

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

THE hopes and aspirations of mankind have taken shape at different periods of the world's history in one form or another in forecasts of an age when warfare shall be abolished and universal justice and contentment reign supreme. We are all familiar with the Jewish dream of a coming Millennium destined to follow the culmination of an era of war and slaughter in the battle of Armageddon. Each nation has had its own ideal picture of halcyon times in some dim and distant future. Sometimes these have been associated with some great hero of the race who was expected to return in the flesh and to restore the vanished prosperity of the particular people concerned. It may

ANTICIPATIONS OF A MILLENNIUM. have been the British Arthur, or the Emperor Barbarossa, or a descendant of King David, who was to come as a Messiah or saviour of society and re-establish the ancient glories of the favoured race. More general anticipations have been associated with certain eras in the world's history. Thus, after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, there was a general expectation, born of the weariness induced by endless civil wars, of some

coming saviour of mankind who would rescue humanity and civilization from the avalanche of disaster and bloodshed which threatened to overwhelm it. Many of these ideas gathered round the figure of Cæsar's heir and successor, Octavian, afterwards known as Augustus Cæsar. The re-establishment of orderly government throughout the civilized world was naturally associated with the man who, whatever his shortcomings, was mainly instrumental in initiating this much-desired result which constituted a benefit felt by all alike, and gave hope of an era of peace and happiness such as the world had never witnessed before. At that period alone in the world's history contending rivalries of hostile nations did not threaten the established order. The inroads of barbarian hordes were not the grave menace which they became later. The policing of the Roman Empire, and the establishment of the Pax Romana throughout its vast territories, was the main duty of the central power. It was no wonder, then, that the more sanguine spirits of the age looked forward, not without some apparent justification, to a long era of profound peace in which civilization might recover itself and find that opportunity for the development of commercial enterprise which the universal dominion of Rome seemed most fitted to secure. This Roman Peace was so manifestly to the advantage of all inhabitants of the civilized world that it might well be argued

COLLAPSE
OF THE
ROMAN
REPUBLIC.

that no future discords and rivalries would be allowed to disturb it. The Roman Republic, once regarded as synonymous with liberty, had shown itself totally unfit to grapple with the problems involved in the government of an Empire of which Rome itself was but the smallest fraction. A hundred years of incessant civil war had at last disillusioned even the most obstinate defenders of the old order of things of any hope that the Roman oligarchy could justify its claim to rule the world. Brutus and Cassius were not long in realizing the fact that the assassination of Cæsar had failed entirely in its alleged object, and was merely productive of a further period of anarchy. At last the Peace of Brundisium seemed to hold out hope that the old order of things had finally passed away, and the tyranny which was formerly so unsparingly denounced appeared to all alike to offer the only solution which held out any prospect for the future welfare of mankind.

It was at this time, in the year 40 B.C., during the consulship of Gaius Asinius Pollio, that Virgil wrote his Fourth Eclogue, announcing the coming of the last age foretold by the Cumæan

seer—the return of the Virgin and the birth of the Divine Child.* Little, doubtless, did the writer realize the interpretations which were destined to be placed upon his somewhat fantastic sketch of the return of the Golden Age to mankind. Little can he have foreseen how the son of the gods whom he announced as about to be born would be identified through many centuries with

THE
PROPHECY
OF THE
CUMÆAN
SIBYL.

a child of Jewish parents, born in distant Palestine, whose advent was indeed destined to usher in a new era in the history of the world. Little can he have anticipated the endless disputes and discussions of learned commentators on the meaning of his words, and the identity of the child to whom they had reference. Even now these disputes and discussions are being renewed once more. Two books have appeared during the last two years devoted to the question of Virgil's so-called Messianic Eclogue, its meaning and its sources.† It is stated that the Emperor Constantine was the first openly to announce his acceptance of the view that the Eclogue was a definite prophecy of the coming of Christ. But as late as the time of Pope,‡ who frankly adopts it nearly fourteen centuries after, the explanation of this strange prediction as a prophecy of the birth of Christ still held the field. Virgil himself has throughout many centuries occupied a unique position among pagan writers in the eyes of the Christian Church as one who, though not himself a Christian, had actually foreseen the advent of Christianity. Sometimes it is the sibyl, as in the case of St. Augustine, to whom the real merit of the prophecy is ascribed; but in any case the

* *Ultima Cumæi venit iam carminis aetas ;
magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo.
iam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.
tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
casta fave Lucina : tuus iam regnat Appollo.*

This may be roughly translated :—

The last age is at hand foretold in the Cumæan prediction. A mighty cycle of centuries is beginning anew. Now returns the Virgin; the Kingdoms of Saturn return. Now a new offspring is sent down from highest Heaven. Do thou, chaste Lucina, smile upon the birth of the boy in whose day the Iron Age will come to an end, and the Golden Race arise throughout the whole world. Thy Apollo now reigns.

† *Virgil's Messianic Eclogue* : Three Studies by J. B. Mayor, W. Warde Fowler and R. S. Conway. London : John Murray. *Virgil and Isaiah*, by T. F. Royds, B.D. Oxford : B. H. Blackwell.

‡ See Preface to Pope's *Messiah*.

sibyl and the Latin poet divide the honours. And in mediæval times this recognized position is emphasized by Dante, who, in his *Divina Commedia*, gives Virgil a special position of honour and makes him the poet's guide through two-thirds of the unseen

PARALLEL-
ISM
BETWEEN
VIRGIL AND
ISAIAH.

world. The interest and mystery of this celebrated Eclogue are enhanced by the extraordinary similarity between its phraseology and that of the prophet Isaiah when writing of the anticipated Jewish Messiah. Whatever explanation we may offer of this singular parallelism, the reader cannot fail to be struck by its remarkable exactitude, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to suppose that a parallel of the kind could be due merely to accident or coincidence. How did the ideas and expressions of the Jewish prophet reach the knowledge of the Latin poet? Was it through the medium of the sibyl's prophecy? And if so, what was the prophecy referred to, and in what form had Virgil cognizance of it? Here again we are confronted with a fresh difficulty. The Sibylline Books to which such importance was attached at Rome were invariably consulted for guidance when either internal or external danger threatened the Roman State; but the long years of anarchy which preceded the triumph of Julius Cæsar had had in this connection a fatal result. These Libri Fatales, as they were called, perished during the civil wars, as the Alexandrian Library did later. They were preserved in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the temple was destroyed with all its contents by a gigantic conflagration which was one of the incidents of the Social War in B.C. 83. It is true the Roman government set to work to replace the burnt volumes by making a fresh collection, but we are left in doubt as to what relation the new collec-

DESTRUC-
TION OF
THE
SIBYLLINE
BOOKS.

tion bore to the old, or indeed whether they had anything material in common between them. Doubtless, however, there were traditions current among the people with regard to the contents of these prophecies, and Virgil may have learned of the prophecy by hearsay, or alternatively it may have been one of the later collection. In the latter case it is quite possible that it may have been of Jewish origin—though if so there would be no justification for attributing it to the Cumæan sibyl. These sibyls subsequently became as numerous as the editions of *Old Moore's Almanack*, but it is well to bear in mind that there was only one original sibyl.

Commentators still disagree as to who the unnamed boy

was whose birth was implicit with the promise of this new age. This disagreement, however, is somewhat curious, as the facts of the case appear to lend themselves to only one interpretation. Virgil definitely states that the boy was to be born during the consulship of Pollio. At this date Scribonia, the wife of Octavian,

WHO WAS
THE BOY? was expecting a child, and though it ultimately turned out to be a girl, to the intense disappointment of the father, the poet was evidently taking this risk. He did not, it is true, specifically commit himself by giving any name, but the expressions used with regard to it as a child of the gods and Jupiter's mighty heir, and as one "who will rule a realm to which peace has been restored by his father's virtues," could be appropriate only if applied to the offspring of the Cæsars. The truth is, however, that Virgil was drawing a fancy picture of the coming of an anticipated Golden Age—an essential circumstance in connection with which must be the birth of a Divine Child. It is plain, I think, that this was all part and parcel of the old prophecy, and the fact that the specific child that he had in his mind turned out to be a girl after all was merely a matter of minor consequence. Had the child proved to be a boy, the Eclogue would have been taken as a definite compliment by Octavian. As it was, it had to be read in a more general sense. The genuineness of the sibyl's prophecy was not affected, as doubtless the poet felt, by the particular child he had in his mind failing to be of the male sex.

Probably the prophecy of the Cumæan sibyl had some occult astrological basis. The reference to the Virgin is suggestive of this, and it will be noted that this sign precedes in zodiacal order that of Libra, symbolical of the reign of Justice, which the New Age was to bring in its train. A further reference in the Eclogue is confirmatory of this, and makes it clear that the idea of the recurrence of the Golden Age suggested to the poet's mind the notion of the return again of a past cycle of the world's history when the planets had resumed once more their ancient positions. Thus he tells us that the Trojan War was to be re-enacted in the future, and the Argo repeat her historic voyage. The whole Eclogue is a fantastic and fanciful application of some ancient tradition, embodied doubtless in this sibylline prophecy, to the conditions in which Virgil found the world of his own day. The notion underlying it undoubtedly was that the conditions then prevailing offered an opportunity of realizing, under the dominion of Rome, some approach to that state of mythical happiness, contentment and prosperity of which the fabled Golden

Age was the embodiment. Throughout the *Æneid* and the *Georgics* too these aspirations of Virgil are made manifest. Though he writes of "Arms and the man," he loses no opportunity of making plain to his readers his own passionate love of peace, and his own desire that the sword should be beaten into the ploughshare, and that the arts of peace should at last have free scope for their development. His hero, *Æneas*, journeys to Italy on no warlike mission, even if this mission involves fighting in the upshot. The poetry is always highest for those who

VIRGIL
HAS AN
EYE TO
PRACTICAL
POSSI-
BILITIES.

"Found new arts and make the world more fair,"

not for the doughty victors in the field of battle. It is as the deliverer of mankind from the curse of war that he looks upon Augustus, and he sees in the mission of Rome under his guidance the establishment of universal peace and goodwill among men. War by land and piracy by sea were to become things of the past, and the man who rendered possible so noble a consummation, whatever the faults of his character and of his earlier career, deserved to be held as divine. Augustus is thus alluded to in the Sixth *Æneid* in Anchises' prophecy of Rome's future glory, as "he who will establish once more the Golden Age which flourished erstwhile in the Latin land under the rule of Saturn."

All the civilized world was at last, after ages of incessant warfare, linked up, country with country, and sea with sea. A postal system was inaugurated and those roads for which Rome was so justly famous were built from centre to centre of population, so that commerce might at last be carried on unhindered, and man meet man without fear of molestation in friendly and social intercourse. Was not this, thought Virgil, the aim and consummation to which all previous wars and struggles had been tending? Was it not for this that creation had been groaning and travailing until now? Pope Leo saw indeed a different object in this establishment of the Pax Romana. "To the end [he says] that the fruit of God's unspeakable Grace might be diffused throughout the world, the divine Providence created beforehand the dominion of Rome." For, as is obvious, without this dominion, the spread of Christianity would have been an impossibility. But such a thought could not of course have entered the mind of the poet who was subsequently saluted as a prophet by the foremost champions of Christendom.

Looking back, we may say that the sanguine anticipations

of the Roman poet were no wild dreams of a mystic visionary. Then, if at any time in the history of the world, it seemed that conditions prevailed which rendered it possible that an era of universal peace might dawn upon mankind. We are discussing to-day the possibility of policing the world in such a manner as to render war a thing of the past. The obstacles in our way now are immeasurably greater than they were in the times of Virgil. No world empire exists which is conterminous with civilization.

DIFFI-
CULTIES OF
PRESENT
WORLD
OUTLOOK.

Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, Slav, Latin, all have their individual aspirations. None are realizable in full except through some sacrifice of their neighbours' interests. Even the possibility of an Anglo-Saxon confederation, if such an ideal were attainable, would leave out of the reckoning more than half the world. Is a League of Nations, which shall consider the interests of all equally and not sacrifice the individual claims of one to the other, an attainable possibility? Tennyson foretold it, and we may perhaps be comforted by the thought that Tennyson in another instance was a true prophet, when he

Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

Is it too much to hope that his prevision was also justified when he saw in anticipation the time

When the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law.

We may at least put to ourselves the question whether it is possible that what the Pax Romana failed to attain, the Pax Humana may achieve.

Three causes lay at the root of the failure of the Roman Empire to establish permanent dominion and the permanent peace which should have been its corollary. These were: (i) The unsatisfactory methods employed for the election of the Emperor, and the consequent passing of supreme power into the hands of vicious and unscrupulous individuals, who encouraged the placing of corrupt and self-seeking favourites in the most responsible positions in the Empire. (ii) Consequent upon this the worthlessness and incapacity of the proconsuls placed by the Roman Government in charge of the several provinces of the Empire, the injustice of their administration and the extor-

CAUSES OF
BREAK-UP
OF ROMAN
EMPIRE.

tionate levies by which the provincials were impoverished under their rule.* (iii) The slave system, and its evil effects, more especially in the cultivation of vast tracts of agricultural land by slave labour in Italy and the consequent dispossession of the original peasant proprietors.

Thus, primarily, the collapse of the Roman system was due to corruption and bad finance. In consequence the armies raised were insufficient both in number and equipment for the adequate policing of the Roman Empire, and the holding back of barbarian inroads, in spite of the fact that its resources, if properly administered, should have been amply sufficient for all such services. The causes named were all bound up together and all contributed to the disorganization and disintegration of Roman finance without which it was impossible to hold together the constituent portions of the Empire. It is doubtful how far any Empire in the constitution of which slave labour forms an inte-

gral part is susceptible of permanence or stability, and there is no doubt that the slave system in Roman times ate like a canker into the heart of the imperial body corporate, just as it threatened at one time to undermine the federation of the United States of America. There is one asset which we possess to-day which was unthought of in Roman times: I allude to the asset of representative government. How far this expression of the people's will is capable of being used to avert future wars is a question which the future alone can decide. The danger of the placing of unlimited power in the

* The evils arising from oppressive and extortionate proconsuls were rampant under the Republic, and Augustus made strenuous efforts to mitigate these, not without considerable temporary success. As a consequence the concentration of the governing power of Rome in the hands of one ruler who was, of course, in the first instance not Emperor in our sense, but rather the first citizen of the Republic, was welcomed throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. The misrule of a privileged oligarchy such as the Roman Republic was, proved, in fact, a far greater curse to the provincials than any arbitrary power of one individual. Unfortunately absolute power soon fell into evil and corrupt hands, with the inevitable results of oppression and imperial disintegration. Generally speaking the provinces which were under the military rule of a prefect fared better than those which were ruled by proconsuls, the former being more directly under the control of the Emperor, and the latter under that of the Senate. The interest of the Emperor lay naturally in the welfare of the whole Empire, of any portion of which he was liable to be a native. The senate, on the other hand, was more directly associated with the supremacy of the Roman State. Later on these distinctions between military and non-military governments were done away.

hands of single individuals is as apparent to-day as it was two thousand years ago; but its danger appears to be enhanced rather than lessened when those irresponsible individuals have behind them the support of universal suffrage.* Elective monarchies again, lend themselves to corruption just as hereditary monarchies are endangered by the incapacity of individual rulers. The choice of the head of a state is one of supremest importance, and no method of selection has yet been discovered which eliminates a grave element of danger from the appointment. In this respect a republic may seem to offer the fewest drawbacks, but republics have been by no means uniformly successful in their choice of rulers. In its hours of greatest need the United States of America have been singularly fortunate; but dare we hope that this will always be the case? The system can hardly be considered entirely sound which has given America some of her elected rulers. In Roman days the destiny of mankind hung in the balance when a new Emperor was elected. The position is indeed not quite the same to-day when civilization is represented by the heads of many different nationalities, but the difficulty of maintaining the peace is all the greater, and it is hard to conceive of any court of arbitration, however chosen, which could enforce its decrees on all and sundry when international disputes arose. The idea of the Parliament of Man is a noble conception, but even after Armageddon it is hardly practical politics. Still, the problem has to be faced. The longer it is postponed the more urgent it becomes, and the greater appear the obstacles to its attainment.

