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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

WITH the conclusion of the Great War we are all looking forward with hope, if not all with a very sanguine expectation, to a period when war will cease, and all disputes between the nations be settled by some universal Court of Arbitration. The late war has proved such an overwhelming disaster to mankind that it has led to a general consensus of opinion that some more satisfactory method must be discovered for settling disputes between nations in the future unless civilization itself is to be swept away by some avalanche of disaster which later scientific discoveries would almost certainly render even more terrible than the catastrophe from which we are just emerging. "There are," said Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking recently at a luncheon to the Editors of American Trade Journals, "inventions and devices of war of a most hideous character from some of which we are only separated by a very little, and others which are already in our possession, which would give to the nations preparing them a great and overwhelming advantage if they suddenly chose to break the peace." It is this appalling threat to the very existence of civilization

WAR AND PEACE.

with which we are now face to face, and with which, if it is not to befall our children or our children's children, it is incumbent upon us now to deal. This war, like all previous wars, arose through the personal ambitions of rulers, and to a certain extent also through the self-seeking ambitions of individual nations. At the bottom of all such ambitions lies selfishness, the exaltation of the lower self of the individual man as opposed to the universal well-being of the brotherhood of mankind. The very God whom the Germans worship has become a tribal deity whose interest is German aggrandizement at the expense of the welfare of the human race. The various brands of Christianity are not without some responsibility for fostering this idea of the supreme Deity. "The so-called Christian nations," in the words of Dr. Franz Hartmann, "claim to believe in a God who is unchangeable, and yet they implore his assistance if they desire to break his own law. When will they rise up to the true conception that the only possible God is that Universal Power which acts in the law, which is itself the law of the spirit in nature, and cannot be changed? To break the law is identical with breaking the God within ourselves."

Our misconceptions arising from ignorance of the true nature of man are reflected in the kindred misconception of the true nature of God. We tend to look upon the Deity as one who being a personal God in the orthodox sense, will sympathize with us in our own personal and selfish desires, and look to obtain from his favour personal benefits which we do not deserve. The object of true religion is not to wheedle favours from a complacent Deity, but to stamp out personal desires within ourselves, and to elevate man to a higher and more spiritual conception of his origin and destiny. We may put the two texts side by side that "God is Love" and that the "Christ pleased not himself." The higher life can alone be lived by him who has eradicated

THE TRUE RELIGION AND THE FALSE.

> That sin of self which in the universe
> As in a mirror sees her fond face shown
> And crying "I," would have the world say "I"
> And all things perish so if she endure.

The ambition or megalomania of an autocratic ruler is only one instance the more of this sin of self, from which in truth all the evils of the world arise in whatever form they may disguise themselves. The Brotherhood of Man is not merely a cry of the socialist or of the social reformer, but the expression of an

occult truth in which lies the key to humanity's origin, and in consequence to humanity's redemption. Like all evil, selfishness is based on an illusion, on the belief that the real self consists of man's lower nature, his passions, ambitions, and animal desires. It is these desires of the lower self that, as Franz Hartmann well says, "are the dreaded dwellers on the threshold who guard the garden of the paradise of the soul. . . . These elementals of the desire nature cannot be killed by pious ceremonies nor be driven away by the exhortations of a clergyman. They are only destroyed by the power of the spiritual will of the Divine Man, which annihilates them as the light annihilates darkness."

THE ILLUSION OF SELF.

The true primal conception of religion lies in a denial of the isolation of man from man, and an affirmation of the corresponding truth that man is a manifestation of an Infinite Power which embraces the universe, and which is focussed in the temporary temple in which his spirit dwells, not apart or aloof from its fellows, but as an integral portion of the Divine Whole; "a spiritual ray of life obtaining relative consciousness by coming into contact with matter." The various churches which look to obtain the favouring smiles of the Deity for their own special forms of worship must teach a wider and more universal creed if their teaching is to be successful in rendering future wars impossible. The fact that the recent great war occurred at all is in itself alone sufficient condemnation of their teaching hitherto. If Christianity fails in teaching man to love his neighbour as himself, and is only successful in evolving theological dogmas and ecclesiastical establishments, we may ask ourselves in vain for what purpose Christ was born in Bethlehem two thousand years ago. Courts of Arbitration will in vain issue their edicts from The Hague or elsewhere unless the Christ be born in very truth within each one of us. Then, indeed, will the Pax Christiana inaugurate that Brotherhood of Nations which the Pax Romana failed to bring to birth.

THE PAX CHRISTIANA.

The break-up of Austria and Germany, as a consequence of the defeat of the Central Empires in the Great War, seems a not unfitting occasion to say something with regard to the history and origin both of the Austro-Hungarian Empire itself and of that dynasty of the Hapsburgs with which it has been bound up for so many centuries. Though Germany may rightly be looked upon as the prime instigator of the war, yet its origin,

as is well known, arose through a quarrel between Austria-Hungary and her little neighbour state of Serbia. It is one of the curiosities of history how it came about that an empire like that of the Hapsburgs ever assumed permanent form, in view of the fact that it is an amalgam of so many different and indeed hostile nationalities. The British Premier well described it as "the ramshackle empire"; and in respect of the diversity of its component parts it has indeed no parallel in modern history. We have been accustomed to think of Austria as an empire. This is the first of the popular fallacies with regard to this dominion. Austria is not and never has been an empire. It is a Duchy, and the Austrian Emperor, as we have been in the habit of terming him, is in respect of this Duchy merely its Archduke. Austria in its early days cut no great figure on the map of Europe. It was what was called a Mark or March, that is to say, a borderland state which served as a barrier against the inroads of the Magyars.* At the end of the twelfth or early in the thirteenth century it was raised to the dignity of a Duchy. It lay between Bohemia on the north and the Duchy of Carinthia on the south. In these early days it was overtaken by a fate which was, curiously enough, the exact reverse of what was destined to befall it later. It was in short annexed by Bohemia, and the King of Bohemia who annexed Austria was fortunate in securing also the crown of Hungary. Nor was this the end of his acquisitions. For the king in question was the celebrated Ottokar, who enlarged the dominions of Bohemia to their widest extent. His victorious armies advanced as far as the Baltic to the north, where he founded Königsberg, and as far as the Adriatic to the south. Shakespeare has been made fun of because in one of his plays † he alludes to the sea-coast of Bohemia. But in the days of Ottokar the Bohemian empire actually had not one sea-coast but two. Ottokar, however, like other great monarchs in more recent times, was destined to meet his "Waterloo," and he met with it at the hands of a man who intimately concerns us here, being no less notable a person than Count Rudolf of Hapsburg.

THE STORY OF AUSTRIA AND THE HAPSBURGS.

KING OTTOKAR OF BOHEMIA.

Count Rudolf's original home was the Castle of Habsburg, or Hapsburg, on the banks of the Aar, in what is now the Swiss

* The Magyars (or Hungarians) are of Turanian stock and akin to the Turks.

† "A Winter's Tale."

canton of Aargau. There was, however, no Switzerland in those days nor till long after. Count Rudolf ruled an extensive territory in those parts, covering what is now Lucerne as well as Aargau, and a wide domain farther to the north. In addition to this he boasted among his titles that of Landgrave of Upper Alsace. After the defeat of Ottokar he found himself in possession of the Duchy of Austria as well as of Carinthia and Bohemia, and in addition to obtaining the overlordship of these scattered territories, he was successful in getting himself elected king of Germany. The Duchy of Austria he made over to his son Albert, from whom the Hapsburg monarchs are descended. It must not be supposed, however, that this Duchy remained continuously in the hands of the Hapsburgs from the time of Albert to the present day. There were many changes and transfers of sovereignty, and in the time of Matthias Corvinus the Austrian Duchy became annexed to the kingdom of Hungary for a brief period, the Hungarian king at this time also ruling over Bohemia. Austria was in those days what is called a fief of the Empire; that is, it owed allegiance to the so-called Emperor of the Romans. The "Holy Roman Empire" was for long the dominant power in mediæval Europe, and though it was neither "holy" nor "Roman," it carried on the tradition of the Empire of Karl the Great,* as that in its turn had carried on the tradition of the Roman Empire of Augustus. This great Frankish conqueror was already master of Germany, France, and what we now know as Switzerland, when he conquered the greater part of Italy, and having done so had himself duly crowned Emperor at Rome, announcing the fact to the various subject nations under his sway, from whom he obtained the oath of allegiance as the successor of Augustus. From this empire Italy and France † were the first to break away, and the Holy Roman Empire of later times became identified with Germany just as the Eastern Empire became identified with Greece; although for long it embraced considerably more, at least on its western side, than we now know as Germany and Austria; inasmuch as the Counts of Holland owed allegiance to the Emperor no less than did the

COUNT RUDOLF OF HAPSBURG.

THE EMPIRE OF KARL THE GREAT.

* Called also Charlemagne. But this title is almost as absurd as if we were to allude to Kaiser Wilhelm as Guillaume.

† i.e. the greater part of what is now France, excluding its eastern territories. France did not become approximately co-extensive with Roman Gaul (i.e. Gallia Transalpina) until the time of Louis XIV.

Dukes of Burgundy and the Counts of Savoy. Hungary, on the other hand, was never a fief of the Empire. When the Hapsburgs became Emperors it is true that they were also Kings of Hungary and Kings of Bohemia, but these countries recognized the Hapsburg as their lawful monarch, and he did not acquire them by his election as Emperor.

The fact that for several centuries a Hapsburg who in his own right was Archduke of Austria, and also King of Bohemia and King of Hungary, was regularly elected to the position of Emperor and King of Germany, has led to much confusion of thought.* He did not reign as Emperor through any hereditary right, but held the Empire as an elective office. The paramount claim, however, of the Hapsburgs to be elected Emperor finally became so fully recognized that it was accepted as a matter of course. The celebrated Maria Teresa has frequently been misnamed Empress of Austria. She was not this in any sense. She was Archduchess of Austria in her own right, Queen of Hungary and of Bohemia and Empress in view of the fact that her husband had been elected Emperor of the Romans. It was not until the time of Napoleon and the defeat of Austerlitz that this fiction of the continuance of the so-called "Holy Roman Empire" was abandoned. The victories of Napoleon put an end to this tradition of the past equally with many other obsolete claims and sovereignties, some, but only some, of which were revived at the Peace. Thenceforth the Archduke of Austria and King of Hungary called himself indeed Emperor, but the word was a misnomer, for there was no Austrian Empire, and as regards the Austrian territory he was not even King, but merely (as already stated) Archduke.† The so-called Emperor, however, who reigned at Vienna, exercised a paramount influence over middle Europe until the days of Bismarck, until in fact in the war of 1866 Bismarck turned the tables upon him and established

THE HAPSBURG EMPERORS AND THEIR EUROPEAN STATUS.

* The Hapsburgs did not become continuously Kings of Hungary until the beginning of the eighteenth century. There was a considerable period in which Hungary was in dispute between the Turks and the Hapsburg kings of Bohemia, and for some time it seemed likely that Hungary was destined to become an integral portion of the Ottoman Empire. It is to the Poles more than to any other nation that we owe the expulsion of the Turk from this part of Europe.

† The truth is that in abandoning his claim to be *The* Emperor, he was unwilling to abandon the imperial title, though its meaning was gone.

the German hegemony of Prussia, which was further fortified five years later by the Prussian victory in the Franco-German war. As I have already explained, the claim of the Frankish king, Karl the Great, to be successor of the Roman Emperors was something more than the mere shadow which it became afterwards in the persons of his successors, for he at least had conquered Rome and ruled over the greater portion of the Italian peninsula. There came a time long after when the Hapsburgs who claimed as Emperors to be his successors, ruled over a large portion of Northern Italy, including the fertile provinces of Venice and Lombardy. But they ruled these as Hapsburg sovereigns, not in the character of Roman Emperors.

BISMARCK AND THE HEGEMONY OF PRUSSIA.

In view of their long and chequered historical career which has been so bound up with the history of Europe generally, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that the Hapsburg family has been credited with more than the usual number of strange traditions, legends, and omens. It is the Black Dwarf of Vienna —a strange emissary from the Unseen World, who is said to have aroused the greatest fear in the breasts of these Hapsburg Emperors. His presence is said ever to be a presage of disaster.* What his origin was is unknown. One story narrates that he was the court jester of one of the Emperors, and was put to death by the latter's orders. The first record of his appearance was before the siege of Vienna by the Turks in 1683, and later on he is said to have constantly haunted the court of the Empress Maria Teresa, and eventually to have appeared to her at her deathbed, walking up to her couch and bending over it and gazing at her with an air of deep dejection in intimation that her fate was sealed. After this the dwarf who had been so frequent a visitor at the Court for many years disappeared once more, and was not seen again until the time when Marie Antoinette, a daughter of the Austrian house, laid her head upon the scaffold. The dwarf seems to have been not without human sympathies, for he is recorded as looking exceedingly sad on this occasion, as also at the death of the Empress Maria Teresa. A further visitation of the dwarf is recorded when the late Emperor Francis Josef accepted the crown of Austria from his uncle Ferdinand, and during the late Emperor's reign he is stated to have appeared frequently to the beautiful Empress Elizabeth,

THE BLACK DWARF OF VIENNA.

* As narrated by Princess Catherine Radziwill in *The Black Dwarf of Vienna*.

for whom he seems to have had a particular *penchant*. The Empress Elizabeth is the only person who is recorded to have engaged in conversation with the mysterious visitor. She averred that, thanks to intimation from this strange source, she always knew beforehand when any catastrophe was threatening her. It is narrated that she met him last of all in the corridors of the Hotel Beaurivage, at Geneva, shortly before she was stabbed by the anarchist Luchenni. Some of those who accompanied the remains of the murdered Empress on her last journey declared that they saw the dwarf at intervals kneeling beside her coffin, and he is stated to have been present at her funeral service in the Capuchin church. From this time onwards till the spring of 1914, nothing more was heard of the dwarf. A few months, however, before the outbreak of the Great War, he appeared once more in the halls of the Hofburg, showing this time an angry and threatening mien. On this occasion he walked about everywhere without stopping at any particular place except before the doors of the apartments occupied during their lifetime by the Empress Elizabeth and her son, the Crown Prince Rudolf. The opinion prevailed at the time that he had come to warn the old Emperor of his approaching death. Later events, however, gave a different meaning to his visit. "As soon as the war broke out," says Princess Catherine Radziwill, to whom I am indebted for these particulars, "the dwarf has once more become a daily visitor at the Hofburg. He seems to have aged and he walks about as if carrying a burden too heavy for his shoulders to bear. No one molests him, but every one tries to avoid him because it is known that his presence means death and sorrow."

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AND BLACK DWARF.

THE BLACK DWARF REAPPEARS BEFORE THE WAR.

There is no doubt that apart from her interviews with the Black Dwarf, the Empress Elizabeth was of a naturally psychic temperament. When her cousin, Ludwig II of Bavaria, met with his tragic end by drowning in June, 1886, he appeared to the Empress. Between the two there had always been a deep attachment, Ludwig's romantic temperament and passion for music appealing to the ill-fated Empress, who still remembered him, even after his outbreaks of insanity had led to his confinement in the castle of Starnberg. The Empress narrated that she was lying awake in bed unable to sleep when suddenly she heard within the room sounds like the monotonous drip, drip of water, which were then succeeded by a sound like the soft

ripple of water lapping on the shore. At the same time she experienced all the sensations of drowning, and then saw the door slowly open as the moonlight streamed in, and King Ludwig enter her apartment. His clothes were drenched with water and his hair was damp and clung to his face which was deathly white. He came close to the Empress's bedside, looked at her for a moment in silence, and then told her solemnly that it would not be very long before she joined him. She inquired what would be the manner of her death, and was told that it would be swift and would come without warning.

A VISION OF KING LUDWIG'S DEATH.

The Hapsburgs are not only haunted by the Black Dwarf but also by certain enormous white birds which go by the name of Turnfälken. Tradition avers that if these birds are seen in the daytime they forebode misfortune to the reigning house. A friend of Miss Catherine Cox (author of *Haunted Royalties*), who had lived in Austria for thirty years, informed the author that in June, 1914, a few days before the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Countess Sophie Hohenburg, his morganatic wife, she was crossing a street in Vienna, when, just in front of the cathedral, she observed an immense crowd collected, gazing up at the sky. Upon asking what the people were looking at, they pointed in awestruck whispers to the Turnfälken, and raising her eyes in the direction indicated she saw a flock of enormous white birds such as she had never seen before, wheeling round and round in the sky and uttering weird and sinister cries. She was herself aware of the tradition, but did not take the matter seriously until a few days later when all Vienna was ringing with the story of the murder of the Emperor's heir and his wife.

