandering *sadhu* throughout the North, and especially in what used to be called the North-West provinces. The people love to hear them and repeat them. Yet many a poem and saying said to be Kabir's is doubtless inauthentic; and the name of Kabir now stands for a type of hymn or utterance, sincere and direct, wise, witty, or quaint. The revolt of Kabir against pedantry and hypocrisy, the sincerity and directness of his attack and the frequent wit of his sallies keep his memory green among the folk. This, however, applies only to the most obvious pronouncements of the poet and prophet; there is also a large number of obscure and mystical utterances that are impossible to decipher without help. The most vital element is naturally the direct appeal to the people in the tongue of the people.

A brief reference to our sources of information in English may here be of service before turning to the just published version of the most authentic collection of the poems and sayings. Passing over H. H. Wilson's short but useful sketch (*Sects of the Hindus*, London, 1861, i. 68-98) which was our only source for nearly fifty years, Dr. G. H. Westcott's account of the modern sect, based on personal observation (*Kabir and the Kabir Panth*, Cawnpore, 1907), is of value, but little of Kabir is translated. In his monumental work, *The Sikh Religion* (Oxford, 1909), to which he devoted so many years in close collaboration with the Sikh Gurus, the late M. A. Macauliffe has translated 221 hymns and 253 *sakhis* or rhymed couplets (vi. 122-316). They are of course selected and modified by Sikh tradition, but are vigorously rendered and form one of our most valuable English sources. They are however accessible to few, for Macauliffe's *magnum opus* is costly. What has made Kabir familiar to many in this country who had not previously known even his name, is the publication of the beautiful versions of Sir Rabindranath Tagore (*One Hundred Poems of Kabir*, London, 1914). Here a mystic and a poet has chosen and rendered what he most loves in his great forerunner. These versions are mainly based on Kshiti Mohan Sen's Hindi text with Bengali translation, and are considered by Mr. Sen to be authentic. Apart from this very difficult question of historic literary criticism on which none but a specialist can pronounce an opinion, the lover of spiritual religion, of the mystic way and of fair poesy will find

KABIR'S CHART TO HIDDEN TREASURE 77

the fine flower of the spirit of Kabir exemplified in the delicate rendering of these hundred hymns.

But the most authentic collection of specimens of Kabir's religious and poetical genius is undoubtedly the *Bijak*, which is said to have been put together by an immediate disciple or even taken down by him from Kabir's direct dictation. Hitherto this most important document has been inaccessible in English ; but now we have before us a sound and careful English version (*The Bijak of Kabir*, published by the author at Hamirpur, U.P., 1917, pp. 236). The author is the Rev. Ahmad Shah, a learned missionary, who has already won high distinction by his translation of the *Quran* into Hindi and Urdu and by his Concordance and Glossary of it in English and Urdu. Mr. Shah's work on the *Bijak* is spoken of by all competent critics with high approval. *Bijak* means literally a Chart or Plan. In times of disturbance and conquest people used to bury their treasure and dig it up subsequently by the help of a plan. Kabir himself says : " The *Bijak* tells the secret of the treasure which is hidden : the word tells of the spirit ; there are but few who understand it." Already in 1911 Mr. Shah had published a critical Hindi text of the *Bijak*, superseding all prior texts, and containing 235 hymns and 442 *sakhis*. As there are said to be no less than 5,000 *sakhis* or sayings in rhymed couplets claiming to be Kabir's in circulation, it is evident that the major portion of them is by followers and not by the master himself. Mr. Shah's version is thus based on a good foundation, but even so the difficulties are very great, for the Hindi of Kabir's time is to the Hindi of to-day as Chaucer to modern literary English ; moreover it is a local dialect at that, impossible now to control, and in addition there are no ancient MSS. of the *Bijak* to consult. Indeed no little of the authentic work of Kabir is exceedingly obscure and the meaning of many a phrase has to be averaged by the ordinary knower of Hindi. This may account for the wide differences in translation, though presumably the texts may also differ considerably. To illustrate this two examples may be given. Little in Macauliffe's Sikh selection is to be found in the *Bijak*. Here, however, is a specimen— a verse from Kabir's famous Acrostic, as it is called :

When the fear of God is produced, all other fears depart ;
All other fears are absorbed in that fear.
If man reject the fear of God, then he hath fear of man ;
When he no longer feareth man, the fears of his heart flee away.

The italics are additions ; Mr. Ahmad Shah renders this quite simply :

From fear springs fear : and fear is stored in fear.
Who fears fear, will return to fear ; and fear again is laid up in fear.

In Sir Rabindranath's hundred poems I have been able to identify only two short pieces from the *Bijak*.

Here is one containing the graphic symbolism of the world swing ("The whole world swings in the swing of delusion") used frequently by Kabir. The modern poet's fine paraphrase runs :

Between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, there has the mind made a swing :
Thereon hang all beings and all worlds, and that swing never ceases its sway.
Millions of beings are there : the sun and the moon in their courses are there :
Millions of ages pass and the swing goes on.
All swing ! the sky and the earth and the air and the water ; and the Lord Himself taking form :
And the sight of this has made Kabir a servant.

The new translation of the *Bijak* reads very differently, thus :

Coveting and desire its side posts, thus the mind has set a swing.
The lives of all the world are swinging : nowhere is a firm abode.
Wise men swing there in their wisdom : there the kings and people swing.
Sun and moon swing there together : no one found the secret out.
Four and eighty millions swinging : Ravj's son * pursued and took them.
Countless ages, æons passed : alas ! not yet has one paid heed.
Earth and sky swing there together : there the air and waters swing.
Hari has taken form, is swinging : the Swan Kabir beholds it all.

The rest of this paper will be best employed in giving the reader a small taste of Kabir's quality. For him there is but one reality—God. God is the immanent reality in all things, and above all in the heart of man. In one fine hymn the second half of every line is the haunting refrain : "O Rama that lives in all !" God is personal, if you will, the one, and yet beyond all being. "In all I am—and am not. Me they pronounce, now this, now that." And so Kabir declares of this latter changing God-idea : "If I speak truth, he is not He : but the lie is dear to all." Still more cryptically he sings : "One has entered into all, and all entered into the one." The mystic meaning of this utterance is well brought out by another of still greater profundity : "A drop has fallen into the ocean, all know it well.

* The messenger of death.

That the ocean is within the drop, this is understood by few." For Kabir, Sir Edwin Arnold's famous line, "The dewdrop slips into the shining sea," would be at best a half truth. Hence "Man is at once mad and wise: God dwells in his heart, but he knows it not." There is but one God; difference of names, Moslem and Hindu, is naught: "Brother, whence came two diverse masters of the world? Who has led you astray? Allah, Rama, Karim, Keshava, Hari, Hazrat are but names that are given." God in the heart—this is the secret of all secrets. Kabir has come to call on all to awake to this one truth, to realize the fact of all facts, that the spirit within them is the spirit of God. All sleep in the sleep of ignorance and selfishness: "Saying 'mine' and 'thine,' all have lost themselves: and slept even from their mothers' womb. . . . No one awakes of himself; if I speak they are wrath."

Preaching this deep, intimate, personal religion of spiritual experience as the only thing that mattered, profoundly convinced of the essential brotherhood of all men, and an eloquent advocate of religious toleration, Kabir in his prophetic enthusiasm is by no means patient of the many religious abuses with which he found himself surrounded. It has been said that Kabir was the Luther of India—a by no means happy parallel, for he was a remorseless opponent of slavery to scripture, and this Luther assuredly was not. "Renounce the Vedas and the Book [i.e. *Quran*], O Pandit," he cries: "All these are fictions of the mind." When we remember the fanatical reverence of Hindus and Moslems alike for their sacred books, it is surprising that Kabir escaped with his life, for he never ceased to denounce the worship of the letter of the scriptures of every degree of sanctity and authority, and especially the formal systems of philosophy. "What is this knowledge," he asks, "that keeps men apart?" As regards even the most holy books, he would have it that: "The black crow blackened paper before him." Very boastfully—perhaps the utterance is that of a follower—we are told: "Half a *sakhi* [couplet] of Kabir is the life of four Vedas." In brief Kabir far out-Quakers the Quakers when he declares: "All read . . . [the sacred books], none have vision of the Inner Light." The Vedas may be "wise and clever," but they are "dumb"; they are "the mirror of the blind."

So too with regard to rites, ceremonies and pious practices, to all that vast complex of minute observance of every form and fashion which India has so conspicuously elaborated, Kabir breaks out indiscriminately against Moslem and Hindu custom

alike. The essential is not in any of these things. God has not instituted them; they are all man-devised. "No one has been made to read the Veda in the womb: the Turk is not born circumcised." He scorns the popular divinities: "Brahma has committed all manner of thefts: Brahma is guilty of all offences." Caste he detested as utterly opposed to brotherhood; all spirits, all men, come from one mint: "Revealed or manifest, there is but one stamp: whom can you call Brahman and whom Sudra?" "Let no false pride mislead you: that Hindu and Turk are of different family is false." Away with all such false notions, and above all remember that "without thinking of others' good no one can attain salvation." He rages against the sacrificers, the pious butchers: "They fast all day: at night they slaughter. . . . Here murder, there devotion: how can this please God?"

Above all things Kabir was no abstractionist or dualist. God is immanent in the universe; reality is a concrete reality. "When the body is all, the mind vanishes; when the mind is all, the body vanishes. Let body and mind be ever one; then, O Kabir, that is the Swan." And for Kabir the Swan (*Ham-sa*) was man's spiritual reality—the "I-He," the divine in man. Spiritual self-realization was the goal, the reality beyond change. "Where coming and going can get no hold, thither let the world go." Or again, more profoundly: "Can one say aught of rest and motion? He sits and yet moves upon his way." And so for Kabir "'Conscious' and 'unconscious' are the watchwords of a quarrel" simply. And indeed similarly for all the contraries, for: "The Eternal Essence is His own proof." The divine Swan is this immortal spirit in man: the life "that can fly without wings . . . that life will never know death." "Allah and Rama are names of thee, O soul divine! To whomsoever thou art merciful, thou art his lord."

It is remarkable that nowhere in Kabir do we come across a devil. He not infrequently speaks of hell, yet for him "heaven and hell have no existence except for the ignorant." There is a power of illusion, a power of ignorance, it is true; but this is apparently not so much in the nature of things as in human nature. Appearance and opinion in world and man is set ever against the one reality and truth. "O saint, that which comes and goes is Maya. The Protector, on Him Time has no hold: He has not gone nor has He come." In a number of passages he calls this Maya the world-witch; but for the most part his

interest is not in any scheme of cosmic illusion, but in what lies nearer at hand in man. For Kabir "Mind and Maya are one. Maya produces the mind." Yet is he very far from being a subjective illusionist or submissive psychical patient, for: "This world has become mad, entangled in the love of the Unseen. Deserting the Visible, it serves a God without substance." This is directed against the mind-made notions and ideal constructs of the theologians and the rest: "O Mind, you make your gods and goddesses!" This mind in man is set straitly over against the spirit in man, and to it he ascribes all man's errors. It is the ever desiring mind, wishing and fancying, the mind of opinion. This is the enemy. "You yourself are self-deceived. Like a dog in a house of looking-glasses, that died barking at illusion." Or again: "Into the chamber of mirrors entered a dog headlong: there at the sight of his own image he barked and barked till he died." Kabir's doctrine is that "the play is false, but the player is true." It is the play of desire; yet only he who "plays himself will see the play."

This must here suffice to give the reader a small taste of Kabir's quality. What seems to me to be the most striking inconsistency in his doctrine is the enormous stress he lays on the sanctity and authority of the religious teacher. The practical deification by Hindus and Sufis of the Guru or Pir has led and leads to incalculable abuses, and I cannot but think that Kabir must have meant by the Guru of whom he speaks with such reverence God and no man. This seems to be borne out by such a saying as: "Whomever I met was Guru: none I met who was Chela [pupil]"—which reminds us of the witty remark of Ramakrishna! "Of teachers there are many; the trouble is to find a disciple." Finally it is to be noted that the apologetic efforts which have been made to account for Kabir by a theory of Christian influence, are discountenanced by Mr. Ahmad Shah. Indeed one could wish that Kabir had come across some Christians. It would have been very interesting to have heard what he had to say about them; they would doubtless have fared no better at his hands than the others.

INDIA'S MAGIC WEAPONS

By EDMUND RUSSELL

"Dwell thee within my mind, and being remembered——"

ALL through ancient Sanscrit epics and legends trail the *Astras* or magic stars.

The frequency of mention and detail of description should give more attention than usually received. Particularly interesting at the present moment, they sweep far beyond asphyxia or shell-shock in effect.

Very puzzling, they are evidently not imaginary, though seeming only to have existed in psychic state. Carried to the fanciful exaggeration which was the sport of Brahmanic mind, one finds constant reference in serious, sentimental and even humorous form in a way which would apparently show them to be universally recognised and understood.