There is a note of warning in the old legend as to how the sibylline books were first obtained. The sibyl came to the Roman King of those days and offered him the nine sibylline books, naming her price. The King rejected them with scorn, denying that they were worth the figure demanded. By and by the sibyl returned, having destroyed three of the books, and offered the remaining six at the same price as the original nine. The King again refused. Thereupon the sibyl went back and destroyed three more, and returning offered the three last at the price she had originally asked for the nine. This time the King took counsel with his advisers and ended by paying the full price for the three. The opportunity offered two thousand years ago for the establishment of

THE MORAL
OF THE
LEGEND
OF THE
SIBYLLINE
BOOKS.

* It is sometimes forgotten that the German Reichstag is elected by universal suffrage.

universal peace presented far fewer difficulties than that offered to-day. To-day the need is more urgent, the possibility more remote. If we reject the opportunity that lies ahead of us, a more urgent need still may arise in the not far distant future, coupled with a still more remote possibility of its attainment. Should we not be wise to accept the warning implicit in the legend of the sibylline books, and make what terms we may, when the present war has run its course, in order to secure the priceless blessing of universal peace before the opportunity slips from our grasp?

I am asked to draw the attention of readers to the Constanti-Cornwell Art Exhibition, at 88 Brompton Road, London, S.W. This is one of the numerous recent developments in the direction of inspirational drawing and painting. The artist, as indeed her pictures sufficiently indicate, has had no education in the technique of her art. The pictures themselves are in most cases vague in outline. The interest of her work lies mainly in the extraordinary and delicate colour effects, which seem to have been arrived at in an entirely unconscious manner.

The pictures were originally done in pencil, then in charcoal, and subsequently in pastels and oils. Some of these pictures present the appearance of arabesques or colour-designs pure and simple. One entitled "Divine Healing" has, it has been stated, been proved to possess curative power through the medium of its colour influences. The unique method in which the pictures are mounted and framed adds considerably to their opalescent effect. The interpretations given of her productions by the artist are not always readily followed, and certainly would not in most cases have occurred to the spectator without their having been suggested to him. Personally, I can imagine a totally different interpretation being placed upon many of them with apparently equal justification.

I understand that the commencement of this work dates back some six years. The artist gradually realized that the energy "under the influence of which she was producing the drawings which she was personally unable to produce of her own initiative, was something more tangible than an aimless potency." By degrees she was able to get in touch with the entities who were guiding her work. The principal one of these gave his name as "Constanti," the name being given in consequence to the Exhibition as a whole. The artist claims even to have seen psychically

one or more of the entities in question. I gather that two of the designs on view have been exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. One series of these pictures deals with the legend of Ishtar, the Persian deity. All are more or less symbolical in character.

A point of rather special interest in regard to the astrological indications bearing on the present war lies in the mutual relations of the leading horoscopes affected. The astrological tradition that a malefic in one horoscope falling on an important position on another will result in the possessor of the first horoscope doing injury to the latter, and a corresponding position in the case of a benefic will bring benefit, has been strongly borne out. Both

ASTROLOGY
AND THE
WAR.

Marshal Foch and Sir Douglas Haig have Mars exactly on the place of the German Emperor's ascendant, whereas Hindenburg, his most successful general, has Jupiter in the same position. Not only is this the case, but President Wilson has Jupiter exactly on the ascendant of King George. I drew the attention of a well-known astrologer to this fact long before there seemed the least prospect of the intervention of America, and he admitted that he himself had also noticed it, and that it had puzzled him very much, owing to the improbability of such intervention. Curiously enough, another person who has Mars on the ascendant of the German Emperor is Kaiser Karl—though in this case there are certain other compensating positions. Quite apart from Astrology many of us have noticed how liable certain people are, even with the best possible intentions, to bring us constant bad luck ; and it is well perhaps to bear the astrological explanation of this fact in mind, and to give such people a wide berth.

One of the other points which is particularly noteworthy in connection with the present conflict is the predominance of the Dragon's Head (the Moon's North node) in the horoscopes of three of the people who are specially affected by it. President Wilson has the Dragon's Head and Jupiter both rising in Aries, while the Sun and Mercury culminate in opposition to Saturn. The British Premier has the Dragon's Head culminating, and Sir Douglas Haig has the same position exactly rising. Recent astrologers, quite erroneously as I think, have been disposed to attribute small importance to this position ; but it was universally recognized by earlier students as being an important and significant position, promising honour and success ; and I cannot help thinking that it has been a great mistake to ignore its influence.

SPIRIT LIGHTS AND SPIRIT VOICES

By A. ROAMER •

THOSE of us who are interested in what we now call the occult but which at some not far distant time may be spoken of in scientific terms, may recall instances recorded of lights appearing around figures, or balls of light hovering over houses.

Concerning the latter, one memory of a newspaper paragraph recurs to me. A great revival (the last, I think) was being carried on in Wales some years ago by a miner and other fervently pious men and women. At nights, above the roof of one of these holy women, intensely fired it was reported by the spirit, a large ball of light was seen on several occasions, remaining for a considerable time. This was testified to by various credible witnesses. It appeared to be visible to all in its neighbourhood.

The following stories concerning strange lights were told me at different times by personal friends as their own experiences. Their confidences may encourage others to break a silence which on these subjects is kept from fear of appearing "fanciful," or even untruthful. When surrounded by uncongenial or grossly material companions little wonder that those who have the gifts of keener sight, hearing, or other psychic qualities, feel they "don't like to tell."

Over twenty years ago, when drinking green tea with a hostess whose windows overlooked the Mediterranean lapping the North African shore, she chanced to tell me the following anecdote, perhaps because we had been speaking of her early married life.

Herself an Englishwoman, she had ventured on an unusual marriage with a Mohammedan of high rank, whose title of Shereef betokened his descent from the Prophet. The extraordinary fact of his choosing a Christian wife, as he was a spiritual prince, doubtless caused a stir amongst not alone his tribal adherents, but also among all true believers in the country; especially as the wedding took place at the British Legation, being safeguarded by all legal and international care. Perhaps the progressist experiment was regarded with some anxiety not only on earth but also in the next plane of life, where it can hardly be doubted

* This pseudonym conceals the name of a well-known writer, who, to my regret, has not seen her way to allow her real name to be published in connection with this article.—ED.

news of earth-friends is conveyed. Being holy by right of birth, the Shereef could hardly do wrong. Yet the departure from Mohammedan custom was daring. What effect might this union between two of opposing creeds produce upon their descendants? For the bride retained her Christian religion.

One night, this lady told me, she was lying awake in a bedroom in her villa, with her newly-born son in a cot next her bed. It was her very own villa, away from the crowded town—the same by the shore in which we then sat. The Shereef bought it for her as a wedding gift; and it was built and furnished in English fashion so that she should feel truly at home. Therefore in the bedroom there was a fireplace, though this was then empty because the nights were no longer chilly as in midwinter. Except for the baby, she was at the time alone.

Presently through her closed eyelids, the young mother fancied there was some light in the room. She opened her eyes. Yes; an undoubted glimmer. Raising herself to look round, she was aware of what seemed a star near the fireplace; it grew larger and spread till in the midst a form became visible, surrounded by white radiance. As with fixed eyes the Shereefa gazed, the figure became clearly an old man in Eastern dress, who moved slowly forward, passing the bed, but pausing over the cradle.

If any momentary fear gripped the mother's heart, she was quickly reassured. For the spirit visitor, as she knew this to be, was only bending over the infant, studying its features with an expression of benignity. She discerned now that he wore the green turban of a shereef, i.e. a descendant of the Prophet; her mind unconsciously registered his jelab or cloak of rich stuff, his dress and whole air of dignity. Slowly the old man appeared to bestow his blessing on the little sleeping descendant of Fatima, daughter of Mohammed; then straightening his bent person, he glided back, fading as he went, across the room. Finally the apparition resolved itself into its first star-shape and near the fireplace disappeared.

Eagerly the Shereefa told her husband next morning of the strange event. To her surprise he showed no astonishment.

"It is well! You saw my father," he replied with tranquil gravity. "It is natural he should wish to see his grandson, so he came. You have described his appearance and dress correctly."

One may conclude that the Arabs in North Africa hold like belief with their kindred in Arabia and Palestine. There to my own knowledge visions are still seen, and in one case dumbness followed and sickness (testified to by an English doctor who told

me of it) as happened to Zacharias the father of John the Baptist, when told in a vision of his son's coming birth, and his tongue was not loosed till the child was born and named ; while the prophet Daniel records how after his wondrous vision of the kings of Media, Persia and Greece, " I, Daniel, fainted and was sick certain days ; then I rose up and did the king's business " (Dan. viii. 27).

My hostess on this occasion went on to tell me that once more she saw her deceased father-in-law, but this time by daylight.

Her husband decided to take her inland, to see the town whence he derived his title, on one of his visits thither. The journey in a country without roads except for accustomed tracks made by herds driven in certain directions was made on horseback, as she disdained a litter. On the afternoon when they neared the white walls, domes, minarets and the palm trees of the Shereef's ancestral abode it chanced that his young wife found herself momentarily alone. Her husband and his followers had galloped off in quest of sport. Either they were hawking or hunting gazelle ; the details escape my memory. But being a good horsewoman and knowing they would soon rejoin her, she rode ahead quietly.

Presently she found herself in a narrow place between rising ground, where there was no choice but to take a path trodden by droves of cattle, camels and sheep. Here her horse hesitated and wished to stop.

Surprised she looked round. Here, as elsewhere in that land, there would be thickets of white broom, dry cactus, and under foot spires of pale pink asphodel. But also—what was more unusual—she saw on the other side an elderly Sheikh of undoubted rank, standing on foot beside the track. Her surprise changed to amazement when she recognized him as the aged dead Shereef. Of the wayfarer's identity she felt no doubt ; remembering her midnight vision and the apparition's distinctive turban and dress.

A few moments passed during which she felt that she was being earnestly scrutinized by the figure. The inspection was apparently satisfactory, for his face wore a benevolent look. Then stepping aside, he disappeared. Her horse moved on of its own accord.

Again the Shereef interpreted this as a natural and even flattering occurrence. That his wife should thus be met and welcomed to the city of his ancestors by his father's spirit gave him unfeigned filial pleasure.

May this digression from the subject of spirit lights be par-

doned, seeing that the incident appertains to the preceding story.

Another instance of a spirit light was confided to me lately by a dear and intimate friend ; with whose family the acquaintance is lifelong. This seems to me especially touching ; and also describes vividly a supernatural light.

At the time of the occurrence M. M. was a newly bereaved widow, and one is inclined to think that the link between herself and her husband must have even been more close than is usual even between truly attached couples. Her sorrow was intense—life seemed unbearable !

He whom she mourned had been a particularly handsome and gallant gentleman ; a centurion of the Empire, as our officers on foreign service verily are. Their married life had been at first and for the most part spent far from home. Theirs was the close companionship of disciplined wanderers with " the regiment " overseas. But it involved frequent great loneliness in camp—no other white men near for months—no white women. That must have drawn these two very near. But the solitude was under the velvet night-skies and diamond stars of Africa ; and theirs was the luxury of such dawns and sunsets, flowers and wide, free spaces only bounded afar by mountain ranges as humdrum dwellers of our seagirt small isle can never know, or maybe dream of.

Again, as many married women will acknowledge, childlessness may sometimes be—not the lack of a conjugal bond—but a strong link on the wife's side. The dormant motherhood in every true living woman asserts itself none the less ; only her man is set in the place of the missing child. For him she cares with the unceasing devotion of maternal love added to that towards her other half ; and that with yearly increasing anxiety, while instead of growing out of her arms to youth this her " child " declines into age and its weaknesses, leaning on her more and more.

Then when, as in his case, after wounds received in one of our wars, illness sets in, and the once strong man is brought home, crippled, broken, needing long, unceasing, unwearying devotion—wifely tenderest ministrations, whilst recovery is at last acknowledged hopeless—when the end comes, onlookers doubtless piously ejaculate : " Poor man ! After all it is a happy release for him. And it will be really a relief for her, in time."

If she guessed this, with what a wave of indignation would not she—and every other loving woman and wife—spurn the suggestion ! To every mother-wife, her helpless charge is all the more dear, for needing *her*, clinging to *her*. She would have it go on so, if fate only allowed, for their joint lives.

There are at this minute hundreds of girlish war-widows among us, many of whom, if not all, will remain constant lovers defying death's parting. But yet even these may come to realize that morning's dew still sparkles on the flowers lining their lives' way-side, while jocund playmates will soon beckon to the mourners to come awhile—to smile—and join in their company. Not so the elder women, even if still warmed by life's afternoon sunshine. In the twilight drawing near, they will sit still—and remember.

It has been so with M. M. Therefore this close communion of soul-fellowship with her beloved may well be why her experience is unusual. Others who also sorrow must not feel downcast that no such beam of momentary joy has cheered *them*. Each soul has its own compensations.

Only last night my friend told me for the second time the details of her vision. My wish was that she herself would write it down, because I feared to overlook what wiser persons might deem important. But distrusting her own powers as a writer she has preferred to dictate it.

It happened three weeks after her husband's death. She had been away for change of scene at the urgings of others. Their well-meant but comfortless efforts at comfort had been maddening: "Dear, he is much better off, now. He is being cared for . . . is in a far better place . . . you must rouse yourself. Try not to be morbid!" and so forth. (Most of us know this usual useless formula.)

And out would flash her passionate rebellion of retort.

"Who could take better care of him than I did? He was always happy as long as he had me with him." After so long nursing her dearly beloved invalid, her mind could hardly imagine him other than still a helpless weak charge. She could bear her new surroundings no longer.

"They meant to be very kind, but they were driving me crazy. And I felt, somehow, as if I must get back *to be near him!* So one day I packed up my things and left," she explained.

Going back meant returning to the place where the last months of her dear husband's life had been spent. There she was in one sense soothed. Yet the feeling of isolation was overwhelming; as was also that of no longer being sympathized with and understood—as had been the case in her years of happy wedded life. She sobbed herself to sleep—after longing, it may be praying in soul, to be taken too.

What followed has been taken down from her lips word for word.

"I woke up with a rushing noise of wind in the room, as if all the windows were open and everything in the room was swirling round and round as it does at sea in a storm. But the strange thing is, I was not in the least frightened; only I knelt up in my four-poster to see if the windows were really shut (as they were) and to look at what was happening. . . . Then I saw a small light by the fireplace and it grew bigger and brighter. . . . All on a sudden, before one could think, the whole room and all in it—I myself and the bed—everything was enveloped in a perfectly gorgeous light, like the most wonderful, bluish opaque light—opaline—lovely! It seemed clear, and yet I cannot remember being able to see through it.

"I fell back on my pillows saying: '*Oh! don't go!*' It seemed to bring so extraordinary a rest. . . . Remember there was not the least fear in my mind from the beginning; only the feeling one could go on watching this light for ever. . . . It was so peaceful—so full of bliss—no least atom of fear.