THE TURN-FÄLKEN.

A curiosity of journalistic literature is the article contributed early in 1909 to the *Contemporary Review* by the late W. T. Stead, dealing with the Empress Catherine's ambitions for Russia and the prospects of the Slav race in the future. Stead fathered the article, but much of it was written automatically and he attributed the inspiration of it to Catherine the Great herself. Whatever the authorship of the article, which appeared under the title of "The Arrival of the Slav," some of the observations contained in it are of special interest at the present time.*

* The circumstances of the writing of the article which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* are dealt with in Miss Harper's *Stead, the Man* (London, W. Rider & Son, Ltd.), new cheaper edition, 5*s.* net.

Of all the great races in Europe [states the author] the Slavs have received the fewest favours from the fates. Providence has been to them a cruel step-mother. They have been cradled in adversity and reared in the midst of misfortunes which might well have broken their spirit. From century to century they have been the prey of conquerors, European and Asiatic. When, as in Russia, they were able to assert their independence of Tartar and Turk, they could only do so by submitting to an autocrat whose yoke was seldom easy and whose burden was never light. But for this Cinderella of Europe the light is arising in the darkness, and there are not lacking signs that in the future the despised kitchen-maid may yet be "the belle of the ball."

A JOURNALISTIC CURIOSITY.

The article concludes with the following significant paragraphs :—

The day of cast-iron empires is fast drawing to a close. The new century begins the era of decentralization and federation. In one form or another the whole vast stretch of country from Petersburg to Prague, from Prague to Adrianople, will be covered by a federation of self-governing States, as peaceful as the Swiss cantons, in which the Slavs, by sheer force of numbers, will of necessity be in the ascendant. Nor will it be surprising if the despairing effort of the German to stem the tide of destiny in Poland should lead to the addition of the German Polish lands to the federation of the future.

The chief danger, almost the only serious danger, that threatens to retard the inevitable triumph, is *the fatal tendency to anarchy that has ever been the bane of the Slavonian peoples*. It was this that ruined Poland. It may postpone indefinitely the coming of the Slav into his kingdom. If we had the tongues of men and of angels we would cry aloud in the ears of all the Slavonian peoples : "In unity is your strength. United you can conquer all your foes. Disunited you will remain the despised and impotent thralls of your neighbours. Peace ! Peace among yourselves ! Patience and Unity. By those watchwords you will conquer."

"THE FATAL TENDENCY TO ANARCHY."

If these counsels prevail, then the good seed which Catherine sowed in the dark days of storm and tempest may spring up and ripen for the glorious harvest. Then may be fulfilled her majestic vision of the advent of the mighty kingdom of Slavonia, which will represent more than the splendour of ancient Rome more than the vainly-desired perfection of classic Hellas.

With regard to the Slav inhabitants of Austria-Hungary, these were exhorted to "preserve an attitude of patience, for in the fateful outcome of the future might not Austria yet disappear in the melting pot, to reappear with fresh vigour as the Federation of the Danube ?" This prospect certainly seems less distant to-day than it was when the article was written.

With reference to the future of Austria, it is perhaps worth remembering that Madame de Thèbes in her Almanac for 1913,

written two years before the outbreak of war, alluded thus to that country :—

" Austria [she said] with the year 1913 enters a new era. . . . Conditions will greatly favour the breaking up of the different states of the monarchy. The hour of open hostility between Slavs and Germans is near. He who expects to reign will not come to the throne, and a young man who is not expected to reign will reign." The significant allusion to the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the succession of the Emperor Karl, is a noteworthy addition to the list of fulfilled prophecies.

MADAME DE THÈBES' PREDICTIONS RECALLED.

After writing of Belgium, Madame de Thèbes continued :—

" A real mourning is imminent, a double mourning. There will be a lawsuit of which the whole world will talk. . . . A great silence in Russia, then a thunder-clap, and after that new conditions, great undertakings, in short the awakening. . . . Poland ! Poland ! You were right not to despair. It is on you that the future smiles. Beautiful but bloody deeds will be accomplished at Warsaw before long."

We may treat the allusion to the double mourning as the prediction of the murders of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, but Madame de Thèbes did not make clear the country to which she was alluding, and in fact rather seemed to associate it with Belgium. In the same year the Parisian prophetess wrote :—

Germany menaces Europe in general, and France in particular. When the war breaks out, hers will be the responsibility, but after the war there will be no longer either Hohenzollern or Prussian hegemony. I have said, and I repeat, that the days of the Emperor are numbered, and that after him all will be changed in Germany.

The German Revolution was foretold from several quarters, though many were positive up to almost the last moment that such a thing as Revolution was alien to the German character. In her Almanac for 1915 Madame de Thèbes wrote :—

I see a Germany which is torn asunder, South against South, and North against North. It is the revolutionary movement. Popular fury against the military aristocracy, and at the same time, in spite of all these troubles, resistance continues, or at least endeavours to continue, parodying the France of the past, even to its great Revolution. . . . Meanwhile where is the man whose presence I sense, whose coming I foretold last year, and who is destined to arise in Germany in order to make a voice heard which will dominate all other voices, and which will save his unhappy country, in part at least, from the just punishment which Providence reserves for her ?

WHERE IS THE MAN ?

In connection with the German Revolution the prophecy made by a dying relative as narrated to General Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., will also be remembered :

An uncle of mine [said Sir Alfred], a retired Colonel, lived in Paris and passed away in the year 1881. He was very much attached to France, and brooded a great deal over the sundering from his adopted country of her two provinces. The night before he died he began to talk as though in his sleep, being perfectly oblivious to everything that was going on around him. While in this state he said : " I see in less than fifty years' time a terrible revolution in Germany, a revolution compared to which that of 1789 in France and also the Commune were as nothing. I see an Emperor, whose face I do not know, dethroned and driven into shameful exile, and his family scattered over the earth as refugees."

I have received from time to time various letters on the subject of cures for warts. In view of the fact that many people are liable to be troubled in this way, perhaps the enclosed ancient recipe might be of interest. It is sent me by a correspondent and originally appeared in the *Cambridge Chronicle* of October 23, 1818. This paper is still in circulation, but I cannot say if the present editor is prepared to guarantee the efficacy of the cure. Here it is, however, and if any readers should happen to test it, I should be pleased to learn whether they find it effective.

A WART CURE.

The bark of the willow tree burnt to ashes, mixed with strong vinegar, and applied to the parts, will remove all warts, corns, or excrescences on any part of the body.

THE OCCULT LORE OF BELLS

By BERNARD FIELDING

THE age-long association of bells with religious ceremonies, and the part they continue to play in communal and national life, in mirth and grief, peace and war, is only really to be understood and appreciated by one who is mindful of their mystical origin—in other words, by the student of the Occult.

The persistent monotonous sound of stricken metal! How much of the supernatural did that convey to primitive man! It attracted his attention, and so suggested a message that would *repay* his attention, stirring in him those crude thrills of hope and fear from which the more complex religious emotions may be bred. If in the vibrant crash of thunder he could hear the voices of the gods, he could but hear them also in this other nearer vibrant crash of iron or bronze. The first "bell"—the first musical, or unmusical, instrument that remotely resembled a bell—was fashioned as a practical vehicle for such voices, a channel through which they could make themselves audible, and—a fact even more important from the human point of view!—be evoked, repeated, and prolonged at will.

We all know how the Early Christian Celts—particularly the Irish!—made jewelled *shrines* for certain ceremonial bells that had come to be regarded as miraculous. But *the bell in itself* was a species of shrine. It was "a roof" to shelter the supernatural Power, and an instrument by which that Power might function.

The many legends that speak of bells as ringing of their own accord, as giving forth a voluntary note of anger, warning, approval, or counsel, bear witness to this. The Divine forces with which they were in strong mystic sympathy, might, at any time, take actual possession of them, and speak through their tongues.

The cymbals that accompanied the Syrian religious dances, the sistrum, shaken by the priests of Isis, and the rhombos or bull-roarer that, among primitive tribes, was whirled in the air to summon initiates to the tribal mysteries, all have much affinity with the sacred ceremonial bells. The Greek Oracle of Dodona had an instrument still more bell-like:—the sacred "Cauldron"

or " Gong," with its two pillars, from one of which was suspended a cauldron, and from the other, the figure of a youth with a brazen thong.

The fact that at Dodona the oracles were given through the voice of the wind, in the branches of a great oak that overhung the shrine of Zeus, seems to be of some importance here, as illustrating the association between bells and the elemental powers of Nature. For the gong, like the oak, would have been moved by any " mighty rushing wind " to utter its own mystic message for those who had ears to hear. In any case, its sonorous voice helped to create the supernatural atmosphere of the sanctuary : and, as we gather from other related traditions, to guard against the possible supernatural dangers that might be lurking in the place. For the fear of a mysterious enclosed sanctuary—its air, charged, as it were, with concentrated supernatural power, and thronged with elemental spirits !—was a fear that pervaded the early world. All students of the occult-lore of bells have to take account of that fear ; and keep it in mind.

The occult traditions that have gathered round the bells and pomegranates which hung on the hem of the High Priest's robe, curiously illustrate this.

It is natural to us, familiar as we are with Christian rites, and with the gracious office of the Sanctus Bell, to think of the worshippers in the desert-shrine of the God of Israel, as listening for the tinkling of the priestly bells, and following, thereby, the movements of him who wore them, and who had passed " beyond the veil " to offer the prayers and sacrifices of the tribesmen. And, of course, we *may* think of the worshippers as doing this. The voice of the bells would, certainly, then as now, have served as a reminder of unseen rites, a *Vade Mecum* of their progress.

But, nevertheless, we cannot forget that bells when worn, or carried, by priests of the pre-Christian Faiths, were worn, and carried, primarily, as personal safeguards—as warnings to the Deity in his secret shrine, of the approach, not of an intruding enemy whom his wrath might consume, but of a consecrated servitor and friend ; and that such bells were also regarded as disturbers, and purifiers, of that stagnant gloomy air which, as we have said, was believed to be the lurking-place of hostile supernatural influences—of " angels of darkness."

So the popular Jewish interpretation, recorded by Josephus, of the vibrant bells as representing *thunder*, and the tinted pomegranates, *lightnings*, is not, in truth, so " inane " as some

scholars have called it. These priestly ornaments were, indeed, as spiritual storms that broke the dangerous brooding calm, and cleared the spiritual atmosphere. The simile was one of the naïve forms in which the venerable belief clothed itself.

Christian symbolism, too, has been attracted by Aaron's bells—the number of which Justin Martyr determined as *twelve* * ; and as emblematical of the twelve Apostles, of "the Sound gone out into all lands," scattering the mists of darkness, and the powers of evil.

We have spoken of the bell-shrines of Early Christian Ireland, made to contain, and preserve, the precious bells that had been used by Celtic saints. Of course, these saints were missionaries, who had led wandering lives in heathen places, and who had often perforce rung little portable iron bells to summon worshippers to Mass, and converts to Baptism, under open sky. But neither reverence for the saints who owned them, nor reverence for the Sacraments to which they called, quite covers the claim of the bells themselves to reverence. The legend of the wonders they wrought, not only in the hands of their saintly owners, but long after their owners had passed to rest, and their own ceremonial life was over, suggest their mystic individuality, and the immanent Divine Spirit that had chosen to dwell with them.

The individualistic power of the bell, its supernatural dower of insight and responsibility, is the idea most deeply engrained in Celtic bell-lore.

For instance, we have the story of St. Kenan, the Irish disciple of the Welsh Abbot, St. Gildas, who, while he sojourned in St. Gildas's Abbey, dreamed a strange dream wherein he heard a voice bidding him depart, and found a house of monks of his own, in an unnamed land to which a *bell* should guide him. St. Gildas's monks had no bell they were disposed to give away, so the Abbot himself made one out of a piece of old iron, and blessed it, and gave it to the parting guest. . . . For a long while and a long road its silence bade Kenan and his companions journey on. Then, at last, in a Cornish valley, sounded its long-hoped-for voluntary note! So Kenan's convent was built by the river Fal, and Kenan's bell honoured and treasured there.

Again, we have the strange rite of healing connected with the bell of St. Odoacer, a fifth century Bishop of Llandaff. In

* "*As twelve.*" Naturally enough—a bell for each of the twelve tribes.

old age, having lost its clapper, the bell was reverently preserved in the cathedral, and used as a cup, from which sick and sorry pilgrims were given to drink; for whatever it contained received something of its healing virtue. As for the "Golden Bell of St. Senan," its fame has lingered on to modern times; and we hear of it as still perpetuating, among the South Irish peasantry, that ancient "bell-oath," whereof Giraldus Cambrensis, the old traveller and historian, tells us that it was esteemed more solemn than an oath on the Holy Gospels. The "Golden Bell" is (or, till lately, was) in the care of an old Munster family, whose head, in each generation, is responsible for its safe-keeping. In local cases of theft and the like, where the truth cannot be arrived at by normal means, the loan of the bell will be demanded, and the suspected persons required to swear their innocence upon it. None, says the often verified tradition, who are not truly innocent dare do this. The bell will expose and punish the perjurer. Once, during the last century, a man who had stolen some linen, and was sent by his parish-priest to fetch the bell for the ordeal, flung it in an agony of guilt and terror over a high cliff, into the sea—only to find, when he came to the priest's house, that the bell, mysteriously rescued, had arrived there before him, and was calmly awaiting the confession that he, now, had no choice but to make! One is tempted to be a little sorry for offenders who live "within striking distance" of so awesome a relic, and to hope that the supernatural insight of the judge may make for mercy in the judgments!—"*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner!*" At least, to know everything is to pardon a good deal.

We do not hear so much of the bell-oath in English bell-lore. The English hallowed bells lived, indeed, mainly in their belfries—of which Alfred the Great is reputed to have been the first maker!—and could not so readily have been carried about, or so curiously revered.

But, high in their towers, lifted, as it were, above the mists of earth, an atmosphere of the Other World perpetually surrounded the church-bells, and their old duty of exorcism, of intimidating the evil powers of the air, was strongly insisted on in Mediæval England. Bells by their very likeness to thunder suggested power to control it; and popular custom delighted in, so to speak, pitting the one against the other, the spiritual against the material bolts. "Frango Fulgura!"—"I break lightnings!"—was the boast, expressed by its Latin inscription, of many a church-bell. The records of Old St. Paul's bid the

sacristans "ringe the hallowed belle in great tempests and lightnings." And, in many places, the mere approach of thunder-storms sent the ringers to the belfry, that the threatening clouds might be scattered betimes and broken up, more or less harmlessly. Here is the ancient thought of the power of bells over heavy oppressive air, such as that in an enclosed sanctuary, and over the brooding, and possibly dangerous, presences that dwelt within! Yet it is the thought transmuted and beautified in a Christian crucible. No evil is suspected from the power of *God*. It is but the fiends who raise the storm—the "angels of darkness" against whom God sends His consecrated servants, the hallowed bells. As the prayer at the mediæval ceremony of bell-blessing phrases it: "Grant that wheresoever this holy bell, thus washed, baptized, and blessed, shall sound, all deceits of Satan, all danger of whirlwind, thunder, and lightning and tempests may be driven away . . . the fiery darts of the devil made to fly backward at the sound thereof."

We remember how it was to this ceremony of bell-benediction—which included the sprinkling of the bell with holy water, its censing, and anointing!—that the storm-fiends in the *Golden Legend* ascribed their failure to destroy, at the bidding of their master, Lucifer, the bells of Strasburg Cathedral.

> All thy thunders here are harmless!
> For these bells have been anointed
> And baptized with holy water.
> They defy our utmost power!

