

# 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

LAST month my Notes were devoted to the subject of Swedenborg. This time, perhaps by the force of the reaction which is inherent in all natural phenomena, I find myself considering Gilbert K. Chesterton's attitude towards orthodox Christianity in its relation to the main problems of life. It is the principal occupation of the critic to shoot at other people, and it is a somewhat disagreeable experience to most members of that tribe to be called upon to substantiate their own position, and thereby render themselves in turn liable to be shot at by the rest of the world. It appears that on one occasion this was Mr. Chesterton's own fate. Never having done more himself than pick holes in other people's cosmic theories, he was confronted with a challenge by Mr. G. S. Street and others whom he had attacked to give forth his own philosophy to the world. The upshot of this was a book by G. K. C. entitled *Orthodoxy*,\* in which, as he says, he has attempted in a vague and personal way to state the philosophy in which he has come to believe. The volume alluded to is evidently intended seriously enough even though it is expressed in Mr. Chesterton's customary whimsical and para-

THE "OR-  
THODOXY"  
OF MR.  
CHESTER-  
TON.

\* London: John Lane.

doxical manner. If we may say, as surely we are entitled to, that Chesterton is intoxicated by the exuberance of his own jocosity, to parody a classic phrase, it is also equally true that many of his witty illustrations serve to show up the weak points of those modern platitudes which we are, generally speaking, much too much given to accepting at their face value.

It is well, therefore, to overlook the rather numerous occasions when we are compelled to paraphrase an old proverb and say that in Mr. Chesterton's case, levity is the soul of wit, for those other instances in which his vivid and humorous parallelisms serve to shed a somewhat lurid light upon the deficiencies of the accepted shibboleths of the modern man. "These essays," says G. K. C., "are concerned only to discuss the actual fact that the central Christian theology (sufficiently summarised in the Apostles' Creed) is the best root of energy and sound ethics. They do not raise the point as to what is the present seat of authority for the proclamation of that creed." As a matter of fact, though Mr. Chesterton adopts the Apostles' Creed as a convenient definition of his general attitude, his championship of Christianity is of a far more general character than the position he starts from would appear to suggest, and Christianity itself has been taken to mean so many different things that we not infrequently find ourselves in difficulty when we ask ourselves what special brand of the Christian religion it is which our author is actually espousing. A certain laxity of standpoint gives Mr. Chesterton at times a rather unfair advantage over the people whom he criticizes; as, for instance, in the case in which he shows effectively enough that Christianity has been attacked for all sorts of opposite reasons—sometimes being assailed for being too optimistic, at other times for being too pessimistic—on one occasion for turning the other cheek to the smiter, on another for having drenched Europe in wars.

Mr. Chesterton explains how he began life as a happy pagan with little sympathy with the orthodox creed; how he finally attempted, as he expresses it, "to found a heresy of his own," and when he had put the last touches to it, discovered that it was orthodoxy. It was the study of the most doughty opponents of Christianity—of Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, and Bradlaugh, who, to use our author's own words, "brought him back to orthodox theology."

As I read [he says] and re-read all the non-Christian or anti-Christian accounts of the faith from Huxley to Bradlaugh, a slow and awful impression grew gradually but graphically upon my mind—the impression that Christianity must be a most extraordinary thing. For not only, as I understood, had Christianity the most flaming vices, but

it had apparently a mystical turn for combining vices which seemed inconsistent with each other. It was attacked on all sides, and for all contradictory reasons. . . . For instance, I was much moved by the eloquent attack on Christianity as a thing of inhuman gloom ; for I thought (and still think) sincere pessimism the unpardonable sin. Insincere pessimism is a social accomplishment, rather agreeable than otherwise ;

INCONSIS- and fortunately nearly all pessimism is insincere. But if  
TENCIES OF Christianity was, as these people said, a thing purely  
CHRISTIANI- pessimistic and opposed to life, then I was quite prepared  
TY'S CRITICS to blow up St. Paul's Cathedral. But the extraordinary  
thing is this. They did prove to me in Chapter I (to my complete satisfaction) that Christianity was too pessimistic ; and then, in Chapter II, they began to prove to me that it was a great deal too optimistic. One accusation against Christianity was that it prevented men, by morbid fears and terrors, from seeking joy and liberty in the bosom of Nature. But another accusation was that it comforted men with a fictitious providence, and put them in a pink-and-white nursery. . . . I rolled on my tongue with a terrible joy, the taunts which Swinburne hurled at the dreariness of the creed :

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean, the world has grown grey from Thy breath."