From being sometimes noted as burning and consuming the enemy translators have imagined them to be rockets or shells. But pictorial descriptions show our warrior calmly folding his arms on the field of battle and by mere

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despatching his weapons—arresting, paralysing, annihilating the hostile army by thought-power alone.

"Wet-Thunderbolt" and "Dry-Thunderbolt" are to us inexplicable. "Draught-Astra" and "Frost-Astra" alike unknown to our Astronomy.

"Trembling" or "Panic" could be launched to a whole host at the very brink of physical triumph. "Overpowering-With-Sleep" was another weapon of this spiritual armoury. *Paishacha* the "Red Flesh-Eater" was a devil's Astra; while *Sura*—"which steals away beauty"—was much cherished by women, who also claimed such psychic forces as "Allurement," "Intoxication," "Madness," which seem to be *Gandhava* or Lady-Astras. Magic, mesmerism, and electro-biology may be harnessed again to such service.

There were also Astras of blessing and beauty such as the *Maha Maya* "for Showering Gold"—magical star of illusion.

The gifts of heroism might also be shed, but mortal man must

chiefly depend on "cold-pointed-arrows"—which sounds very much like our faith in the efficacy of cold steel.

All the Puranic gods hurled such weapons.

The "Brahm-Astra" was terrible to a trinity of worlds.

The "Discus-of-Judgment" (earnestly sought for now) could instantly cause the extermination of a whole people.

The "Discus-of-Dharma" Nemesis itself.

The weapons of Vishnu are spoken of as ethereal. Those of Indra merciless. No one might escape the "Discus of Fate" but Vishnu the Preserver saved in destroying.

One war-star was called :—"Pounding-To-Atoms." Another :—"Shaking-To-Pieces." Grouping with :—"Tearing-Asunder," "Scorching-Over," and "Burning-Up."

The "Horse's-Head" "Heron's-Beak" and "Lion's-Mouth" are often epically referred to.

The "Skeleton," or "Bone-Breaking-Pestle" was said to be most terrible.

The "Bracelet-of-Bones," "Waist-Chain-of-Skulls" are attributes of both Kali and Shiva.

Only gods and heroes can summon and embody these. They perform their services by psychic call and inward volition.

There is a strange scene in the Ramayana, where his preceptor (*muni*) gives unto Rama the "incomparable assemblage" of Astras.

Rama touching with his hand—the Indian sign of acceptance—makes this most significant utterance :—

DWELL YE WITHIN MY MIND, AND,
BEING REMEMBERED,

SERVE ME.

When the modern hypnotist makes his victim not only believe he freezes, but actually shiver with cold in midsummer, is he not launching the "Frost-Astra" at him from his mind?

Was the New Testament turning water into wine, the spell of the "Intoxication-Astra"? Christ's "*Peace be Still*" and "*Take up thy bed and walk*" some of the star forms which Christian science is now bringing back?

Love-philterers have always sought *Maha-Mayas*—the Astras of Enchantment.

Black Magic draws from the "fainting," "whipping," "paralysing."

Some *Hatha-yoga-yogis* gaze down to the tip of the nose till ordinary consciousness is lost.

Some squint up to the corners of their eyebrows.

The concentration of the crystal, fixing on jewel, hand, or shining dish with which they whip up their ecstasy all belong to this group.

The story of the *Anushasana Parva* of the Mahabharata (Adhyaya XL) is one of the greatest curiosities of Hindu literature, for there, in singular fashion, these spells are used to protect a woman from the counter-charms of a besieging lover.

A *Rishi* leaves his disciple Vipula in solemn charge of his beautiful wife.

Finding her about to yield to a celestial visitor, the *chelah* summons all the occult knowledge his master has just been imparting to him to save his Guru's honour, *against the will* of the confided one.

But, as the translator states (a remarkable Irish mystic who studied the Ramayana from original texts and wrote in the *Dublin University Review* half a century ago*), although method and effect correspond exactly with those of modern mesmerism, the *theory* is quite different and peculiarly Hindu. The spirit and intelligence of Vipula *forsake his own flesh*, leaving his body inanimate, while he enters the woman's form and actually takes her place.

Knowing she is yielding to the charms of the seducing god, the young ascetic, seated near his preceptor's wife, re-magnetised the beautiful creature till she was as clay in his hands. Not for himself, but that he might be true to his trust, did he desire her—though he himself was young and beautiful.

"All his vibrations uniting to her vibrations—his two eyes upon her two eyes—Vipula entered her frame as the mind pervadeth empty space. His sight became her sight. His speech became her speech. His mouth became her mouth."

"He himself *vanished inward* and sat motionless."

She not aware of his presence.

He had taken under control her body, intent on keeping her safe, and thus guarded her all the time that his preceptor remained away.

When the Lord of the Devas came down he saw Ruchi—"with lotus eyes—with beautiful sidelong glances—with face that shone like the moon—with beautiful rounded form and bosom full of milk——"

* See *The Dream of Ravan*. Reprinted by The Theosophical Publishing Society, 1895.

Her charm astonished him. He also overpowered her. She desired to rise and offer reverence. But "that yet unslandered woman" could not move and felt as if chained.

And, although the thousand-eyed told her that he, a god, was suffering all earth-pangs for her as result of his passion, and though she thrilled with each glance and utterance, Muni Vipula "within the body housed" of his master's wife fastened down all her organs of sense.

She wished to say:—"Most radiant come! O come! I am thine!" But instead found herself uttering coldly:—"My husband is absent—to what do I owe the honour of this visit?" Which "with mature purity went forth from her moon-like mouth."

Inwardly she was abashed at having spoken such rudeness under another's control, but Vipula held her firm.

The Shaker-of-Cities standing there, became exceedingly perplexed, not used to this aversion.

But turning on his celestial search-light (the "third eye" so often referred to by Madame Blavatsky) he understood all and the *muni* was visible to him in her body.

Then the Deva became alarmed dreading the curse of the holy man.

(In all ancient writings the Brahmins hold their position by placing their powers even above gods.)

Indeed to the intruder from *Swarga* he is very impudent:—"Sin-breathing slave of the senses"—"Lord of the boyish intellect"—"Spirit uncontrolled"—asking if Gautama-Buddha did not teach him lessons enough severe (showing plainly the period in which the scrolls were written).

"Fool! By me this woman is guarded as you see,"—he even dares to say—"I do not wish myself to chastise, but if my terrible master see thee *sin-devising*, he will consume thee utterly for having dared to look upon the wife of a Brahmin." (Brahmin sages of highest austerity had wives—the celibacy of the medieval church never being practised in the Orient, where "Virginity is not pleasing to the gods" is an ancient saying.) A Brahmin *must* have a son to perform his *Shrad*—the ancestral sacrificial rites which carry on his soul.

He always *does* have a son, and only a son. Then he and his wife retire to holy ashramic life.

"Confiding in the idea of being immortal thou goest forth to sin. Beware of our vengeance. There is nothing too hard to accomplish by penitential austerities. We whom the scrip-

tures call 'Son-and-minister' smite with more power than a god."

The thousand-eyed abashed vanished on the spot.

The "*Noose-of-the-Law*" is an Astra that has always been thrown with terrible effect. Indeed with which we are expert to-day.

It is the sublime of magical revenge. The most secret, the most sure. The horrible power of the organised machine which is greater than the individual, which enables a man sitting quietly at his own desk to dwarf and crush the lives of thousands who must do his bidding even realising their doom, while he is respected as upright and—*just*.

The word *ASTRA* is derived from the root *AS*, to throw or send forward—a spiritual arrow.

May not these bear some analogy to the *Angels* of death, plague, destruction we read of in the Scriptures?

What is the *Voice* which said:—"I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of his spirit"—if not the "*Lying Astra*"?

When the angels smite the persecutors of Lot with blindness and delirium is not this an example of the scattering of senselessness, madness, illusion, by the gifts of Rama?

In the sublime image of The-Angel-of-the-Lord looking out of a pillar and "troubling the hosts of the Egyptians" we have the supernatural Astra of "Trembling" or "Panic."

The *Wrath-which-went-forth-to-destroy*, before which the host perished specially speaks in like words to the Astra of Judgment, which caused the extermination of a people.

There exists an Astra anecdote in Indian folk-lore full of that inexhaustible humour which has enriched the banyan tree of the "tales" of every land—which all can be traced back to the parent Indian stock whose magic philtres and powders have ensorcelated the world.

I have before alluded to the Gandhava "Fascination" Astra.

Kamatu, an old prime-minister, Polonius to the court of Ravan, had a favourite story about two giants called Amuk and Tamuk—the Gog and Magog of ancient days.

He figured himself in it and had told it so many times he knew it by heart and so did every one else.

The moment he began:—"I remember one day Amuk said to Tamuk," it was like "As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina"—and everybody knows: "It is time to have another drink" is going to follow.

Even his old friend Ravan (for he had been a personage of great importance) made off when he saw him coming.

This annoyed Kamatu. The recital of the story had grown to be a necessity to his existence. He swore he would *make* them listen. So he mounted his grey mare and rode off to Rishi Maricha.

Maricha was an old ascetic who inhabited a hermitage in one of the southern forests where he meditated on the three most abstruse and disagreeable divisions of transcendental wisdom.

The first, Self-Conquest, consists of three further divisions or branches—

Tyaga or abandonment of all things to which we reach out in desire. Including *Vairagya* or passionless indifference. Finally leading up to heroic self-mortification *Tapa*. All equally undesirable.

The second Unfoldment or rather contraction, also involves three stages.

One must first withdraw from the windows of the soul any remnants of the material senses which may still long to peer out occasionally and live only in *Yoga*, uniting the scattered spirit with the inward vision. Thus we reach *Samadhi* the mystic internal trance where one dies to all one cares for, but awakens in the spiritual world. The result of this prolonged self-concentration still higher is *Dhyana*, the original condition of the spirit; from which one may reblossom and live again if he wants to, in intuitive clairvoyance—this certainly a most serviceable attainment.

Further beyond shines *Siddhi* (perfection—Siddhartha "The Perfect One") or thaumaturgic power, which has thirteen more divisions; too diffusive to mention here, save that some seem enviable, such as "self-nutrition"—the power of instantaneous and spontaneous assimilation of the essentials of life from the atmosphere without external visible nourishment (a secret which seems to have escaped our philosophers or perhaps they have never sufficiently mastered the previous stages).

The "rest-power"—of reposing or napping at any time and under any conditions, which Napoleon, Bernhardt, and Queen Alexandra are supposed to have possessed and to possess to a superlative degree, is also one of these.

"Acquisition," the dominance of all one desires, is certainly the most sought psychic force in our Western world—in India usually followed by living naked in a cave.

In final apotheosis "Lordship"—"The radiance of celestials."

Maricha was very far advanced.

In appearance he looked like a bird-cage (the Indian expression for living-skeleton).

In food a *Wayubhaksha* or wind-eater. Way-back-sha, our boys would call him. But in attainment he was a *Khe-chara* or "sky-goer"—meaning he had no limit.

It was he who assumed the form of the gold-spotted deer to lure Rama from Sita.

Now Kamatu knew both the thaumaturgic power and the timorous character of the Rishi, so he was at first tender and respectful in begging the old bird-cage to give him the *Maha Maya* or Astra-of-Fascination.

But the good saint, knowing to what evil purposes this power could be abused, was deaf alike to his entreaties, his cajoleries, his caresses. Kamatu the Rakshasha saw there was no hope save through religious scruples.

So he ordered a degraded friar, practically his slave and in constant attendance on him, to assemble on the green prairie in front of the hermitage the whole of Kamatu's splendid zoological collection, which was very famous.

Summoned by magic arts fierce boars fresh from the jungle whetted their gleaming tusks against the trees. Great muzzled whining bears from the hills. Royal tigers. Spotted cheetas. Tawny wolves and striped hyenas. The black lions of Katthiawar. Elephants with majestic tread blowing perfumed dust over their backs. Long-striding camels, "their heads expressing weary endurance and contained revenge." Tiny coursers from the lands of the Yavan women, those Amazons of kings beyond the seas. Little Nepaulese horses scarce bigger than shepherds' dogs. Homely cows, then as now friends of man, with moist noses and odoriferous breath. Heavy slate-blue mud-loving buffalo. *Nilgāis* half cow half deer. Spotted fawns with pendants like earrings under their throat, making impossible jumps sideways. *Vambuks*, *Shrigats*. *Vanjari*. Black monkeys with white faces from the sandal coast of Malabar. Grey *bankas* and sooty *chapas* from the Isles of Palms. The striped *chani* squirrels which love to sport in banyan domes. Even pariah dogs.

Over them flew screaming cranes and cockatoos. Striped adjutants and paddy-birds stalked beside. Peacocks tilted their trains of emerald and gold. Speckled guinea-fowl. White and scarlet tippets. All of the feathered race most splendid, most affectionate, fit to be *vahan*-vehicle to Kandarpa, deity of Love.