But, to our eyes, *many* causes contribute to this awesome sacredness of the bells, to this mystic power of theirs over the powers of hell. Not only their formal consecration, but also some essential fitness they displayed for that consecration has to be reckoned with. The very metal of which they were made has its traditions of inviolable sacredness and supernatural power. Who does not remember the efficacy of "cold iron" against the witches and goblins of the old Norse legends? "They can't pass cold iron!" And there are many tales of belated travellers, pursued by the demons that haunt lonely places, and saving themselves, at the last gasp, in their desperate flight by stumbling over an iron ploughshare, or taking sanctuary in a smithy. Thor's Hammer, that pre-Christian shadow of the Cross of Christ, was, as we scarce need to say, made of *iron*; and the Latin ritual hymns, in their mystical extolling of the Holy Rood, are mindful that *iron* as well as *wood* went to the making of even that Talisman of talismans—

Sweetest wood and sweetest iron ! *

It was, indeed, the Holy Nails that the Emperor Constantine chose to wear in his helmet, as his safeguard in battle. . . . But this brings us on to the reasons for the sacredness of *iron*, and would lead us too far afield. . . .

The traditions of mysterious bells, heard as portents, are of peculiar interest and significance.

Sometimes the bell the clairaudient hears is actually ringing afar off, beyond natural earshot, as in the story, related by Bede, of the passing-bell of Hilda, Abbess of Whitby. The voice of this bell was heard thirteen miles away, in the nunnery of Hackness, which Hilda had founded, yet heard by one inmate only, a nun named Begu, who called the Sisterhood and told them of the omen, so that all the nuns, before the tidings from Whitby reached them, had begun to pray for the soul of the foundress.

Sometimes it is altogether an unearthly peal that sounds its warning, as in the tale of those " bells in the sky " that announced the death of the great mediæval scholar, and Bishop of Lincoln, Robert Grosteste. Two students who had loved him well are walking together on a woodland path, when one, turning to the other, suddenly bids him listen to these " church-bells beyond the stars "—" Our Father Robert is departing to God ! " The tradition that the Bishop was himself somewhat skilled in music lends a delicate fitness to the tale. We are fain to wonder what unearthly bells his passing spirit might have been permitted for a moment to touch and wake into farewell music ! Is it not, at least, a fact that bells are among the few material things that we *can*, without any grotesque effort, imagine as present among things spiritual ?

Even the iconoclastic Mohammedans, who would not employ bells in their religious rites, must needs picture them as hanging on the boughs of the trees of Paradise, and ringing sweetly in the ears of beatified believers. And who can forget that unearthly chiming of bells in Bunyan's Land of Beulah, that, as the pilgrims waited for their summons to cross the Dark River, kept them ever waking, yet gave them more than sleep's refreshment ? For all his staunch Puritanism, Bunyan was somewhat of a psychic. His intuitions were wiser guides than his dogmas.

A rather unsatisfying modern story of a bell-omen comes from a rural parish of Norfolk, the rector of which, some few years ago, wrote to the Editor of *Folk-lore* of a curious experi-

* " Sweetest wood and sweetest iron "—" Dulce lignum, dulces *clavos.*"

ence he had had of a superstition of the belfry. On a certain Sunday, the ringers complained of the strange sound of the tenor bell, saying that it "roared" and drowned the voices of the others; whereon the parish-clerk declared that some one in the parish would die before the week was out: the tenor bell being, of course, the one used for knell-ringing; and the "roaring" a premonition on the bell's part of its own sad duty. Whether the prophecy came true or not, in this particular instance, the present writer has been unable to discover.

The supernatural "foresight" of bells is not only shown in case of death. For example, there is an Italian belief that bells recognize the approach of a future Pope: that they ring forth spontaneously as in salutation when one, with that high destiny, passes beneath them. All the bells of Rome, runs the tradition, break forth into a peal when a future Pope approaches the Eternal City. And the idea that there is an immanent "sixth sense" in bells, which recognizes and salutes future greatness, would seem to be hinted in our own folk-tale of Dick Whittington, who, as a penniless young fugitive, heard, from the chimes of St. Mary's, Cheapside, the mysterious injunction to "turn again" into the city where he should be "three times Lord Mayor." The bells, we may say, were then but the voice of his subconscious self and suppressed wishes. But that in itself, when we come to think of it, is a somewhat wonderful thing, and has more than a touch of what the Irish call "strong magic." Those who were the personal associates of the Emperor Napoleon have recorded the extraordinary emotion which the sound of bells made him display. Did the sound only speak to him of past and present triumphs, or had it another message, understood only by himself, from days as yet unborn? . . .

Sunken bells, and the bells of drowned cities, are said miraculously to keep their tuneful chime. For instance, the church bells of Lyonesse, the lost land off the Cornish coast, are still to be heard chiming, beneath the water, on a calm day! The sound, unlike that of bells lost in shipwreck, is of good omen. He who would hear it must be clean-shriven, and the most favourable time is on a holy-day.

It would be interesting to know if there are any who claim to have heard the bells of Lyonesse, in these later days. For is it unreasonable to think that the air around us may now, in truth, be thrilled and stirred by many a mystic chime, many an "unheard melody" from the "belfries" of Another World?

PHANTOMS?

By BART KENNEDY

I HAVE always been bothered by the darkness. When I was a little boy I was dreadfully afraid of ghosts and goblins and such like things. Going by myself upstairs at night was for me quite an ordeal. I was afraid that I would be grabbed by something and carried off to some strange and awful place.

And to be frank I have never got over this feeling of fear of the darkness, though I have had, in my time, all sorts of experiences and been in all sorts of places. Even to this very hour if I go along a country road at midnight I have the feeling that all kinds of things are following me. I am able, so to speak, to handle this fear. It does not overcome me as it did when I was a child. But for all that it is most annoying and discomforting.

I have often wondered as to what is the cause of this. I have often wondered as to whether the fearsome pictures that come into the mind are born in the mind or are sensed by it as they exist outside.

I have never been able to answer this question to myself satisfactorily. To say that things do not exist just because they are not visible to the physical eyes is to say more than one is quite justified in saying.

It may be, for all I know, that we are surrounded by all sorts of things and beings that it is not given to us to be able to see. It may be that the world is packed full of invisible life. Whether this is so or not I do not know. But I am certain that I know as much about the matter as the most scoffing critic. With all his airs and talk he is no better informed than any one else.

At times I feel that I am being followed along the dark road by vast monsters like to the monsters that were of the world of long ago. Or it would be more exact to say that I feel I am being pursued by the shades or ghosts of these monsters. I keep looking behind me in the darkness, and when the fears crowd in on me heavily I stop and confront the thing invisible that I feel to be there. When I do this, the fear leaves me and I turn and go again on my way along the road. But again comes

the fear, and again I look back. And again I stop after a while.

This sort of thing is usually put down to a vivid imagination. People who possess the mania of finding absolute and exact reasons for things that no one understands will say that the darkness awakens long buried memories that we inherit through thousands and thousands of lives. But to me this is an explanation that is not convincing.

It must not be forgotten that we are beings that are evolved out of surroundings that are impossible for us to fully grasp and comprehend. In reality we know no more about the medium in which we exist than does any other earth-being. True, we have done wonderful things, but when you come to look into it you will find that other earth-beings have done things that are every bit as wonderful. I won't labour this point, however, for it is obvious to any one who has given the matter thought.

Yes, we are born in the midst of mystery. We live in the midst of mystery. We die in the midst of mystery. And to understand it would entail our being bigger than the surroundings from out which we come for the short span that we call life.

Our senses were evolved just for our physical needs. We see and sense—only in the most limited way—the phenomena that surround us and out of which we have sprung. We have fashioned for our own convenience a few arbitrary concepts such as time and space and past and present and future. Whether or not these concepts are based on a foundation that is in accord with the actual surroundings in which we live is a question that —in the nature of things—no man can answer. It is true that there are not wanting those who come with exact and absolute explanations, but they are merely half thinkers who possess no sense of humour.

No one knows. And in passing I would like to remark that the most significant acts of man—whether in the individual or in the aggregate—are neither guided by rules nor reasons. Man follows obscure and mysterious and unknowable impulses. If he does follow a set rule or plan, it is a rule or plan far beyond the comprehension of the wisest man. I would like, for example, for some one to put forth a convincing explanation of the reason for organized war. It has always existed, and is existing in a more virulent form than ever.

But this is rather by the way. Are we, as a matter of fact, surrounded by all kinds of things that are beyond the power of our physical eyes to see? Do beings live and live and live in other planes of existence? Is the life—say, of a hundred

thousand years ago—still, in a sense, with us? Is all the life that has ever existed on the earth with us?

According to the arbitrary gauge that we have made—and that we call Reason—it is not. It would be impossible for it to exist. There would be no room for it.

But to say this is to say less than nothing. A blind man might as well talk of defining the appearance of things that existed in the light. Our concepts of time and space and other like things are merely arbitrary, handy little gauges that we have made for our own particular convenience.

Are the things that, I feel, follow me at night along the dark road real? Do they exist but in my imagination, or are they of the woof of the general, surrounding life?

I wonder.

CAPTAIN LORIMER'S GHOST STORY

By GERDA M. CALMADY-HAMLYN

" PERSONALLY, you know, I believe in ghosts, and for the excellent reason that I have really and truly seen one ! " remarked Captain Eustace Lorimer one evening as we were seated round the drawing-room fire after tea ; and he usually appeared such a stolid matter-of-fact, unimaginative young man that we all turned and stared in blank astonishment.

" Tell us the story, at once, if you please," demanded pretty Enid Ferguson, Eustace's fiancée ; and without more ado he complied with her request ;—declaring " Bar rot, you know, this is no made-up Christmas-Number spook-scare, or anything of *that* kind. I'll tell you exactly what I saw and where I saw it ; nothing has ever seemed more *real* to me in my life !

" I happened to be stationed at B——, in the Midlands, during the autumn of 19—, and a precious vile place it was, too, from the point of view of penniless subalterns (of whom I was one then)—no decent hunting or shooting to be had except at prohibitive prices,—a big manufacturing town full of nothing but vulgar, purse-proud people with absolutely no ideas in their heads beyond eating, drinking, and making money ; the kind of place to get away from as often, and as speedily, as one could, and to return to with regret—not to say loathing !

" I had been there grumbling and grousing like anything for three months or more, when suddenly and to my huge delight I received a letter from a certain Major Smythe, a man several years my senior, but always a very good friend to me,—who had retired from the Army about a year previously, on inheriting a nice old house and fairly extensive property in Cheshire, known as Wendham Old Hall. After doing up the house and making sundry alterations in the gardens, he and Mrs. Smythe (he wrote) were now fairly established, and the letter concluded with an invitation to me to make one of a house-party they were getting together for a big county ball to take place in the neighbourhood the night after I was due to arrive.

" Joyfully I applied for, and obtained, three days' leave, wrote to accept Louis Smythe's invitation, arriving at Wendham station about five o'clock in the evening, where a motor-car met

and whirled me gaily along through bare, brown country lanes till we entered the lodge gates of Wendham Old Hall.

"It really *was* a most lovely old place, grey gabled, crimson-walled and circled around with magnificent old trees shading green turfed lawns and stately terraces, a genuine Early Tudor mansion to judge from the style of its architecture.

"But as I drove up the broad, gravel-sweep towards the house, the object that more particularly caught my interested eyes was an extremely pretty girl, who at this very moment came down the wide steps, stepped into a dogcart that was waiting there for her, and drove quickly away. Her carriage passed my motor, and she appeared so markedly attractive (not to say fascinating) that I could not help questioning Major Smythe, when he came out into the front hall to meet me, as to what the young lady's name might be, and why she wasn't staying for the county ball, so that one might get a chance of having a dance or two with her.

"'She's so jolly pretty,' I remarked rather ruefully, 'that I'd have enjoyed making her acquaintance.'

"Louis Smythe nodded, and wrinkled his kind face into a frown. 'Fact is, old chap, I'm just as annoyed and disappointed as you and all the other fellows here will be; I wish she were staying for the ball as heartily as you do; she was asked here for that very function in fact, and only arrived from Scotland yesterday forenoon. But we have had to let her go again (though she's my wife's favourite cousin and always such a help to her in matters of entertaining) simply because she says she can't and won't spend another night in this house, nothing would induce her to do so, and yet she declines to give us any reason for her sudden departure. Now, I've known Molly Bainbridge (that's her name) ever since she was a tiny thing in short curls and a pinafore, and a pluckier, more sensible, more reasonable girl you couldn't find in England;—none of your nervy, hysterical sort, who imagine ghosts and burglars just for the pleasure of doing so, but a real level-headed little Scotchwoman. Therefore if *she* declares that something is wrong about this house, you may be pretty sure she has got good reasons for the statement.

"'I tell you what I think of doing,' he continued, with an amused glance at my unbelieving countenance, 'this evening we shall be away at the Claverton Hunt Ball, but to-morrow night, after our return, I am going to sleep in the same room Molly has occupied —the big, blue bedroom, just above the drawing-room suite. There is a little dressing-room opening out of it and I thought

perhaps *you* might sleep there, if you really didn't *mind*, just to keep me company? Then if anything untoward occurs—a midnight attack by burglars or frolics of that sort' (he laughed sarcastically), 'I shall have a friend close at hand to come to my aid, and not be left alone to face the danger, whatever it may be, as was poor little Molly's deplorable case! Of course you need not occupy the dressing-room unless you like'; and he paused.

"But, as you may imagine," Eustace continued—"I agreed to his request without more ado!"

"The ball proved delightful and went on to the small hours of the morning. Most of our party, ladies especially, were thoroughly tired out by the time we got back to Wendham and retired early to bed, though a few of the male members, myself included, sat up round a big fire in the smoking-room, laughing, talking, and telling one another ghost-stories, which was, perhaps (under the circumstances), a silly thing to do. All of a sudden, the two dogs lying on the hearthrug at our feet (an Irish terrier and an Aberdeen) dashed, madly barking, straight out into the hall, while from the kennels behind the house came a perfect chorus of yapping and wild howling in reply.

"'Every dog in the place seems to have gone mad,' exclaimed one of the guests.

"'It's the ghost beginning her midnight rambles,' laughed another.

"'Don't be a silly juggins,' quoth a third. Yet jeer as we might, the incident, trivial as it would seem, quite broke up our cheery little gathering. One man after another took his candle and departed, till Major Smythe and I finding ourselves all alone in the library, he reminded me of yesterday's promise, and we then proceeded to find our way through a positive labyrinth of galleries and passages to the mysterious 'Blue Bedroom' in which Molly Bainbridge had slept.

"My small apartment, opening therefrom, looked cosy and comfortable enough, and I reckoned I should not take long in getting into bed and off to sleep. There was nothing very terrible about the Blue Room either, and nothing remarkable save its size, its magnificent carved and gilded ceiling, and funny little narrow gabled windows that looked out over the Park. A gigantic oaken bedstead,—one of the real old-fashioned 'four-posters,'—hung with faded blue-and-yellow tapestry, and so heavy and cumbersome that the strength of four men at least would be necessary to lift or move it out of its place,—stood jammed up against the further wall immediately opposite the

window: but the room itself was most cheerful in appearance, nothing in the least ghostly as far as one could see!

"Bidding 'good-night' to Major Smythe, I undressed, and was just stepping into my own more modern, and certainly less overwhelming, type of resting-place, when I felt a curious, ice-cold blast blow straight across my feet, and I started to shiver and tremble from head to foot just as though I had the ague.

"'It's those silly tales we were gassing about in the smoking-room that's given me "the creeps." What a fool I must be!' I murmured, burrowing down among my pillows, and so off to the land of Nod.

"I awoke with a start and a shiver some two or three hours later, the thing that woke me being a most extraordinary *moaning* sound,—like the voice of a *child in pain*—close to my left ear, and again that curious, chilly blast which I had felt on the previous evening passed over me as I lay in bed. 'Of course it's indigestion, I oughtn't to have touched that lobster salad,' I murmured to myself, dropping off into an uneasy snooze again from which I did not wake till the first faint streaks of a wintry dawn were creeping through the blind-enshrouded casement.

"Instinctively (though I could not for the life of me explain why I did it), I turned my head and lay there paralysed with fear coupled with amazement! Because, in the wide embrasure of the window, as plain as anything I ever saw in all my born days, were two shadowy figures,—a man's and a woman's—dressed in old-fashioned curiously-made clothes (dating from about one hundred and fifty years previous, as far as I could judge) standing there with their heads close together and talking—talking—though of course I could not hear a word of what they said. (For one thing, I was far too scared to listen properly, and I doubt if their moving, whispering lips emitted any real sound.) They gave one the impression of conspirators plotting some crime!