"I kept on saying: '*Oh! don't go!*'

"But it went. While the whole room was illuminated it suddenly went. It went as it came, only more quickly, for it began with a small light that spread. . . .

"Afterwards I have prayed that it might come back, but it never has. I have hardly told this to any one for fear of being jeered or laughed at; but if my name is not given you may publish it, for it may bring hope to other persons as it did to me. There was just one man whom I did tell about it; you know his name—he understands these strange things and is a good man and a clergyman. He was glad I had seen the light besides hearing the wind; that my mind might be at rest and know my husband was in happiness. '*You have been granted a great privilege; but you will never see it again,*' he said. And I never have."

Whether the narrator believed at the time that her husband's spirit was near her—come to console her—she hardly seems to know. Only again and again she has repeated to me that the perfect sense of rest brought by that radiance from Paradise is unforgettable. "*I am the light of the world,*" said our Lord Jesus Christ.

One more account of a strange light is just supplied me by perhaps the last girl of my acquaintance whom any one might suppose psychic.

Young, healthy, with the crisp curling hair always recognized as a sign of strength, and cherry cheeks that do not shrink from

the rough male kiss of the north wind, she finds life, even in wartime, quite a cheery sort of affair.

"Well, I'll gladly tell you all about it," she began. "It's the only ghost I've ever seen; that's to say if it really was one. But I have felt a queer sort of a presence once in a haunted room. (I only found out afterwards it was said to be so.) This time, you see, I'd gone to stay for the first time with some connections. They've got a very old house in the country with a new part built on to it; but they gave me a room in the old part—if that had anything to do with it.

"It was quite a long bedroom with the bed at the far end; its head against the wall and space on both sides of it. The window was directly opposite to the bed with the door on the left of it and a window on the right of it—all close together.

"Well, I went to bed on the first night of my visit, and I was just dropping off to sleep when there came a sudden light in the room. Not in my end. That was all as dark as could be. But the window quarter of the room was lit up quite brightly.

"I sat up in bed and said to myself: 'What a funny thing!'

"The light was like what one sees sometimes on a stage; a greenish white. The dressing-table, before the window, and the door and wardrobe, and also I remember a picture on the wall, showed up quite clear. Then it went out. . . . It puzzled me, for it was not moonlight, or any ordinary kind of light; and it didn't seem to come from outside, as you know light sometimes does.

"However, it didn't trouble me, so I lay down again.

"Five minutes later, there was the light back again, shining right in my eyes. So I bounced up in bed and saw all the far end of the room lit up as before.

"'Well!' I thought, '*what* a funny thing!' And then it went out just as before. It was quite a strong light, and the same greenish colour as before. So once it was gone, of course down I lay—and this time nearly went off to sleep, not worrying.

"A third time back came this light, and woke me right up. Up I sat again, and stared, for it really was rather surprising. And I said aloud to myself—

"'Well! *this is a funny thing!*'

"The next moment I saw a figure in the light. It was just between the dressing-table and the wardrobe, that were near each other; a tallish grey figure. As I looked it began to move and came forward, gliding towards me. It had got to the end of my bed about the middle, and was passing along it, as if it meant to come up to me next by the side of the bed. . . .

"Well! . . . that *was*—"

The speaker's gesture suggested a variety of modern phrases. "A bit too thick!" or perhaps, "Too fearfully weird!" or "Getting my wind up!"

"Anyway, down I ducked at that under the bedclothes and pulled them all as tight as ever I could over my head. My heart began beating in a perfectly dreadful way—terribly!—I had never felt it like that before in my life. It's all right other times, but then it was thumping just as when people die of heart attacks.

"What happened then, do you say? Well, I really don't know; except that I lay there a long time, until my heart quieted, and by that time I was nearly suffocated. So I got my nose out for a little air. And as I ventured next on just a little peep, to see what was going on, from under the sheet, all seemed as dark as ink in the room. The light was really gone. . . . At that my courage came back by degrees, so I lit the candle that was beside my bed and stayed awake all night."

"But tell what happened next morning. Did you ask for your room to be changed? What did your hosts say about the apparition?" These or similar questions followed, as was natural.

"Oh, I never said a word about it. My relatives, you see, were very particular people. I was sure they wouldn't have liked it. So there was nothing to be done, but just keep a candle burning next night, and try to go to sleep. Which luckily I did, being dead tired after the night before, and I never wakened till daylight."

She was congratulated on her pluck. Most persons would have told the hostess, rather than face the chance of a second night of affright. So her hearer felt.

Betty—whose name in real life is otherwise—did not see this. Simply she answered—

"Oh, but you see, I hadn't the nerve for that. They were such *very* particular people."

* * * * *

Having for some years treasured in my memory an experience of the spirit wind confidentially told me by a valued friend, who is acknowledged to be more psychic than the rest of us by her acquaintance, I called on her last Sunday to ask for permission to use it in these pages. Most kindly she not only consented, but even wrote it down the next day, during the rest hour of her war-work. Her promptness and self-denial make it all the more welcome. It is copied as she sent it, without preamble.

" I was walking in an old English garden with my friend and hostess, when I said to her—

" ' Why has your gardener planted that bed of geraniums so that they all of them form August 14 all the way round ? ' "

(It was then early in the month of September.)

My friend looked rather curiously at me and replied—

" But Girton has not planted them in any but the usual way. I fail to see any 14th of August, as you say."

However, as we continued to walk through the garden, I noticed that she glanced at me several times without speaking, and that when we went indoors she took up a notebook off her escritoire and wrote something down in it.

About three weeks after this as I was still staying with her, my friend did one morning what she had never done before ; i.e. she herself brought me in my early cup of tea and asked how I had slept.

I answered that I was quite all right, having enjoyed a good night. Then I suddenly seized her arm and said—

" You have letters in your pocket for me with the news that my father died on August 14 ! Give them to me ! "

It was true.

She had made my tea an excuse to bring me up herself the Indian mail, fearing there might be sorrow in store for me. The entry she had made in her notebook, three weeks before, was of the strange words I had said to her in the garden about the geranium plants forming the date of the 14th August.

The letters which she had put in her pocket were to tell that my dear father died in India on that date ; although that was three weeks before I had seen the sign in the flower-beds without understanding its meaning. The written news did not reach me until the end of September.

A few days after this—perhaps in all seven or perhaps eight weeks after my father's death—I had gone on to stay with other friends in the country. During that night I was roused by a mighty wind that seemed to rush through my room.

It was so violent that the valance of my bed was waving frantically to and fro. The curtains were billowing and it looked as if the wind would tear them down.

Rising, I went hastily to the window and closed it ; but at the time I noticed with surprise that the trees in the garden outside were perfectly still, and not a leaf stirred, for it was a beautiful calm night.

The next morning on being asked kindly whether I had had a

good night (for my hostess knew of my bereavement), I replied I had slept well until half-past two ; but then had been awakened by the gale. This astonished her, for she had heard nothing of a wind, nor had the others of the household.

I did not tell them what had followed.

About three o'clock in the night my father appeared at the foot of my bed and smiled at me.

Then he spoke—but I could only hear part of what he said. And that was a comforting text out of the Bible.

Spirit voices seem to be a somewhat rare experience. At least those instances gleaned in my quest are few. One, that was told me in India before the war, seemed to me particularly touching in its proof that what has filled our hearts here below, if for the good of others and to the glory of our Lord, will pulse as strongly after the passage through the Door.

It concerns an eminent missionary doctor, whose name was and will be long revered on the North-West Frontier. There for years he gave up his life to working among the wild tribes ; also writing about them. He was said to have travelled quite alone amongst them when the life of no other Englishman would have been safe from the knife of some frenzied fanatic, who would have believed himself secure of a place in Paradise, by killing a Christian unbeliever.

He had married a young wife ; one whose family name is a household word in India for piety, learning and good works, bequeathed by Eastern parents ; carried on by worthy successors ; and several of whom are hardly less well known in England.

The story was told me by either her brother or one of her sisters, some of whom I reckon among my valued friends ; but at the moment it is impossible to recall which of these told it me in 1913, having met them all with profit and pleasure, in Poona, Calcutta and Allahabad.

The missionary, Dr. —, took up his bride to Bannu, the scene of his labour of love for Christ's sake. And it was only three weeks ago that in Berkshire a hostess spoke of them with admiration, telling how as a bridal pair they had dined with her ; and of his great goodness and self-devotion. " He took me over his hospital, that was filled with the most dreadfully wild, evil-looking beings I ever saw. One was specially horrible to look at ; he came from the Afghan frontier. He had managed to bring a diseased brother for treatment and was sitting crouched by the sick man's pillow, looking ferociously at every one. Dr. — said that on

hearing an operation was necessary on the brother, and that the result was in the hands of Allah, the guardian consented to it, with the encouraging proviso that if his brother died of it, he should certainly kill the doctor-missionary. Luckily the brother lived."

The happiness of the newly-married couple was not destined to last long. A tragedy took place only too soon. A man had been brought in, suffering from some terribly infectious disease, that needed an operation. Dr. ——'s partner undertook this, but himself got blood-poisoning. On him, in turn, the doctor next was forced to operate, as the only chance of saving his life; well knowing the risk of also taking the infection.

Alas! this happened. The partner died first; then Dr. ——, who had also been poisoned as the result of his devotion to duty. And the sorely-stricken young wife, worn out by sorrow and fatigue, was left alone after hours of labour and deepest anxiety.

Feeling quite unable to bear up any longer, exhausted by all she had undergone, she went to her room and lay down. But soon she heard her husband's voice calling her twice by name.

Then the voice said: "Rise and work!"

At that she rose up and went into the consulting-room, outside which in the veranda were huddled groups, as usual, of wretchedly ill and poor natives, women and children. And she attended to them.

It would be an impertinence to say what all must think of this lady's devotion to what she considers her post of duty. It will suffice that it was lately told me how, in spite of her own health that was impaired, and of seeming ingratitude at times on the part of the wild hill-folk, she is still working there.

AUTOMATIC DRAWING

By F. A. M.

[So much interest has recently been taken in psychic drawings and paintings that I am reproducing two of these which have been sent to me by a lady who has at intervals for a number of years been in the habit of drawing designs, etc., in an automatic manner, without being conscious of the nature or character of the designs which she is drawing. She has sent several of these for my inspection, and has, I understand, drawn a very large number in all, under similar conditions, most of which, however, she has given away to friends. I think her story of how she came to do this kind of work will be of interest to readers of the magazine, and I am therefore giving it just as she has sent it on to me, subject to some slight abbreviation. It will be noticed that she states that she has had no artistic education, and that the gift came to her quite unexpectedly and spontaneously. The great growth of this form of psychic inspiration (if I may so term it) is one of the most curious developments of the Psychic Movement of the present day, and is, it seems to me, a striking evidence of the manner in which this movement is being actively forwarded by agencies on the other side. While the work of those who have no artistic talents and education is of more value evidentially, one cannot help reflecting on what might be the possibilities of such co-operation in the case of an artist of genius whose psychic receptivity was sufficiently developed to enable him to co-operate with an artist on the other plane in the production of some great work of art. It is obvious that the transmission of artistic work must be severely handicapped by the lack of the knowledge of technique on the part of the draughtsman, and it may be also surmised that the best artists would refuse to allow their work to be translated into material form by any but those who had the requisite powers for its reproduction.—E.D.]

TO say that these little pictures are my own unaided work would scarcely be correct in view of the inspiration which prompted me to make them, yet they are from my hands. In the first place I confess to a complete lack of education, artistic or otherwise, easily accounted for by my humble circumstances.

Many years ago when a young girl I was seized with a desire to make pencil drawings, this quite suddenly and without any previous practice in or inclination to art. I produced a number of small pictures in line drawing—chiefly scenes and classic female figures in flowing robes, mainly Greek and Roman, and Roman style. These little drawings lacked merit from an artistic point of view being somewhat badly executed, although the faces and attitudes were full of expression and often formed pleasing pictures. A lady to whom I recently gave a description of some of these, pronounced them "psychic"

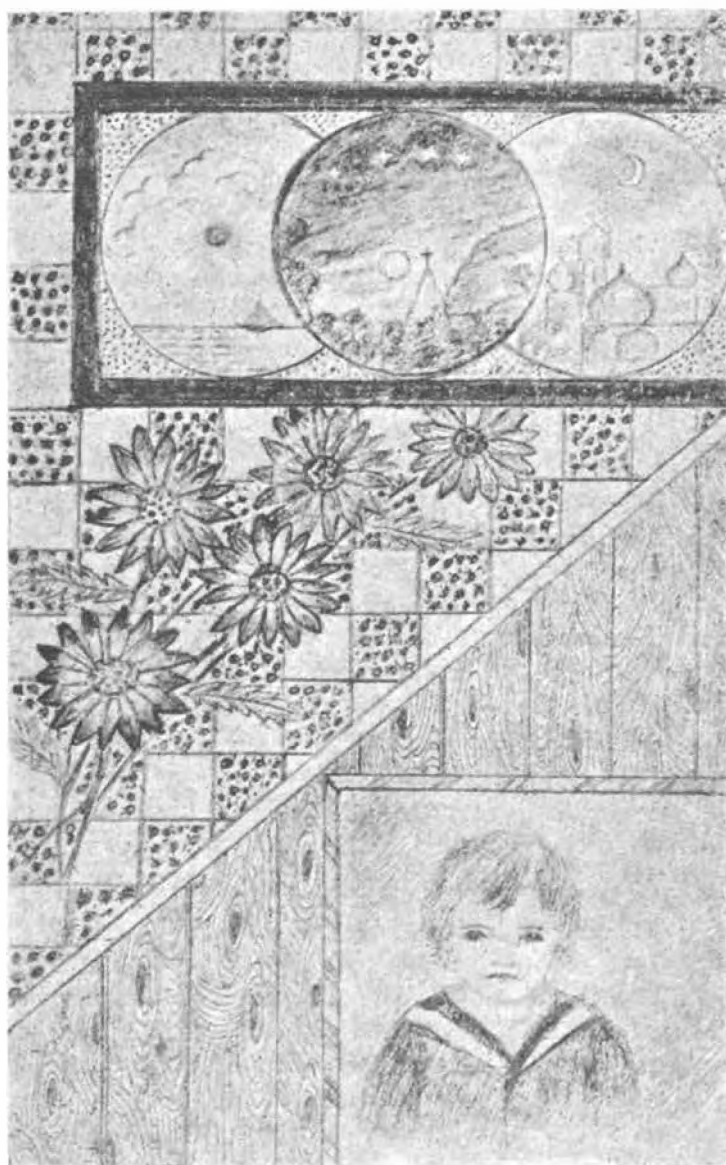
and capable of "interpretation," giving her version of their meanings. I do not propose to enlarge upon these early efforts for the simple reason that nearly all have met destruction—hence any further description will be vain. I was girlishly proud of this quick-sprung



gift, not in these days recognizing an extra-human agency in my work.

I continued to draw and sketch, but the character gradually but completely changed—scenes and figures gave place to ornamental designs and patterns, striking, original and often barbaric in type, still lacking any degree of perfection as regards execution. This

phase also gradually wore off, and the aptitude for reproducing faces and scenes returned, but in somewhat different style. The faces were chiefly of modern children, with an attempt at shading both in costume and background—one in particular being most noticeable in that it



was a faithful sketch of myself as a young child. This was remarkable seeing that no portrait of me was ever taken at that age to serve as subconscious guide. After serving as a fascinating pastime for over seven years the gift left me as suddenly as it had come. Thereafter I could produce nothing in the form of art. My pencil refused its

office and I mourned the departed accomplishment as gone for ever. The sequel is most interesting. A number of years passed, twelve to be precise, and a misfortune befell me—the sudden and tragic loss of a near relative and a consequent severe illness as a result of the shock. A recovery from this mental blow brought with it the return of the lost “psychic” art gift in a new and almost perfect form, a few specimens of which I submit. They are, I venture to say, most charming and original and regarding them as I do in a “detached” and non-possessive light, I can without conceit express admiration. Although my hand has traced every line of these little pictures, I cannot fairly claim to be the originator, as most certainly some unseen agency or influence has been at work through me.