But when I read the same poet's account of paganism, I gathered that the world was if possible more grey before the Galilean prophet breathed on it than afterwards.

Mr. Chesterton cites the charge frequently made against Christianity that "there is something timid, monkish, and unmanly about all that is called Christian, especially its attitude towards resistance in fighting. . . . The gospel paradox about the other cheek, the fact that priests never fought, a hundred things made

IS CHRIS- plausible the accusation that Christianity was an  
TIANITY attempt to make a man too like a sheep." Mr.  
MEEK OR Chesterton complains that having been duly con-  
MILITANT? vinced by this argument, he turned over another  
page of his agnostic manual to find that the great crime of Christianity was that it did not tend to stop fighting but to encourage it. Christianity, it seemed, was the mother of wars. Christianity had deluged the world with blood. "The very people who reproached Christianity with the meekness and non-resistance of the monasteries, were the same who reproached it also with the violence and valour of the crusades. The Quakers were stated to be the only characteristic Christians, and yet the massacres of Cromwell and Alva were characteristic Christian crimes. What could it all mean ? "

Another criticism which Mr. Chesterton complains of is that which maintains that the Christian religion is merely one religion, whereas the world is a big place, full of very different kinds of

people. The creeds divided men, while morals united them. Here again Mr. Chesterton discovered an inconsistency. "I found," he says, "it was the daily taunt of these people against Christianity that it was the light of one people and had left all others to die in the dark. But I also found that it was their special boast for themselves that science and progress were the discovery of one people, and that all other peoples had died in the dark. Their chief insult to Christianity was actually their chief compliment to themselves." Finally Mr. Chesterton began to doubt (as he tells us) the bona fides of his critics. "It looked to me," he said, "not so much as if Christianity was bad enough to include any vices, but rather as if any stick was good enough to beat Christianity with."

I remember a book, in some ways the funniest book I have ever read, in some ways even funnier than Mr. Chesterton's, which has now passed out of my possession. The book was entitled, *The Bible of Bibles*. It propounded various questions to which the Bible purported to give answers. The answers were juxtaposed in parallel columns under the headings of "Yes" and "No," and the author was able to show innumerable statements all culled from Holy Writ both confirming and controverting the "THE BIBLE OF BIBLES." questions which he propounded. The reply to this critic is, of course, the very simple one that the Bible is not a single book, but was written by all sorts of different people at different periods of the world's history, who held the most divergent views on almost every matter under the sun. With regard to Christianity the solution is somewhat similar even if it is rather more complex. The grim Puritanism of Cromwell had obviously nothing in common with the teaching of the Prophet of the Sermon on the Mount, and on whoever's shoulders the charge for the religious wars since the introduction of Christianity may be laid, they assuredly are not chargeable to Jesus of Nazareth. The fact is that Christianity is a combination of the two mutually irreconcilable elements—the teaching of Jesus and the theology of Paul. An attempt has been made to combine the two, but they can no more mix and form a unified whole than oil and water.

The whole basis of Paul's theology was a theory of the mission of Jesus to which Jesus himself was an entire stranger.\* According to what Paul not untruthfully calls "my gospel," Jesus offered

\* See, among numerous other authorities, *The Rival Philosophies of Jesus and of Paul*, by Ignatius Singer. London: Geo. Allen & Unwin Ltd.

himself as a sacrifice to propitiate the just wrath of God the Father against mankind. The "Heavenly Father" of Jesus of Nazareth entertained no such righteous indignation, nor did Jesus himself ever teach that his mission was one of propitiation by sacrifice. When Jesus alludes to "your Heavenly Father" it is constantly in terms of the tenderest love and affection. He cares for the sparrows. It is not his will that one of these little

JESUS AND  
PAUL. ones should perish. He sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust, and is kind even to the unthankful and to the evil. Those who accepted Paul's gospel

were to "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and they would be saved." It was always a question of "he that believeth" with Paul: with Jesus it was "he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven." Paul's mission was to supersede the law: the mission of Jesus was to reinterpret and fulfil it. The contrast might be indefinitely prolonged, but perhaps the most salient point of all lies in the fact that the Christ whom Paul preached was not Jesus of Nazareth at all, and it is quite obvious that the elders of the Church who had known him in his lifetime were unable to recognize in Paul's portraiture of the man he had never known, Him whom they had known and loved. One may therefore by no means be inconsistent in claiming to be a follower of Jesus of Nazareth, and yet adopt the view that the religious wars which drenched Europe in blood were due to no small extent to the theological dogmatism of Saul of Tarsus. But as to the author of the *Bible of Bibles* the Bible was a single work, full of the most obvious contradictions, so to Mr. Chesterton Christianity is a single coherent faith and defensible accordingly.