"Any way, there they stood, whispering and muttering side by side for several awe-inspiring moments while I lay and gazed at them—unable to move, unable to cry out, or to jump from my bed—for how long I really cannot tell; till either the figures faded away of their own accord, or I went off once more into an uneasy doze. For I dreamt that I was walking round the grounds of the old mansion (which by the way I had not yet had time to explore) and came to a wooden building some way from the upper lawns and terraces, hidden behind a little wood of fir-trees, full of desks, forms, and children's lesson-books, all very torn and shabby, lying about within, though what exactly this

had to do with my two ghosts I could not possibly say. Yet strange to relate I did hear afterwards there had once been a building used as a school house in that same part of the garden.

"Finally I woke for good when the housemaid brought me my hot water, and drawing aside the blind, let in the welcome daylight. When half-way through my dressing, I went in to see Major Smythe, with a 'Hullo, old chap, what sort of a night have *you* had?' intending to say nothing about my own experience. The Major, I considered, looked worried, and rather depressed.

"'My dear fellow,' he exclaimed, 'I've had a simply awful time of it. Just look at that great, big bed over there—you recollect where it was last night, and note its position now, then judge for yourself as to my peaceful slumbers!' And he pointed to where the vast unwieldy 'fourposter' of solid black oak, heavy enough (as I think I mentioned before) to require four men to shift it,—which on the previous evening had been jammed tight up against the wall,—stood now right out in the middle of the room and all askew, just as if some giant hand had picked it up and thrown it there.

"I stared at my host and then back again at the bed in speechless wonder and amazement.

"'*They've* done that, you know!' he remarked, speaking very seriously and slowly,—'up there in the room that lies just overhead this one. By Jove, no wonder that wretched child Molly Bainbridge wouldn't sleep here again. I don't blame her, I'm sure! You never heard anything *like* the row that's been going on up above there: fighting, stamping, shrieking, and struggling like people fighting for their lives, and they have shaken this room underneath so much with the strength of their murderous onslaught that yonder great bed (with me in it too, if you please!) has been jerked clean out to the place where you now see it. Heaven only knows what the whole horrid business means—I don't. But I can't blame Molly Bainbridge any longer, or accuse her of "nerves," poor child;—if she endured one quarter of what I've been through, it was enough to scare her out of her seven senses.'

"'I was awakened,' he continued thoughtfully after a brief pause, 'by a most curious sort of *moaning* sound like the voice of a child in pain, coming from over there,'—and he pointed to a long, bevelled pier-glass that stood on the further side of the room, in an angle beyond the great bed. After this, I told him *my* experiences, and we finally decided to say nothing about

the matter to any other person in the house until we had made further investigation. But one thing Major Smythe *did* tell me before I left Wendham Old Hall for good; namely, that his three children had several times declared they '*had frequently noticed a little boy in green*' standing on the top of the wide oaken staircase or in certain galleries in the oldest part of the house,—tales which their parents, and the nursery governess believed to be simply the fruits of their childish imaginations.

"Yet after a time, and when the Smythes at last had left Wendham Old Hall (for what with mysterious noises that they themselves heard, and the stories that were current in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Smythe found it impossible to get, or to keep, any servants), the Major pieced together the following strange story from old documents, local legends, and other sources of evidence.

"Somewhere at the commencement of the eighteenth century the property, a very old and valuable one, had descended to a little boy-heir, who was left by his parents to the care of three guardians, two men and a woman—and a precious pair of scoundrels two of the number at least would seem to have been!

"The third guardian (and best of a cowardly lot) announced his intention of travelling awhile on business: presumably the others knew he would be away for a fairly long time, for during his absence, they arranged and put into action their vile plan—the murder of the little helpless child, and acquisition of his property for themselves.

"Unfortunately for them, however, the third and more scrupulous guardian appears to have returned home rather unexpectedly, and no doubt he started awkward inquiries as to the disappearance of the boy. So to make assurance doubly sure, and their own wicked deed bear fruit, the two villains set on and murdered *him* likewise, which foul deed they only accomplished after a most terrific struggle, as he was a strong, powerful man and fought for his life to the last—*in the room immediately above* that famous 'blue bedroom' where Molly Bainbridge first, and Major Smythe afterwards, passed such alarming and disturbed nights."

The murder-chamber itself, a tiny, narrow slit of a room looking out over the stables, had been left unfurnished and turned into a lumber attic, while the Smythes were living at the Old Hall.

SOME PSYCHICAL ADVENTURES

By CAPTAIN HERBERT C. KENT

DURING the past half-century many eminent men have risked their reputations, and spent much time and money, in endeavouring to prove the truth of visions of the unseen world—men whose names stand in the foremost rank of science, art and commerce throughout the civilized earth, and to name even a few of them would fill more space than I have at my command; but psychical facts do not depend upon eminent names for their support, and much of the most valuable information has been received and preserved by humble narrators. Many of these facts can be verified by any honest inquirer; but in spite of the ease with which this can be done, the majority of the Western race, even those who have received a good education, are entirely ignorant of the possibilities of spirit intercourse, and believe the subject only receives the attention of neurotic, superstitious, or mentally unhinged individuals.

For my own part I firmly believe that there are only a small proportion of ordinary people who are sufficiently sensitive to behold, or feel, these occult phenomena, the majority of folk having so much to do to make ends meet, that they have neither time nor inclination to note, or even observe, remarkable apparitions or sounds.

During my travels round the world, extending over forty years, I have so often come face to face with absolutely unexplainable events that I have long given up yarning about them, as no one seems to take the trouble to investigate them; but some of these remarkable events have recurred to my memory lately, principally owing to a conversation I had with a clergyman of my acquaintance who is the soul of truth and honesty and who has had somewhat similar experiences himself.

I propose now to relate a few remarkable events which have occurred within my own ken, without commenting upon them more than is actually necessary to make intelligible to the reader the facts as I observed them.

In the year 1862 I was third mate of a large sailing ship the *M*——, owned by a well-known Liverpool firm who, during the

summer months, sent one ship a fortnight, with emigrants and general cargo to Montreal. We sailed on June 5, and had a fair passage across "the pond," arriving off the mouth of the St. Lawrence on July 8. It was a very foggy morning, and as we were keenly on the look out for the pilot boat our fog horn was kept going. The deck was full of passengers; the captain was standing on the beak of the poop talking to the chief mate and I stood behind them absorbing the words of wisdom falling from their more experienced lips.

Suddenly the massive hull and canvas of a large ship appeared, a point on the starboard bow, so close as to be within speaking distance. The captain immediately seized his speaking trumpet and hailed her. He recognized the ship as the *G*—— of the same line which had sailed only a fortnight before, from Liverpool. Our chief mate also knew the vessel, and they were both intimately acquainted with the captain, who stood on the poop, and to our astonishment made no sign that he was aware we were in his immediate vicinity.

"Surely you are not homeward bound already," shouted our skipper. But he got no reply.

By this time the ship had passed astern in the fog and our captain and mate started a lively controversy—

"Surely that was the *G*——: there can be no mistake about that, I clearly recognized B——, the captain. By the great horn spoon she's had quick dispatch."

"Yes," replied the chief. "It was the *G*—— all right; I read the name distinctly on the bow, and there is no mistaking that stump fore top gallant mast. But she's not homeward bound, sir; her decks were full of passengers; she wouldn't be taking passengers home at this time of the year."

An hour after, we took the pilot on board and in a few minutes the fog cleared away, and we were entering the river with the land close on the port beam.

"By George, pilot, the *G*—— must have made a record run out. We just passed her on her homeward trip; and full of passengers too."

"No you didn't," said the pilot, pointing to a head of land now well on the quarter. "She ran ashore there in a gale of wind, a fortnight ago. There wasn't a soul saved!"

There. That's the yarn. Take it or leave it. And the most remarkable part of it is that not a single person on our ship who happened to be standing forward of the mainmast, either saw or heard anything out of the common; while all hands who were

abaft that point had rushed to the starboard side and seen the phantom ship.

Now I will ask my reader to accompany me to Australia, where amid sunny scenes and more congenial surroundings perhaps the mind is more apt to have fuller play in occult matters. Having left the sea for a time, I was engaged as a land surveyor marking out blocks of land for settlement, and made my camp in a temporarily empty farm-house at the junction of four roads, about a mile from the township of Beechy. My four assistants, being all born and bred in the district, used to mount their horses, when the day's work was done, and depart to their own homes, returning each morning about seven o'clock. The cook, who was supposed to sleep at the farm, generally drifted into the township, and after looking intently at the "wine when it was red," and finding it usually too red, would stagger back about half way and finish the night in a convenient gully. This left me alone at night, and I always found enough to do writing up my day's work until after nine, when I would retire to my hammock, which was slung on the front verandah.

The place was dismal and lonely, for there was very little traffic even in the daytime, while at night nothing was heard but the mournful croak of the "more pork," or the squeal of a plover. Occasionally a horseman would pass, but always at a gallop as though he did not like that particular part, which was known near and far as "Cross Roads."

Right in front of the house, on the other side of the road, there was a low hill, bare on the side but surmounted by gum trees. After about a week's residence the place began to get on my nerves and I was turning over in my mind the advisability of leaving it and taking up my quarters in the township, when to my great delight I heard people talking just on the other side of the hill. As there were both male and female voices I concluded that some family had come there to reside or a camp had been formed, either for "tank sinking," or some other purpose.

As I heard these voices night after night I became much less lonely, feeling that at any rate I was not cut off from all mankind and expecting that some of my new neighbours would sooner or later find their way over, to borrow something, or have a yarn to pass away the time. I did not mention to any of the men the fact that people were living there, simply because all day our hands were full with the work, which at that time happened to be very trying, and required all our energy.

One night I was lying in my hammock smoking the pipe of peace, and listening to my neighbours, who seemed to be squabbling among themselves, when the idea suddenly crossed my mind, that the words I heard were very like those I had heard the previous night, and even the night before; and I knew that when I heard a certain wailing sound the end had come, and silence would follow. This struck me as very remarkable, and after turning the matter over in my mind I concluded that on the other side of the ridge some itinerant play-acting company had halted for a spell, perhaps to rest their horses; and they were improving the shining hour by rehearsing certain performances.

To try and make sure about this matter, one bright clear night I made my way on to the top of the hill, within hearing distance, and, sitting down, waited for the usual controversy to begin. I was rather surprised to find that there was no camp fire to be seen, as would be the case if the people were permanent, and lived in a house or hut. Moreover no light of any kind was visible, but this did not worry me much. "Perhaps," I thought, "they are away at the township, and I shall soon hear them return; then I will listen to what they have to say, and learn what manner of people they are." About a quarter of an hour afterwards I heard the sound of an approaching cart, which became more and more distinct until the vehicle stopped at the foot of the hill directly under where I was sitting. "There they are," I said, "as I thought, the whole family have been to the township."

But strange to say, although I could hear muffled talking, no fire was lit, nor could I hear any of the sounds such as should have been familiar under the circumstances; for instance, no dog barked, there was no sound as of unharnessing horses, neither was any light shown.

Suddenly I heard a heavy footstep approach the group from some bushes, and a harsh man's voice demanded to know what some one was doing? Then at least two female voices began making excuses, after which a second male voice joined in, explaining something. The man's voice then uttered curse after curse; the women screamed, and a noise such as would be made by a number of people scrambling about was heard. This was followed by several dull thumps and female groans. Then gradually all became silent, except that I heard the heavy receding tread of a man's footsteps, which gradually died away, until I could hear nothing but the sound of the wind in the trees and far away the night owl's "mo poke mo poke."

At first this did not seem very remarkable, but after returning to my verandah and lighting my pipe, preparatory to turning into the hammock, the thought came into my mind that the whole of the words and sounds that I had heard that night were the absolute repetition of those I had heard every night for the last fortnight, for had I not considered that they might be rehearsing a play?

After thinking it over for some time I fell asleep and only awoke when the blear-eyed cook called me to breakfast. All day I pondered these things over in my mind, and decided that I would ask one of the men, Ted Barton, to remain that night, and come with me to visit the mysterious camp; so on the way home I mentioned the matter to him.

"What, me!" said Ted emphatically. "Look here, boss, there isn't one man on this job who would sleep within half a mile of that hill, if you'd give him a certain winner ticket in Tattersall's sweep."

"But why?" I inquired.

"Because it's haunted—that's why."

And in conversation with the other men afterwards I found that this was really the reason why the men all went to their homes at night, and also accounted for the cook preferring the ditch to a decent bed.

It seems that some six years before, a family had really lived in a weatherboard cottage behind the ridge, and one morning the two daughters were found dead, beaten beyond recognition. The father and a brother aged about thirty years had not since been heard of.

That night I shifted my quarters into the village and remained there until my work was completed.

Another time while in Queensland, business compelled me to pay a visit to Fraser Island, which is situated a short distance off the coast. I hired a boat and guide at Pialba, and accompanied by two assistants, one a black named Teddy King, we sailed across the bay and landed about ten miles south of a deserted Mission station, known as Bogimbah. My guide, Tom West, was an old hand in the district and had spent many years travelling around and across the island, which is about seventy miles in length, from north to south, and averages ten miles in breadth.

We arrived at the mouth of a creek about two o'clock in the morning, and Tom proposed that he, Brown and I, should proceed about two miles on the road and camp for the remainder of the night at "Old Pat Murphy's hut." Teddy King objected

to being left alone in the dark, but Tom insisted upon his staying and told him he could sleep in the cutter, and if he was afraid, he could cover his head up. "We shall be back before tea time, but if we stay here until daylight we shall miss the tide and lose a whole day."

Then he explained that we had half a mile of a swamp to cross, which now, at low water, would be comparatively dry, but when the flood tide began to make, about 4 a.m., it would be under water. We could get an early start in the morning, view the timber, and get back easily before the afternoon tide was too high.

So the three of us made a start, crossed the swamp, and on gaining the high ground proceeded comfortably on our way; Tom and Brown each carrying tucker bags, billy cans, and so on. I was left without anything of weight, as I was considered "over age," which was rather a stretch of imagination, as the guide was many years my senior.

"I've been across here a good few times and never stopped the night at Old Pat's hut before, but as there are three of us I don't suppose we shall take much harm," said Tom as we trudged along over the soft sand.

"What is the matter with the hut?" I asked. "Does Pat live there now or is it deserted?"

"Well, the answer to the two questions is 'both'—the hut is deserted, but old Pat's buried there."

"Well, if he is buried pretty deep I do not suppose he will hurt us," said Brown, who was an out and out "materialist" and did not believe it possible for anything to exist that he could not see or feel.

"No. I don't suppose he'll hurt us, but he sometimes kicks up the devil's own row and manages to scare folks. Anyhow, I tell you straight I wouldn't camp in the shanty by myself, nor would I walk along this road after dark. It's all right for a man like you, who's never heard things, but I have, and I don't like 'em."

While talking, we arrived at the hut which turned out to be just a tumbledown log and bark affair; and after partaking of a snack of biscuit and cheese, and the inevitable "drink of tea," we rolled up in our blankets and were soon fast asleep.

I could not have been in the "arms of Morpheus" many minutes when I was awakened by feeling a "dig in the ribs," and looking round could perceive, by the dim moonlight, Tom West leaning on one elbow in a listening attitude.

"Whist," he said quietly, "there's old Pat Murphy coming over the ridge. Wake the other chap up and let him hear what's going on. It'll alter his opinions, I'll bet a quid to a cabbage stump."

I could not hear anything out of the common yet, but feeling that something was in the wind I obeyed Tom's instructions, and passed along the dig in the ribs to Brown, who was snoring like a gorged hog. He woke up instantly and demanded to know why I was rousing him from his "virtuous slumber."

"Keep quiet now and listen. There's Pat Murphy coming along, and a fine temper he's in, man, surely."

"What, the old dead chap! Has he resurrected himself? Come now, this is interesting," said Brown sarcastically; but like the rest of us he squared himself up to listen.

The first thing I heard was the rumbling of wagon wheels, the groaning of cattle, and occasionally above all the cracking of a whip. As the sound came closer we heard the sound of a man's voice shouting at the cattle and calling them by name. Then the voice was raised and we distinctly heard a perfect avalanche of cursing, which was evidently aimed at the slow-moving cattle.

"That's just a drunken old bullock driver bringing in a load of timber," said Brown disgustedly. "If that is the best thing you can produce in the shape of a ghost I'm going to sleep again."

"Did you ever know a bullock wagon to travel at night through the thick scrub?" asked Tom. "No, that is old Pat Murphy, and if you'll keep quiet you'll hear him go past the door, and then, unless I'm very much mistaken, you'll hear something that you'll never forget. Whist now, he's close here."