You will note that in each drawing a little boy's face forms part of the design, and that his expression is always serious and wistful. In these there is a strong suggestion of a resemblance to my brother's eldest child, a little boy of whom I am very fond, although when drawing I had no intention of sketching him. This child has rare character traits, as is denoted in his horoscope which I cast when an infant for his mother. I believe, too, that the little fellow will develop “psychic” powers in after years; this may account for the presence of his portrait—more or less—in my drawings, while the fact of my affection for him may have had also the effect of impressing his baby features in them.

Very rarely, indeed, do the faces of girl-children appear in these pictures, and more rarely still those of women. Another curious circumstance is that I have no preconceived idea of what will be the design of the drawings when taking up the pencil. The little picture grows beneath my hand, often taking a form which surprises me when completed. Sometimes a couple of hours is all the time required to produce a finished drawing.

In addition to the black and white I also work in pastel colours, which, however, lack the delicacy of the former, yet are equally pleasing from a colour point of view to some tastes. A curious fact in connection with these latter is that the form and colour of them are affected by my moods—a slightly depressed state of the nerves will result in sombrely coloured and severe little pictures with a strong note of black in the scheme. On the contrary, a cheerful mood will result in brightly coloured designs, with a gayer form, festoons, palms, flowers, etc.

These are less “psychic” than the “black and white” specimens, and more difficult to produce in consequence.

REASON AND REVELATION

BY THE LATE SIJIL ABDUL-ALI

IN dealing with the subject of Reason and Revelation, I am anxious to acknowledge at the outset what will be quite clear at the end, namely, that an exhaustive inquiry is beyond both my ability and my intention. The subject is charged with difficulties, and these inhere not in the particular problem considered as a matter of scholarship so much as in the nature of the mind itself. All verbal expression is under certain logical restrictions which may perhaps give a basis to the criticism that in the presentation of any thesis we are compelled by a more or less remote necessity to drag our thoughts before the bar of reason. Indeed, reason seems to be the first universal court of jurisdiction in which ideas are tried, and only those which are approved may pass on into knowledge. Where, then, may we find a criterion by which to judge reason itself?

I suppose that above all things we seek to know; and the object of our knowledge must be universal and enduring. On this ground, perhaps, may be explained the seeming aversion to the objects of sense which has characterized so many great philosophies, and especially those which have had a mystical trend. For the senses are distracting; so often they confuse and harass the soul, and destroy its peace; and this character may have led to that mistrust and abnegation of sense which is asceticism in its extreme and most repugnant form. It is dangerous to despise the senses: it is equally dangerous to be led by them; and, if we are to introduce a moral judgment, let us say that both practices are evil. We seek reality, and it cannot be denied that sensation is real. It is in our interpretation that the possibility of error lies. That which is beyond our will we must accept: we must be silent when it is Destiny or the Deity that speaks. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,"—and may we not add without irreverence, "a cheerful receiver too"? It is truth that we seek: the truth about the Universe; about evil and good, pain and pleasure, experience and understanding, senses and soul, despair and hope; the truth even about illusion and falsehood which, if they exist, are part of the Universe.

But where are we to find reality, and how is it to be appre-

hended at last? Where shall we look for that which shall give permanence to our affections, and satisfy not merely the intellect, not merely the emotions, but the whole self? Sensation does not give it; experience is bewildering; but reason seems to lead us thither. The Dialogues of Plato give perhaps the fullest presentation of the ascent from the data of sense to intellectual concepts, and from intellectual concepts to the apprehension of real being. They lead us, step by step, from the facts of the most ordinary experience, upwards to grander and grander generalizations,—away from sense, away from the disturbing multitude of particulars, until at last we find the logician has become the seer, and we ourselves transported by poetic rapture into the veritable presence of the gods. Yet the progress has been rational; our starting point, the common experience of men. But somewhere, almost without warning—with the warning only that the dawn gives to the watcher on the hills at night—there comes the vision of some secret unity which had lurked within the objects of sense. So delicate is the skill with which this ascension of thought is made, that we are apt to forget, while reading, how greatly we are dependent upon the genius of the author. This fact we may easily realize by an attempt, unaided, to reconstruct the argument and make it carry us again to the same heights. Yet, as we read, there is such simplicity, such ingenuous conversation! Socrates is at great pains to make his meaning clear: he speaks in the easiest style, and often repeats himself under different images which all may understand. Question and answer, question and answer,—and almost before we are aware, we are admitting what before we had denied, and are being carried upward by our own admissions.

Writing of this majestic thinker whose system stands like a pyramid in the history of philosophic thought, Emerson, with his own peculiar eloquence, shows how "all speculation tends thus to a terrific unity." But this must be a unity in which all the functions of the soul can find their satisfaction. We are impelled to believe that there is a scheme (and purpose) not only in nature but also in life,—that every human aspiration shall find at last its object; and from the very existence of the belief may be educed at least one argument in favour of the facts. The progression which science teaches of a physical order from, so to speak, a physical chaos, will hardly be reconciled with an inferior doctrine of the moral sphere. It is an inspiring trait in the Platonic system that it found this complete Unity by identifying the object of knowledge with the Good, thus providing

not only a basis in reality for the moral judgment, but a perfect congruity between ethics and science. It was this which made possible the doctrine of virtue as a form of knowledge; for to have real knowledge was to have knowledge of the Good (since reality was the Good); and since to know the Good implied to love the Good, real knowledge being possible only to the philosopher, the lover of wisdom, it followed that he only who loved the Good could *know* (*i.e.*, could directly apprehend) reality. Hence the highest knowledge was a result of the highest love, sealed in a rapturous contemplation of the Good; and it was inconceivable that he who had thus *known*, who had beheld this Vision, could act otherwise than virtuously so long as he preserved the memory of that sublime experience.

But, indeed, it would only breed despair and degeneracy to believe that science and morality were disharmonious. The greatest sages have not admitted that the Universe is faulty, or that human life is mean. If the circumstance is lowly, they say, let the soul dignify it. The faith that nature is conformable to a moral end is manifest in our ordinary activity, as, for instance, when we adapt natural laws to the requirements of civilized society. It is the soul that moralizes nature, not nature that demoralizes the soul. In respect of morality, we ought to regard nature as passive, or neutral, so that the congruity between science and ethics becomes creatable by us.

Now, it is almost self-evident that the problem of how to reconcile the different phases of knowledge must have constantly recurred in many ages. In pure religion the question can scarcely arise, because religion is primarily an appeal to the moral instinct in man, and in its simplest condition offers in return for the obedience of faith the assurance of entry into the sanctity of Divine wisdom. And on the other hand, in science we escape the problem, for science is properly concerned with the rationalization of experience. But between the extremes of science and religion—on the one hand, the inductive comprehension of experience by subjecting its data to observation and experiment, and, on the other, the immediate apprehension of reality which is claimed in the highest mystic intuition arising, let us say, from the simplicity of a faith which questions only while it trusts—between these, I say, there is apparently a great gulf fixed; and it is a duty of philosophy to inquire whether this chasm really exists, and, if so, whether it can be bridged. I have already referred to Plato as indicating a solution to the problem. But possibly the difficulty did not present itself to Plato in quite so

complex a form as that in which it comes to us. Events have happened since his time which alter the human outlook. One of these is the advent of the Jewish Messiah. There is obviously a difference between the Christian concept of God and the purely metaphysical one, and this, as might be expected, gives a distinctive quality to Christian mysticism, which, in a sense, is warmer, more intimate, more personal than the non-Christian forms. But without any wish to disparage Christian mysticism, and with the purpose of giving to none an occasion of offence in regard to my present thesis, I intend to direct my readers' attention to general considerations merely.

The other great event,—or, rather, series of events—which separates us from Plato is the rise of the sciences. The growth of science rested upon a faith in pure intellect and in the reality of the objective world. I do not say that science is impossible in an idealistic theory, but merely that it was not built up on such a theory. Pure and applied science arises most naturally from a belief in the existence of matter *per se*; and certainly in respect of its own claim and concept, except when the categorical limitation of these are overlooked, it is under no obligation to examine the metaphysical foundations of its belief. The evil arises of course when, assuming that what is called matter and its phenomena is the real object of knowledge, we seek to explain the totality of things on this hypothesis. I need scarcely remind my readers of the metaphysical dilemma to which such an assumption drives us—of the unanswerable question as to how “ideas,” to use Locke's term, can be on the one side material and on the other side mental—as to how, in fact, matter, if it existed as defined by the realists of this school, could in any conceivable degree be either known or even knowable. But leaving this metaphysical problem, which does not really concern our present inquiry, we must see clearly in the study of any branch of science, that it is concerned with experience as its raw product, and that pure intellect is our machinery. The finished product is a series of concepts—not “finished” in an ultimate sense, but representing the results of a mental synthesis which in its scope and nature is as complete as the data available will justify or allow. These concepts are “true” in the sense that they are again referable to experience, and that combinations of them are valid according to the same criterion. They are a framework made by the intellect, in which to dispose the data of experience; and also under another figure, they are tools wherewith the intellect may fashion for itself fresh paths into the unknown. The fact is

exemplified by a consideration of the earliest stages of history. The primitive man, applying his intellect to the material of nature, made for himself the rudest implements with which to combat, in its hostile aspect, the very nature which, in a sense, had provided his defensive weapons. These tools gave him his first material advantage as an intellectual creature, and signalized the possibility of an all-compelling progress. Yet it was the power to conceive and to hold as a purely ideal construction that which was about to take material form, which gave a basis to the next stage of advancement; and thus did intelligence begin to prevail over instinct and brute-force. To observe, to remember, to try by experiment, to name, to classify and summarize the facts of experience, to formulate concepts, and finally to project these by will into action—these are the intellectual functions which make possible the stupendous elaboration of science, pure and applied.

The faculty which exercises itself in such patient gathering and co-ordinating of empirical data preparatory to a comprehensive induction, is a token of the aspiration from many to one, from effect to cause, from sensation to reality. The first generalizations from experience go to form the bases of new and completer generalizations, so that on each level of induction the number of concepts required to interpret experience becomes less in the ascension from the broad base of experience itself. This pyramidal structure—to use a spatial figure—evidently rises towards a point, a unity, from which the whole field of experience may be surveyed. But in the present state of science, the point has only a speculative existence. Induction has not yet reached it and there is no guarantee that it will ever do so. It is, however, possible to pass by another method to the conviction that there is a real Unity, a self-existent Being which in its essence is cause and in its manifestation the sensible Universe.

Now this astonishing wealth of facts, disposed and co-ordinated in the manner of science, did not present itself to the mind of Plato because it had not then been amassed; so that in some degree his generalizations could be made with less complexity than ours. But, subject to this reservation, his problem, was essentially the same as that which is before us to-day.

Intellect, then, informs experience and gives an ascension from facts to relations. Its function is to co-ordinate, to relate, and thus to apprehend a unity which the senses cannot discern. The process should be figured not merely as an ascent but also as a drawing in, a rallying of the self, a discipline from sense to

reason. At its lowest, life is manifest as a response to stimulus, a withdrawal from that which causes pain and a moving out towards that which causes pleasure ; but life at its highest is a sort of divine earnestness, a longing for the Beautiful, the Pure. The desire merely for pleasurable sensation, or experience, although a very necessary part of our being, must gradually give place to the resolve that we will understand the cause and meaning of experience.

But regarding the matter from another point of view, we must see that there is a very distinct line of demarcation to be drawn between God as a logical inference and God as the object of immediate apperception. It seems that not all are constrained to mount step by step the ladder of reason, although one would imagine that the fullest revelation could come only to those who at some period have made this ascent. But by whatever means the revelation comes, it seems to transcend all ordinary knowledge. The mystic says ; God has revealed Himself to me. I know Him as reality, though not as I know a finite being ; and beside that knowledge, which should scarcely be called knowledge, for it is not of the nature of ordinary knowing, is touched and trembling with love, with adoration and awe—beside it all sensuous knowledge is lustreless and unimportant. . . . But inductively one merely affirms : Careful consideration of the facts of experience brings me to the conclusion that God must exist. What is the significance of this distinction ? In the one case the Unity is apprehended, and there follows a descent to particulars, to the many : in the other case, the mind infers the Unity from the multiplicity which it examines. If the mystic says : " I know God," and we are to allow any validity to his claim, we must admit that it signifies at once the goal and basis of his scheme of knowledge, and that from this sublime act of apperception flow for him the beauty and the meaning of the Universe. But as a purely logical being, what am I to say ? I infer God,—that is, I infer His existence—but only because such inference seems to be demanded by logical thought.

A certain fusion of these two processes is required ; and personally I feel quite convinced that such a fusion is not merely possible, but actual—and in a limited measure, perhaps, inevitable. Certainly any kind of revelation, any opening of the spiritual sense, will involve reconstruction and adjustment of hastily formed notions ; but I do not believe that there is any incompatibility between rational and revealed truth. There is no madness, no sudden despising of the things of sense, no

“insanity of genius” in the life of the mystic as I conceive it. There is simply the slow upward-striving of reason—that reason which at first makes one so proud, and at last leads to contradictions which one cannot resolve because they seem to inhere in the very nature of thought—and then the humble acknowledgment that one has reached a limit, and the passive waiting for illumination by the Grace of God. So long as the soul is active, self-sufficient, self-satisfied, there can be no influx of light. It is not that God withholds, but that we shut out: not that He denies us, but that we deny ourselves; and therefore religion teaches that it is only the simple, child-like attitude of faith which can, if we may use the term, command the Grace of God. Yet the escape from reason by the acceptance of any theory which has never been tested and confirmed in our own experience, is not real freedom and carries no sublime conviction. Revelation should not be associated with any blind concurrence in a faith or a book or a teacher: it is an inward experience to which, however, all these may be indispensable aids. But it must result from passivity, a bowing of the proud human spirit, a willingness and an anxiety to receive, and to that extent its possibility must rest upon an attitude of faith. But the faith may be born of rational conviction, for I believe that light is always given to show us at least a few steps in advance, and that when we reach the end of the pathway of reasoning, already a faith-inspiring radiance is coming to us from the unknown Beyond.

The revelation of which I have spoken will not destroy our past knowledge, although it will cause us to eliminate therefrom all those elements which came as a result of any motive less worthy than the desire for truth. I do not mean that in the hour of revelation we are conscious of all past knowledge. The mystics do not teach us that. But I think we may say with confidence that if reason leads to revelation, revelation must lead back to reason. The vision on the mountain is not incongruous with life in the valley, but makes the latter beautiful and true. The discipline and chastity which reason imposes is preparation for the soul's communion. “The spirit of the world,” says Emerson, “the great calm presence of the Creator comes not forth to the sorceries of opium or wine. . . . The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body.”

The satisfaction which we thus contemplate is hardly the goal to which induction points, nor is it promised on the ground of intellectual attainment. Jesus uttered no beatitude on reason.