When Maricha beheld this splendid collection of animals and birds he imagined that Kamatu had designed to make a last trial of his virtue by offering all as a propitiatory gift, and therefore began to steel himself for further resistance.

No sooner however had the menagerie entered the enclosure than the Rakshasha closed the gate, and taking a bow in his hand he swore that unless Maricha instantly delivered to him the Mohan-Astra he would slaughter them all before his very eyes and the guilt would lie on the *Rishi's* head.

The blow was as unexpected as terrible. But it was irresistible to the humane and scrupulous wicked-one.

Laying his hand beseechingly on the bow-string (in ancient India warriors generally carried two quivers, one behind each shoulder) the Yogi entreated him to forbear his bloody purpose.

He, Maricha, must yield to a request thus cruelly enforced. He only stipulated that the Astra never should be employed for the destruction of life; the subversion of right; the injury of innocence.

All this was readily granted, and the animals and birds were sent back to their respective parks.

Then the Rishi, leading the Rakshash into the depths of the wood at the back of his hermitage, began delivering to him with all the solemnities of its ritual the coveted Astra.

First, he taught the special Tantra, the magical formula of *Act*—this twofold.

The first division consisted in throwing some leaves of the *Asclepias-Gigantea* on an altar-shaped chafing-dish filled with live embers till the fumes rose in a thick cloud above their heads.

The second in pouring from a small vial some "Aquamirabilis," i.e., *Sankalp-odaka* (water-of-magical-volition), with which the thaumaturgist must sprinkle both himself and the party to be fascinated.

Finally he entrusted him with the *MANTRA* or formula of *Word*—the real secret of the incantation.

The *Rishi*, with face towards the east, slowly pronounced the magic spell, telling the Kamatar-Raksha to repeat carefully after him—

Hram ! Hrâm ! Hrim ! Hraum !

Khing !!

Yushmabhihi-Mahanam bharatu !

Glaum !!

San-Mohānam bhavatu !

Spheng !!

Pavi-Mohanum bhavatu !
Sphing !!
Kshrang ! kshrang ! kshring !
Kshrung !!
Kshreng ! kshraing ! kshrong ! kshraung !
Svaha ?
EI PANPHJ !!!
Phat !

In this formidable chaunt the third, fifth, seventh lines contain the command :—" Be ye fascinated," varied slightly with each repetition.

The short syllables in M and NG are irresistible adjurations to the *Devas* or Astric-powers invoked.

But the *KILA*, or "bolt of the spell," which clinches it (mark well), and on which its whole force and power depend, is the mysterious and difficult ejaculation in black letters. While all the rest may be pronounced mentally, this as it were must be *hurled* aloud.

Now Kamatur, being a scholar, succeeded very well at first, but when he came to the

" PANPHJ !!! "

he could not buckle the bolt at all.

He declared to Maricha that only a sneezing camel could accomplish it.

Maricha nonplussed for a moment, reflecting a bit, went to a bottle-bird's nest which swayed from an adjoining tree and took out something like a little crystal casket called *Gogalga* which contained grains of a feathery silver powder.

This was "Time-dust." Compounded in equal quantity of "condensed consciousness and duration." Its effect was when expanded to expand in time and occupy as large a portion as condensed in the grain. So act, thought, or word proceeding when the explosion took place, though really passing in but a minute, seemed to him under whose nose the Time-powder expanded, to endure a whole day or month, or year—nay, lifetime, century, age—according to the quantity of dust used.

Maricha, putting a cats-eye ring on his little finger (this stone forms one of the *nau-ratan* or nine-lucky-gem-ornaments of India almost universally worn, to be always on the safe side), threw one of the smallest grains of the powder upon the brazier in front of the elated Komatu at the same moment pouring from his Arghya or ablution-vase some of the *aqua-mirabilis* on his bare head.

The cats-eye ring prevented the rishi himself from being affected by the explosion but its effect upon the Rakshasha was to make him think he was experiencing three days of drenching rain and to keep him sneezing all the time so violently that he went over again and again the important EI PANPHJ and with this practice became perfect master of the *Mantra* and consequently of the coveted Mohan Astra.

He took leave in high spirits. But before he went he managed to covertly dip his fingers into the crystal casket while the *Rishi's* back was turned and to purloin one of the largest lumps of Time-dust. As however no evil ever goes without retribution in the long run he had not noticed the necessity of the cats-eye ring, without which the dust is useless.

"Thus his ungrateful theft though unnoticed was never of any service to him and ultimately met with severe punishment."

As soon as he got home he made preparation for a great *tamasha* to which he invited the king, his brother Bibhishana, and the whole court.

For this feast he caused to be slaughtered many of the birds and animals which the *Rishi* vainly imagined to have saved by conceding the *Mohan-Astra*. "Rarely does weak complaisance even done with good purpose produce the desired result."

The banquet was an orgie. As soon as wine had begun to unlock the assembly (it must be remembered that this was at the court of Ravan the demon-King of Lanka not in Vedic-Ramaic India) each guest seemed inspired to tell some tale of conquest of which he himself was hero. Here the host beckoning to his servitor, brought forth a chafing-dish. On this he piled some *Asclepias* leaves. Then, taking advantage of a momentary break in the conversation produced his bottle of *aqua-mirabilis* and fixing an eye of malicious meaning on Ravana began as it were quite carelessly :—

"That reminds me of what once happened to me in the time of my uncle. I remember one day Amuk said to Tamuk——"

The moment these words were heard a knowing smile ran round the circle of guests. The demon-king got up from the "lotus-lion-seat," his example followed by all present.

"My dear Kamatu, it is now late. We all need rest. There will be hard work with Hanuman and the monkeys to-morrow——"

Before he had time to finish, Kamatu had mentally pronounced the first part of the incantation and the white smoke was curling over their heads.

Suddenly signalling to his friar to pour out the *Sandalp-*

H

odaka he sprinkled himself and his guests with the water, finally hurling in a paroxysm the "*Ei-Panphj! phat!*"

Ravan and his friends were used to perfume-sprinkling and merely thought Kamatu had a fit of sneezing. They prepared to go off under cover of this lucky diversion as they thought it.

But they were soon undeceived.

From the moment that potent word was uttered none of them could move hand or foot. They could not resume their seats. Each one was compelled to remain like a silent statue in the attitude in which he happened to be. Every nerve alive. Every sense acute. The spell had taken effect. They knew their doom. They must listen to the story.

Kamatu, glorying in the attainment of his long-deferred revenge calmly took a seat and then began his:—

"One day Amuk said to Tamuk—"

He elaborated with cruel deliberation, dragging out each word, prolonging their discomfort and agony, mocking their moral torture with additions pauses and repetitions, going over trivialities again and again.

When he saw that their rigid attention was beginning to slacken in sign of waning spell he heaped fresh leaves on the brazier, sprinkling anew the assemblage with the miraculous water.

Thus he kept them till sunrise. In addition to the physical pain of being so long in one position there was the terrible fatigue of ears and minds so pounded all night by the ever-recurring Amuk and Tamuk—what they thought, what they said, what they did.

When the sun was just visible above the hills he cast a last handful of leaves on the chafing-dish, and sprinkling them all once more with the *sankalpodaka* he withdrew with his attendant and bolted himself into his inner apartments.

For some days the half-dead Titans who crawled home stupefied with the stupefying iteration of Amuk and Tamuk thought of nothing else but tearing him in pieces.

But after a short while they began to appreciate his capital and original piece of fun as a real joke, and it was agreed to keep the whole matter a profound secret. The king became fonder than ever of the perpetrator, and made him repeat the trick on his eighty-three thousand wives and all who had heard on the first night listened with the most perfect good breeding.

Whenever any foreign people or visiting princes were entertained Kamatu was begged to produce the *Maha-Mohan-Astra* and every fresh exercise of his power was a new diversion.

THE ORACLE OF DELPHI

By THE EDITOR

THE history of the Oracle of Delphi is one that makes a peculiar appeal to those who are interested in the prophetic side of the various religions of the world. The reputation of the Delphic Oracle, for reasons doubtless connected with the special circumstances of the case, stood higher than that of any other Oracle of the kind, and exercised on the Greek race a political influence which is comparable to nothing else in history than that of the Pope of Rome on mediæval Europe. On many different occasions the policy to be adopted by one Greek state or another, was submitted for approval to the Delphic Priestess, and the decision arrived at was dependent on the response of the Pythia. There was in classic times a total lack of political unity among the various Greek states. Under these circumstances the fact that the Oracle of Delphi was recognized on all hands by the entire Hellenic race as a sort of Court of Appeal on matters not only religious but also social and political, was necessarily of the utmost moment, as it typified as no other concrete fact could do, the essential unity of the Greek peoples.

To how early an age the Delphic Oracle dates back, it is impossible to say; but it seems clear that the original shrine was not that of Apollo but of Ge, or Gaea, the Goddess of Earth. We shall probably be right in saying that Apollo superseded Gaea when the Greek or Hellene race took possession of the country and subjugated the earlier inhabitants. Thus Pausanias tells us that "in the most ancient times the Oracle was an Oracle of Earth," and his statement is confirmed by Plutarch, and also by Diodorus Siculus. Plutarch adds that the Temple of Ge stood to the south of that of Apollo near the waters of Castalia, and the fact of the existence of this temple has been confirmed by a recently discovered inscription in the locality. The python of tradition was apparently the dragon, the guardian of the shrine of Ge, which, according to the ancient legend, Apollo vanquished and overcame. The Pythia, being originally the priestess of the earth goddess, drew her inspiration from subterranean sources, receiving through a cleft of the earth the vapour which threw her into a prophetic trance. There was obviously in their origin nothing in common between such

methods of divination, and the atmosphere surrounding Apollo, the god of the sun and of day. The story in regard to this chasm attributed the discovery of it to a certain shepherd named Coretas, who drove his flock of goats across it, and noticed how they became intoxicated by the vapour and emitted strange cries. Doubtless this story is legendary and merely given in explanation of the peculiar association of the goat with Delphic worship. It was customary to sacrifice goats before consulting the Oracle, and the goat figured on numerous Delphic coins. The python of Delphi was also alleged to have been nursed by a goat. Evidently, the goat was the Delphic totem or mascot as it would now be called. It is curious to note in this connection that the sign of the goat, Capricorn, is still traditionally related to Greece in astrological lore.

With Ge, as patroness of the Oracle, was associated her daughter, Themis. Themis, no doubt, originally indicated the decree of the god, and this in a sense personified Prophecy as manifested in the oracles.

Among other gods whose worship was associated with Delphi was the sea god Poseidon, a relationship probably explained by his familiar epithet of the "earth-shaker," Delphi being near the sea and subject to volcanic disturbances. Mr. Dempsey, the author of *The Delphic Oracle, its Early History, Influence and Fall*,* holds that the cult of Poseidon was originally Pelagian, i.e., pre-Greek. His worship would thus be associated with that of Ge at Delphi. When later on Apollo superseded the earth goddess we find him encouraging the worship of Dionysus in association with his own. Perhaps the Bacchic phrenzy was credited with a prophetic character. Otherwise it seems difficult to understand the close association of the Dionysiac with the Apolline cult. The oracles, however, were solely attributed to Apollo. The Pythia, who was held to voice Apollo's responses, was always a freeborn woman and native of Delphi, the only stipulation with regard to her being that she should have spent her life in a virtuous manner. Originally virginity was a *sine quâ non* for holding this office; but afterwards, we are informed by Diodorus Siculus, married women were chosen by preference, owing presumably to some scandal that had arisen with the Pythia.†

Before mounting the tripod and uttering her oracles, the

* *The Delphic Oracle*. By Rev. T. Dempsey, M.A., B.D., with Prefatory Note by R. S. Conway, Litt.D. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 6s. net. A very comprehensive and instructive study of the historical evidence in relation to the Oracle.

† By the time of Plutarch the earlier regulation had been reverted to.

Priestess had to prepare herself by fasting and bathing in the Castalian spring. In the event of the omens proving favourable, she also chewed the leaves of the sacred laurel, drank from the water of the spring Cassotis, and burned laurel leaves and barley meal in the never-dying fire on the altar of the god. It is clear that the conditions required for divination and prophecy were the same at Delphi as those recognized to be necessary for the purpose by occultists in all ages and climes; for Plutarch tells us that before the Pythia ascends the tripod she must have her soul free from perturbation; in other words, she must attain that placid and tranquil state of mind which has been compared to a mirror, or again, to a still pool of motionless water. As Rückert says in verses which are steeped in the atmosphere of occultism:

There are two mirrors where in bliss reflected lie
 The sun of heaven and the spirit-sun most high.
 One mirror is the sea, o'er which no storm-wind blows;
 The other is the mind that no disquiet knows.*

With regard to the source of the Pythia's inspiration, there seems no reason to question the statement of both Pausanias and Strabo that this was an exhalation or natural gas ascending from a chasm in the earth, over which the prophetic tripod was placed. It is true that the chasm in question is no longer to be found; but this is readily accounted for by the seismic and volcanic conditions of the neighbouring country, even if we discredit the dubious story that Nero had the fissure in question closed up.