At this time the wagon seemed to be passing within a few yards of the hut, and every movement, both of the cattle and wagon wheels, was quite distinct; for the moment both the man's voice and whip were quiet. Then he broke into a frightful volley of unintelligible cursing which continued until his breath seemed to fail, but the last words were—"soul to h——"

Then a frightful shriek broke out, followed by another, and yet another, and the wagon seemed to give two heavy jolts as though the off-side wheels were passing over some obstacle. Then all was still.

Brown jumped to his feet and, rushing towards the door, shouted "Come on, you chaps. The man's been run over by the wagon wheels."

We followed him out into the now failing moonlight, but

nothing was to be seen, and nothing heard, but the wind in the trees and the distant moaning of the sea as it rumbled up the shingly beach two miles away.

"That's the way he comes and goes," said Tom West seriously. "I've heard him many a time before, but I never had the pluck to camp here. Old Pat was run over and killed there, in that very spot, five years ago, and he's buried under that box tree."

"And is that all there is about it?" I asked.

"Pretty nearly all. He tried to bring a load of tallow wood in after dark, and swore to his wife that he'd do it if he lost his soul over the job. As far as I can see he did both. His wife stood at the door of the hut when it happened. She lives at Maryborough now. I was one of the men who helped to bury him, but, as you've heard, we didn't bury him deep enough."

That day we went on and completed our business and sailed back at night. When we returned to the boat Black Ted met us, he was frightened nearly white.

"My word, boss, that fellow Paddy Murphy make big bobbery last night."

These are but three of the many instances of strange happenings that have come to my notice. Dozens of people have explained them, dozens of ways, but the facts remain, which reminds me of quite another yarn—

Two village politicians were crossing the Green one morning when they sighted Billy Quick securely fastened, hand and foot, in the stocks. When asked why he was thus treated, Billy said that he had—"Nobbit had a 'arf noggin too much."

"They can't put you in for that," said both V.P.'s.

"Ah," quoth Billy, "but I'm here."

ON REINCARNATIONS

By A. ROAMER

THE doctrine of reincarnation is now so much debated in our midst, that it would be well to give a place in these pages to what few real, or at any rate genuinely believed, memories of former life have come across my path.

Accepted by some of us as explaining many of the problems of unequal birth-chances; of apparent injustice in bestowing glorious gifts on some babes, dooming others to inherited disease and cravings for drink; more reject it because of the thorny difficulties with which the theory bristles.

Those who are not conversant with all its pro and con arguments can read these set forth in many books. This article is not meant as an arena or tilting ground, in which either side of an argument can prick to combat the other. Neither is it a sermon. At best it is a handful of hardly gleaned facts.

* * * * *

As far back as the eighties, I recall reincarnation spoken of. And how novel—how upsetting to our cherished venerable notions it was! But still it was only the few who thought themselves advanced that dared adventure in its maze.

One such was an artist friend of mine, living in London then; he was a genial figure in his particular eddy of society, fond of entertaining foreign fellow-painters. Through these he came to know fairly well a Hungarian of very old family. Count Festetics told him a curious experience, which my artist hastened to pass on to me, sure of a sympathetic reception.

This young count, being by heredity colonel of a regiment of White Hussars, was on attaining his majority invested with its uniform and the rank of chief. Family custom enjoined that each successive colonel should pass some hours before receiving this honour in prayer and contemplation in a family chapel.

This reminds one of the vigil that knights held in older days before receiving their spurs.

In the chapel, then, one early summer morning, he was kneeling in orison before the altar alone. Already he had put on the uniform worn by so many generations of his family and their

adherents who formed the regiment. Then a strange experience came to him.

As in a waking dream he became conscious of being some one else, and yet himself. It was borne in upon him that before now he had undergone this same induction—had knelt here on the same chapel stones—worn the like uniform. In fine he believed that in a previous life he had been colonel of the White Hussars, as now. And that now he was a reincarnation of this predecessor.

My friend sought to make me acquainted with the young count in order that the latter should himself give me the tale from his own mouth. But the whirl of the season kept putting hindrances to the project, to my regret. My friend is no more on earth—like most of the comrades of those days.

Later on one met various persons in psychic sets or backwaters, who darkly gave themselves out as having been Mary Queen of Scots, or Bacon, or Cleopatra. None that I can recall had ever been a simple fisherman, or country gossip.

The next, to my mind, genuine recollection of a previous exissence was given me two years before the war in Corfu. Several of us, her admirers, will remember the name aptly given its heroine of "the seventh wave." A fair American, she was the life and soul of the Cataract Hotel at Assouan where I met her. Later, like most of the crowd, we returned to Europe by way of Corfu.

There, having become great friends, she told me of an uncanny experience. Before recording it, the fact must be insisted on that in the opinion of certain of us—including some leading Greeks—the Wave was in form and grace extraordinarily like a Greek statue. In a simple morning dress, she was a Tanagra figure. The crowd did not appear to have noticed this. One doubts if she had ever been told so, or was aware of it.

This was her story, confided as we drove lazily by an ancient olive wood, beneath the branches of which dryads should have sported.

"We must all have lived many, many times. But there is only one former life of mine that I once glimpsed.

"It happened that one morning I went, when staying in Paris, to join a friend at the École d'Equitation. Her horse was sluggish, which annoyed the riding-master, who several times flicked at it with his whip. At last, losing his temper with the animal, he lashed out at it, but missed—and hit me instead, as I was riding by my friend's side.

"When the cut of the whip fell on my shoulders, a most extra-

ordinary sensation came over me. A darkness came before my eyes, and I felt faint. Then it cleared and I found myself under a dazzling blue sky, kneeling on a marble terrace. There were marble steps and vases near, and I was tied to one of these vases by my wrists, that were upraised. I was dressed in white, but my shoulders were bare and a man in old Greek dress standing by held a whip lifted, with which he was striking me. The horror of it turned me sick.

"It seems I reeled in my saddle, for the next thing I knew was my friend asking me was I hurt. And the riding-master, who had lifted me down in terrible dismay at the accident, was overwhelming me with apologies. It all took place in a few seconds.

"Ever since, I have just been crazy to know more. But it has never come back. Most likely I was a Greek slave and disobedient. What do you think?"

* * * * *

It has surprised me to find that incarnation as a belief finds welcome among certain of the class which boasts the designation of Labour. The sons and daughters of brain-work could tell a tale of far more strenuous toil than some of our easy-going plumbers, carpenters, and that ilk. The other day, a mechanic (of some reading) doinga job for me, consulted my opinion about reincarnation. A chap he knew—"a speaker on the platform sometimes, like myself," announced to his audience at a public meeting that he knew the theory was true. He remembered that he had been a Roman; and a Roman in Britain moreover. Yes; of that he had no doubt.

Above all other countries, Burma is the land of reincarnations.

When staying there, during a happy world-ramble, many were the instances of reincarnations known to them told me by my Burmese acquaintances, a few of whom I shall always gratefully remember as friends, however brief our meetings.

It would appear that Burmese children often speak of remembering their former lives. These seem mostly to have been rooted in the same family circle, or district in which they are again born. In one existence they may have been lovers, or married. In the next they may be brother and sister—even mother and son.

Also the sexes are interchangeable. I was told that when Burmese women sit in the reverent contemplation which takes the place with them of prayer—being Buddhists—they often voice inwardly the great wish of their hearts, "May I be born

again as a man!" This, they believe, will be a reward of good living and merit. And yet, of all women on this earth's face, Burmese women, so those of other lands will declare unanimously, have the most liberty, the happiest time.

There is one persistent rumour of an Englishman having been reincarnated in Burma, of which I had heard vaguely, when on board one of the Irrawaddy steamers going up to Mandalay.

But it was in Maymyo that it took definite shape, with names and dates. Up in that breezy home of Government in warm weather three thousand and more feet above the heat of the lowlands, the story was told me one night at dinner.

Said Colonel H——, then in command of a regiment stationed at Maymyo, "If you would like to hear about it, I know pretty nearly as much as any one. For it was to one of the officers of my regiment it is said to have happened.

"It was about twelve years ago, and at that time we were also in Burma, but at another place; by Meiktila Lake. The barracks and officers' quarters were by the lakeside, as also the club. One evening after dinner, two officers with one of the officers' wives (a Mrs. R——) took a boat to row up to the club when a storm came on. The boat was upset and one of the party, Major W——, was drowned.

"The accident, after some twelve or more years, was almost forgotten until the regiment returned.

"Then the memory of it revived through a strange rumour.

"It was said at Meiktila that a Burmese small boy, of poor parentage, had declared since he could speak clearly that he was really Major W——. Some said he was born on the night of the accident. Others said two years later. However that may be, he and his parents had been visited and questioned by various English people. One brother officer of the deceased man went on purpose to make inquiries and returned considerably puzzled by the child's answers. As is usual in these cases young children remember best, it is said. As they grow older, the memory gets dimmed, effaced or crowded out by present life.

"It is said, nevertheless, that this particular boy used to speak of his home and life in England, and describe these, as it seemed only possible could be the case if he had really been there.

"Of course, once children begin a deception, every one knows how easily they can bring themselves to believe in their own imaginings. Still, it is most strange how the little Burmese fellow could know so much or have invented such precise details

concerning a country house and grounds in England as this child told."

A while later when I came down to Lower Burma, this same story was spoken of one afternoon when I was entertained at tea by some Burmese friends at Rangoon.

It was so frequent an occurrence, they explained, for persons in Burma to "remember," that this instance was only peculiar in their minds because of the unusual happening that a British officer should come back into the body of a Burmese babe.

At Pegu, they added, something of the same kind had occurred. There, it was known that an English police officer had so returned to the scene of his murder by dacoits. Coming down the river as a small boy with his parents, who were poor folk, and travelling on a raft as one often sees such voyaging, they landed at Pegu.

There to the astonishment of every one, including his parents more especially, the boy suddenly remembered that he had been murdered at that very spot. He then proceeded to give the names of those involved and to describe their appearance.

Next, being taken in charge by a wondering police officer, he identified at once his former house—when he had been living there as an Englishman—and also accurately described its interior. And this took place immediately on the arrival of these up-country humble people.

There was no possibility of the little boy having heard in his distant home of the murder perpetrated before his birth. He had cried out aloud the moment he set foot on shore at Pegu. And the bystanders testified to their amazement. For to them the tragedy was still a matter of talk.

But why? I asked my kind host and his aunt, who both spoke English perfectly. Moung (or Mr.) May Oung, indeed, was educated at Cambridge. Why were these two men, one murdered, the other drowned, reborn so speedily? Our European idea of reincarnation implies a prolonged period of rest between each life. Was it that each should be permitted to finish a life-span cut short before the appointed time?

That one could understand. It would seem just. But why —why—should both these British men be reborn Burmans?

Is it the law that we mortals must be reincarnated in the country whence we last quitted earth?

Said Mrs. Hla Oung gently, in her thoughtful way:

"It would be most likely that in dying their minds were fixed (naturally) on Burma. They would be full of thoughts concerned with this land. You know what we Buddhists teach

of Contemplation? . . . Yes. . . . Well! had these two men been given to contemplation, they might both have been enabled to choose better than they did where they should each lead his next life."

It must be owned that my idea of contemplation was mainly that of the Buddhist monks, and also that of their truly good and sincerely straight-living religious sisters. One of these last once modestly confided to me that she had stayed awake in pious meditation three nights. She added she knew of a monk who was reported to have thus meditated, not needing sleep, for seven nights. This, it was impressed upon me by my Buddhist friends, was not prayer.

They do not pray—as we understand prayer. But the end of true contemplation is a vision of Nirvana.

* * * * *

If our memories are pigeon-holed as some think in millions of brain cells, how thickly life's daily dust must silt these up each advancing year. But the memory of reincarnation seems different to others—those who recall *that* have forgotten the great love of a previous life; its tragedy or glory.

Once cremation or corruption in earth disintegrates the grey matter of our brains then memory also should perish were it material. But, as all believers in spiritual survival attest, the remembrance of disembodied spirits is a living thing which they prove in all communications. Our grey brain matter then is but a convenient casket padding for the priceless eternal jewel of memory. Young children, however, who speak of previous life, do recall for awhile fragments of that existence. If parents or guardians would but carefully note the stray hints given unwittingly by thoughtful children—old souls—who have travelled our earth-road hundreds of times before and are highly developed, much might be learned. Too often such a child is laughed at if it says anything unusual, is derided as imaginative, and being super-sensitive it blushes, is pained and curls its petals like some flowers on a rainy day. So its precious glimpses of previous existence on our planet see daylight no more.

Up among the high wooded peaks of Murree, five Septembers back, a fellow-guest at an Indian station hotel made acquaintance with me whilst sharing the same dinner-table, She was an "officer's lady"—that attached portion of the British army which exacts and receives much consideration, especially in the shiny East. As she seemed not to have given much heed to the doctrine of reincarnation, she amused and interested me all the

more by what seemed a strong unconscious contribution thereto.

Perhaps the whims of the small British broods playing in the verandah, while squatting ayahs brooded and clucked over them, awoke my companion's reminiscences of childhood.

"What an *enfant terrible* I must have been!" she laughed, with a mock shudder. "Shall I tell you two queer stories about myself? The last is weird. . . . Yes? Well, my father being in the army was quartered at Malta, and there I spent my childhood. On Sunday afternoons my mother sent me to Sunday school in the barracks with other little friends of my own age. And we officers' children used to be a severe trial to the poor schoolmaster, as our nurses were not by to keep us in order and he was rather afraid of doing so. We found out this, and like all children tormented him with endless questions. One especial day, we demanded an explanation of the seventh commandment as we were gabbling through that part of the catechism.

"We chorussed that we understood about 'not to steal or murder or tell lies'; but the seventh—What did that mean?

"Hard is the lot of one unfortunate man when surrounded by an importunate circle of small misses; all resolved on getting some kind of answer and backing each other up.

"'Oh——' stammered the poor schoolmaster, no doubt dreadfully embarrasssed, 'It—it means—well, walking out on a Sunday afternoon with another man's wife.'

"Quite satisfied with the interpretation, we finished our lessons. My mother used always to be At Home on Sunday afternoons, when friends dropped in for tea. On that especial day, however, she happened to be late, having gone out for a stroll with a young midshipman who was a great favourite in our household. So, as some visitors arrived early, it was I who received them to my huge delight and with immense importance, proud of my best frock.

"'Where is your mother, dear?' naturally asked the guests. 'Is she not in?'

"'Oh, isn't mummy naughty?' I said. 'She's 'mitting adultery with Jacky Brown.'

"There was a thunderstruck silence. Then one guest gasped. 'Oh! you oughtn't to say that, my dear child. You don't understand.'

"'Yes; but I do,' I declared with great certitude. 'Teacher told us to-day when we asked him in Sunday school. He says it means going out for a Sunday walk with somebody else's wife.'

"There followed a roar of laughter during which my mother

entered with the slandered middy. Of course she asked at once what was the joke, and then became as convulsed with mirth as anybody. As to me, my chagrin was overwhelming, but it somewhat consoled me to notice that Jacky Brown looked out of countenance also.

"Now for the uncanny story. My mother used often to drive out into the country to get away from barracks, and generally took me with her. One day a friend accompanied her, with me, a tiny girl, sitting up opposite them, prim and good. For some reason the coachman left the town that day by a street he had never gone along before. It ran by the edge of the sea, while on the other side were very old houses, that evidently had once been fine, but were now squalid and let off in flats to fisher-families.

"Suddenly I pointed to one of the most dilapidated of these ancient dwellings and shrieked out:

"'Look! Look! That's my house. That's where I used to live when I was married. . . . And O—oh! there was a big fire and we all runned out and one of my chillens was burnt!'

"With that I burst into a storm of sobbing, to my mother's bewilderment, and threw myself into her arms.

"Of course my outburst was only put down as the brain-freak of a whimsical child. Whether my parents really thought any more about it, I cannot tell. But I have never forgotten how real it was to me. At the time I verily believed what I said, and my mother and her friend had some trouble to soothe me."

One last incident has come my way by chance. In a garden this summer of 1918, I overheard a talk going on between two mothers about the ideas of their respective children when little. One struck me as curious, so next day I sought out Mrs. W——, who is herself psychic; and most willingly she repeated the tiny story. When her only child, a daughter, was being led by her one day to pay a visit to a neighbour the little one seemed greatly pleased at being dressed in a new frock just made by her mother. As she toddled along, she suddenly said, "You give me such nice fings, mummy. My other faver and muvver never gave me pretty frocks, like you do."