But we have seen that reason is not to be despised : indeed, it is absurd to suppose that it can be. It is not merely that we must be wrong in despising a talent, but the intellect is inseparable from the soul. In the soul's rapture, voluntary intellectual action is of course suspended. Ordinarily in reasoning the mind is active : it is exercising a synthetic function. In a manner, it is voluntary and creative—voluntary in the sense that it may *will* to reason ; creative in the sense that it imposes a certain conceptual order upon experience. But these willing and synthesizing operations signalize a desire and striving which, in our present understanding of the terms, cannot co-exist with the mystic vision. Then the soul is passive. The longing which produces an eternal restlessness, a passing from object to object in the search for reality, must cease while the soul contemplates in rapture the Timeless, the Real.

Revelation is enlightenment. We may almost say that in a minor degree it takes place in every pure act of reasoning. The mere sorting out and classifying of experiential data does not constitute a complete scientific induction : this comes when the mind takes as it were the inventory of facts, dissolves the scraps and fragments into its own substance, fuses them together to a unity, a concept, a law. Here is a subtle alchemy, a solution of experience to concept, of matter to mind. It is like the "running" of the solder, or the projection of the Philosophers' Stone, which in an instant transmutes the "base" metal into the finest gold. Is not this moment a moment of vision, when the soul finds a token that it touches in experience that which is akin to its own essence ? Each such synthesis is possible only by a sort of revelation, which feebly prefigures the final communion, the consummation of redemption, when "the earth shall vanish away like smoke" because to the soul thus illumined all things are melted in the Unity of their real cause and substance.

Thus there is a sense in which, up to a certain limit, reason and revelation are one ; but of what lies beyond that limit, who can tell ? In loneliness and longing the soul must wait, "until," in the words of Plotinus, "passing on the upward path all that is other than the Good, each in the loneliness of himself beholds that lonely-dwelling Being, the Apart, the Single, the Pure, the Being from Which all things depend, for Which all look and live and act and know, for that This is the Cause of Life and of Intelligence and of Being. And one that shall know this vision—with what passion of love shall he not be seized, with what pang of desire, what longing to be merged into one with This, what

wondering delight ! If he that has never seen this Being must hunger after It as after the Good, he that has seen It must love and reverence It as the very Beauty ; he will be flooded with awe and gladness, pierced by a salutary wound ; he loves with a veritable love, with sharp desire ; every love other than this he must needs despise, and disdain all that he once judged beautiful."

Of this Union another—a Christian—mystic writes : " Though the heights of faith and contemplation rise beyond works and virtues, none the less the life of sentiency and reason has place in man and is as imperishable as his essence itself. Though the union of possession transcends desire and the spirit of contemplation, yet contemplation and desire persist inviolate. Such is the interior life of the spirit, and when the man mounts the pathway of light, his sensible life cleaves to his spirit, his sentient nature joins itself to God by virtue and love, and his whole nature is filled with light. Between God and his interior life he feels an immediate union ; his higher faculties depend from God by a ceaseless love, penetrated and quickened by Divine Truth, established in a freedom which has forgotten itself. His spirit filled with God knows no measure. He moves in plenitude and increase, and dwells in the superessential Unity in which lies the beginning and end of all life. If we will walk with God the paths of the higher love, we shall find His ceaseless activity joined to His endless rest, and we shall draw near, and we shall enter in, and this will be eternal peace."

It is a peace and a rest which cannot come to the active, striving, struggling soul of man until it has learned to wonder, to wait. While the soul is satisfied with its own reason, its own powers, the highest revelation cannot come. Yet a life of inactivity is not required. " The soul continues to dwell in this unity on the heights of her interior life, but she descends also that she may act."

What shall we say then of reason ? Is it a guide which leads us to the shrine of the mysteries which it cannot fathom, and then, like a faithful servant, stands aside ? Is it a mirror which reflects to us constantly a ray from the light of Divinity, until at last we behold the light itself and the mirror is no longer required ? The intellect enables us to theorize, to conjecture, to project, as it were, our imaginings into the unknown. Thus we move onward. But at last there must be rapture, and not hypothesis any longer : at last there must be passionless and holy joy. Doubtless in action we can preserve the life of unity, and draw heaven very near to our daily experience. I like the

thought of Emerson. "Not thanks, not prayer," he says, "seem quite the highest or truest name for our communication with the infinite,—but glad and conspiring reception,—reception that becomes giving in its turn, as the receiver is only the All-giver in part and in infancy. I cannot,—nor can any man,—speak precisely of things so sublime, but it seems to me, the wit of man, his strength, his grace, his tendency, his art, is the grace and the presence of God. It is beyond explanation. When all is said and done, the rapt saint is found the only logician. Not exhortation, not argument becomes our lips, but pæans of joy and praise."

Herein, however, are great mysteries which elude our efforts at expression, and we are almost led to the paradox of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* :

"He is unknown to whoso think they know ;
And known to whoso know they know him not."

Indeed, I feel somewhat in the mood of the Platonic Socrates, when, having delivered an encomium on the superiority of the unimpassioned lover, he bared his head and offered to the Divine Eros a solemn palinode by way of atonement. I cannot speak of revelation without a certain misgiving. Perhaps he only should speak to whom God has spoken ; and then how shall he utter in words that which is breathed out of Silence ? The answer to the soul's questions must, I suppose, be found at last by each for himself in the sanctuary of his own heart. It is perhaps a secret of redemption. But surely reason is to be trusted and followed as a guide, a mediator between the sensuous and the Real, until the fuller Vision dawn. "And we," in the words of Ruysbroeck, "if we have so acted as to prepare ourselves, when we shall be delivered from our prison, will sail into the ocean of God, with none to hinder or say us nay."

If this essay has contained words of foolishness, it shall at least end with those of a Sage. In the first Book of the Divine Pymander ascribed to Hermes the Thrice-Blessed, it is written : "There can be no Religion more true or just than to know the things that are ; and to acknowledge thanks for all things to him that made them, which thing I shall not cease continually to do."

A WARTIME SCRIPTURE

BY JOCELYN UNDERHILL

NOW, perhaps as never before, the great mass of thinking people are eager for a philosophy that will satisfy at once the heart and the intellect. The manifold and grave changes that are going on all round, the difficulty of problems both personal and national, above all the changes that have been caused by the war in the mental outlook of most people, and the sense of personal loss brought by the world war, have demanded a new basis for both thought and religion. It is true that psychic research has gone ahead tremendously, forcing more and more the open-minded inquirer to accept the continuity of the consciousness after the destruction of the physical body, but this alone is not of itself sufficient to erect a superstructure upon. The deeper need, answered only by the call of the Spirit, is ever more urgently felt. The source of supply for answering this need I have found in a little volume that has been with me on three war fronts.

In my war wanderings my tiny library has been gradually reduced, under pressure of mobile warfare, until this one volume, recognized as indispensable, alone remains. It is a translation of a Hindu scripture—the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*. It is before me now as I write, worn and thumb marked (in a ruined chateau in Picardy, where the thunder of the guns has only now ceased after hours of incessant shelling, and where there is the very faintest trace of the hateful odour of poison gas in the air), a translation by my lamented friend, Mr. F. T. Brooks.

For many hours I have mused on its value as a world scripture. Surely there is no other sacred writing so universal in application, so heart-satisfying as this dialogue between the Supreme in human form and His devoted disciple, Arjuna. An episode in a much larger work, it represents the highest attainment in Eastern philosophy—so much so that a Sanskrit aphorism has it: the *Gîtâ* is hidden in the *Upanishad* and God is hidden in the *Gîtâ*. Not perhaps in its actual words, for Sanskrit is difficult to render into fluent English because of its richness in religious and psychological terms, but in the splendid vistas of thought and knowledge it opens up, in its wonderful sense of deathlessness, in its magnificent suggestion of escape from the burdens of life and death

is it the ideal volume for study by those engaged in warfare, those who are war-weary or comfortless—in a word, for a world at war. It represents the counsel given to a warrior on a battle-field, which showed him the true path under every condition of life. There have been many translations since the first was given to the world at the close of the eighteenth century—a slim volume with a preface by Warren Hastings—a translation which played some part in moulding thought in the succeeding century, for of two copies that are known to have reached America one came into the hands of R. W. Emerson and the other (by what strange chance, who knows?) reached Thoreau. Since then have been translations or recensions by Davies, Max Müller, Sir Edwin Arnold, M. J. Challenger, W. Q. Judge, and Annie Besant, to mention only a few. All have been excellent in their way, each has contrived to retain something of the stately splendour of the original. In each the beauty of ideas and ideals shine forth as from magic pages.

The keynote of its teaching is found in two Sanskrit words, *Karma*, meaning "action," and *Dharma*, which may be translated as "duty," "truth," "righteousness," or "religion." The first term has become part of the working vocabulary of all serious students, in relation to cause and effect, the law of rebirth, the binding force that links life to life and makes for eternal justice. The other is not so well known, yet it is correlated to the former and essential to a complete understanding of the basic principles of human evolution. Perhaps it might be defined as the definite line of action and conduct which fittingly expresses the stage in evolution reached by the individual, acknowledging and accepting the claims of Karma, not yet exhausted, and considering the direct future development necessary for attaining the highest human perfection. It is because there are these two factors constantly being woven into the web of life that all judgment and condemnation are forbidden, save to those who know all, which knowledge usually entails forgiveness! "Judge not, that ye be not judged," said the Christian Master, and the *Gîtâ* is equally emphatic. "Better one's thankless duty, far, than alien tasks, though well performed; who acts as his true nature bids incurs thereby no taint of sin" (xviii. 47).

Yet, as a message for to-day, it is in their conjoint sense that *Karma* and *Dharma* may be usefully understood, for so conjoined they stand for Service. Action and duty, welded into one by the flame of Life, provide a conception of service that has never been more fully or more rightly expressed. It is a conception

which sees the Universe, of which we are a fragment, brought into existence, upheld and maintained, by the Supreme Himself, whose chiefest service is so to maintain it. And yet amid all the action and activity of the Universe He is actionless, because he has no care for the outcome, is detached from the result, the fruit of action. Everything He does partakes of the Nature of service, is a sacrifice offered to Himself. So must all human action be inspired—a detached, dispassionate, selfless and co-ordinated working with the Supreme. This may seem cold and empty to many and at first sight, but it is the only way to that renunciation which lieth very close to Eternal peace. Every action which has even a remote trace of selfishness is a tie-forming link in the Karmic chain, and Freedom comes only when all Karma is forever worked out! So that utterly dispassionate service is the true way of Salvation, which leads to complete Union with God, which is "the Yoga that killeth out pain" (vi. 17), which carries the individual not only beyond good and evil but also beyond birth and death!

Dispassionate, selfless service—it is this attitude that alone makes war service possible to those who are in touch with things eternal. It is the attitude which should be taken by the Conscientious Objector who is something more than a coward, it is an attitude that many men almost unconsciously adopt. I know its value in my own war experience—and I have watched it in my men. Again and again I have watched the enemy shot down, and there was no question of personal hatred on the part of the soldiers. It was duty, plus in some cases the "sporting instinct" unduly developed. When personal feeling comes in it is usually after a friend or relative has been killed, and a deliberate attitude of revenge fostered and maintained. How then is this dispassion, this quality of mind serene and untroubled, to be secured? The *Gītā* tells us: "Without a doubt . . . the mind is restless, hard to curb, yet by an effort with indifference matched, quite surely will it then be curbed" (vi. 35). It is well to recall that all service, indeed every branch of human activity, affords a training ground for practice. In every department of labour, in every form of experience, this attitude can be held, so that every action, however small, becomes a portion of the pathway leading to Peace. It is service rendered to the Supreme, Who is the receiver of all sacrifice. "Yea, e'en if one deep sunk in sin but turns with single heart to ME, a very saint must he be deemed, for he has set his will aright; soon he becomes the soul of Good and wends his way to final peace" (ix. 30, 31).

So great is the catholicity of the conception of a God-maintained universe that there is room for all, an embrace for all, for the Supreme is the root-basis of all, and from Himself comes both light and darkness, good, and evil which is the shadow good casts. "The source of all that lives am I, all things flow cycling forth from Me" (x. 8). "I am the gambler's cunning skill" (x. 36). "The tyranny of tyrants, I; the scheme of them that seek to win; of guarded secrets silence, I, and knowledge in the men who know" (x. 38). Never before, nor with the same skill, has the divine nature of the Universe been shadowed forth as throughout the whole work. Poise, balance, that serene attitude of mind which is indifferent alike to pleasure and pain, that utter detachment that nothing can assail—these are for those who study the Song of the Lord, and do it. Such an one is led on to higher heights where beyond the clouds the spiritual sun shines for ever, through the storm and stress of the lower world, to conscious union with the Divine.

Moreover, there is the certainty of final success for the one who fails, in this present life, of complete achievement. A beautiful passage in the sixth book looks forward to the future of the one who fails, and sees no effort wasted, no attainment, however slight, lost—never, indeed, shall such an one tread the path of woe. After a rest in the heavenly worlds he is reborn, into a pure family, perchance even into a family of wise Yogis, difficult though such a birth be, and there he recovers all that went before, and adds to it until the measure of perfection is reached.

Finally there is the great message of the undying Self, sealed in the heart of all beings. The second book of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* is a stirring message, both to those who go into battle and those who stay behind, as well as to those who, in the words of St. Paul, "through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage." It emphasizes the changeless certainty of life for the Dweller in the Body, his unchanging and eternal nature in a world of birth and death.

"Who ever looks on him as slayer,
Whoever dreams of him as slain,
Both these know not (the subtle Player)—
He neither slays, nor can be slain" (ii. 19).

In vivid and illuminating words the Supreme allays the grief of His disciple over the slaying of friends and relatives, assuring him that only the outer forms can be destroyed, which must perish in any case sooner or later. "For certain death e'er dogs the 'born,'

and certain birth e'er dogs the dead, hence about that which none escapes it is not fit that thou shouldst grieve" (ii. 27). This is a message to a world at war, yet it is a message also whose universal acceptance would make war impossible !

And as I have been writing the thunder of the guns has been rising and falling like a mighty organ played by a master-hand. It recalls, as from some almost forgotten life, the Funeral March from *Götterdämmerung*, and it is a mighty farewell to the slain. A great battle rages on the right, and preparations are not wanting on our left. Darkness is closing in round the ruined château, whose old-world charm has been rudely bruised by many feet. There are many calls to instant action. But the clearer call of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* rings on the inner ear, and tells of a world of peace deep hidden in a world of war. It is a message of righteousness to those who are dispassionate and true to the Self within, it is a signpost to duty under every set of circumstances, it is a challenge to all that is mean and low, a star of Deathlessness in the twilight of a world wherein all appears to die !

HIC JACET?

BY HELEN BEATRICE ALLAN

HOW cool, how sweet is the long, long grass
That grows in the silent vale!
I could lay me down though a thousand pass
And none could tell the tale.
I could lay me down in the cool, sweet grass,
And she would be safe to keep
The tears, and the sighs, and the aching heart,
But I should lie down—and sleep.

How warm, how kind is the red, red earth
From which the long grass springs!
Mother was she at Adam's birth,
Mother of many things.
I will lay me down in the warm, kind earth,
And into her care will give
The pain, and the weight, and the weary limbs—
But I—shall arise, and live !

A DREAM

By WINIFRED BARROWS

GARDENS! So many essays, books and poems have been written upon them that it seems the world—especially a warring world—can hold no more, so I am heading this "A Dream," for there is always room for dreams so long as there are men to sleep and pass beyond that filmy veil that seems to lie between us "here" and those "there."