That there was room enough for fraud in the interpretation of oracles, admits of no doubt. The priest whose duty it was to give to the world the replies of the Pythia in hexameter verse, might well transmute their meaning in the process. There is obviously no reason again to suppose that each successive Pythia was equally endowed with the requisite psychic qualifications for her office. Moreover, the priesthood at Delphi was the recipient of many rich gifts on the part of supplicants who hoped for responses in conformity with their interests or ambitions, and, where political advice—for it often amounted to this—was what was requested, it is easy to see how the officiating priest, if not the Pythia herself, might have been swayed by external influences. The wonder rather is that the reputation of the oracle under the circumstances remained as high as is known to have

* *The Brahman's Wisdom*. Translated by E. M. Martin. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C. 1s. 6d. net.

been the case. Then, too, there was the obvious temptation to hedge; i.e., to give responses susceptible of a double interpretation, so that in the event of the non-fulfilment of the prophecy, the priest might be in a position to reply that the Oracle had been misunderstood. Such, of course, is the case with the reply sent to Cræsus when he inquired if he should attack the Persian monarch: *Κροῖσος Ἄλυν διαβάς μεγάλην ἀρχὴν καταλύσει.* "Cræsus, having crossed the Halys, will destroy a mighty empire," the empire proving in the event to be his own.

There is no doubt that this oracle lured Cræsus to his doom. He had already taken every precaution in sending a preliminary test to six different Greek oracles, and the Oracle of Delphi was the only one which was equal to the severity of the test submitted. He felt, therefore, justified in relying upon its advice as regards his projected military expedition. The story is, however, very characteristic of the powers and limitations of the psychic temperament. Those who have had most experience in connection with it know well how extraordinarily accurate it may prove in one instance, and how hopelessly at sea it may be in another. For though doubtless the ambiguity may have been intentional, it is hard to believe that the Pythia's real meaning was other than that which appeared on the surface.

The characteristic receptivity of the psychic temperament is well illustrated by another instance. When the Athenians were threatened by the advancing hosts of Xerxes, they naturally sent envoys to consult the Delphic god. The first reply was a counsel of despair. It proved that the Pythia had been hypnotized by the general panic, and she bade the envoys who had come for comfort to "fly to the ends of the earth, leaving their homes and the topmost heights of their wheel-shaped city." The horrified envoys did not dare to bring home to Athens so portentous a response to their appeal. In their difficulty they took counsel of the Delphians, and in particular of an influential Delphian citizen of the name of Timon. Timon realized that in the case of Greek deities, as in the case of women, it is by no means invariably necessary to take "No" for an answer. He advised the envoys to take supplicatory branches, for the god's decision was not immutable, and to approach the Oracle in the guise of suppliants a second time. They acted accordingly, and on their arrival at the temple begged of Apollo to "Vouchsafe some better response regarding our country, reverencing these suppliant boughs wherewith we are come to thee, else we depart not from thy shrine, but remain here till death." This time

they received a more propitious reply. Olympian Zeus, it appeared, had turned a deaf ear to Athena, but still there was a way of escape. "For when," said the Oracle, "all is taken that the boundary of Cecrops encloses, and the recesses of sacred Cithæron, wide-seeing Zeus gives to the Triton-born a wooden wall to be alone impregnable, which shall preserve thee and thy children. Nor do thou quietly await the cavalry and infantry that in a mighty host are advancing from the mainland, but turn thou back and withdraw. Thou shalt yet live to fight another day. Oh, Salamis divine, thou shalt cause the sons of women to perish when the corn is scattered or gathered." Themistocles interpreted the wooden walls alluded to by the Oracle to refer to the Athenian navy, and counselled the Athenians to act on the Pythia's advice, abandon their city and make preparations for a naval engagement. As a consequence Greece was saved by the triumph of Salamis, and the Athenians, grateful for their deliverance from the imminent disaster, offered first-fruits to the Delphian god. It was certainly a case of the Oracle's second thoughts being best. Doubtless, on the first occasion, they had not found the Pythia with her mind in a sufficiently tranquil state.

It stands to reason that the Delphic Oracle was constantly consulted in matters of religion and religious ritual. In fact, Delphi was a kind of supreme tribunal with regard to such questions. But other matters of a far more practical kind came within the scope of Delphic guidance and control. Two races and two only in the history of the world have proved pre-eminently successful in colonial adventure—the Greeks in the ancient world, and the British in the modern. The Greek colonial empire may be almost said to have been built up under the ægis of the Delphic god. In matters of legislation and political dispute the Oracle was wont to show rare worldly wisdom and acumen, but in no sphere of action was its influence so beneficial as in that of the founding of Greek colonies. At the inception of any such project the Oracle was consulted as a matter of course. It was not merely asked for its approval of the enterprise, but for advice as to the locality to be colonized, and the conditions of the new colony's establishment. Nay more, it even pressed the founding of colonies on reluctant states. As Callimachus says in his hymn to Apollo, "Phœbus ever delights in the founding of cities, and with his own hand lays their foundation." We may compare the text from the Psalms of David, "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost

that build it." Herodotus attributes the disasters which befell Dorieus to the fact that he led out a colony without having consulted the Oracle of Delphi as to what land he should go to, or having conformed to any of the customary regulations. "A new colony," as Mr. Dempsey well says, "was in reality a new sanctuary in which the gods of the mother city would take up their abode." We still use the phrase "moving our household gods" as an expression for changing our abode, but the phrase originated with the Greeks and Romans, and with them represented a real religious sentiment. Thus when it was decided to inaugurate a fresh colony, it was Apollo himself who was looked to to point out the spot where the new home of the Greek race should be established. A curious instance of this insistence of the Greek Oracle on the importance of colonizing is to be found in connection with the founding of Cyrene by the Theræans. Whenever Grinus, King of Thera, consulted the Oracle on any matter of general interest, or the citizens of Thera applied to it in regard to advice in case of drought or other trouble, the invariable response was that Battus, a prominent citizen of that city, should found a colony in "sheep-feeding Libya." Finally the persistence of the Oracle was rewarded, and the founding of Cyrene was the result. The advice proved pre-eminently wise, for the site was one of the finest in the world, and the city eventually attained to great wealth and prosperity under the dynasty of Battus and his descendants.

It will be obvious from cases like this that the Delphic Oracle did not depend merely on divine intimations received by psychic means. An Oracle which was capable of giving such wise advice on such a vast range of different matters, political and social, must have been in a position to collect information of a most valuable kind from all sources. As a matter of fact Delphi through its Oracle was in touch with all parts of the then known world. Envoys came to the shrine of Apollo with offerings not merely from Greek, but also from Barbarian countries, and the Delphic priesthood made the best use of the knowledge thus obtained. The discrimination shown in the advice given through the mouth of the Priest enhanced the credit and fame of the Greek race and redounded to the glory of the Delphic god. Delphi, in consequence, enjoyed a form of religious suzerainty in all the countries bordering the Eastern Mediterranean as far as Italy and Sicily,* and this suzerainty was constantly acknowledged in a practical form by tithes of produce and other rich gifts. In

* If not further, for Marseilles (Massilia) was also a Greek colony.

matters of legislation, too, the assistance and intervention of the Delphic Oracle was frequently sought, and while the tradition that the Spartan constitution of Lycurgus was dictated to him by the Pythia is doubtless an exaggeration, there seems little question that the Spartan lawgiver, in introducing his code, sought and acted upon the Pythia's advice.

In social matters, no less than in matters political, the Delphic Oracle played an important and generally creditable part. A curious custom associated it with the enfranchisement of slaves. The slave could deposit with the god a certain sum according to the estimated value of his services—a sum which was eventually paid over in the presence of witnesses to his former master. He thus became liberated from his master and by a legal fiction became the slave of the god. The god, however, merely accepted his nominal dependence upon him for the purpose of setting him free. The slave, it is worth noting, having no rights against his master according to Athenian law, could not have purchased from him direct his own freedom, but the fact of his entrusting the sale to the god invested the transaction with a kind of divine sanction which his owner would hesitate to violate for fear of incurring the displeasure of the deity.

When the independence of Greece perished at the hands of Philip of Macedon, the Delphic Oracle lost caste and no longer enjoyed that sense of freedom and security which had enabled it to exercise its religious functions with such eminent success. It had indeed already lost some credit in the Peloponnesian war, owing to its open partiality for the Spartan side, for which it quite correctly, but with too much obvious satisfaction, predicted the victory.* The Temple at Delphi was destroyed, apparently by earthquake, about 371 B.C., and was not rebuilt for more than half a century later. Delphi was next assailed by the Gauls under Brennus (279 B.C.) who had previously overrun Macedonia. The Gauls were after plunder, and certainly sacked the Temple, though stories were told of the miraculous intervention of Heaven on behalf of the Oracle. In any case the Gauls retreated, having apparently suffered eventual defeat in spite of damage done, and in gratitude to their celestial deliverers the Greeks instituted a festival in honour of Zeus, the Saviour, and Pythian Apollo, which was celebrated every four years at Delphi with musical and poetical contests, as well as athletic sports. A partial revival of its former fame followed these events; but Greece was now an impoverished country,

* The Delphians ended by openly siding with Sparta against Athens.

soon to become a province of the Roman Empire, and the credit of the Oracle had decayed with the decadence of the Greek race, with whose fortunes it was identified. Later on certain of the Roman Emperors, notably Trajan and Hadrian, set themselves to revive its ancient glories. Hadrian's own sympathies were strongly Greek. He himself twice consented to be elected honorary Archon, and the cult of Apollo was fostered under his auspices by a series of legislative enactments. This revival was, however, only for a time. The triumph of Christianity involved the degradation of all ancient forms of religion, and the Temple itself was despoiled for the purpose of embellishing Constantine's new capital in the East. Julian, doubtless, had he lived, would have re-established the Oracle on its old basis, recognizing in it a symbol of a regenerated paganism; but his reign was cut short before he had time to achieve any of his cherished projects. Tradition tells of his sending his quæstor and physician, Oribasius, to consult the Oracle on his behalf, when departing for his ill-starred Persian expedition. The Temple, however, was in ruins, and the Pythia sadly bade his envoy: "Tell the King, to earth is fallen the gloriously-wrought palace. Phœbus possesseth no longer either shelter or prophetic laurel, or fount of speaking waters." Finally the Emperor Theodosius ordered the Temple to be closed, and his successor had it demolished.

Thus perished from the earth the most remarkable monument that has ever been erected to the belief of mankind in the reality of divine inspiration, and its practical importance in the guidance of mundane affairs. The modern sceptic may indeed argue that the whole edifice of Apollo's Oracle was erected on a basis of ignorance and credulity. Socrates, however, and Plato thought otherwise, and after all, among the many notable achievements of Science, there is none more significant than this one signal triumph of "Superstition."

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EUSAPIA PALLADINO

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, PH.D.

WELL I remember the first day we called upon Eusapia Palladino—the Hon. Everard Feilding and myself. We had travelled to Naples, on behalf of the English Society for Psychical Research, to hold a series of séances there ; and *en route*—to assist in our amicable reception—I had procured courteous letters of introduction to her from Dr. J. Maxwell, M. Flammarion, and M. Courtier, of the General Psychological Institute, of Paris. I had arrived in Naples one rainy day in November, 1908, and had been joined the next day by Mr. Feilding, who had come on direct from England. (Mr. W. W. Baggally, the third member of the Committee, only arrived several days later, after our fourth séance). The day following Mr. Feilding's arrival, we journeyed to Eusapia's home, in order to make arrangements for the sittings. We drove through a maze of back streets, through an old courtyard, and finally reached her abode by climbing up a number of steep flights of stairs. To our disappointment, we learned that she had gone out, but that she would soon be back. Would we not wait ? Her young and handsome husband admitted us into a small and stuffy room, closely shuttered, the walls of which were adorned with scores of signed photographs of celebrities. Here were portraits of Lombroso, Morselli, Schiaparelli, Botazzi, and other men of science who had inquired into, and endorsed, her phenomena. Here were also photographs of men and women famous throughout the world in the realms of art, letters and politics. It was truly an impressive collection. We waited, chatted with Eusapia's husband, drank the *curaçao* offered us, until, after ten or fifteen minutes, steps resounded upon the stairs. The great Eusapia herself stood in the doorway !

I shall never forget my first impressions of this remarkable woman. Her charm and magnetism were truly extraordinary. Though unlettered (she could neither read nor write, save her own name) she possessed a keenness of mind, an alertness, a scintillation, a personal charm and magnetism, quite unique and unrivalled. Whenever Eusapia entered a room, she was sure at once to be the centre of attraction and interest. Her bright,

flashing eyes seemed to emit streams of living fire ; her whole form radiated magnetism ; her conversation was so witty and so pungent that it often required an intellect of no mean order to keep up with it. Her conversation was animated and gay ; she was in a good humour. Arrangements were soon completed for a series of sittings, to be held in our rooms at the Hotel Victoria (Naples), and we left, well pleased with the result of our interview.