Astonished, Mrs. W—— controlled herself to reply sympathetically, "Didn't they, dear? How was that?"

"I don't know. I did not see them much," said the child dreamily. Whether she left them and they faded from her memory was not clear; and she was indifferent.

THE ETHEREAL AND THE MATERIAL

By R. B. SPAN

THE Unseen World, into which we all must go at the transition of death, is similar in some respects to this world. The ether of which it is composed is but a finer form of matter, and fills all space, to the farthest visible star, and interpenetrates our Earth atmosphere. The conditions known as Heaven and Hell may lie in the closest proximity to us, instead of being, as is popularly supposed, in some very far-distant and vague regions.

" The other world is not another place but another view." The question has often been raised as to whether the dead return —as a matter of fact it is very doubtful if they ever go away. They are merely invisible—and can often see us, when we think of them as in some remote region, or asleep in the grave. It has been proved beyond all possible doubt that there is no such thing as death. Matter and Spirit are intimately connected. This world is but the ante-room of the next world, with a very thin partition between, through which we occasionally hear the voices of those who have passed on, and see " as in a glass darkly " the familiar features of old friends parted from us by death.

The link between Matter and Ether is *electricity*, which interpenetrates both. There is the closest connection between electricity and psychic force, and thus we see how communication can be carried on between the two worlds of Matter and Ether, the Seen and the Unseen. Electricity in an active or passive form pervades every atom in the universe. The human body is composed of electrons which are charged with electricity and is akin to an electric battery, and is thus in close contact with the world of ether. Thought is an electrical discharge from the brain, and a human mind can by concentrating thought on any friend in the ethereal world easily send a wireless message, which is received in much the same way as a Marconigram is received on this earth. It is however not so easy for our friends in the Unseen to send us messages. Unless the conditions are favourable, the obstacles are insuperable. Ignorance, prejudice and lack of faith are the principal barriers. No message can penetrate an atmosphere of intolerant scepticism.

Referring to the two worlds, Mrs. Besant states: "You cannot talk of Matter alone. If you say matter you must say spirit; they are the two sides of the one existence and are never to be separated from each other." There is no such thing as spirit, or force, or life without matter by which it takes its form and shows its energy. The other world is really quite as material as this one, but in a finer and more *ethereal* degree. The forces used in the other world are entirely electric—dominated and directed by mental energy. By means of these electric forces the ether is moulded into any form, and is as substantial as anything on this earth. Mind can control matter in this earth sphere by means of animal magnetism, projected by a powerful will—the *ether* being the medium Ether (which is a very fine and attenuated form of matter of the most plastic description) can be *gripped* by electric force and moulded to any form by means of a strong will and vivid imagination.

By operating on the Ethereal plane one can affect objects animate or inanimate on the physical plane.

Ether is only set in motion by the *sideways* motion of lines of force, not by their longitudinal motion. It is possible for the operator in transcendental physics to control the ether around him by discharges of animal magnetism directed by a strong will.

Electrified bodies set in motion a portion of the ether surrounding them. We are thus surrounded by an invisible sphere (known to some occultists as the Fourth Dimension) with which we can get in touch by means of electrified bodies. This sphere extends throughout the Universe, and to appreciate this condition there must of necessity be a fourth dimensional intelligence:—i.e., beings similar to those inhabiting this planet. It is from the Fourth Dimension that all psychic phenomena emanate, and in which all miracles and feats of magic have their basis and mainspring. The ether, of which that sphere is entirely composed, is permeated with electric waves, through which communication can be sent to any distance without any mechanical apparatus, requiring only the minds of the transmitter and receiver, thus we see how communication can be carried on between people on this earth and beings in the unseen world. This form of wireless telegraphy is as rational, legitimate, and natural, as Marconi's method of transmitting messages. In each case electricity operates through the ether, directed by the will of intelligent beings.

The Ethereal World is invisible because its conditions are

governed by higher vibrations. The sight of the human eye is limited to a vibration of eight hundred trillions per second, likewise the human ear, so all life in a *higher* state of vibration is invisible and inaudible. Science is just beginning to perceive that there are tremendous forces in this invisible world of ether so closely surrounding us. Ether transmits sound waves at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, so we can see how quickly a girdle may be put round the earth. Marconi's telegraphy, though on the same principle as telepathy, is necessarily far slower.

Ether is far more attenuated than any known form of gas, but, unlike gas, it possesses the mechanical properties of solid bodies and resembles more a gelatinous mass than air. It takes part in the molecular vibrations of the most distant stars. It is in the realm of pure ether that we find the substantial world, where the forces, though imponderable and delicate, are infinitely more intense in energy and power than anything in our human sphere. The inhabitants of that world are embodied in spiritual forms (exactly resembling in every particular the human form) but with bodies electric in energy, which never decay, grow old, or know fatigue, and are in perfect accord with their surroundings. Into this world pass the spirits of those who die on this earth. As the human brain is an electric battery, it is easy to understand how we can communicate with our friends who have passed beyond the grave, by means of the electric currents which permeate the ether. They have only to concentrate their thoughts on us to send us messages which our brains sometimes receive and transfer to our consciousness, if sufficiently sensitive, strong, and clear. The phenomenon known as "automatic writing" is produced entirely in this way. We can also transfer our thoughts to our invisible loved ones by the same method.

Mysterious warnings of death, disaster, etc. (which we term uncanny and weird), are merely messages sent to us from the invisible ethereal world. "Coming events cast their shadows before," is a literal fact. These events are foreshadowed on the ether and can be perceived by those who inhabit the sphere of ether. Thus it was foreseen that the *Titanic* would be wrecked. In several cases intending passengers were warned by dreams and decided not to travel on that vessel. No doubt a great many messages were sent by those in the ethereal world to their friends in this, but they were not properly received—or if received were not heeded—people have such a dislike to being considered "superstitious"—and thus they went to their fate. The sensi-

tive brain of the spiritualist "*medium*" is a telegraphic receiver on which are registered the thought messages transmitted through the ether by those in the unseen world. There are several important conditions governing the successful receiving of these messages. The operation cannot always be accomplished satisfactorily—and in cases of failure, or erroneous transmission, the unfortunate medium gets all the blame. The most important condition is that the medium's brain should be in first-class order and fully charged with electric energy. Sometimes the electric battery of the brain becomes depleted through excessive use, and then it is very difficult—if not quite impossible—to receive messages correctly. Mediums often suffer great loss of vitality, by too great an expenditure of the electric energy of the brain in these telegraphic operations.

Electric disturbances in the atmosphere, such as thunderstorms, are prejudicial to success, as at such times the ether is affected. The atmosphere ought to be *dry* for good results in electric conduction, as conditions are then better. Telegraphy with intelligencies of the unseen world is a fact as certain and genuine as Marconi's wireless telegraphy, and though so far the messages have been received by the sensitive brains and organisms of human beings—specially endowed and prepared for that purpose—the time will come when a mechanical apparatus will be devised for registering messages from the other world. Attempts in this direction have already been made, and no doubt in due time the apparatus will be perfected. There are still greater marvels in store for us by the conjunction and operation of Matter, Ether and Electricity—bringing about the closer union of the Physical and the Psychical, the Material and the Ethereal, the Seen and Unseen. Psychical Research is making some of the most important discoveries this world has ever known. The late Lord Tennyson in his poem: "The Ring" has the following significant lines:

> The ghost in man—the ghost that once was man,
> But cannot wholly free itself from Man,—
> Are calling to each other thro' a Dawn,
> Stranger than Earth has ever seen. The Veil
> Is rending, and the Voices of the Day
> Are heard across the Voices of the Dark.

Surely we are at the dawn of a new and brighter day—a new era of civilization, when the darkness and ignorance of ages will be dispelled by the light of science and the spiritual

world combined, when science and religion, at last reconciled, will advance hand in hand.

The Ether is the workshop of the material universe, and electricity, in some form or other (such as animal magnetism, psychic force, etc.), is the force which controls and moulds the ether, which in turn is directed and controlled by Intelligence and Will power. No one can doubt the existence of a Great and All Wise Intelligence behind the phenomena of Nature—some mighty constructive Will, ceaselessly creating and guiding, which we call God. It stands to reason that electric forces cannot control and mould ether without some guiding intelligence to direct, and cause form and rhythmical motion. Recent investigations in the realm of Matter, Ether, and Electricity prove that ordinary material systems are connected with invisible systems which possess mass whenever the material systems contain electrical charges. In the unseen world of ether, *will* and thought are the most potent forces and constructive agents. To will is to accomplish. The inhabitants of that world can construct anything they please out of the ethereal substance by means of desire, will and thought. By this method they can construct *in a moment* any raiment they desire, and houses, gardens, articles of furniture or any other objects. Amongst the ancient magicians it was a well-known fact that "if thought can be concentrated in sufficient volume on an image in the mind, it can produce instantly that image in visible substance. Magic infers the instantaneous production of the visible by such concentration. This is the only secret of magic." We therefore can understand how apparitions from the other world appear in particular kinds of dress—"ghosts" in "haunted" houses are arrayed in the clothes they chiefly affected when in this human life—spirits appear at séances, as a rule, in the clothes they were in the habit of wearing whilst amongst us here—chiefly for the purpose of identification—for they can if so desiring, construct any other kind of raiment. In every instance the clothes are but the outward and visible signs of their mental images—their thoughts in concrete form. The ghost of a cavalier of Charles I's time appears in an ancient country house arrayed in the old-fashioned costume of the Stuart period, with a wide-brimmed plumed hat surmounting his long love-locks. He is still in mind a cavalier, and thus to outward appearance remains the same. In the ethereal world there is no such thing as Time—300 years are but as one day.

The question has often been raised as to whether ghosts wear

clothes, and if so whence they obtain them. Thought construction out of the ethereal matter is the answer. If they *imagined* themselves without clothes they would appear in such a condition—but they possess much the same ideas in the other world as they did in this, and the old Adam and Eve nature survives.

Spirits with more æsthetic ideas—lovers of the beautiful and picturesque—discard the old Earth ideas of dress, and appear in flowing white, garlanded with flowers, and with stars of light about their brows presenting a very beautiful and *ethereal* appearance. As a rule these are beings of a more advanced order—passionate lovers of the Good, True and Beautiful, with pure and innocent natures. Some construct white wings, which give a graceful and lovely effect—such spirits are noted for their lovely and angelic natures—and in this world they would be termed "angels."

In the ethereal world people make their own surroundings by their thoughts, ideas, and tastes. The electric waves which permeate the ether come in contact with the electric forces of the Earth Sphere and form a bridge of light across the gulf which divides the two worlds of Matter and Spirit—visible and invisible.

Longfellow well describes this conjunction in his poem "Haunted Houses," which we may here quote :—

> The Spirit world around this world of sense
> Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
> Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense,
> A vital breath of more *ethereal* air.
>
> * * * * *
>
> And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
> Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
> Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
> Into the realm of mystery and night—
> So from the world of spirits there descends
> A bridge of light connecting it with this,
> O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
> Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

Psychical Science proves however that the unseen world is not one of "mystery and night." Everything is perfectly natural, and governed by laws as natural as those which produce the beauties and wealth of Nature on this Earth.

The conjunction of Ether and Electricity is the key to everything.

From the ethereal world there come at times very strange phenomena—especially from that part known as the Fourth Dimension of Space. The most notable of recent times was that recorded in a book called *An Adventure* published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., some years ago, which has been often referred to in the OCCULT REVIEW and other periodicals dealing with the occult. It is a most valuable and significant case, as it shows how very close the ethereal world is to this material one, and how the two spheres intermingle, and what potency human thought has in constructing and producing bygone scenes in the plastic substance of the ether, giving them all the solidity and reality of this material world. The experience of the two ladies who record "the adventure," is quite unique, and is a most important revelation to investigators of the occult. Here we have an instance of human beings passing into the Fourth Dimension without any perceptible change, and quite unaware that they are not in the ordinary three dimensional sphere. In full possession of their faculties, perfectly sane and imaginative and wide awake, they wandered about a dream-world which in every respect was as solid and real as the one they lived in every day. They conversed with inhabitants of this world, whom they took to be ordinary gardeners and officials of the Versailles Gardens, but who in reality had no existence in the world of to-day, but belonged to the time of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. They came face to face with the ill-fated Queen of a century ago, whom they concluded was a tourist arrayed in a somewhat fanciful costume. They crossed a bridge over a stream which had no existence—in fact they saw and traversed the Gardens of Versailles as they were over a hundred years ago. The only thing that struck them as peculiar was the appearance of the landscape, which looked unnaturally still and lifeless, "as if the trees were worked on tapestry." The whole scene was undoubtedly moulded in the ether and thus preserved intact. The figures they spoke to showed intelligence, and answered them in a rational manner, so from that we should infer that they were not merely astral automata but actually the spirits of the men who had at one time lived there and looked after the gardens and palace, and were for some reason earthbound. There has been, for a great many years, a report at Versailles that the ghost of Marie Antoinette haunted the Petit Trianon, but the ladies who went through the extraordinary experience there were quite unaware of this legend; and in any case they would not have believed it, as they were the last persons to place credence in

" ghosts," or " foolish superstitions," as they would have termed them.

This case is a very good illustration of the power of *Thought* in constructing one's surroundings in the ethereal world, and shows how spiritual beings in the unseen world can produce in the ether anything they like—houses, furniture, gardens, books, etc., by will and imagination.

In Sir Oliver Lodge's book *Raymond*, we obtain glimpses of life in the ethereal world and find that it is not so unlike this one—for the simple reason that human spirits are not changed by the transition of death, and retain their old ideas, tastes and habits, and on arriving in the ethereal world they unconsciously form their surroundings by mentally moulding the ether around them into the things they have chiefly in their minds and imaginations. In the next world thought is all powerful, and is able to create many things—being limited only by the quality, power and capacity of the mind. A high and beautiful mind will naturally create refined and beautiful surroundings. We are told that the " kingdom of heaven is within you "—it depends to a great extent on the nature and character of the mind and soul. As it is possible for human beings to pass from the physical world into the ethereal without being conscious of any difference, we must conclude that the material of which both worlds is composed is of much the same kind—and matter as we know it is but a grosser form of ether. The Fourth Dimension is the invisible sphere nearest to this Earth Sphere, and is but the complement to our three dimensions of Space.

It is stated that the " adepts " of India possess the secret of being able at will to pass into the ethereal world, thus becoming invisible. Mr. Wells's book *The Invisible Man* is not so improbable as might be thought. I remember witnessing an instance of passing into the Fourth Dimension during a séance held in a house in the South of France. We were assembled in a large room with locked doors and fastened windows, with lights turned down, waiting to see what psychical phenomena would be vouchsafed to us (many remarkable manifestations had occurred on previous evenings). Suddenly it was noticed that one of our party, a Miss L——, had disappeared from her chair. She had been unusually still and silent and had complained of being very drowsy. We called for her, but there was no reply, so the lights were turned full on and the room was searched, but there was no sign of the vanished

lady. The door was then unlocked and all left the room to go in search of her but one lady, who remained. A few minutes later we were recalled to the room by this lady (a Madame B——) and there we found Miss L—— standing in the centre of the room looking very white and dazed. "She has just appeared," explained Madame B——, "but I don't know where from, as she did not enter by any door or window, I'm certain of that." Miss L—— looked at us strangely: "I don't know what happened to me [she said] I feel as if I had just come out of a trance, and found myself standing here." As Miss L—— seemed dazed and upset, the party broke up, and she at once retired, being quite overcome by her strange experience. She was extremely sceptical concerning psychical phenomena, and this was naturally a great shock.

Every human being has an ethereal body beneath the physical one which is an exact counterpart of the material living person. This "astral double," as it is generally termed—is able to act at long distances from the physical body and make itself visible, audible and tangible to other people. I may mention here that I have myself not only seen the ethereal doubles of other persons, but have appeared in my astral form to friends at a distance, when I was quite unconscious of the fact—and in each instance my ethereal presentment was mistaken for my physical self. Such cases are by no means rare, and there are numerous well-authenticated instances in the records of Psychical Research. These ethereal bodies are connected with the physical by an electric thread. When this is severed death takes place. "When the silver thread is severed and the golden bowl is broken," as Biblical phraseology expresses it, then the ethereal body leaves the physical body and returns to its real home—the Unseen ethereal world which is not far away, and is connected with this world by electric vibrations.