The garden of which I dreamt the other night was no ordinary one, nor was the dream an ordinary dream, so I feel justified in describing both. I went to sleep towards midnight, and I came upon my garden in that strange way peculiar to dreams; there was no tedious walk there along a dusty road; I just found myself within tall yew hedges, and there were pine-trees here and there all velvet-dark against a sky of deepest cornflower blue, and the moonlight filtered through their branches and shed a silver radiance on the garden in the midst of which I stood. At first every flower looked pale as the stars that blossomed up in the fields of heaven, but then I saw their colours. There were great patches of violet iris, and delphiniums, the indigo of an Italian lake, and blue gentians, and then a stretch of mossy green lawn at the end of which clustered yellow banksia roses. Beyond, flowered gorse and broom all orange against red ramblers, the colour of flames; and I gazed a long, long while. At length I said, "What is this garden?" though I knew of no one there to answer me; and a voice replied, "It is called the Saints' Rest, and the colours that you see are the auras of the saints, that shine for ever. *Violet* is the aura of those who sorrowed, but whose sorrow turns to peace, *indigo* that of those who sang through life and now make music in the immortal spheres, and *blue* is of the happy whose joy is full. As for *green*, it radiates from the souls who drink the deepest peace of all, because they won it through much labour, having conquered envy and malice that sought long to overthrow them." Then, there being a pause, I said, "What is the pale *yellow* caught by the petals of the banksia roses?" And the voice said to me, "It is the aura of those who used the gifts of brain on earth, and now for them knowledge is no more a fountain sealed, but the *orange* colour belongs to those whose state is yet more enviable, for they have

VIBRATIONS

By ARTHUR TREFUSIS

DRAW the bow of a violin across the strings and they vibrate. Each to-and-fro movement is one vibration. The vibrations are conveyed through the bridge over which the strings pass to the wood of the violin, and thence to the atmosphere within the body of the instrument and without.

Until a string vibrates sixteen times a second it is inaudible to our ears, though a squirrel would probably hear it. Watch it under a beech tree, sitting up, with a nut between its paws. It will turn its head and listen to sounds that we cannot hear.

The number of vibrations of the string of a violin or of the wire of a piano is exactly doubled at every octave, and the entire range of the human ear extends to eleven octaves, from sixteen to thirty-two, thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight vibrations a second.

Musical sounds are comprised within seven octaves, from within thirty-two to 4,096 vibrations a second, in round numbers forty to 4,000 vibrations.

These are carried by the atmosphere, but the ether carries vibrations of very much higher frequency.

The War has accustomed us to huge figures, to thousands of millions, but when we consider the vibrations of light the amount of the total cost of the Great War to all the nations involved seems almost microscopic.

The spectrum of the rainbow, or of a fountain of spray in the sun's golden light, gives us the familiar order of colours—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet: white light being refracted by the drops of water into these colours.

Employing the word billion in the English sense of a million of millions, red light vibrates at 395 billions a second and violet at 760 billions—almost one octave. The vibrations below the red and beyond the violet are invisible to the eye, though they can be demonstrated in many ways, and the highest frequency beyond the violet yet ascertained is 3,000 billions a second.

The ether penetrates everything, including our bodies. We inhale it and exhale it at every breath. We absorb it and give it off again in our auras.

The interpretation of the auric colours differs slightly. I give it as my Guide has given it to me.

Very clear Red :	Wisdom.
Purple :	Healing.
Indigo Blue :	Spirituality.
Blue :	Intellect.
Golden Yellow :	Mental Power, Reasoning Power.
Yellow :	Spirit Power.
Mustard Yellow :	(A backward trait, but only too common.) Suspicion and Jealousy.
Deep Rose-pink :	Love and Affection,
Grey :	Depression.
Black :	Evil-thought, Evil-speaking, Lying and Slandering.
Scarlet darting through the Aura :	Anger.

These colours vibrate at much higher frequency than the highest ascertained beyond the violet on the physical plane, but clairvoyants have no means of determining their rate of vibration, even if they had the skill. Probably more than eighteen figures would be required to express it. I may perhaps be permitted to remind those whose recollection of physics has grown misty that by oscillation frequency is meant the number of waves in the ether (caused, of course, by vibrations) in one centimetre ; and that the higher the frequency the shorter the wave length, and the lower the frequency the longer the wave length ; since not only the vibrations that we call, in common parlance, light ; but those of heat, below the red ; and the photographic, or actinic vibrations, beyond the violet, all travel at the same rate of speed.

When two people get on well together the rates of vibration of their auras correspond in some degree, though they are not identical : but when there is no agreement—even positive aversion—the vibrations do not synchronize.

In wireless telegraphy the receiver catches the etheric wave if it is tuned to the transmitter, but not otherwise. The same with a violin and an open piano, or a second violin ; a note struck on one will resound on the other.

The perpetual discord of the auric vibrations between two or more persons is a frequent cause of continued ill-health, and it is far better for them to separate if possible. The one with the lower vibration will be attracted to some one with the same frequency, and both may keep well. I am not referring to the marriage tie, but to others, such for example as unmarried sisters living together, or mother and daughter.

Neither of them may be vicious, but their auras do not tally. Perhaps one has the violet and blue predominating, and the other

the mustard yellow and grey. The backward one may progress, and in years to come harmony may be established, but often it is not in this incarnation.

Strangers yet!

After childhood's winning ways,
 After care and blame and praise,
 Counsel ask'd and wisdom given,
 After mutual prayers to Heaven,
 Child and parent scarce regret
 When they part—are strangers yet.

The colours of the aura are, of course, determined by the prevailing thoughts of the individual.

“As a man thinketh so is he.” The Master never wasted His words, and this short sentence reveals a profound truth.

As I have said elsewhere, the great law that “like attracts like” is strong among the living, but is far stronger on the spirit planes.

As a man thinketh so he attracts spirits from those planes. If his aspirations, character and life are high, he attracts advanced spirits who aid him in the battle of life, whose vibrations correspond to his own; if his thoughts are evil he attracts evil spirits who urge him to lower depths, with low vibrations like his own. It is all a matter of personal vibration. The drunkard attracts the drunkard, and the pure in heart attract the pure. Psychics know how the drinking saloons are crowded with those who succumbed to that vice in their earth lives, and how the dens of debauchery are similarly tenanted by invisible tenants, one spirit debasing another. For are we not all spirits, some with a body of flesh, some without?

How refreshing it is to dwell on the converse of this same law. “Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them.” In the chapel or the vast cathedral, in the silence of the woods or the fields, on the sandy desert or the wide ocean, it is all one: the law of vibration holds good.

I believe, for my part, that there is not one ether, but that there are several ethers, and it does not require much scientific imagination to perceive that the ether of the aura of, let us say, Francis of Assisi was finer than that of Nero, and sent vibrations into the surrounding ether of higher frequency and shorter wave length than those emanating from Nero's coarse aura.

Science recognizes the law of gravitation as a universal law, so far as our knowledge goes, extending in all probability as far as the telescope can penetrate, certainly controlling every motion

in our own solar system ; and these vibrations extend beyond our world also.

There is no need to regard them as occult in action. Experience in wireless telegraphy at sea shows how electric waves in the ether will pass the installation of some ships and be transmitted to others with the greatest ease, if the receivers are in tune with the transmitter. So, when *thought* is the wireless message.

Some years ago Marconi was the guest of the Admiralty during battle practice of our Navy round our shores. He was in an Italian ship. Invited to a dinner on the flag ship after manœuvres, he greatly astonished the captains present by informing them that he had read all the messages of both squadrons ; and he had the messages to prove his words. Neither of our squadrons had read the private wireless of "the enemy," but Marconi had so tuned his installations that he read both.

I think the law of inverse squares holds good, but am unable to prove it, and I am not sure that we could prove it on spirit planes, as there is no idea of space there ; and the proof would require very careful measurements of space, according to our ideas. But prayer is vibration—concentrated thought—and prayer reaches its destination according to the energy of thought that has originated it.

I was once talking with the control of a medium—a North American Red Indian spirit—who said she "could travel any distance in no time."

I remarked that the rate of her speed must be determined by certain laws, and that I did not believe she could travel faster than light, that is 186,400 miles a second.

There was a pause of about a minute in the conversation, as though she was obtaining assistance from some intelligence more advanced than herself, then she said (through her medium):

"You are right. That is our speed, but it seems to me no time—like a flash."

"No wonder it does," I said, "for at the speed of light you can travel seven and a half times round our world in one second, and that seems to us in the body quick enough for any one !"

This was interesting, because electric waves travel at the same speed as light waves, and it seems spirits travel at the same rate ; and probably thought vibrations also.

Law rules the universe.

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.*]

STAGS' "SOULS."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Walter Winans, in his letter to you in the August number of the OCCULT REVIEW, says that he believes that all things have "a soul," yet he does not hesitate to kill "thousands of stags."

Does he not expect any resentment on the part of their souls at being deprived so hurriedly of their bodies?

Stags don't want to be shot any more than any one else, and Mr. Walter Winans may expect to find the balance between his pleasure in killing them and the pain that "after death" the stags' souls may cause him!

I would refer him in this connection to pages 38 and 39 of *One Life One Law*, by Mabel Collins.

Yours faithfully,
C. M. METCALFE.

THE PRIORY,
WOODCHESTER, GLOS.

WHAT IS THEOPHANY?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—On reading *Realms of the Living Dead*, "transcribed from the teacher of the O.C.M. by Harriette Augusta Curtiss, F.O. 15 in collaboration with F. Homer Curtiss, B.S., M.D., F.O. 15, Secretary of The Order of Christian Mystics," I find on page 13 the following statement:—

"The teachings herein presented are not the result of **psychical** research as ordinarily conducted, but are the teachings on this subject given the authors by the teachers of the *Order of Christian Mystics* from the higher Realms, transmitted through Mrs. Curtiss by the *independent method* known as *theophany* while in full working consciousness, in collaboration with Dr. Curtiss and verified by their personal psychic experiences in the Astral World. These teachings are therefore not a mediumistic report of the experiences of one person and his deductions therefrom, but form a *constructive philosophy* derived from Those Who Know, which has been repeatedly tested and proved reliable."

On page 204 we read "*Theophany* is 'the direct manifestation of

the gods (or Spiritual Teachers) to man by actual appearance.' This appearance can be manifested only to a specially trained mortal. Theophany could therefore come only from a Divine source, never from an astral entity. This is the method by which most of the scriptures of the world, including the Christian, have been transmitted to man. For instance the Spiritual Teacher appeared in the spiritual vision of St. John and *said* 'What thou seest, write in a book.' What was written was not written under 'control' or through 'automatic writing,' but *independently*, while the transcriber was in full working consciousness. There are many other references to the Independent Method in the Bible, showing that it was the method universally used to give spiritual teachings to mankind."

The O.C.M. over and over again quote and refer to "H.P.B." and acknowledge their indebtedness to her so that I think it would be of interest to have the opinion of the Theosophical Societies as well as that of independent Theosophists, Occultists, etc.

I am, yours sincerely,

W. T. HORTON.

HURT IN A DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Last night I had the following dream:—

I dreamt that I had arrived at a station to go to a rifle range. As usual, a cab was waiting at the station to take people to the range. I got into it with a man, a stranger to me. We both had rifles with telescopic sights, but mine had the telescope to fit on top of the barrel (as I always have mine); the other man had a very similar short telescope but which fitted on to the left side of the rifle so as to enable it to be loaded with a clip.

I give all these details to show how realistic and unlike the nonsense of ordinary dreams this one was.

As we got out at the range the cabman got our two telescopes mixed, and I explained to him the difference.

We stopped short of the firing point and the man stopped with the cabman at the left-hand side of the cab. I walked off to the left for about twenty yards parallel with the firing point but some forty yards behind it.

There was nobody else on the range.

I sat down and was fitting on my telescope when I heard a loud explosion with a metallic ring of breaking metal from where the cabman and the other man were. The man was lying down to shoot and the cabman bending over him watching him aiming, just before I heard this sound. At this explosion I heard a cry of some one in pain, and a moment after I heard small particles of metal falling round me and one struck me a hard blow on my right cheek-bone.

I put my right hand to my cheek to feel if my cheek was much damaged, and looked at my hand, but there was no blood on it. At the same time I thought, "What a nuisance! His rifle has burst and he and the cabman are most likely killed; it has stopped my day's shooting. I suppose I must go up to them to see if I can be of any use."

I woke up at this, and was disgusted at myself for being so callous.

I went to my studio yesterday morning, where I am working at a piece of sculpture with another sculptor. As I worked I was telling him my dream; he looked at me and said, "Why, you *were* hit; there is the mark," and he put his finger on *the exact spot on my cheek where I was hit in my dream*. It looked like a bruise, but it was gone this afternoon when I showed it to my doctor, though still sore.

Yours faithfully,

A SCULPTOR.

TRANSFIGURATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—W. W.'s account (August number) of a casually met lightning-caricaturist's presentment, not of W. W., but of his long deceased grandfather, is very curious. The reappearance of ancestral characters in old people when dying is of course not very uncommon, and is finely touched in George Macdonald's *Robert Falconer*. I can quote from memory only Dr. Anderson's death therein. Robert, watching silently by him a few hours before, *saw* the lifelong refinements of his adoptive father's features pass wholly away, as there returned into the face of the dying physician the rugged yet noble traits of his Scottish peasant ancestors, a God-fearing race of croft and bothie and shieling, of plough and long-paced seed-sowing.

I cannot parallel W. W.'s instance; but the following, though rather unpleasant, seems to belong to a not wholly dissimilar category.

Several years ago I knew a certain maiden lady, of modest but refined middle-class condition. She had many friends, men and women, though I never quite understood why, as to me she seemed a very ordinary and not especially likeable person. In a retiring way she did a good deal of benevolent work, talked about by her friends, but never by herself. These friends at length subscribed privately to have her portrait painted by an artist well-known in his day, and he accepted the commission. His sitter was not a comely woman; she lacked by nature graces of face, person, and manner; so, whether in part for his own reputation, or for what he gathered was her friends' idea of her, he painted a technically fine but highly-flattering portrait. When it was exhibited I saw it unexpectedly, and though I had known the original for years as an acquaintance, I had no idea for whom the portrait was meant until enlightened by the

catalogue. But I was arrested by something in the face and bearing of the portrait itself—something that suggested a creepy, almost crawly, slyness and secrecy that might have seemed libellous, had it not been so plainly unintended.

Years afterwards it was found out that this personage, who thus lived in the odour of sanctity for so many years, had been systematically benevolent not at her own expense but out of funds for quite a different purpose which she held only as trustee; and that her "reserved" religious profession, believed to be the natural screen of a generous but humble heart, could hardly have included much belief in a future life with its natural harvest from "deeds done in the body."

By what strange chance did the artist, who could not possibly have known what remained entirely unsuspected even by her intimate friends (?) for years afterwards—it was one of the many things that the war, when it arrived, began to reveal on the housetops,—bring out unintentionally into the face of a portrait in which he could have no special interest either way, precisely that involved and unpleasant psychological truth of underlying fact?

Yours truly,

N. R. E.

THE SENTIENT EARTH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Do certain parts of the earth's surface tend to tragic events in connection with human beings? It would be interesting to know the experience of others on this matter. My own is briefly: In a short country lane where there are perhaps a dozen cottages and three villas, in my time I have known a case of madness, a misshapen child, two children burnt to death, a young man killed falling over the edge of a quarry, two young mothers dying under distressing circumstances, leaving young babies, a child killed by motor, two dreadful cases of illness in the prime of life, both fatal, two cases of desertion caused by unhappy marriages.

In another county there is a small area, within a stone's throw, where a murder, a terrible railway accident, and just lately an explosion causing great loss of life, have occurred.