How different a picture was presented to us, now that I look back upon it, by this same Eusapia, at the conclusion of our first séance : Weak, drawn, ill, nauseated, hysterical, deeply lined about the face, physically and mentally ill—such was the wreck of her former self which we perceived at the conclusion of the first two-hour séance. Hardly able to walk, she leaned heavily upon us for support. All her energy had vanished. Her memory was gone ; likewise her interest in everything—her magnetism, her vitality. She seemed to have actually lost weight during the proceedings. (Experiments subsequently proved that she actually did so, at times.) She descended the hotel stairs with dizzy feeble steps, leaning heavily upon our arms. We saw her drive off—a broken shrivelled old woman:

Yet the next day, when we again called upon her, she was practically as vivacious and lively as ever : A night's rest and sleep seemed to have restored her completely. From this we learned a valuable lesson—viz., that Eusapia's powers, vital in character, seemed to accumulate as the days passed—and particularly at night—and were expended during a séance with prodigious rapidity and extraordinary force. We later learned that this expenditure was usually greatest with strangers—when she was not feeling well or at ease ; and that she was relatively weak when she was unhappy, worried or unwell. In other words, those conditions which would normally prevent or hinder the manifestation of physical, mental or moral force in any other channel, also inhibit its manifestation in so far as psychic manifestations are concerned. The same factors which would prevent a musician from composing a piece of music or a scientist from writing an article " On Relativity," would also prevent a medium from giving a good séance.

It is hardly necessary, at this time, to remind the reader of the general character of Eusapia Palladino's séances. They are well known to every student of psychical science. They consisted, for the most part, of purely *physical* manifestations—movements of objects without contact, levitations of the séance table, cold breezes, playing upon musical instruments without apparent

cause, raps, materializations—partial or complete—impressions in clay of hands, faces, etc. These phenomena would often display a certain intelligence of their own, however ; as though some mind were behind them, instigating and inspiring them ; and it is an interesting and significant fact—which I have before pointed out and commented upon—that the deeper the trance of the medium, the more immobile she became, the better and more striking were the phenomena, and the greater the distance from her at which they occurred. This is, of course, precisely what we should *not* expect, were the manifestations the result of trickery pure and simple. We repeatedly noticed that, when the medium was restless and fidgety, constantly moving her hands and feet, the phenomena were sporadic and flighty, undependable, and many of them suspiciously resembling those which might have been produced by fraud. On the contrary, when the medium allowed herself to become deeply entranced, when she trusted the sitters, felt that they understood her trance, and that she could rely upon them to look after her properly when in that state—when she allowed herself to sink back, immobile and passive, into the arms of her controllers, and remain in that condition, hardly moving a muscle for a hour or more at a time, the best and most striking manifestations took place. Under these conditions—when both hands and both feet were under perfect control ; when the head of the medium was resting upon my shoulder, and every part of her body was passive and adequately controlled—the most startling occurrences were witnessed, sometimes at great distances from her ; where she could not possibly have reached, even were her hands and feet free ; and when there was a clearly lighted space between her body and the object—in which every one could see that nothing visible existed.

The ten séances which I shared with Messrs. Feilding and Baggally, in Naples, were happily supplemented by more than thirty others, in New York, during which I had ample opportunity to judge the value of her phenomena judicially and impartially ; and become thoroughly accustomed to their general characteristics. I emerged from them more than ever convinced of the genuine nature of her phenomena ; and, in spite of the trickery which Eusapia unfortunately resorted to, at times, and in which she was caught more than once, I nevertheless base my belief upon those manifestations which I have seen, and which could not possibly have been accounted for by any of the methods detected or suggested, which fail completely to account for the more striking and convincing manifestations.

Let me state, just here, my own theory as to the nature of the trickery which Eusapia was known to practise and its relation to the apparently genuine phenomena ; also, why it was that Eusapia—granting that she had genuine power—resorted to trickery at all. I have many times set forth my views in this connection ; but I will state them once again.

Eusapia Palladino depended, for the production of her phenomena, upon a power over which she had no control. At times, this energy would be strong ; at other times it would be weak. When it was strong, the phenomena would begin at once, and nothing we could do would prevent them. We might tie her with ropes, encase the legs of the table in wooden cones, etc.—nothing mattered. The manifestations went on, very striking in character, and continued almost without a break. When, on the other hand, the power was weak, we would wait for an hour or more before anything happened. Then, rather than send her sitters away, Eusapia would endeavour to “ produce ” phenomena—and it was at such times that she would resort to trickery. If she had been a wise woman, she would have said to her sitters : “ I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen ; I can do nothing to-night. We will try to-morrow ” ; all would have been well. But no ! She would not do this. She was “ the great Palladino ”—she must not fail ! Here lay her streak of vanity ; herein lay her undoing. For, every now and then, she would get caught in this trickery, and then there would be a big fuss and wide publicity, and her mediumship would receive a blow from which it would take years to recover. This is what happened at Cambridge, in 1895 ; and this is what happened in America in 1910.

Of course the objection has been raised, that if a medium is ever caught cheating, she must be discredited in the future ; and in the majority of cases, this may be a solid enough rule to follow. But in such a case as Eusapia's, where scores of scientific men of the greatest eminence have professed their belief in her powers, while acknowledging her trickery, the case is surely different. William James has answered this objection with his usual clarity of language. Speaking of this very subject, he says (*Memories and Studies*, pp. 179-83) :

Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus, once a cheat, always a cheat ; such has been the motto of the English psychical researchers in dealing with mediums. I am disposed to think that, as a matter of policy, it has been wise. . . . But, however wise as a policy the S.P.R.'s maxim may have been, as a test of truth, I believe it to be almost irrelevant. In most things human the accusation of deliberate fraud and falsehood

is grossly superficial. Man's character is too sophistically mixed for the alternative of 'honest or dishonest' to be a sharp one. . . .

Personally I base my belief not upon those manifestations which might conceivably have been produced by fraud, but upon those relatively rare ones which could not possibly (or to my mind conceivably) have been so produced. Let me cite two or three examples of these—chosen almost at haphazard.

At the conclusion of our second Naples séance, Eusapia standing up, about a foot in front of the curtains of the cabinet, which were closed behind her, the strings of the mandoline were strummed, in exact synchronism with the movements of her fingers. Here were the conditions. The mandoline was leaning against the corner of the room. In front of it, lying upon its side, *within* the cabinet, and forming as it were a sort of "fence," was the small table which had been placed in the cabinet. In front of this were the cabinet curtains. About a foot in front of these stood the medium—a clearly lighted space being between her body and the cabinet curtains. Her head and her hands were completely visible. We repeatedly passed our hands between the medium's body and the cabinet, to assure ourselves that no attachment of any kind existed between the medium and any object in the cabinet. Under these conditions, Eusapia took one of our hands in one of hers, holding it palm-up, "picked" the palm with her finger (of the other hand), and in synchronism with this movement, a string of the mandoline in the cabinet would resound with a distinctly audible "ting." No one was present except Mr. Feilding and myself; the séance was held in our own rooms in the hotel; a moment after the manifestation occurred, we parted the cabinet curtains, and assured ourselves that no one was in the cabinet, and that no connection of any kind existed between the medium and the instrument.

On another occasion, in New York, Mr. S. S. McClure was forcibly pushed away from the cabinet, as he tried to approach it, by what he described as "two hands, placed upon his chest," when everyone in the circle could see that nothing visible touched him, and that there was a clearly lighted space of about four or five feet between his body and that of the medium.

On another occasion, Eusapia being securely held hand and foot, outside the cabinet, I have gone into the cabinet, during the height of a séance, and taken hold of the small séance-table, upon which the musical instruments were placed. I could see across the table; see that nothing visible was there; yet an invisible "being" of some sort wrestled with me for the possession of the

table, and finally succeeded in throwing myself and the table completely out of the cabinet—though I have always been considered pretty athletic, and done much boxing, etc., in my younger days. All this, be it remembered, when nothing visible held the opposite side of the table, and when the medium was held very securely hand and foot, by two sitters, *outside* the cabinet. This happened on several occasions.

On still another occasion, the mandoline floated over the séance table, outside the cabinet, and in the middle of the circle of sitters, and continued floating about there, playing all the time, for at least half a minute, while every one could *see* that nothing visible was touching it. We repeatedly assured ourselves, during this manifestation, that no "reaching rods," threads, hairs, etc., were present, and that nothing material supported the instrument in any way.

On yet another occasion, I assured myself most particularly that both feet and both hands of the medium were securely held; at my request, the sitters on either side lifted up each one in turn, to show me that they were actually holding separate hands and feet. Under these conditions—and the medium's head being visible—I knelt upon the séance table, and, stretching up as high as I could reach, held the accordion against the curtains of the cabinet. A "hand" grasped the other end of the accordion, and played it with me, by moving it back and forth, for fully half a minute—all this about four feet above the medium's head, while her hands and feet were visible and securely held.

It is useless for any one to try and tell me that these phenomena were produced by means of the medium's toe, which, slipped out of her shoe, she had cunningly introduced under the leg of the séance table! I know better. I have seen phenomena which such critics have not seen; and it is upon these that I base my opinion and my faith. These once accepted, however, I am prepared to accept, as genuine, many of the lesser phenomena—since I feel that the phenomena are undoubted; and if genuine in greater things, why not in lesser ones also?

It must be clearly borne in mind that these striking manifestations did not *always* occur. They only take place when the medium was in deep trance; and I have only seen her in that state four or five times, in all the séances I have held. When the trance was only light, or when there was no trance, only minor manifestations took place; and one who has only seen these phenomena is not entitled to make up his mind regarding the value of the case as a *whole*, until he had seen both sets of pheno-

mena. This the American investigators did *not* do ; and herein lay the fault of their investigation. They saw only poor and inconclusive séances ; and upon these they were not justified in forming an opinion. They also caught Eusapia in trickery of the character frequently described before. But, in view of the mass of evidence which had been accumulated in the past, and the eminence of the men who had previously investigated her, it was surely ill-advised to publish negative conclusions, based only upon these poor séances—which, as I have tried to show, differ radically from the conclusively “ good ” ones.

On a number of occasions, also, curious things happened which could not be accounted for, by any normal means. Thus, during one séance, Eusapia said she felt that Lombroso would materialize : As a matter-of-fact, Lombroso did *not* materialize, nor did any one else ; but, directly over the séance-table, there formed what I can only describe as a vortex of energy—a sort of psychic whirlpool or waterspout, so apparent to all the circle of sitters, that one or two of them had to leave the table—it made them so dizzy. It could be felt, very plainly, for a radius of about three feet ; beyond this, it was insensible in its effects. As soon as one came within this distance, however, its power was very noticeable—though nothing was visible, as I have said, and nothing formed. I remember that, at the time, I was reminded of Algernon Blackwood's story “ Sand,” which so vividly describes a similar phenomenon in the Sahara Desert.

On several occasions Eusapia transferred her power to me (seemingly) by placing her hand upon my shoulder—in much the same way that D. D. Home transferred his power of handling red-hot coals to his sitters upon occasion. (I called attention to this fact in my communication to the Second Psychological Congress, held in Paris.) I felt nothing, but Eusapia placing her hand upon my shoulder, said to me, “ Now, *you* do it ! ” Whereupon, if I placed my hands in front of the cabinet curtains, they would blow out, as though my hands attracted them ; or I would place my hand over a small stool, and *that* would follow wherever I moved it—backwards and forwards—the stool moving about over the floor during the process. During these experiments, which were always made in fairly good light, we could all *see* that nothing visible was attached to the moving object.

Outside of her séances, however, Eusapia seemed to possess little or no mediumistic power. Experiments conducted here in New York, in crystal gazing, automatic writing, etc., yielded negative results ; nor could I trace any connection between her

dreams and the séance memories. (I undertook a series of tests, in this direction, to see if any connection could be discovered between "John King," her *soi-disant* "control," and her dreams.) Aside from her séances, Eusapia presented no unusual manifestations of any kind.

Eusapia has now gone from us ; she is no longer within the reach of direct experimentation ; and her interesting personality—if it returns to us—must in turn manifest itself through some other medium. Her case will assuredly live for ever in the annals of psychical science as one of the most baffling, the most interesting, the most puzzling, and in a sense the most annoying, that it has ever been the lot of investigators to explore. Undoubtedly, she was a genuine and remarkable physical medium ; while at times independent intelligences seemed to manifest themselves through her. This was, however, but rarely, and (quite naturally) more rarely with Anglo-Saxons than with her own countrymen, or with the French experimenters, with whom she felt more at ease and at home. The majority of her manifestations seemed to depend upon a peculiar form of energy, radiated from her, which exuded from her body, and particularly from her fingers, toes, and, in the form of a " cold breeze " was particularly noticeable after good séances, issuing from the scar in her head and from her left knee. This last manifestation was very rare (I have only seen it twice, in all), while the emanation from her forehead was more frequently seen.