It is hardly from a logical standpoint that Mr. Chesterton defends the Christianity which he claims to be embodied in the Apostles' Creed. He defends it rather as appealing to his emotions and from the point of view of the pragmatist; indeed, his sympathy is often on the side of its inconsistencies. He would have a religion that is at once romantic and dramatic. He looks upon the element of the unexpected as adding a spice to life. Laws of nature are an abomination to him. He defends fairy tales on the ground of their inconsequence.

People [he says] will call some interesting conjecture about how forgotten folks pronounced the alphabet "Grimm's Law," but Grimm's Law

WHAT IS A is far less intellectual than Grimm's Fairy Tales. The tales are at any rate tales, while the law is not a law.

LAW? The law implies that we know the nature of the generalization and enactment—not merely that we have noticed some of the effects. If there is a law that pickpockets shall go to prison, it implies that there

is an imaginable mental connection between the idea of prison and the idea of picking pockets and we know what the idea is. We can say why we take liberty from a man who takes liberties. But we cannot say why an egg can turn into a chicken, any more than we can say why a bear could turn into a fairy prince. As ideas, the egg and the chicken are further off each other than the bear and the prince. For no egg in itself suggests a chicken, whereas some princes do suggest bears.

Mr. Chesterton comes to the conclusion that everything takes place not by law but by magic. "It is," he suggests, "no argument for unalterable law, as Huxley fancied, that we count on the ordinary course of things. We do not count on it, we bet on it. We risk the remote possibility of a miracle as we do that of a poisoned pancake or a world-destroying comet. . . . All the terms used in the science books—law, necessity, order, continuity,—and so on, are really unintellectual, because they assume an inner synthesis which we do not possess." The ordinary scientific man, Mr. Chesterton maintains, is a sentimentalist, "soaked in and swept away by mere associations." The charm of fairy tales, he argues, lies in their element of wonder. "In the fairy tale an incomprehensible happiness rests upon an incomprehensible condition. A box is opened and all evils fly out. A word is forgotten and cities perish. An apple is eaten and the hope of God is gone." Happiness in the fairy tales is bright but brittle. That is why glass figures in them so frequently. Cinderella had a glass slipper. One princess lives in a glass castle: another on a glass hill. Another sees all things in a mirror. So it is with life. Its fascination lies in the element of wonder which it exhibits, and the uncertainty with which it is surrounded. The whole of life is a miracle which we do not understand, and the fact that it is surrounded by incomprehensible limitations should therefore be no cause to us for complaint. "All the tiring materialism," says Chesterton, "which dominates the modern mind, rests ultimately upon one assumption which is a false assumption. It is supposed that if a thing goes on repeating itself it is probably dead—a piece of clockwork. People feel that if the universe was personal it would vary. If the sun were alive it would dance." Variation in human affairs, contends our author, is brought about not by vitality, but by exhaustion.

The sun rises every morning [he says]. I do not rise every morning, but the variation is due not to my activity but to my inaction. . . . A child kicks his legs rhythmically through excess, not absence, of life. Because children have abounding vitality, they are in spirit fierce and free, therefore they want things repeated and unchanged. They always say

"Do it again." And the grown-up person does it again until he is nearly dead. For grown-up people are not strong enough to exult in monotony. But perhaps God is strong enough to exult in monotony.

Of all "grown ups" Mr. Chesterton is the most childlike. For that reason I am quite sure that he will enter the kingdom of Heaven. He looks at everything exactly from the child's standpoint. Behind all nature's activities he sees the personal element. This is really at the bottom of his quarrel with science. "The Catholic church," says Mr. Chesterton, "believed that man and God both had a sort of spiritual freedom. Calvinism took away the freedom from man but left it to God. Scientific materialism binds the Creator himself. It chains up God as the Apocalypse chained up the devil. It leaves nothing free in the universe." The tendency of science is to adopt the clockwork hypothesis, and

SCIENCE  
AND THE  
CLOCK-  
WORK  
HYPOTHESIS.

science has emphatically carried this hypothesis a great deal too far. The tendency of the child is to detect an imp in the works of the clock making the clock tick. "I had always," says Chesterton, "vaguely felt facts to be miraculous in the sense that they are wonderful. Now I began to think them miraculous in the stricter sense that they were wilful. I mean that they were, or might be, repeated exercises of some will. In short I had always believed that the world involved magic. Now I thought that perhaps it involved a magician. And this pointed a profound emotion, always present and subconscious, that this world of ours has some purpose, and if there is a purpose there is a person. I had always felt life first as a story and if there is a story there is a story-teller." Probably when Mr. Chesterton looks at the fire he believes in salamanders. If he does not, I am sure he ought to. To a mind like Mr. Chesterton's the elements should certainly imply the elementals.