It may be that any similar space observed for twenty years would yield a sad crop of accidents, but I do not think it likely these two cases are a fair average—the districts are not thickly populated. Mr. Algernon Blackwood speaks of places driving persons away who are not acceptable to the earth-spirit; there may be some truth in this theory, and when we say "I do not like this place"—the place may really dislike us first, and thus cause the feeling sometimes difficult to account for. It is better not to stay where we are not welcome.

Yours sincerely,

MARY CROSLAND-TAYLOR.

MR. RATHMELL-WILSON'S NOVEL *RE-BIRTH*.*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I fully agree with Mr. Rathmell-Wilson that fiction should be "fiction, and not propaganda or autobiography"; and I was far from suggesting that he should have made his novel, *Re-Birth*, a record of his personal experiences.

But he is not one of the writers who stand aloof from their characters, judging with impersonal judgment. He is not, even, "apparently impersonal"; and makes no secret of his complete sympathy with the *faith* and *feelings* of his Percival and Beryl. This being so, I cannot help thinking that his story would have gained in clearness and power to convince if he had shown us (in the same sympathetic fashion!) the workings of his characters' *minds*, and indicated the line of *reasoning* by which they attained the heights of happiness whereon we leave them.

My criticism was dictated in no unfriendly spirit.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

YOUR REVIEWER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MR. WALTER WINANS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter appearing in your last issue under the above heading raises once more the question of the truth of the thesis of Fatalism, and its antithesis Free Will. The statement of the writer that "everything has been ordained from all eternity to all eternity . . . we cannot change the slightest thing" is challenged by spiritual philosophy in its advance with education and research. Many of us now believe that individual effort in the direction of intelligent co-operation with the known laws of progress produces definite results which modify the doctrine of Fatalism considerably. By such co-operation it is possible to arrive at a degree of knowledge which is far removed from speculation, and still further from complete ignorance. Once in possession of such knowledge the aim of every human being will be to emerge from the "eternal conflict" of good and evil, joy and sorrow, and to attain to the great whole which is perfect love, perfect wisdom, and perfect power, postulated by Mr. Winans.

Yours faithfully,

SCINTILLA LUCIS.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT may be assumed, that many of our readers will remember that remarkable and indeed epoch-making case of Multiple Personality, the Doris Fischer Case. An extended summary of its chief features appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW for April, 1917, and may have led some to the report at large, which occupied three massive volumes of the *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychological Research*. Doris Fischer was left cured and undergoing development as a medium for spiritistic control and manifestations, with what result is unknown so far as we are concerned. There had been testimony long ago—through Professor Hyslop's channels of communication—on the part of the so-called Emperor group, claiming to include Dr. Hodgson, George Pelham, Edmund Gurney and Myers, "that the girl was apparently still obsessed by foreign and mischievous or ignorant personalities." Professor Hyslop has been brought back to this testimony in a recent number of the *Journal* by criticisms on the part of Dr. Schiller, who is a member of the English Society for Psychological Research. The two investigators are at issue over matters in which the nature of obsession is involved. The discussion is too technical for these pages, and we are concerned with it only because Professor Hyslop now—as at the time that he dealt with the testimony of the Emperor group—distinguishes between the presence of obsessing agents and evidence of that presence. He has notified the absence of evidence in support of the testimony since the cure of Doris, but it does not follow that the obsessions have been wholly cast out: what has happened is that their power has been rendered abortive. In this manner the veracity of the group is saved, but the problem of obsession is proportionably the more difficult. No evidence, no presence of obsessing agents would be obviously the lay verdict, and is apparently that of Dr. Schiller; but the roots of the subject are likely to strike more deeply. There is also that comforting word "telepathy," having worlds of explanation lying, by the hypothesis, within it. It is invoked by Dr. Schiller as a key to the case of Doris and is rejected by Professor Hyslop *in toto*. As a matter of fact the wide region which is covered by this word is chiefly the world of our ignorance. It is the same with that other shibboleth "obsession," more especially when its analogue or synonym "control" is used as a polite substitute. Professor Hyslop says truly, as to this also, that we know nothing whatever about it, "beyond the facts which really or apparently imply it." It is fresh, fearless and virile views like this which make the American *Journal* not only a consolation but a treasure. In conclusion for the time being as to Doris Fischer we are told that the development of her mediumship has been slow because of the protection that was necessary, owing to the possible return of the obsessing influences. We presume

that she is in the hands of the group; but our lay mind is disposed to think that the wiser course would have been not to develop her at all.

In addition to *La Revue Spirite*, which is now in its sixty-first year of publication, the denominational spiritism which is connected with the historical name and personality of Allan Kardec has been represented from time to time by various periodical publications. One of these was edited by Gabriel Delanne for a considerable period, and we remember his presence at an International Convention of Spiritualists in London, well over twenty years ago. The denomination in question is that which is characterized by a rigid belief in reincarnation. *La Revue Spirite* is of course the representative organ of the particular interest and persuasion. We have borne witness frequently to the interest and excellence of its pages within their own measures. It would appear at the present time to be under the charge of Léon Denis, whose name has been long well known in the occult circles of Paris. He continues in the last issue to bear the old testimony in the old manner and in words almost identical with those of Kardec and of his successor P. G. Leymarie, who filled the office of editor for one-and-twenty years. "The grand doctrine of the soul's successive lives, affirmed in France by all spirits in their messages and communications, constitutes a revelation, a philosophical instruction of high importance." With the doctrine itself we are not concerned at the moment, only with the point of fact which happens to be specified by the extract. It is "affirmed" by all spirits in France. There arises that ever recurring question which we have posed more than once on our own part, as many others have done antecedently to us and with us concurrently also. Why is it only in France? How are we to account for the fact that in America, where Spiritism originated, and all over the English-speaking world through which it is spread so widely, the "grand doctrine" is not affirmed by spirits—unless indeed in the most casual, rare and sporadic manner? We can recall but a single instance on our own part. The testimony of Léon Denis has reminded us that never during our long acquaintance with *La Revue Spirite* do we recollect having seen this question taken in hand. It would be interesting to get at the impressions of our contemporary, or that failing of some other organ representing the Kardec standpoint. We observe that the *Fédération Spirite Lyonnaise* has established an official journal at the beginning of the present year and that it is entitled *Le Spiritisme Kardéciste*. It remarks in the most recent issue that "spiritism imparts sanctions to morality by its proofs of reincarnation, by knowledge of the responsibility attached to our actions." We believe that there are other sanctions and that some among these are higher. While wishing the Federation and its journal success in the proposed enterprise of grouping the various and scattered forces of spiritism in France we venture to commend to their consideration the point raised herein.

The Progressive Thinker is giving a long series of communications received automatically on "awakening in the Higher Life" and "first impressions of Heaven." It will be understood that we are speaking under all possible reserves and in an exceedingly tentative manner, but some of the points are not without suggestion. The communicant claims to have gathered "some slight knowledge" of spiritual things on earth—intercourse with spirits included—and in particular had received messages purporting to come from "the Master," meaning Jesus of Nazareth. Were these messages genuine and would this Master be seen on the other side? These were two anxious speculations taken over by the spirit in transition. About the first we hear nothing; it has faded out of all significance in the answer which came to the second. The spirit did see Jesus, not only when addressing a multitude but after a more intimate manner, speaking one with another after the mode of earthly intercourse. A story like this will be disqualified at once for orthodox persons who believe that the Ascended Christ is seated "at the right hand of God the Father Almighty." It will be disqualified for others by its picture of a so-called heaven in the likeness of this world and the ways hereof. Such a sentence as "Jesus addresses the multitudes from this forum" will be final in their respect. For ourselves the account has reopened some old mental prospects. It has ever seemed to us likely that in those symbolical "many mansions" of the Father's House the Great Teachers of old and the Great Leaders unto Salvation are still pursuing their Divine Work and Mission; that those who have followed them here may be brought there into a further knowledge and communion with the particular Captain of Salvation; that the schools of election which are known here under the names of Christ, Buddha and Krishna—to speak of no others—continuing under their respective Masters, may not be dissolved until the time of universal attainment, when there shall be an end of all distinction and all shall be one in God. In such case a message like that under notice, if it has any veridic quality, is an intimation at a far distance of the Christian School in "Heaven." We are not in the least distressed because it comes through in the convention of earthly images: the channel accounts for this. The formula extracted just now from the Apostles' Creed is simply another convention—or as it is called *Symbolum*—while supposing that later on we who are writing now were to communicate from the "spiritual world" it would be probably in the language of secret schools on earth, possibly to a medium himself belonging to those schools, using the high conventions of the Rosy Cross. But yet there might be the same testimony.

The Theosophist has a note on Thomas Vaughan, which has been written admittedly far away from adequate sources of reference: its errors and omissions are therefore to be excused beforehand, but they are not less numerous. On the other hand, we are grateful for one item, being a long extract from a letter by Henry Vaughan—brother of

the poet—addressed to John Aubrey, that excellent old collector of curiosities, customs and superstitions, whose *Miscellanies* are still enchanting. Aubrey was a cousin of the Vaughans, and Henry's letter is an account of his brother and his writings which does not seem to have been quoted either by Dr. Grosart or Mr. E. K. Chambers. It is regrettable that the writer of the note does not mention his source. Among the errors it is sufficient to specify the remark that "little or nothing is known of the life of Thomas Vaughan, Rosicrucian and alchemist." Vaughan was not a Rosicrucian and so stated expressly on two occasions at least. Moreover, there is quite as much known about him as of any other writer of similar prominence at his period. This apart, any reference to him is useful, to keep alive his memory, for he is an important figure in the mystical school of the mid-seventeenth century in England. We believe also that the interest concerning him is steadily growing and only needs to be stimulated by a complete edition of his works.

We observe that Sir Alfred Robbins, President of the Grand Lodge Board of General Purposes, has contributed a message to *The Builder*, in which he discourses on English and American Brotherhood and proposes a League of Masons. A comprehensive title like this suggested not unnaturally some world-wide scheme, and we remembered our recent anxieties in respect of Latin Freemasonry—as now constituted. But there is no ground for alarm. Sir Alfred Robbins is an astute Mason, even if occasionally he confuses his own issues by a cloud of words, and his proposal is only (1) for an organized system enabling representative English Masons visiting the States and representative American Masons coming to this country . . . to attend Lodge meetings; (2) for better means to be devised of making Masons in the two countries more fully acquainted with each other. The second point is so vague that it can form no basis for action, while as to the first it is an astonishing thing—and not over creditable—that facilities do not exist already. The writer's suggestion should of course be adopted at once. The same issue of our excellent contemporary contains further notes on the Comacine Masters, by Mr. W. Ravenscroft, who wrote a good book on this subject some years ago. We should like to distinguish between the importance of such researches in respect of the history of architecture and in respect of that of Freemasonry, as we now understand the term. The Hittites of Syria and Asia Minor may have been of "Hametic descent" and may have built the Temple at Jerusalem; the Etruscans—from whom building was learned by the Romans—may have been Hittites; at the downfall of Rome, the Roman Collegia may have settled at Como and thus become the Comacines, who in turn may have "merged into the great Masonic Guilds of the Middle Ages." It is all important for architecture, but not for Speculative Masonry until we make certain that the latter is the final, natural and unalloyed development of the Building Guilds.

REVIEWS

SHAKTI AND SHAKTA. By Sir John Woodroffe. Demy 8vo, pp. 191.
London: Luzac & Co. Bombay: Thacker & Co. Price
4s. 6d. net.

WHAT the late Swami Vivekananda did for the diffusion of a knowledge of the Vedanta in the West, Sir John Woodroffe (*Arthur Avalon*) is doing for the Tantra, and his latest contribution to the exposition of these Shastras should form a useful introduction to a deeper study of the subject. The Tantras are a mine of occult science, admittedly fallen somewhat under suspicion amongst Western occultists, doubtless on account of the notorious Vamachara rites. But it should be remembered that there are as many variations of Tantra as there are sects in the Christian Church!

There will doubtless be many who will turn to those essays in the present work which bear upon the perennially interesting subject of Kundali Yoga. Those who do so will find that the author has sought to put it upon a rational and scientific basis, divesting it of much of its mystery and exaggeration. Sufficient indications remain, however, of the danger to the insufficiently-instructed of tampering with the mighty forces that lie at the root of our being. Rude hands may be laid upon the Holy of Holies only at terrible risk. The Tantric Shakta worships the Mother-side of things, and the aim of the Divya Sadhaka is to awaken Shakti, "the Grace of God," within himself, so that his consciousness may be carried upwards to the Divine. The unprepared who graspingly or selfishly evoke these tremendous spiritual vibrations may find themselves overwhelmed by what may prove to be, for them, the veritable "Wrath" instead of the "Grace of God." And yet, when the time is ripe, it may come about that the self-forgetting devotee, whether Tantric or Christian, may one day find himself, without apparent intention on the part of his brain-mind, wrapt into union with "the Heart of the Lord," and experience within himself that mystic Maithuna at which Jacob Boehme hints when describing the coming of the Divine Sophia.

As to the self-sacrificing zeal of "Arthur Avalon" in his work of opening up this fruitful field of occult research, that indeed merits the hearty commendation and support of every true seeker of the Mahavidya.

H. J. S.

LE SUBCONSCIENT NORMAL, par Edouard Abramowski. Paris: Félix Alcan. Pp. viii.+442 + 4 of planches. Price 7 frs. 50 + 10 per cent. of marked price.

WE do not know of any more elaborately scientific work on memory than this. The author shows, by publishing the results of experiments, the effect on the power to memorize of divided attention, interest and fatigue. At the head of the three phases in which memory manifests itself he places "the ordinary state of the total past," which, with the exception of the souvenir of a given moment, "represents the indefinite sentiment of the entire mass of what has been forgotten," in other words "the sentiment of our individuality." For latent memory he uses the term "cryptomnésie," which one may anglicize as cryptomnesia, and he makes it a synonym

for the subconscious which "constantly accompanies" all the facts or deeds of the conscious individual. "The psychic survival of the forgotten," as our author terms that persistence of a property in the past which we cannot produce or command at will (as in the case of our latchkey), is a perennially interesting subject. This book, which claims complete novelty of theory in comparison with preceding works on memory, cannot fail to be profoundly stimulating to the earnest student, and we may remark that it requires precisely what earnestness implies before its contents will pass into the average reader's brain.

W. H. C.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY. A Sequence of Spirit-Messages describing Death and the After-World selected from published and unpublished Automatic Writings, 1874-1918. Edited by Harold Bayley. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 7½ ins. × 4¾ ins., pp. xxi + 270. London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne: Cassell and Company, Ltd. Price 6s. net.

AN anthology of statements purporting to come from the inhabitants of the next world and descriptive of the state of affairs that there obtains has, to my knowledge, never before been essayed, though such a work, carefully edited, has been much needed. Within its limits Mr. Bayley's volume satisfies this need and is a book of some considerable interest: the limits are those of the English tongue, Mr. Bayley having restricted himself entirely to English and American works and to a rather small selection of these—which is a pity. The quotations (which are not too short) are arranged under subject-headings; references to the books from which they are taken, but not to the pages of these (another matter for regret), are given. In his Preface, Mr. Bayley says: "It is noteworthy that in essential features every version coincides and, moreover, that each account accords with the general principles of Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell* and the *Harmonial Philosophy* of Andrew Jackson Davis." This is an exaggeration. There are, it is true, some remarkable cases of concordance, but as one quotation Mr. Bayley uses informs us "Neither spirits nor mortals can know everything, and spirits can only give you what are the teachings which their own particular schools of thought and advanced teachers give as their explanation . . . there is no more absolute certainty in the spirit world than on earth." We must, indeed, allow for the principle of relativity, which is as true in Heaven (or Hell) as in this world. In the chapter headed "War," for instance, it is interesting to contrast the quotations from books written before the present war, e.g., Moses' *Spirit Teachings*, with those from, for example, Lawrence's *Messages from Meslom* published this year. So far from these coinciding, they are in direct opposition, the difference corresponding to the degeneration in current opinion which has taken place as concerns this matter. Again, "There is an exact spiritual counterpart of all that exists in your world" from *Life Beyond the Grave* sounds almost like a quotation from Swedenborg; but when one reads further one finds that the idea as developed does not coincide with Swedenborg's theory of correspondences; though it is true that there is much in these accounts of the future life reminiscent of Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*.