Had the genuine character of Eusapia's phenomena been recognized by the scientific world as a whole, in 1894, when Sir Oliver Lodge urged they should be, we might by now have discovered some permanent and valuable truths regarding these. As it is, we shall have to await the advent of another Eusapia—or another Home—before scientific research along these lines can be continued. It is earnestly to be hoped that some medium of the kind will make his, or her, appearance after the present war ; and that an adequate, impartial and prolonged investigation of the phenomena presented will then be possible. Eusapia was always willing to submit to test conditions ; always willing to sit with new groups of sitters ; she could nearly always produce extraordinary phenomena, more or less striking in character ; and I regard it as one of the cruellest things I know that she was allowed to pass from us, without having had her marvellous and scientifically valuable phenomena accepted by orthodox science—and studied as such phenomena surely deserve to be studied.

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 PHILOSOPHY OF MR. WALTER WINANS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—It does not seem to me that man alone has a soul ; if souls exist, then everything has a soul.

Science has proved that plants feel, and most probable all matter feels.

No human being is so innocent and blameless as a flower or a butterfly ; why should these not have a soul, and a drunken murderer have a soul, merely because he is a human being. Amongst the people, now dead, whom I have known (I say people purposely as I do not divide living things into human souls and merely animals), amongst the very best and purest I have known, were two dogs, a cat and ten or twelve horses. Any of these could be trusted absolutely. Of how many men or women can this be said ?

As to rewards in reincarnation.

Most people make the great mistake of not knowing that the life of every living thing consists of one great happiness (which compensates for all sorrows), some minor happinesses, many sorrows and one great sorrow.

This is universal, and all rich or poor, the highest and the lowest have it.

The idea that a man's happiness can be judged by adding his banker's account to the length of time he lives, is what leads to all jealousies, envies and crimes.

As this is so, how will it help a man to keep living over and over again ?

Each time he would have the one great happiness and the one great sorrow, and the rest the mixture of sorrow and small joys.

It was the idea that, to be poor, ill, etc., is bad for a man, and to be a King and have untold wealth was a joy which would drown all sorrows, which lead to this idea of balancing happiness in future lives ; but all lives are balanced now, however *seemingly* some are happier than others.

The idea of miracles is incompatible with the idea of an Omnipotent God. Omnipotence does not need to change or correct.

When I am doing a piece of sculpture I first think out the whole idea down to the minutest details. This is entirely mental; I do not do a stroke of work till the whole thing is in my mind.

Then when I work I work on this fixed plan, but of course I often make mistakes and have to correct; but God does not make mistakes, He does not need to correct by a miracle; He does all by Fate, without a flaw or falter.

He does not get angry with His mistake and "curse" His work, or destroy it, nor does He need people to pray to Him and point out what He should do.

The reason we think some things are good and some bad can only be perceived by alternation.

As long as we are well we do not know that we have arms, but if rheumatism comes, then we are happy when it goes for a moment, then only we appreciate what it is to have an arm free of pain.

Pleasure continued indefinitely no longer is pleasure.

The first stag I shot, when I was a small boy, my heart beat and I could hardly breathe with excitement as I pulled the trigger and saw the stag fall; now that I have shot several thousand stags it does not put one beat more to my heart when I am sighting on a big stag; and if I had shot several million stags I would not trouble even to lift the rifle at one.

Happiness ceases to be happiness if it is not rare or interspersed by sorrows. If you eat too much sugar it makes you sick; so people, when they grumble at sorrow, do not know that it is as great a boon of the Creator to them as happiness is.

Everything has been ordained from all eternity to all eternity, and runs on just like a cinematograph film; we cannot change the slightest thing.

Imagine if we could even lift a finger without the act of Fate (nothing can be done without its acting on something else), and so on till the fate of the Universe would tremble in the balance.

When we realize that all is ordained and cannot alter, that what we see and know and can understand is an infinitesimal part of the Universe; we can realize that we know nothing, and that what seems misery and sin and disaster, is really part of the Great Whole which is perfect Love, perfect Wisdom, and perfect Power, and that there is nothing to worry about or to grieve about, but rather that we should be thankful that we are being directed and not allowed to wander to our destruction, groping blindly.

Whatever happens after death, we may be sure is infinitely better than anything we can think of as Heaven or Karma, as God's thoughts are higher than our thoughts.

Yours faithfully,

WALTER WINANS.

DE MORTIUS NIL NISI VERUM (?)

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I, as a reader of the OCCULT REVIEW from the first number, strongly protest against such very *ex parte* "reviews" as the one on the memoir of "Father Stanton," in your June Number?

To write of him as a self-effacing saint unaccountably subjected to blind official persecution, to "intolerance and narrow bigotry" and so on, is to beg the question indeed, and comes perilously near the nowadays too current method *suppressio veri, suggestio falsi*. The cause of all Father Stanton's troubles lay, unquestionably, in the fact that he was self-willed and obstinate even to pig-headedness (one would like to see his horoscope), and that he persisted in staying within the Church of England on his own terms, including whatever disregard of its laws and ordinances he saw fit to "damn please." The worst indictment against his ecclesiastical superiors is, that they allowed him to court thereby a factitious martyrdom, and had not the common sense to bundle him *at an early date* out of the Church of England into the Church of Rome, where his temperament naturally belonged. They lacked common sense, and he remained triumphantly in the Church of England, sowing the fine harvest of dragon's teeth which we are reaping now in the increasing lawlessness and self-assertion of the younger clergy—and indeed of many old enough to know better, whose basis remains emotionalism and personal desire, passionate or calculating, rather than reason, large and varied understanding of the many upper as well as of the few lowest strata of human nature, balanced judgment, and good sense.

Yours truly,
E. D.

TRANSFIGURATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Can any one explain the following, or give a similar instance, of the dead manifesting themselves in the living?

I resemble my father very much, and my father's family, but NOT my mother's family, and especially I am not the least like my maternal grandfather.

Yesterday I was sitting at a big dinner opposite a well-known caricaturist.

He has never seen me before and of course never my maternal grandfather, who has been dead over forty years.

The caricaturist made a lightning sketch of me and handed it to me.

It was not the least like me, but the image of my maternal grandfather, who has been dead forty years, and whom the artist had never seen.

W. W.

WART-CHARMING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue for October, 1917, you had a very interesting article on the Wart-Charmers of Warwickshire.

A few days ago I came across an instance of wart-charming here. I was talking to the horseman of the farm near which we are stationed, and I made a remark about the number of big black slugs that were about.

He said that they were the finest things for getting rid of warts he knew of.

The method of procedure is to take one of the slugs, rub it on the wart until it is covered with slime, then by means of a thorn fasten the slug to the wall, and as the slug withers away the wart will wither.

I have not seen it tried yet, but he told me that he cured his daughter of a wart in this way two or three days ago.

Yours faithfully,

HITCHAM,
NR. IPSWICH.

W. A. MAAS.

IS LONG LIFE A BLESSING ?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In reply to the Query, "Is Long Life a Blessing?"

In the service of "The Spirit," when one has been trained sufficiently to become of *real service*, then the physical life will be prolonged according to the value given; and in the experience of the writer, a promise, even of a second extension. The reward of the Spirit is "Joy and "Peace" in the Service. Hoping "An Ignorant Inquirer" may realize the depth of the meaning of these simple words,

I am, yours faithfully,

I. B. S.

HILLHEAD, GLASGOW.

MR. RATHMELL WILSON'S NOVEL "RE-BIRTH."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—At the end of the kindly notice of my novel *Re-Birth* in the July number of your paper, your reviewer wrote, "a work of fiction, inspired as Mr. Wilson's is, by enthusiastic faith in the theory (of reincarnation), might give the reader some glimpse of the steps by which the writer obtained that knowledge."

I cannot agree that this would be in the least desirable, because a writer of fiction should, I feel very strongly, be always just a storyteller—impersonal, or at any rate apparently impersonal! His one object as an artist should be to interest his readers.

I might give you (and your delightfully inquisitive reviewer) a full history of my spiritual pilgrimage along the well-trod path with its orthodoxy, agnosticism, mysticism milestones, I might tell you how this theory of re-incarnation came to me as one of the greatest revelations of my life, how it gave almost everything a new meaning for me, how many things it explained which I feel are without it inexplicable, but I fear "the wearisome reiteration of the first person singular" referred to in another notice in the same number of your paper. I fear that things which have been most interesting and exciting to me might seem to others extremely dull. It is quite impossible to be entirely uninterested in one's own life-story, but in book form this story might be in depressingly small demand!

I therefore leave your reviewer to his curiosity. I wish this book of mine to be judged merely as fiction—not as propaganda or autobiography, although to some extent, every book ever published must be both!

RATHMELL WILSON.

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB,
22A REGENT STREET, W. I.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IN the April issue of *The Quest* there was an essay by Baron von Hügel on Religion and Illusion, and now in the current issue there is one of considerable length and consequence on Religion and Reality. Though not a polemical discourse, the intention is obviously to vindicate the claim of the Latin Church as the mouthpiece of revelation and of authority in matters of doctrine. It does not begin by defining religion, over which we have failed to be satisfied by the endeavours of many acute minds. It does not define reality and we question whether a pronouncement on that subject from this source would meet our needs. But we get to understand the author's feeling respecting reality in the course of his study. For him it is something superhuman and therefore of that about which we do and can know nothing apart from what is called revelation. That knowledge of things unseen by the eye of sense and the untutored mind has come and comes still from regions beyond the common ken is a catholic truth of life, but the statement obtains in a world-wide sense, because this kind of revelation is everywhere and through all ages. There is no specific depository to the exclusion of others automatically. While it is not apart from "inspired" books and institutions like churches it is not contained by these. It is immanent in our whole nature and transcendent thereof. It is not on this account only that the worst definition of God would be by the help of such a qualification as "superhuman." The said qualification is separatist and our need is union. In this manner it makes void the central truth of mysticism and the foundation of all its experience. Apart from points like these, Baron von Hügel's study is luminous in several important ways. There is nothing of its kind more persuasive than his argument on the personality of God, with its apt quotation from Lotze, who holds that personality is compatible with infinitude. But over against the conclusion that in religion which is truly lived there is consciousness "of the more than human reality of the Object of its experience," we must set our reasonable conviction that the "revelation" of spirit is to spirit, the realization of which is within, and that in the ultimate this experience is incompatible with the distinction between subject and object. When that which hinders without has been stripped from our nature within we get to know God inwardly, and not as that which is apart. If this is to be pilloried as pantheism we appeal to that "higher pantheism" the last word of which is: "And God shall be all in all."

There are other articles of moment in *The Quest*, but we can name them only. There is Mr. Redgrove's suggestive though tentative

explanation of premonitions by appeal to the subconscious mind and Mr. Mead's article on "Life's Seeming Confines," which discusses many problems but eludes summary description. It is an appeal to the sense of the infinite, at once within and without, and hence a recognition of the demand that the testimony of artist, poet and mystic shall be included "in any genuinely unprejudiced summary of the reality of things."

Boston Ideas has a readable article on the traditional Elixir of Life, and one of its contentions comes to us with a certain appeal. During the ages when four presumed elements were regarded as the basis of everything in the physical cosmos "it was not illogical to suppose that if there could be found the one changeless, stable substance" behind them, out of which all forms and manifestations of life and things are produced, "it would be a comparatively easy task to arrest the process of change or decay." For the same reason it would be thought possible to produce gold or any other metal by combining the universal elements in the proper proportion, assuming that this could be ascertained. But on the historical side of his subject Dr. McIvor Tyndall represents the notions and memories of sixty years since. He is of opinion that ancient Egypt was *par excellence* the land of metallic transmutations and universal medicines, such knowledge being "carefully guarded by the Egyptian priests," and he even suggests ancient India as having "the oldest intelligible records"—for which views there is no warrant whatever. There is also a long account of speculations connected with the great name of Paracelsus, but they do not represent fully the philosophical "sagacities" of the sage of Hohenheim, whose real position in respect of "occult sciences" has yet to be cleared up. On his own part Dr. Tyndall believes that life is electrical—but this leaves us where we are, the nature of electricity being unknown—and that thought as an "electrical power" is the key of all elixirs "in spirit and in truth."