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.]

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—You were kind enough to print my letter to you in your September number of last year, so I hope you may see your way to publishing this one in your most interesting Review, as I am very curious to know whether any of your readers could interpret the meaning of a strange experience I had a week ago while at my devotion in Church, at a morning service on the 3rd instant.

My eyes were closed, and I suddenly saw (as though I were looking through the wrong end of an opera glass) the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who was intently looking at a crown, lying on its side, on a dark velvet cushion; he disappeared from view within a couple of seconds, and in his place appeared the head, and bust, of His Holiness the present Pope Benedict; he also was looking curiously at the crown on the cushion, which was dwindling in size. As he disappeared, I saw a well-shaped man's hand approach the crown, but almost immediately withdraw, and a skeleton hand appear and grasp the crown, and close its fingers over it.

The whole mental vision occupied barely a minute, and I have not been able to interpret the meaning of it.

Faithfully yours,
NITA O'SULLIVAN BEARE.

WESTCLIFF HOTEL,
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.

REINCARNATION POINTS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. S. F. Jackson in his letter on Theophany in your November issue makes some curious statements in connection with re-incarnation.

Firstly a changeling would not be an ego which objected to a particular type of incarnation, this term applying to an individual who finding it necessary to re-incarnate, seized a personality for a special purpose rather than take an ordinary birth. Secondly, after many years of study and investigation I must say that I have never known an ego to "kick" at a unique or relatively evil earth life.

You see the ego is always indifferent, and before re-incarnating views all, or a selection of the possible incarnations remaining to complete its evolution, together with the circumstances which will be available for working them off, and chooses accordingly. It is afterwards when the transcendental consciouness of the ego is limited down here by having to function through the personality he has chosen that he may regret the choice from the purely personal standpoint, and like the alleged wail of Cain, consider the punishment (i.e. karma) is greater than he can bear. This is sometimes true, e.g. in the cases of suicides from apparently excusable motives, and is also very real where a poor personality, circumstances and opportunities are chosen in order to work off an odd bit of karma. The ego, however, it should be always remembered, views the pairs of opposites as simply necessary, and is indifferent as to whether they are of a relatively pleasant or painful nature to the personality, and if the latter breaks down under the burden of life, the quicker the return to earth conditions, as bodies, at the present stage of human evolution, can be had in plenty.

A concrete example of how this works is furnished by an example which I have had before me for some time. An ego took a "good" and very full incarnation between 395 and 312 B.C., staying out after this rich experience till 1790 A.D. Passing over unnaturally in 1813, he re-incarnated some seventy-five years afterwards for a moderate period, presently going out, when after a death in infancy in the next incarnation, he will return for another very full life after only a short delay (about ten years). This example is of course a very complete one as regards the immediate past and future, and when I first investigated it found it most illuminating and instructive.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

THE MORALITY OF KILLING

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Apart from the lack of sympathy with life evidenced by the desire to kill, Mr. Walter Winans has never realized that all attainment of the Higher Worlds by human beings and advance in Evolution by animals and lower expressions of consciousness can only be gained by experiences on the physical plane.

For a man to place himself in opposition to the process of Evolution in order to gratify a primitive instinct to kill, with the lame excuse that after all it is the destiny of the victim, is to incur grave responsibility and an undesirable Nemesis.

There is probably no greater crime than to deliberately destroy life of any sort in order to gratify the lower passions.

Mr. Winans might consider the concept that good and evil are terms intelligible only by the effect of an action upon Evolution.

The taking of life is no doubt under certain circumstances necessary and even unavoidable, but the essence of the act is the motive which inspires it.

Unfortunately an intelligent sympathy with life or understanding of evolutionary processes is not consistent with that singular impulse to kill things which distinguishes so many kinds of so-called sport.

Yours, etc.,
P. H. F.

THE MORALITY OF KILLING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I am not referring to men killing each other, that, according to the clergy of all denominations, is meritorious when the person killed belongs to another nation with which one's rulers have quarrelled; but what I refer to is the killing of animals by human beings.

Every living thing on this earth has to kill or be killed, man has to kill beast, bird and fish to live. I kill them myself and take care to do it as painlessly as possible; Mr. Turner and Miss Collins pay a butcher to do it for them, and do not trouble to see if he kills it painlessly or not, as long as the mutton chop is tender (this often means slowly bleeding to a lingering death, or slowly boiling a lobster when alive so as to make it a nice appetizing red colour).

The microbe kills people so as to live, and the worms eat people.

Mr. Turner pleads not guilty as to killing animals, he merely lets the butcher commit the sin of killing the cattle and lets the butcher suffer for it in the next world.

Miss Collins wonders what the deer will do to me in the next world. I can tell her, they will do what Anne Boleyn will do to the Frenchman who executed her.

When Anne Boleyn was condemned to death she was very frightened that the executioner would bungle and hurt her, like the executioner who had three tries at the head of the Duke of Monmouth, and then offered forty guineas to any one who would finish his bungling. Anne Boleyn begged as a last favour to choose her own executioner, and got permission to get one over from France, and she paid him a hundred French crowns.

This money was well earned as he kept out of sight till after she was blindfolded, and then, creeping up with bare feet, he got her head off at one blow of his sword (an axe is not so certain) as she lifted it to listen to a shuffle made purposely by the assistant so as to make her hold her head in the right position for a clean sword cut.

When this executioner met Anne Boleyn in the next world I am sure she thanked him for his thoughtfulness and kindness, in the same way the stag will thank me for sparing him pain instead of letting some bungler torture him.

Both Miss Collins and Mr. Turner ignore what I said, which was that the stags *were condemned to death*, and I merely made death as

easy for them as I hope it will be made for me when my time comes; all three of us will be answerable for the deaths of innumerable oxen and sheep killed by the butcher for our food.

CARLTON HOTEL, WALTER WINANS.
PALL MALL, S.W. 1.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with interest your Notes on the above in the November issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, and, as a student of occultism, would like to put before your readers a few thoughts on the subject.

Animal Magnetism is a branch of psychic science which should, as you suggest, be investigated in a methodical and scientific manner. By so doing, we shall be a step nearer to solving many intricate problems with which we have to contend in the study of psychology. The Schools of Nancy, Salpetrière, and hypnotists generally, repudiate animal magnetism, but in their experiments they do not fail to use it. What is "Suggestion" but the directing of the magnetic or psychic power by the action of the will? Without exercise of will, suggestion fails. Hypnotists, by suggestion, direct a subject to gaze intently at a revolving mirror, etc., that he may be acted upon by the reflex action of his own magnetism from the mirror or other object.

Then again, if it is all Suggestion, how are we to explain the fact that animals can be mesmerized? Suggestion fails to bring about hypnosis in animals. How also are we to explain the fact that magnetism, as we term it, can be seen? Perhaps my own experiences may be of interest.

Some time ago I was present at a circle, the members of which were gazing at a crystal placed in the centre, when several of the sitters observed what they described as two rays of violet light proceeding from the eyes of two sitters, meeting at a point in the crystal and crossing. These two were requested to close their eyes and the phenomena ceased. Upon opening them the rays were again visible. The same phenomena were observed on a similar occasion. On inquiry both sitters were found to possess strong mesmeric power. On another occasion a friend saw, in broad daylight, magnetism issuing from my fingers when holding them a few inches apart. Others observe the same phenomenon. I would like to say more were it not for fear of taking up too much of your valuable space.

Yours faithfully,
P. FRASER.

MYSTICAL SUBSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—Mr. Montague Summers' most interesting article in the October number of the OCCULT REVIEW suggests to me the possibility of asking a question, which—if answered—may possibly interest and be helpful to others besides myself.

There are obviously very good reasons why the " Law of Substitution " has never been widely or very openly taught, for most people cannot transmute their own griefs and difficulties, and should they fail to do so in the case of those whom they undertook to help in this manner, the results might be disastrous both for themselves and their afflicted friends. Besides which many valuable lessons are learnt through difficulties, temptations and sorrows, and an untrained mystic might not know when and how to take on adverse conditions.

Prayers for strength to enable the " brother or sister in anguish " to—themselves—transmute their difficulties is surely the wisest course.

Yet it has come to my knowledge that a definite demand is being made at this moment for help—through mystical substitution—in transmuting what I may describe as the small debts left unpaid by those called away so hurriedly from the banquet of life. Debts which, had they lived out their appointed span in their physical bodies, they would have met and discharged.

It may be true that no one dies before his hour, but that hour may be hastened. By his self-sacrificing love a man may have undertaken some great deed for humanity that obliges him to leave undone or unlearnt some smaller, more personal thing. And though in one sense the greater contains the lesser, yet the discharge of the lesser as well as the greater is—I take it—the counsel of perfection.

According to Paracelsus each form enclosing life has a definite period during which to exist as that form, the length of period being determined by the number that is the constituent factor in the organization of the form, and which springs from life itself.

If therefore the form is prematurely destroyed lessons belonging to the physical life cannot be learnt, and the life-element may be retained within—what Paracelsus calls the sidereal body, and within the earth sphere, and still be troubled by physical problems.

In this event would it not be possible for some one who loves this soul deeply and selflessly, and who may have been in special rapport with it during earth-consciousness to take on and transmute its undischarged debts ?

And might not this form of mystical substitution be a work which many people are called to do at this moment, and therefore a work more suited to an untrained mystic than deliberately taking on conditions of those still manifesting in the body ? Failure would be less likely because—in most cases—the effort would be sustained by a heart purified by sorrow and transfigured by a great and impersonal love. A love that has endured beyond the gates of death.

At the same time no one should undertake this task lightly, and if the result is very great depression or distress the work ought possibly to be relinquished, as this might be a sign that the would-be transmuter was not sufficiently well-balanced to undertake so difficult and sustained an effort ?

Perhaps some of your readers may be interested to read a few words of advice given to me psychically on this subject.

"Many of you should have reached the voluntary stage of suffering which is beyond self-necessity. Most suffering springs from, and reacts back on the self, and is necessary to the self, but the love suffering is beyond self.

"In undertaking this suffering beware lest your hearts and lives are not ready for the sacrifice. Lest you are unable to perform it with joy.

"It should raise, not abase you. Raise you above the suffering, triumphant, and not cast you down.

"It is not for those who feel only the sting, and not the ecstasy.

"Rejoice if you are called to the Altar of Sacrifice, and see that you deck it in colours of Joy and Beauty, for these only are worthy of the sacrifice."

Believe me,

Yours truly,

CLO-T-DE.

A VISIT FROM THE DEVIL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The following experience will perhaps interest the writer of "Hurt in a Dream," as its *bona fides* can be vouched for by my doctor, Dr. Brown Thomson, by Miss Jessie Adelaide Middleton, and last but not least by that great writer on psychic matters—Algernon Blackwood.

In November, 1915, I was living in a flat in Curzon Street. I cannot say I was happy at this period, as I had been undergoing a more or less severe strain consequent on numerous worries. But my life apart from this was uneventful. I mention this to emphasize the fact that I was not devoting any time to occultism, much as it has always interested me.

I went to bed one Thursday in November, fell asleep and then commenced to dream "waking"—or so it seemed. I always sleep with a light in my room, and I thought I suddenly opened my eyes and saw a young man standing at the foot of my bed. I can distinctly remember him—slight, tall, with a grave, dark face, something like the youths of the Italian Renaissance. He was so "real" that I said "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" He answered: "I am the Devil, and I am come to bargain with you for the souls of two women who have injured you, and who are now spiritually in your hands." I answered: "I am dreaming, and you are only a creature of my imagination. There is no Devil, no Spirit who can bargain for souls."

"You are wrong," he answered, "I *am* the Devil, and I can assume the likeness of a human being."

I then seemed to drift again into sleep, and the next morning I regarded my experience merely as an interesting dream.

On Saturday, the whole thing was repeated. Again the dark

youth disclosed his identity, again he wished to traffic in souls, and again I obstinately refused to allow that he was actually a Presence in my room.

"I know I am dreaming," I said, "you are not really here, you are only a dream."

The young man looked at me steadily—he was leaning over the low end of the bedstead. "I am here," he answered, "and to-morrow you *must* and *will* believe in my existence."

Once more I seemed to drift into a sleep within a sleep. I woke in the morning, had my early tea, and when my maid gave me my dressing gown preparatory to going to have my bath, she exclaimed: "Oh, Madam, what have you done to your shoulder?"

My nightdress was square-necked and short-sleeved. On my shoulder *was the distinct imprint of a man's hand, discoloured, as if bruised into* the flesh!

I was startled—to say the least of it! That evening Miss Jessie Middleton and Dr. Brown Thomson came to supper, and I showed the weird "sign" to both of them.

Later, I told Mr. Blackwood what had happened. He opined to the belief that my experience was *real*, and that I had actually seen and spoken to the Spirit of Evil.

The mark on my shoulder was visible for three or four days.

The experience has never been forgotten by me, and I particularly remember the dark, melancholy face of my visitor—I should recognize it again at once were I ever to meet "him" or his double again in real life.

Yours faithfully,

MAUDE M. C. FFOULKES.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

ONE of the practical lessons which are acquired by experience in the course of the intellectual life is that in dealing with certain problems of the mind it is not advisable to miss any intimations, from whatever quarter they reach us. The practice may prove to no purpose times out of number, but we can all of us testify that by following this rule there does come a day or a moment when we may meet with something of consequence, some point of view that has escaped us, and on rare occasions the glint of a new and real light. We who hand on this counsel, making no claim on the lesson except that it happens to have been learned, have long exercised the caution which it offers, in respect especially of the problem of evil. Some consideration concerning it is always turning up somewhere, and we are hoping always that one of them may take us at least a step further towards the desired solution. We may have certain assurances on our own part and certain glimpses of light; but if we had reached a state of reasoned certitude on this the most difficult of all questions, we should be on the summit of Horeb rather than in the Wilderness of Sinai, or in the Promised Land rather than Arabia Petra. When we found therefore that in a recent issue of *The Progressive Thinker* Mr. A. Meyrick was passing in review the history of his own excogitations on the problem of evil, it was worth our while to glance at the record which he brings. It would either afford help or at least show how one burning question strikes a contemporary. It is from the latter point of view that we offer its result to our readers. The writer holds up no lamp, but he has sat in a seat of reflection, and if he does not help others he has satisfied himself curiously. He has been led to abandon belief in a personal God, on the ground that an imperfect universe negatives the old notion of an infinitely perfect Deity. He substitutes Nature, law, the state of things as they are. The view is common enough, and we only wonder whether, in Mr. Meyrick's mind, it is supposed to account for anything. It is of course impossible that it should, for in the absence of an intelligently ordered universe there is nothing to account for. The world and all therein is an eternal fact apart from reason or explanation. The terms good and evil are conventional designations of the human mind to delineate conditions within and without which connote pleasure and pain, profit and loss, welfare and misery, as experienced by ourselves. Now, the findings of ordinary theology are unsatisfactory enough and arbitrary in many respects, but they are preferable to attempts like this, seeking refuge in the unintelligent, in the sovereignty of blind necessity which does not know itself necessity and does not realize sovereignty. It is also the very last message which could be

accepted by spiritualism, so that it represents nothing for which *The Progressive Thinker* itself stands, save only liberty of thought. After all, however, we have reached our point and have seen how it strikes a contemporary, who is a not unthoughtful person. We are of those who believe that there is no evil in the world except in the heart of man; but here also is a question of fact and not an explanation. It is really out of this thesis that the great debate arises, and so also that world-old legend concerning the Fall of Man, an explanation after its own manner, but apart from evidence in the natural history of human life, as in the world about us. Meanwhile, Mr. Meyrick's election to believe in the "unvarying and inexorable processes of Nature"—which are no matter of belief at all but actualities of the phenomenal word—explain and unfold nothing; and it is well to have reached this qualified state of certitude on one aspect of the problem of that which is called evil.