One or two other matters in the Preface call for attention. Barker's

Letters from a Living Dead Man, and *War Letters from the Living Dead Man* are wrongly dated. The former should be 1914 (not 1916—an important difference, in view of the war), the latter 1915, in place of 1917. Of the books Mr. Bayley says, as a proof that their authors were not "hunting for gold or fame" that "almost without exception a disinterested anonymity has been the rule, and it is hardly possible that the publishers reaped much if any pecuniary benefit"—a statement at once erroneous and foolish. Anonymity is always undesirable, and is especially so as concerns this type of book; fortunately, however, quite a number of those quoted by Mr. Bayley (in spite of his remark) are not anonymous. And two of them at least have, I am informed, proved quite satisfactory ventures to their publisher from the business point of view, though I do not see that this is any reason for attributing undesirable motives to their author.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THAT OTHER WORLD. *Personal Experiences of Mystics and their Mysticism.* By Stuart Cumberland. London: Grant Richards, Ltd. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is nothing in this book about either mystics or mysticism. The use of these terms as synonyms of "mediums" and "spiritualism" will sufficiently indicate, to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, the qualifications of the author. He follows Mr. Edward Clodd in disbelieving all evidence for the supernormal, including telepathy; but he does not stoop to detail, and there is no reference to the Society for Psychical Research or Mrs. Piper or any other noteworthy modern medium. Mr. Cumberland gave thought-reading or rather muscle-reading entertainments many years ago, and apparently had a few sittings with mediums, but his references are vague. The sittings were presumably failures, and Mr. Cumberland is convinced that professional mediums are frauds, and non-professional ones lunatics.

The book might have been useful if it had given exact details of the author's methods of muscle-reading, for investigators might then have learnt what to avoid; though as a matter of fact there is no physical contact in most sittings of evidential order—there has been none in mine—whereas in Mr. Cumberland's experiments he seems to have held his "subject's" hand. But instead of giving us careful details about what he does understand, he expatiates on what he doesn't. And his literary style is unusual. For example, when referring—quite legitimately—to the necessity of full and accurate reports, Mr. Cumberland says: "To more properly judge of their value and relevancy one would need to be present at such consultations, to carefully observe the emotional indications which may be quite unconsciously conveyed by the inquirer to the medium, and to equally carefully note question and answer and other running verbal communications passing between them" (p. 146). One seldom sees the long-suffering infinitive so mercilessly split as that. And, as to reports, most real investigators take verbatim notes, recording everything said by both sitter and medium; the whole business being extremely unemotional. It is unfortunate that people who have a few negative sittings proceed to write books on the assumption that all the supposed evidence of others is due to fraud or other normal cause. But it is humanly natural, and materialistic prejudice is strong.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE PATH ETERNAL, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. R. Denning. Allahabad : The Pioneer Press. Pp. 157.

MR. DENNING has set himself no easy task in the opening poem of this collection. In the form of a duologue between a poet and an ancient Pandit "versed in Vedic lore and Gita song," he expresses the former's questionings and doubts, and the latter's serene faith in "Love's omnipotence divine," based on a knowledge of the laws of Karma and of re-birth.

"Thy brain is not immortal. When thou die
That too shall know corruption, but the Mind,
The Thinker in thee, turns with Life's last sigh
And leaves the House wherein it was confined
Through Earth's brief ecstasy, to mould again
The gathered knowledge of another brain."

A certain amount of unevenness is inevitable in a long poem on such a subject, but there are some fine passages. "The Two Aspects" is another duologue, less abstruse but decidedly spirited, between one who is inclined to pin his faith to "Haeckel and his school," and an opponent who believes in the immortality of the soul and declares that :—

"The things we label common, sometimes shake
The silver bells of wonder and arouse
Within us music beautiful that spells
The heart to listen."

The remaining poems are a contrast to these two, including, as they do, some vigorous lines "To a Misogynist," "The Parting," son's indictment of his money-worshipping sire, a few love-lyrics, and some stirring patriotic verses. The lines entitled "Freedom" are very rhythmical.

E. M. M.

CREDO PHILOSOPHIQUE. Évreux : Imprimerie Ch. Hérissey. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 60.

THE thesis is that humanity is in a condition of profound ignorance, dwelling in a limited and imperfect world, where effects indeed are manifested but depend from causes that are veiled. The text at large is, however, an extended qualification of this initial statement. It tells us that we do stand at least on the threshold of mystery ; we can see the direction through which it stretches, while the splendour of truth and justice lights up the destinies of all. So after its own manner this confession of philosophical faith is on God's side, proclaiming as a common basis of universal intuition and consciousness the existence of a Supreme Being and the continuity of life. The law of the world is a law of intelligence, the power which works therein is that of a Sovereign Reason. There is no annihilation for man but an eternal transmission from ordered state to ordered state, from one to another economy. The dead return ; life is mission carried forward ; the ponderable and imponderable worlds are each alive with being ; spirits are no abstractions, but inhabit fluidic envelopes and communicate one with another through a common vehicle of thought. There is reciprocal action between the worlds within and without, the seen and the unseen. Death is not the gate to a final condition, for man is the pilgrim of creation and tends ever towards perfection, as disease works towards cure. In fine, the doctrine of successive

lives explains all anomalies in the lot and course of man. This is the kind of thing that is being more or less held and said everywhere among us, but its re-expression may come to a writer as if with the force of newness, and he is liable to feel this in proportion to his sincerity. About the sincerity which breathes in these pages there is no doubt, and it is this which redeems them from triteness. "Be patient since we are immortal"—such is the colophon. The testament is anonymous in every respect—as to author, publisher and date. I understand, however, that it can be had from M. Quieffard, 1 Rue Henri Germain, à Cannes, Alpes-Maritimes.

A. E. WAITE.

THE SACRAMENTAL LIFE. By Lady Emily Lutyens. Glasgow: Star Publishing Trust. Pp. vi+120. Price 1s. 6d. net.

GREAT things have been said in their day about the sacramentalism of the cosmic world, the sacramental life of man, the means of grace in instituted symbolism and the offices of sacraments in churches. It is only in virtue of peculiar gifts of insight that any new and arresting message can come to us on this great and catholic subject. The title chosen by Lady Emily Lutyens for her collection of somewhat miscellaneous papers belongs more especially to the first, and to some of them not at all. She is of opinion that the Church has lost the deeper meaning of its Eucharistic Rite "by undue insistence on the death of Christ," though the sacramental elements are peculiarly those of life. The whole literature of the Eucharist in the Latin Church protests against this statement, and though its doctrine of transubstantiation has many and grave difficulties it is not open to this objection. The idea of Baptism as symbolizing "that stage in the life of a soul when the man enters the path of return" is not convincing in itself and has no application to a Rite conferred in infancy. Other sacraments than these are not mentioned, for others are not recognized by the Church of England. Among Lady Lutyens' remaining papers there are some on the coming of a Master, and these are similar in scope to *The Lord's Work* and other recent publications. The personality which is to come is, however, to break down personality, regarded as a "mask which hides the real self." As it is not in the thesis or in reason that this can be done automatically, by a "world-teacher" or otherwise, the question still remains whether we may not rest content with that which we can have certainly—the Spirit that leads into all truth. One can sympathize at the same time with the writer's frank admission that she belongs herself to the hero-worshippers and feels "the inspiration of the Messenger rather than of the Message." One agrees also in a sense which will not be acceptable, being over-weary with a multitude of messages which do not inspire concerning the one message which may.

A. E. WAITE.

SELF UNFOLDMENT. Class Lessons and Lectures. By B. F. Austin, A.M., D.D. 5½ ins. x 7¾ ins., pp. 69. Los Angeles, California: The Austin Publishing Company.

THIS little booklet contains five class lessons and two lectures, the former dealing with the attainment of poise and power, the development of mediumship, telepathy, the sub-conscious mind and healing by suggestion, the latter with "The Common Origin of Religions," and "Spiritualism and the Poets." Dr. Austin is, perhaps, sometimes trite at times, and he has

P

a curious habit of repeating himself ; but, on the whole, his lessons and lectures will be found to answer the needs of those who require a simple and lucid exposition, more especially on the ethical side, of New Thought and modern Spiritualism. The author lays great stress—and I think the point an important one—on the operation of suggestion on the subconscious mind during sleep ; and he does well to warn his readers that “ it is extremely dangerous to rush into mediumistic development without knowledge of the laws that govern it ”—laws, I would add, of which we know next to nothing as yet. The following, also, I think sound advice—“ He who ignores the subconscious loses immeasurably in regard to health, happiness and success. He who gives loose rein to the subconscious and allows it to become the directive force in his life becomes mad. He is the wise man who balances the operations of these two realms of thought, keeping each in its proper sphere, and thus secures the maximum in health and life's achievements.” The danger referred to is well illustrated in the case of Strindberg, as revealed in his *The Inferno*. But whilst recognizing the value of suggestion in the domain of healing, as elsewhere, I really cannot understand Dr. Austin's disapproval of drugs—surely they are to be valued as are all useful things that man, by his God-given ingenuity, obtains from nature. The lecture on “ Spiritualism and the Poets ” deals mainly with Tennyson, whom Dr. Austin claims as “ the great Prophet of Spiritualism in our day.”

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE LIFE OF ARMELLE NICHOLAS. Trs. from the French by Thomas Taylor Allen. Cr. 8vo, pp. 236. London: H. R. Allenson. 5s. net.

THE two outstanding impressions left upon the mind of the reader by a perusal of the life of “ The Good Armelle ” are those of an ardent devotion coupled with an extremely narrow creed ; and the pathological effects upon a nervous system, strained to the breaking-point, of the intensity of the Life to which it was forced into harmony. Undoubtedly the realization of mystical Union subjects the nervous mechanism to a tremendous strain, and one often regrets, on reading the lives of Christian mystics, the absence of that scientific training of the lower mind which is found in the East under the name of Yoga, whereby the strain entailed by the “ bringing through ” of these higher experiences may be greatly minimized, and much unnecessary suffering avoided.

An instance of the morbidity engendered by the combination of a narrow creed and ill-balanced nerves is a vision with which Armelle was favoured (!)—“ Wherever she went or whatever she did she saw herself as if bathed and sprinkled with this precious blood, and heard interiorly the words ‘ Seest thou this blood ? It was shed to make a bath to purify and cleanse thy soul. ’ ” It is unfortunate that so many otherwise admirable mystics, such as St. Theresa and Julian of Norwich, share this gory-mindedness. Some of Armelle's visions, again, undoubtedly warrant the interpretation which the psycho-analyst would give them, as resulting from the unnatural suppression of normal human instincts. As the years advance, however, and the sorely-tried human nature finds its equilibrium, we find her enjoying that profound Peace and Satisfaction which is the only true witness to the reality of the spiritual life. Students of mysticism should follow this biography with interest ; and, on the other hand, the psycho-analyst and student of abnormal psychology should find within its pages much material which should prove useful in their researches.

H. J. S.

THE MAKING OF A MYSTIC. By Aelfrida Tillyard. Cr. 8vo, pp. vii. + 109. Cambridge: Heffer & Sons, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

IF regarded as a study in the development of a girl's character—on one side of the correspondence of which this book is made up—the result is not only convincing but, so far as I am entitled to judge, it stands almost by itself. On the other side the correspondence seems to be obviously that of Mrs. Constantine Graham (Aelfrida Tillyard), a very competent instructress of a promising pupil. This being so, or so taken by me under proper reserves, it occurs to one—also obviously—that Audrey's part in the business may be possibly no triumph of invention and that the letters really passed. If I am wrong—as I may well be—if they represent a sum of experience with pupils gathered in the course of teaching, there is so much the greater credit due to the authoress, and I shall be held excused. Having reached this point, I must add for sincerity's sake that if there is any sense in which this book represents a real correspondence, it would have been better had the reader not been left in doubt. Otherwise, if a particular guise has been adopted to present the first steps in the life of a modern mystic, then it would have been preferable to have adopted another form. In now old days, Mr. R. A. Vaughan thought it necessary to have a setting of supposed characters, engaged in a species of debate, to relieve his historical and critical account of mysticism. He failed signally, because his characters were lay figures which meant nothing to a reader. Mrs. Graham has succeeded signally, because her Audrey is unmistakably alive—sometimes aggressively alive and bristling with Cambridge slang. But I do not care for the method, and prefer to think that Audrey has a prototype in the outward world, even if she has received from her teacher certain aids to expression. We get a fair notion of the writer's own point of view in respect of mysticism. It is not apart from devotion, but on the whole it is of an intellectual type. While thanking Mrs. Graham for a book which we can all enjoy, I feel that she has something to learn from St. Thomas Aquinas when he said that contemplation is love.

A. E. WAITE.

MESSAGES FROM MESLON, THROUGH LAWRENCE, Part II. London: Elliot Stock, 7 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

THIS is the second and concluding volume of a series of communications from a son to his mother, aided by an advanced guardian spirit named Meslon, and transmitted by means of automatic writing through the hand of a sensitive, who is not a professional medium. The messages are all on the same high level as those given in the first series, which were reviewed in these pages a few months ago. The evolution of the individual soul along the pathway of love and service is dwelt upon continually. "Perfection is reached only when the individual becomes not only strong and beautiful by reflecting the love of God, but fully conscious of entire comprehension of the infinite God Himself." A state so transcendental is beyond the conception of ordinary humanity, but it is the ideal toward which we are dimly striving. The law of cause and effect is rigorously insisted upon, and the means by which evil is spiritually transmuted into good is clearly and simply conveyed. There is a curious charm and peace in the "atmosphere" of this little book.

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John Richmond. Pp. xvi. + 293. Price 5s. net.

WHEN antiquarian learning is united with romantic fervour, the artistic result is certain to be remarkable: witness Flaubert's "Salammbô." Miss Bloch, in the twelve stories contained in this volume, shows herself worthy to be named with those distinguished writers who have imparted something of the glamour of authenticity to their visions of the past by the skill with which they have lighted remote times by the torch of imagination. From Heaven to Hades, via Ancient Egypt, Rome, Babylon, such is Miss Bloch's romantic route. As for her characters they include God and Messalina, Narcissus and Samson, a Nautch-girl and an Amazon. Yet there is consistency in her ranging and variety. Love is ever her theme, a love that is not intimidated by leprosy or sacrilege, and I found as I read her eloquent pages, so securely rich in verbal felicity, a glow of admiration again suffuse my soul for that quality which in its purity implies a courage deaf to every menace and contemptuous of every throe. All her stories are not of equal merit, but every one of them reveals the poet and a pen careful of the dignity of art. The tales of the women who offended against the sanctity of Vesta and Artemis are extraordinarily powerful, though I think that the post-mortem sequel of the vestal Virgin's biography is not artistically sound. Take it for all in all, Miss Bloch's book is a treasure for all who can love with passion and delight.

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