In recent issues of *La Revue Spirite*, M. Léon Denis forecasts the future of Spiritism, proceeding from the ground that it contains a regenerating element from which we can expect and hope all things. It is to be the great liberator of thought, in bondage through so many past ages. But the way of liberation is not merely by virtue of the chief claim of spiritism—as offering vital proof of survival; it is also and not less especially by the doctrine of reincarnation, which is the central doctrine of the Allan Kardec school and is held to show that our works react on ourselves. This is not a lesson peculiar to that school, nor does it stand or fall with the notion of re-embodiment. It seems wiser therefore to rest content with the great mass of discovery which has resulted from psychical research. It is this which has sounded its trumpet, and before that trumpet the Bastille of materialism has fallen. As regards liberation of thought it seems to us that the work is done, and more or less efficiently: we all think as we please in all the quarters and are ready on the slightest provo-

cation to throw over any "authority," even of our own creation. Witness the authority of scientific speculation, which is being revoked everywhere and continually. Evolution itself looks as if it might be cast next into the melting-pot. . . . A change comes "o'er the spirit of the dream" in a certain entertaining extravaganza which has been written for *Light* by its editor, Mr. David Gow. Alice goes "through the looking-glass" again, to find the familiar characters of old somewhat "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." The Bishop has discovered that she is a "reflection," a thing coming from that "outside" where nothing is real. The Red Queen tells her that she is a "projection from the sub-conscious mind," and Tweedledee alleges that she is a phantom. Alas, poor Alice! She goes into court as a refuge and finds that the Red King is trying people for fortune-telling. She herself is arrested for fraud, but escapes back through the looking-glass. It is pleasant fooling, with a lesson and meaning the quality of which there should be no need to specify.

The Messenger opens a new series of papers on Francis Bacon which are evidently going to rehearse the now familiar findings of a certain kaleidoscopic glass of vision. The author of *Novum Organon* was not the son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Bacon, and consequently was "a most mysterious person." When his birth took place in the year 1561 he was already "one of the greatest poets of the world," which being so "it may be safely assumed that he had given proof, even in distant classic times, of the highest poetic ability." Furthermore, it is "pretty certain" that he "created single-handed the literature and to a large extent the language of the Elizabethan age." There is in fine a mass of Elizabethan and Jacobean books, the bulk of which "will eventually be found to be his." We may have mentioned already in this connexion that the output of the original Zohar was supposed traditionally to have been some thirty camel-loads, but the output of Bacon must have far exceeded this, on the present consideration. Our excuse for alluding again to such fever-struck reveries is that the present writer confesses ingenuously that in support of it there is only that which he dignifies by the name of "circumstantial evidence" and that it will not appeal to "the matter-of-fact man" who asks, "What proofs have you?" It is rather "adapted to attract the intuitional folks." To these therefore—and presumably to a very small section among them—it can be left.

Speaking of glasses of vision and their mutations after the manner of a kaleidoscope, we are led to *The Vahan* and to its last issue, which discusses things unlooked for concerning the World-War in the symbolism of the Tarot. Tarot cards are numbered, though as regards the Major Arcana there is an unsettled question as to the correct localization of the cipher-card. However, this does not signify for the purpose of the divination under notice. The year which opens the question is 1913, and in order to get your result you delete the first two figures. There remains 13, which signifies change, according

to one interpretation of the Tarot Death-card, corresponding to this number. Now, 1913 was of course a year of change, in which characteristic it did not differ specifically from other years in memory. No. 14 signifies union of forces and such a combination took place in Europe on both sides, for the purposes of the World-War. No. 15 is the Devil of the Tarot, and in 1915 he was abroad, having great wrath, whether or not he was aware that his time is short. No. 16 represents Disappointment, and such was 1916 for all the powers concerned. But No. 17 corresponds to Hope, and in 1917 it had become yet more clear than previously "that Germany would never gain its cherished dream of world-dominion." No. 18 unfortunately is in a cloud of General Difficulties, and in the midst of them we are assuredly; but the number to come is 19, and this is the card of the Sun, which reminds us readily of the Sun of Righteousness and its wings of healing. There is in fine No. 20, a card of Settlement and Determination; while if we can suffer the proceeding and reduce 20 to 2 by deleting the cipher we may refer back to Tarot card No. 2, and this signifies Passivity, which can be taken to mean Peace. Well, well: the process of cutting off heads and tails to suit our purpose is not very convincing, but it seems good enough for the pleasing art of divination, which Paracelsus called *Ars incerta*; and—for the rest—we have better reasons for hoping that the Star of Peace may shine on this distracted world by, if not before, A.D. 1920. . . . The *Islamic Review* has a paper on "The Type of the Red Heifer," which sketches the predominance of this colour in the pagan mysteries. It seems to have been connected with many gods and their substitutes, from birth even to death. As the colour of blood it is that also of atonement. A good deal of interesting myth and folklore of olden time is drawn together in a brief space, and the article is of considerable appeal. . . . We are glad to see *The Philomath* again and to note that Dr. Léon's activities are continued in many directions. He is dealing just now with Czech satirical poems of the fourteenth century, though the metrical translations leave something to be desired in respect of form and grammar. We note also that the abstract of a lecture by Mr. E. W. Brooks on *The Book of Joseph and Asenath* mentions that there is no English rendering. However, so far back as the year 1900 Mr. Philip Wellby issued *The Life and Confession of Asenath*, prepared by Mary Brodrick from notes supplied by the late Sir Peter le Page Renouf. It followed the Greek text, was printed in a beautiful manner, and is now included in the list of Messrs. William Rider & Son, Ltd. . . . In the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, Professor Hyslop points out truly that the study of psychical phenomena among savages has been not less neglected by civilized man than has that among his own kind; and that the savage is "much nearer the conception of hylozoism than we are"—meaning thereby the animistic nature of all reality.

REVIEWS

THE DEVIL'S STAIRS. By Mrs. Stanley Wrench. London: Duckworth & Co. Price 6s. net.

THE title of Mrs. Stanley Wrench's new novel is taken from a Midland proverb, "Everybody slips who treads on the devil's stairs." This idea of a Nemesis of ill-luck has been the theme of some of the greatest modern novels, in which, as in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, a drama of human passion is presented against "the great background of Eternity"; and is seen, for all its stern realism, in a clear unearthly light.

But Mrs. Stanley Wrench is no disciple of Hawthorne's—either in characterization or atmosphere. *The Devil's Stairs* is merely a readable "up-to-date" tale of love and misadventure. Its heroine, Barbara Holsworthy, the illegitimate child of a country squire, has grown to womanhood believing herself daughter of the rough but worthy farmer who, shortly before her birth, married her mother. At the age of twenty-four, the girl suddenly learns the truth about her parentage, and resolves to leave the farm-household and to seek independence and a life of her own in town.

Various experiences follow, including a volcanic love-affair with a literary genius, one David Stephens, who has a point in common with *Jane Eyre's* Mr. Rochester—the rather undesirable point of an insane wife. Barbara, in her turn, slips on those devil's "stairs," which her parents trod; but, in a sense, recovers her balance by an act of extravagant generosity—namely, by allowing herself to be married to the vulgar and rascally lawyer, who is ruining Farmer Holsworthy, and only consents to release his victim if Barbara will become his wife.

The course of the narrative after this is rapid and eventful. Things happen at a great speed; and death, rather more conveniently than can be relied on in real life, intervenes to cut the marital bonds of both Barbara and her lover.

We leave her in the last chapter, in a mood of mournful ecstasy, with her child in her arms, waving farewell to "a figure in khaki which smiled back"; and though her lips murmur the words of the sinister proverb, we are told that, in her brain, "the jostling words resolve themselves into a song of triumph."

The story will probably appeal to that large class of readers for whom, we believe, Mrs. Stanley Wrench has catered successfully for several years. But it hardly bears out the weird suggestions of its title—which title, by the way, had the subject-matter been in keeping with it, might have inspired an impressive cover design, showing us those shadowy "stairs" that slope downward, and are lit by the torches that fallen angels hold.

G. M. H.

THE NEW PROPHECY. By R. K. Arnaud. London, New York, Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE author of this work contends that modern criticism has led many persons to regard the Prophecies contained in the Bible as "a hopeless chaos of predictions, compared with which a jigsaw puzzle was infinitely

more amenable," but that those who believe *all* Scripture is inspired, should have no difficulty in accepting the prophetic books as true, "apart from a few minor details of a non-essential character." Mr. Arnaud offers his book as a special message for the present day, describing it as "a powerful antidote to that trinity of spiritual toxins 'Scepticism,' 'Evil Spiritism,' and 'Fatalism'—whose influences pervade the century like poison-gas." He argues, in effect, that the Prophecies have already been in a measure fulfilled, but that we still await their complete fulfilment. What that fulfilment will be "depends to a large extent upon ourselves." To understand how the author works this out a careful perusal of his book is necessary. He duly considers several alternative interpretations of the Visions of Daniel and Revelation and the Coming of Antichrist, and discusses the pros and cons as to whether the present war is really Armageddon or whether that awful event is yet to come. His forecast in regard to the part Britain—"the modern successor of Tyre"—is to play in the events of to-morrow, is rather depressing, though doubtless it is intended as a sharp stimulant (like the recent speech of a certain notable statesman). While one admits there is an undoubted fascination in the wealth of Oriental imagery contained in the Visions and Prophecies of old, to pore over them continually in the attempt to throw light upon them by the events of our own distracted time is certainly a study for the few, not for the many; for, clearly, that way madness lies.

But is not Antichrist an allegorical idea typifying the ever-growing forces of materialism, and the Second Coming of Christ the individual realization of the Divine?

EDITH K. HARPER

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE ORDINARY MAN, "A Discussion of some of the Teachings of Mary Baker Eddy, Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science." By Walter S. Harris. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, The Knickerbocker Press. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE author of this work on Christian Science states in effect at the outset that his book is in no sense academic, but that he writes as a plain business man. Neither is he affiliated to any Christian Science Association, but through meditating upon the teaching of Mary Baker Eddy he has arrived at "inner conviction and peace." How this all came about he describes genially and with much detail, while hinting that the details he has left unrecorded are even more numerous. In upwards of 343 pages Mr. Harris analyses the doctrines of Christian Science according to Mrs. Eddy, and quotes innumerable texts in illustration thereof. His method of reasoning seems to provide for all contingencies, as, for example, when he says: "Frankly it does not seem probable to me—even though it be a possibility—that I can get enough of the truth in a short lifetime here, to free me entirely from the curse of Adam." (A poor admission, he allows, from a Christian Science standpoint!) Therefore, he continues, "When 'death' comes for me, it will be due not to a fault in infinite Principle, but in the understanding which I have been able to gain of that Principle."

Mr. Harris's book will be interesting enough to the large army of Christian Scientists, who need no convincing; but the "outsider" is likely to remain as before—entirely unconvinced that poverty, illness, and death

are but "delusions of the mortal mind." Poverty, it is wiser to admit, may be a wholesome antidote to wanton luxury; illness is often a form of discipline, which may be the turning point to renewed health; while the change called "death" is merely the casting aside of an outer garment, which, after a certain time of service in the slower vibrations we term "physical," would but retard the spirit's progress through finer grades of substance.

EDITH K. HARPER.

HANDBOOK OF THE NEW THOUGHT. By Horatio W. Dresser, Author of "Living by the Spirit," etc. New York and London: The Knickerbocker Press. Price 6s. net.

MR. HORATIO W. DRESSER'S latest book is offered as the first serious attempt that has yet been made to bring before the thinking public a complete survey of the general principles of the New Thought movement. Curiously enough his pages do not contain a single mention of the name of Prentice Mulford, one of the most popular exponents of the subject. On the other hand he has much to say that is extremely interesting about Phineas Quimby, whose teaching contains a powerful appeal to reason and common sense. Quimby's method of "spiritual realization"—his discovery of the "spiritual senses" or "power of intuitive discernment"—underlies, says the author, the entire mental healing movement, and is what distinguishes it from hypnotism, faith-cure, and other forms of psychical treatment. After sketching the history of the American mental healing movement which was "already well established when the term 'New Thought' was first applied to it," the author analyses very fully and clearly the "Silent Method" and its interrelated issues, meditation, affirmation, suggestion, and so on. He is least happy in his remarks on spiritualism. His chapters on Estimates, and the Mental Theory of Disease, are full of suggestive reasoning, and it would be well if certain persons whose chief malady seems to be self-centredness, would lay to heart the author's remarks concerning a favourite mystical affirmation: "*I am God!*" when "it might be more modest as well as more rational to say, '*I am deeply absorbed in my own feelings.*'" The concluding chapters, Reconstruction, and Some Practical Suggestions, are exceedingly fine. Leaving aside all "cults" and "methods," we realize that much that is best in New Thought is simply a return to the old *Practice of the Presence of God*. It is the cultivation of one's higher consciousness—the "Christ in you"—which more than anything makes for health of mind and body.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE OPENING DOOR. Edited by John Batten. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

IN his editorial Introduction to this little volume Mr. Batten relates how these communications came to be received by inspirational writing through the hand of a lady who "had then had no psychic experiences of any kind." Mr. Batten also, while admitting that he cannot offer absolute proof to the public as to the alleged identity of the communicators, states that he himself has no doubts on the point, identity having been guaranteed by his guides. One might argue for argument's sake, that as Mr. and Mrs. "Batten," and Miss "Fuller" the Automatism, have assumed these

names, not wishing to reveal their own identity to a sceptical world, discarnate spirits might equally have their own reasons for adopting pseudonyms. Two messages in the book purport to be written by Miss Ames, whose famous *Letters from Julia* were given through the hand of W. T. Stead. They are not un-Julian in character, particularly the first, but the signature is different from that by which she for over twenty years endorsed her communications through Mr. Stead. This is a small detail, but it would be important, for instance, in the matter of cashing a cheque! These comments are made in no carping spirit, but merely as noting the variations in form of communications believed to come from the same invisible personality. The letters themselves are all on a high mental and spiritual plane and breathe thoughts such as one would attribute to advanced souls freed from the prejudices and limitations of physical environment. It is quite conceivable that groups of workers in the Unseen transmit the convictions of Leaders whose names they sign by authority, and if this be so it is a pity they do not always make the fact clear. This is an interesting point. EDITH K. HARPER.