M. Henri Durville writes in the *Journal du Magnétisme* on the facts and philosophy of intuition, defining it as a faculty which, apart from voluntary cerebral activity, gives knowledge of things past, present and to come. This appears comprehensive on the surface and yet we think that the living essence of the subject escapes herein. It is as if the world of external facts embraced the whole horizon which is open either to the rational mind or to those inward powers of cognition included by the wider sense of the word understanding. Intuition gives insight into universals as well as particulars and into the reality which underlies manifestation. It is in virtue of this gift that the great poet is also the great seer and that the true mystic is in less or more conscious union with the noumenal world. . . . In the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, Professor Hyslop enables us to make a preliminary acquaintance with an extended record of experiments undertaken at Leland Stanford Junior University, being—as he tells us—"the first serious effort on the part of any university in this"—meaning America—"or any other country to investigate adequately" phenomena of a psychic kind. From Professor Hyslop's point of view, "the chief interest in the volume is the check which it is calculated to administer to believers in telepathy"—that is to say, as the chief accounting fact in things psychical. There are no universal keys and there is no hypothesis which covers all the aspects of the soul, and though the experiments under notice were not designed to make evident this truth it is the inference which transpires therefrom. We should imagine that, however indecisive on the surface, the volume is of considerable value in the negative sense, while Professor Hyslop's summary is valuable also as a practical canon of criticism. In a later issue of the *Journal*, he has occasion to point out that in early days of spiritualism those who could not accept its own construction of the phenomena explained everything by mesmerism. This has passed away. The shifting over to telepathy and suggestion will pass also,

whether or not we may subscribe to any theory of discarnate spirits as accounting for a large section of psychic facts which have come forward for examination and appraisement since 1848. . . . The significance of colours is an ever-recurring subject of speculation, and some reflections thereon are offered in a recent issue of *Reason*. There is nothing especially new, unless it be an absence of mere fantasy and indifferent psychic sentiment. The whole subject is in the same position as the meaning and mysticism of numbers. That is also something more than the proverbial "hardy annual," and in both cases there is great diversity of views and findings. There may or may not be a *via media* or harmony possible between them, and it would be doing good service if those who are concerned with colours would produce in a series of tables a synopsis of chief variants, that we might see how they stand together. The question of numbers should be treated in like manner. . . . According to *Divine Life*, religion is realization, meaning an inward consciousness of God. The thesis is not expressed with any considerable efficiency from a metaphysical standpoint, yet it attempts to express what is vitally true and important—that a really intellectual grasp, as a hypothesis, of Divine Immanence within ourselves and the universe is insufficient by itself. The great need is conscious inward realization. When this has been attained it will react on things without, meaning our understanding of these, till God is all in all, in ourselves and the universe. . . . We have received a *Report* of the Californian Psychical Research Society, under the presidency of Professor Albert Van der Naillen. It gives a sketch of the work performed since the time of foundation in the autumn of 1912, and a statement of objects. We note that the Society is recognized—in view of work accomplished—as "an independent affiliated organization" by the American Society for Psychical Research, of which Professor Hyslop is secretary. . . . There is also the *Holborn Review*, a substantial quarterly which has subsisted for sixty years as a representative of Primitive Methodism. Being such, it stands, speaking generally, outside our concerns. It has, however, some excellent articles, as for example one on the question whether the Church is necessary to the Kingdom of God on earth. The answer given is "not less Church, but better"; and whether within or without the pale of sects and orthodoxies, we think that most people will agree with this pronouncement. There is also a study of Alfred Russel Wallace's contribution to theories of world-progress in his book on *Social Environment*.

Mr. W. Ravenscroft has completed in *The Builder* his interesting and informing series of articles on the Comacine Masters. By means of extended excerpts from Italian, French and English authorities, he has drawn together a comprehensive summary of great importance to the history of architecture and has brought into prominence certain points of contact with what is understood by us under the denomination of Speculative Masonry. While he has certainly deserved well

of the Craft as also of the still larger subject on its historical side, we are compelled to add that we are as yet very far from feeling that the Comacine Masters were in any established sense precursors of the Symbolical Art, except in so far as all schools of building may be called precursors generically. It is obvious that the literal art of building must go before building spiritualized. The Comacines had a motto affirming that their Temple "was one made without hands," and this reminds us assuredly of the Mark Degree; but it is not surely to be called evidence for a speculative element prevailing amongst these old masters. Nor do we think that the two pillars of Wurzburg Cathedral, once situated on either side of the porch and bearing respectively on their capitals the letters J and B, can be called "a good illustration of the way in which symbols were transmitted even from the Temple of Solomon to the Mediæval Craftsmen and thence to our Speculative Masonry." It seems to us simply that the Cathedral builders were acquainted with Holy Scripture. These are by no means the only analogies, but they seem representative to us. Our thanks are not less due to Mr. Ravenscroft for a memorable series of papers, enriched with some excellent photographic reproductions. A later issue of *The Builder* is also before us, containing the conclusion of a study on Speculative Masonry in the seventeenth century. It draws from Robert Fludd and Joachim Fritz, his *alter ego*, and is written in defence of the view that Brethren of the Rosy Cross may be considered in certain respects "the forbears of the Accepted Free Masons." The writer is careful to point out that this view is distinct from the old thesis that Freemasonry was derived from the Rosicrucians. He suggests also that these Brethren "probably never existed outside of books"—which is entirely contrary to fact. . . . *The New Age* has an article on the Great Light in Masonry, being the volume of the Sacred Law, otherwise the Holy Scriptures, in the absence of which no meeting can take place validly in authorized Lodges. It is not an important article, but is significant at the present juncture, when it is proposed in so many quarters to recognize Latin Freemasonry, and especially that of France, from the Lodges of which this volume has been removed, while there is no allusion to a Divine Power in the universe. The article, as we think, indicates among the enthusiasms of the moment what is and perhaps may remain a working principle of the great Southern Jurisdiction of the Scottish Rite in America—to abide, namely, by the Ancient Landmarks of the Order.

The Freemason's Chronicle seldom fails to present its readers with some thoughtful article on subjects connected with the Craft. It has dealt recently with an old charge that the Brotherhood was incorporated for the benefit of its own members and not of the world outside. Its charity of course begins at home, as it should in the nature of things, but it is bound by its principles to benevolence and goodwill towards all mankind, while its history rebuts the calumny in every direction.

REVIEWS

CHRISTOPHER: A STUDY IN HUMAN PERSONALITY. By Sir Oliver Lodge. With photogravure portrait and half-tone plate. London: Cassell & Company, Ltd.; New York, Toronto and Melbourne. Price *7s. 6d.* net.

SIR OLIVER LODGE's latest book is not in the usual meaning of the term a psychic book; it contains no accounts of supernormal manifestations. Its chief psychic feature is a compact made between a youth and his mother "based upon full knowledge and belief concerning a future life"—in regard to what each would do in case of his death in battle. The spiritual link between them had always been of the closest; in the mother's own words: "Neither he nor I ever thought of Death as more than a doorway admitting to fuller and freer life." Most of us will feel with Sir Oliver that it would be well indeed were many such compacts made, having for their object not to arrange for an attempt at an immediate communication, but to dispense with that need as a test, or as a "confirmation of faith." *This implies a high spiritual evolution*, and one finds it fully expressed in the beautiful relationship between Christopher Tennant and his mother. This relationship has remained entirely unbroken by the tragedy of the boy's physical death, in action on the Flanders front last year, and, says Sir Oliver: "Testimony can be adduced that the effect was not an evanescent excitement, to give way to subsequent depression, but that it burned with a clear and steady flame, and so continues to this day." It is an interesting fact that Christopher was a nephew of the famous scholar and poet, F. W. H. Myers, with whose writings he was familiar, and with whom he seems to have been in strong mental affinity. The development of Christopher Tennant's character is revealed from earliest years through home influences and public school life, the latter throwing a vivid light on much that is bitterly uncongenial to natures like his—natures intensely human and sympathetic, full of the joy of living, yet "unspotted from the world." One feels deep gratitude to Christopher's mother for having allowed the curtain to be withdrawn (for the sake of others faced with the same terrible ordeal). She tells very simply how she has striven to carry out her part of the compact: "Because I am certain that if anything could unsettle him over there it would be the feeling that I was failing him." EDITH K. HARPER.

SPIRITUALISM—AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By the Rev. E. W. Barnes, Sc.D., F.R.S., Master of The Temple. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 39 Paternoster Row; New York, Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. Price *2s.* net.

I RESPECTFULLY submit that the distinguished scholarship of the Master of The Temple might, especially in these days, have been better employed than in attacking a subject on which he seems to be only half-informed, and against which he has obviously a natural bias. As an alternative to fraud Dr. Barnes hazards telepathy from the living as a sure and certain explanation of all alleged supernormal communications. He also puts

forward "the readiness of the populace to believe and confirm Myths," an unfortunate remark to say the least. I have heard the same suggestion made by an agnostic in regard to the life history of our Lord. I am glad that Dr. Barnes does not employ the argument of "evil spirits," yet he believes in a personal Devil, that fantastic entity who, as Archdeacon Wilberforce reminds us, "owes his existence to Zoroastrianism misunderstood" Dr. Barnes considers that "in spite of the persistence of the belief, evidence that conclusively shows the possibility of spirit communications is practically non-existent." I quote in reply some recent words of the Rev. Arthur Chambers, late Vicar of Brockenhurst, Hampshire: "As every one knows who has investigated the subject, the departed are constantly seen. In spite of all the incredulity of religious teachers as to spiritual verities, the experiences of thousands of men and women to-day are like the experiences of those who lived in Bible times." Readers of Dr. Barnes's lecture would do well to read also Mr. Chambers's last work, *Our Self after Death*, which gives a beautiful and helpful answer to the question; "Can we, in the light of Christ and His teaching, know *more* on this subject than is commonly expressed in Christian Belief?" On the whole one is not ungrateful for the opportunity of propaganda afforded by such discourses as that of the Master of the Temple on "Spiritualism and the Christian Faith."

EDITH K. HARPER.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY CHINESE POEMS. Translated by Arthur Waley. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. Pp. 168. Price 7s. 6d. net.

IN this volume of absorbing interest Mr. Waley gives us unrhymed versions of a goodly collection of Chinese poems, the great majority of which have never before been rendered into English. His aim has been to reproduce the exact meanings of the originals rather than to turn them into English poems, and though this means that something of rhythm and melody is inevitably lost, the effect is often very charming nevertheless. Judging from a perusal of their poems, these Chinamen of the early centuries, when Europe was only just emerging from barbarism, spent most of their time in playing with their children, drinking with their friends, and discussing philosophy with their acquaintances. It is an attractive picture, and perhaps the most attractive figure among many is that of the great poet Po Chü-i, who lived in the eighth century, and of whose work Mr. Waley gives sixty examples. Philosopher and lover of beauty was Po Chü-i, and not disinclined to poke fun at the over-credulous and at those who believe idly in "idle tales." "I am no disciple of Fairies," he says, and in one poem he attacks the Emperor Hsien-Tsung, who, being "devoted to magic," fell under the influence of a wizard who promised him certain herbs to ensure longevity.

> "There was once a man who dreamt he went to Heaven:
> His dream-body soared aloft through space. . . .
> Gliding past him a host of fairies swept
> In long procession to the Palace of the Jade City. . . .
> Sad, alas, the man who dreamt of Fairies
> For a single dream spoiled his whole life!"

But neither he nor any other of these poets seems to have doubted the survival of the individual after death. The poet-Emperor Wu-ti hunts

for wizards from all parts of China that he might be put into communication with the spirit of his dead mistress, and was overjoyed when one of them managed to project her shape on to a curtain; Pao Chao writes in the fifth century of his dream of a dead lady—"the doors of Heaven opened, And our souls conversed and I saw her face"; and many other instances might be given. It is true enough, as Mr. Waley points out, that the Chinese "excel in reflection rather than in speculation," and perhaps it is because of this that their poems have such a singularly haunting charm. E. M. M.

THE IMPRISONED FREEMAN. By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George Sully and Company. Pp. viii + 411. Price $1.35 net.

READERS of the enthralling novel called "Hard Cash" feasted on horrors not more crudely expressive of human injustice than are to be found in Helen Woodruff's novel. Her theme is the present or recent mismanagement of prisons, orphan asylums and reform schools in the United States. She lacks or does not employ the brilliant literary method which confers such distinction on Charles Reade's novel, but she is appallingly vivid, and, as we read her narrative of a lovely soul deformed by cruelty masquerading as Justice, we are shocked by the irony which opens what is probably the most gruesome of Cousin Jonathan's cupboards at a time when he is a synonym for noble manhood impassioned against unrighteousness. The occult interest of the novel is slight, and does not affect the plot or architecture of the book. It is clear, however, that the novelist appreciates the liberating power of a change from one mode of consciousness to another. Her sympathy with Nature enables her to convey effects of beautiful scenery to her pages, and we hope that her vigorous pen will help to remove any existing institutional eyesores from the great Republic to which she belongs. W. H. CHESSON.

OUT OF CHAOS. In English from the Yiddish of Moysheh Oyved. London: The Minerva Publishing Company, Ltd., 144 High Holborn, W.C. 1.

A BROTHER'S eyes gleam from the pages of this book, where a brother's heart opens to the universal brotherhood of the pan-humanity that is to come. A seer—a prophet must have written it. In the song-language of ancient days it chants of love. Love that has remained unchanged through all the changes which have come to other things. Moysheh Oyved feels that love *should* change. Should no longer be the dwarf of itself, but should grow to become an acknowledged art, a science, a full-fledged glory where our awakened and extended knowledge might have its part, instead of being left to the accident or ignorance of youthful impulse.

Science has added nothing to the wisdom of love, man's machine-madness nothing to its development. "God is love" was declared at the beginning, and we have left it at that, satisfied with the pleasure. Fearing the mystery. Accepting only the flowers that cover its stunted growth with their evanescent bloom.

Our psalmist feels that he has a mission in awakening us from a besotted, though dream-starred, sleep. We *must* study this should the perfected race come to the perfect earth we are fighting now to purify for it. We study all other things—why not love?

He sings in an opal-radiance of the joy that is to come. At first God directly speaks to him. Later he himself addresses the soul of man: "In the third year of the great world-war I beheld a ladder standing in a welter of human blood and the top of it reached to heaven": "Seven great red burning gates swung open and out of the seventh heaven I heard God's voice": "The time has come for *thee* to light a torch of understanding."

We suffer beneath the spell of the love-disenchantments of many generations. The chief cause of our distress is *Chaos in Love*. This becomes worse with every succeeding age of ignorance and will lead finally to the death agony. We have schools and colleges, he tells us, for every form of learning save that of fundamental truth. No dome rising above the science of living—the art of loving, which must include science too.

His exhortations, his suggestions are most novel and oracular—the sword both of wisdom and of justice.

"There shall you seek Me and there shall you find Me—thus says God."

H. H.

ORIGINALITY. By T. Sharper Knowlson. London: T. Werner Laurie. Price 15s.

THE wide interest in methods of efficiency at the present time have called forth many works, particularly in America, of a more or less cursory type, dealing with mental and physical development. Some of them are of the Japanese and Yoga description, which though useful in many respects, can hardly be said to be based upon sound psychological principles, whilst others are merely the hashed-up products of compilers with little knowledge of psychology and still less of human nature and its varied manifestations. Mr. Knowlson's book, however, suffers from none of these imperfections. It is a sound and stimulating work, which though in no way pretentious as a guide to originality, lays bare the secret workings of the creative mind.

Its scope, though partly synthetic and conducive to the drawing out of the inventive faculties when they exist, is largely analytic, and intended to give the reader an insight into the mainsprings of originality. In this the author may be said to have been eminently successful. The influence of indirect suggestion, and of the study of remotely connected subjects in awakening new ideas related to the particular matter at hand, is admirably worked out. And the machinations of the subconscious mind in its bearing upon the performances of genius form to the student of psychical phenomena, a special branch of psychology, which all interested in the investigation of the occult will find of interest and suggestive value. In lucidity of style it will repay perusal by those who may have little knowledge or concern with the more abstruse questions which the psychology of the abnormal mind naturally presents, though it is claimed that all men are potential geniuses, only needing skilful training and a suitable environment to be made to blossom under the directive power of the expert educationist; for such the writer undoubtedly is, being the Director of Instruction at the Pelman Institute. As an introduction to the mysteries of Pelmanism as regards its activities it may be highly recommended, though we must confess the secrets of that system are nowhere divulged.

J. B. B.

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THE RATIONAL EDUCATION OF THE WILL. Its Therapeutic Value. By Dr. Paul Emile Lévy. Translated from the ninth edition by Florence K. Bright. With Preface by Prof. Bernheim, Ph.D.

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