THE DARTMOOR WINDOW AGAIN. By Beatrice Chase (Olive Katharine Parr), Author of "The Heart of the Moor," "Through a Dartmoor Window," etc. With six illustrations. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row; New York: Fourth Avenue and 30th Street; Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. Price 6s. net.

ONCE more the facile pen of Miss Beatrice Chase has been busy describing the world of men, women, and birds, as seen through the Dartmoor Window. Her many admirers will find themselves again in touch, in these pages, with various scenes and persons already made familiar to them by her previous graphic and delightful sketches of her moorland paradise. Mr. Blue Jacket reappears, after hairbreadth escapes in the service of his country, and the Rainbow-Maker continues to weave her fairy-like necklaces. We are given a glimpse likewise of the various types of pilgrims who wend their way to the little White Sanctuary among the tors. Some of those visitors seem to have left their manners behind them, and we are in keen sympathy with the author's withering comments thereon. We echo also her thought that the lovely peace of "Dartmoor" is sought not only by the living but by the so-called dead: "It is sweet," writes Miss Chase, "to think that these victorious young souls who have touched the zenith of human achievement may visit and rejoice in the land they died to save. If guardian angels are so busy all about the world's highways and by-ways, it is not overstretching our faith to think that the spirits of our guardian men are also very near to us, and I love to think of the great moor as visited by the radiant young warrior-souls."

EDITH K. HARPER.

BREATHING POWER. By Haydn Brown, L.R.C.P. London: G. Allen and Unwin, Ltd. Pp. 64. Price 1s. 6d. net.

DR. HAYDN BROWN deals with the science of breathing from the medical, not the occult, point of view, as the sub-title of his book—"For Health, Physical Culture and Voice Training Purposes"—plainly shows. Nevertheless, his advice may be helpful to occult students in restraining

them from the practice of breathing exercises of an injurious nature—as some undoubtedly are. Dr. Brown dates many of the ills to which the human body is subject from the time when man first adopted an erect posture, and consequently began to breathe with his ribs instead of with his diaphragm; and he shows in several interesting chapters how the adoption of diaphragm-breathing as well as (not instead of) rib-breathing would be to the advantage of singers and athletes, and indeed of human beings in every walk of life.

E. M. M.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS. By J. Hugh Power. Stamford: Dolby Bros., High Street. Pp. 48. Price 1s. net.

THIS is a pleasant little collection of essays on such subjects as Windows, Floors, Stairs and Roofs—a little book to read over the fire on a wet evening with the rain beating outside and the door tight shut. The author has charming and original thoughts, and the gift of seeing material things as symbols. Speaking of *Floors*—that is, the different floors with which each man's mental house is paved—he says truly: "But tear up the carpets and the blocks, break the tiles and the boards, and below will be found the floor that is common to all men, and on which the others rest." And so with regard to all the subjects on which he writes—they are more than they seem, symbols of greater things that lie beyond. Perhaps the papers on *Stairs* and *Roofs* are the most successful, but the whole book is suggestive and has an uncommon charm.

E. M. M.

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER. By Kate Everest. London: John Richmond, 14 Conduit Street. Price 6s.

THIS is a lightly and pleasantly written novel of to-day, dealing with a miniature painter, a spy, a young officer, and a Roumanian prince. It opens in the Divorce Court, but continues in the cleaner atmosphere of Devonshire, where the co-respondent meets the heroine, a girl artist, taking her annual holiday in a caravan. A friendship is struck up between them, destined to develop into something warmer in the months to come. The war having meanwhile broken out Dane has perforce to leave the lady whom he intends to marry, his Colonel's divorced wife and the charming miniature painter behind.

In his absence, on to the stage steps Prince Phyka, who promptly desires the divorce—one wonders why. He is a very average type of selfish and self-centred society butterfly. But which of the two succeed in winning the undesirable prize and what becomes of the little artist must be left to the reader to find out. The story will appeal to that large class of readers who demand modern conditions minus horrors, the interest being maintained throughout.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THOSE INVESTIGATING THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM. By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc. 7 ins. × 4½ ins., pp. 28. London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2. Price (paper cover) 6d. net.

THE name of Dr. Crawford is well-known as that of one of those men of science who, having seriously investigated the claims of what is called "Spiritualism," have satisfied themselves of the validity of many of the phenomena and their evidential value as concerns the survival of per-

sonality after bodily death. It is a guarantee of the contents of the booklet, which is a sane and sensible guide to those wishing to undertake investigation for themselves, containing much information and advice of a practical and useful character. As Dr. Crawford points out, not every one is temperamentally suited to undertake research in this direction, and my own feeling is that the majority of people, and more especially those who have not undergone a course of scientific training, are too apt to be guided by their prejudices (whichever way they may lean) and to base the most far-reaching inductions on the slenderest of evidence. It ought always to be borne in mind that Experimental Psychology, and I suppose the phenomena of Spiritualism may be classed as such, is one of the youngest of the sciences and research therein is not unlike groping in the dark. The why and wherefore of the conditions that make for success are at present obscure, to say the least; but we know somewhat as to the nature of these conditions, and for this at least we may be thankful. I trust that Dr. Crawford's booklet will stimulate research and be productive of an increase of knowledge concerning the momentous problems of the life after death.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE DRIFT OF PINIONS. By Robert Keable. London: Skeffington. Price 6s. net.

THESE sixteen stories of the supernatural are such careful artistic studies, and so deeply tinged with religious mysticism, that it seems quite an impertinence to pronounce judgment upon them as "rattling good yarns." Yet this, in addition to their other merits, is emphatically what they are; and this book, by the well-known author of "A City of the Dawn," is one that, falling into the hands of the right reader, will almost certainly be devoured at a sitting.

In the atmosphere of the stories, and the "electric thrills" with which that atmosphere is charged, there is something to remind us of Father Benson's "Light Invisible," and "Mirror of Shalott."

But this does not mean that Mr. Keable is guilty of any servile imitateness. His work as an occult short-storyist can well stand on its own merits; apart from the fact that he would seem, himself, to be somewhat of a psychic; and to have some first-hand experience of "the drift of pinions at our clay-shuttered doors."

He claims in his Preface that the curious incidents he recounts are not really fiction. "I would not dare to play with 'the traffic of Jacob's Ladder.' I have no use for stories that are not true of that Wonderful Land to which it leads—especially in these days!" But for each tale he has arranged a setting sufficiently fictitious to disguise identities, so that readers with a taste for the more old-fashioned "substantial" ghost-story will not find themselves put off with the dry bones of scheduled facts or mere evidence drawn up for the consideration of the Society for Psychical Research. Among other appetising fare we commend to their notice the adventure of the good Abbé with the Apaches, and his mysterious escape from their hands—set forth in the first story, "In No Strange Land"; the experiences of Mr. Fenton, the curio-collector, in "Our Lady's Pain"; and the vision of Napo, the African convert, in "Michael Archangel." But all the stories are good, and *we*, personally, feel grateful to Mr. Keable for the pleasure we have had in reading them.

G. M. H.

K

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM. An Anthology for All Nations: Chosen by F. Melian Stawell. London: Headley Bros., Ltd., Kingsway House. Pp. 165. Price 3s. 6d. net.

POETS and prose-writers of many languages have been drawn upon to form this extremely attractive little volume which, though "born out of the profound discouragement produced by the war," yet speaks of hope on almost every page. The author's desire is that his book may "be of some service, however small, to that internationalism which is bound up with deep national feeling," for he does not agree with those who believe the two to be irreconcilable. He certainly has succeeded in producing a book which none can read without a renewal of courage, and a brighter outlook into the future which at times seems so dark. Browning, Emerson, Tolstoy, Goethe, Walt Whitman, Dante, Romain Rolland, Heine, Shelley, Lao-Tze, Zola, Swinburne, Homer, Nietzsche, Euripides, Wordsworth, and the Prophet Isaiah—these are a few of the sources from which the author has chosen his quotations, linking them together by his own marginal comments, so that a definite thread of thought runs through the different sections of the book. Some idea of the general scheme may be given by the titles of these sections. "The Wheel of Necessity," "Rebirth," "The Nations of the Earth," and "Release," and a word of praise must be added for the well-arranged appendix dealing with the illustrations as well as the reading matter. For, last but not least, the illustrations are of quite unusual interest, showing a wide liberality of choice. They include reproductions of fine works by Dürer, Giotto, Rembrandt, Michel Angelo, Paul Czéanne and William Blake, and a photograph of a beautiful early Greek marble screen, representing the figure of Love "weighing the souls of the young men." The author's comments on the last are suggestive and illuminating. Indeed, the whole conception of the book is original and thought-provoking, and it should prove an acceptable gift to any whose minds are troubled and dismayed by present happenings.

E. M. M.

THE GARDEN OF SURVIVAL. By Algernon Blackwood. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Pp. viii+168. Price 3s. 6d. net.

IF any reincarnationist finds sustenance for his theory or belief in a partiality for sexual contact he will vividly disagree with part of Mr. Blackwood's story of a widower's love for his wife—a love hindered rather than helped by the craving of her physical womanhood.

The story takes the form of a confidence from a brother to his twin. We see the dark-eyed singing harpist capturing the virginal soldier who regards even the lust of the marriage bed as degrading, and we see him realizing that he receives, during and after her carnal life, a gift of sublime love from the offender of his fastidiousness. The result is that though, in a person profoundly acquiescent in the idea of sexual correspondence Mr. Blackwood's hero excites a voluble antipathy, the beautiful manifestation of an immortal supersexual love provided by his story, after the tragic death of the singing harpist, produces a strong impression. The exquisite thrills of childhood—especially the thrill caused by conscious contribution to the harmony, both latent and lyrical, in the universe—are admirably alive in Mr. Blackwood's art.

W. H. CHESON.

A WINTER GARLAND, and Other Songs of a True Lover. London :
Erskine Macdonald. Pp. 48. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE key-note of this little book of verses in praise of Love is struck in the dedicatory lines, where the writer declares :—

“ that never snow nor rain
Shall mar the blossom of my faithful love,
For in Eternity its roots are set.”

The majority of the poems are written in this unrhymed blank verse metre, which seems to give the book a somewhat fragmentary atmosphere, but several of the best—for instance, *Love and Beauty*—are rhymed, and the reader derives a sense of greater satisfaction, both as regards form and content. Though the inspiration of the poems is no doubt genuine enough, there is an inevitable monotony in the constant repetition of the same theme, like a harper harping on one string, even though the sound evoked is not lacking in sweetness.

E. M. M.

THEY DO NOT DIE. By Charles A. Hall. London : A. & C. Black.
Price 3s. 6d. net.

WE have seldom met with a book whose title was more aptly fitted to its contents, or made a better keynote for them.

From his first chapter—“ Deathless Man ”—to his final—“ The Sound of a Voice that is Still ”—Mr. Hall writes with a quite impregnable confidence ; asserts rather than debates ; and speaks of the non-existence of death and the complete impossibility of destroying life as of known facts rather than yearning conjectures. In the words of his own Proem

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he sees "rising above the horizon of distress, not the lesser flickering light of hope, but the radiant Orb of Certitude."

There is no doubt that to a very large percentage of the mourners to whom the writer would seem, particularly, to address himself, this treatment of the subject will be more acceptable, and more effectual, than any other. It is of the nature of those "cures by suggestion" which aim at pressing health-giving reviving thoughts upon the troubled mind, and at pressing them with such vigour and insistency that no room is left for the gloomier ones, and "the stuffed bosom" effectually cleansed of "the perilous stuff that weighs against the heart." We can well imagine that many of those whom Mr. Hall calls (with only too much reason!) "the innumerable company of the distressed," will rise refreshed from the perusal of his sympathetic little book. His conjectures as to the manner of the recognition, in the Other World, of men and women we have known here are particularly interesting and ingenious; and the orthodox Christian will be relieved to note his attitude towards the more popular forms of spiritualism, and such revelations as those of "Raymond."

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G. M. H.

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