It is possible from a perusal of his book on Orthodoxy to gather that Mr. Chesterton accepts the doctrine of the Fall, but it is not  
THE  
DOCTRINE  
OF THE  
FALL. easy to see in what sense he accepts it. In an essay in which he deals with Science and Religion,\* he quotes with humorous derision the following extract from the writings of a champion of the New Theology.

When, [says this writer] modern science declared that the cosmic process knew nothing of an historical event corresponding to a Fall, but

\* See *All Things Considered*.

told on the contrary the story of an incessant rise in the scale of being, it was quite plain that the Pauline scheme—I mean the argumentative processes of Paul's scheme of salvation—had lost its very foundation. For was not that foundation the total depravity of the human race, inherited from their first parents?

Commenting on these observations Mr. Chesterton argues:—  
 “What can it mean? How could physical science prove that man is not depraved? You do not cut a man open to find his sins. You do not boil him until he gives forth the unmistakable green fumes of depravity. How could physical science find any traces of a moral fall? What traces did the writer expect to find? Did he expect to find a fossil Eve with a fossil apple inside her? Did he suppose that the ages would have spared him a complete skeleton of Adam attached to a slightly faded fig leaf?” Mr. Chesterton confesses himself honestly bewildered as to the meaning of such passages. But when we search his writings to see what precisely is his own view of the Fall and what he means by this doctrine which he claims to accept, we find our author altogether too elusive to be able to run him to earth. In some dim way at least, Mr. Chesterton associates this doctrine with that of original sin, and by original sin, if I rightly interpret him, he means the natural depravity of unregenerate man. Still, this depravity might have existed from the first, and gone on gradually diminishing through the ages, and if this were the case there would certainly be no ground for assuming a Fall. Clearly if man was originally an angel he has degenerated. If he was originally a jelly-fish he has evolved to a far higher type of being. The former hypothesis appears on the face of it to justify the pessimist, and the latter to justify the optimist. But if all things, when left alone, tend to degenerate, as Mr. Chesterton tells us—and many facts in nature seem to confirm this hypothesis—how is it that the jelly-fish was ever able to evolve into man? This is one of the problems in life which never seems to have been quite clearly faced. “We have remarked,” says Mr. Chesterton, “that one reason offered for being a Progressive is that things naturally tend to grow better. But the only real reason for being a Progressive is that things naturally tend to grow worse. The corruption in things is not only the best argument for being progressive; it is also the only argument against being conservative.” The hypothesis of orthodox Christianity is obviously that man has degenerated, and as the champion of the New Theology quite rightly states, this degeneration consequent on the fall of Adam, is the basis on which Paul's theological superstructure is raised.

DO ALL  
 THINGS  
 TEND TO  
 DEGENER-  
 ATE?

DARWIN  
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 PAUL.



Since the time of Darwin we have rejected this basis, but we still seem to imagine that in some curious way we can maintain the superstructure. The Church's primary indignation against the evolutionary hypothesis was fully justified, for it cut the ground from under her feet. Since this time Paul and his whole theological system has been left without a leg to stand upon. But the Church now calmly evades the question as if after all it was a matter of no consequence! If we have indeed evolved from the jelly-fish, it seems to suggest that there may be infinite vistas of perfectability in front of us—unless indeed a point has been reached at which nature says, "thus far and no farther."

The determinist will tell us that the future is all mapped out ahead of us. Not so Mr. Chesterton, who almost revels in the uncertainty of our future destiny, and who emphasizes the part played by the free will of man, as opposed to that played by the design of God. Thus much at least we seem to see, that the mistakes, or if we will, the crimes of mankind bring about their inevitable retribution, and, however often man takes the wrong path, he is bound at last to realize if only through the consequences of his follies, that the upward path is the only one which may be taken with impunity. Hence probably, in spite of innumerable setbacks, the normal upward tendency.

If Mr. Chesterton has no sympathy with the New Theology, he has still less with Mrs. Besant's Theosophy, or with the Buddhist conception of the oneness of the universe.

Mrs. Besant's doctrine [says Chesterton in an amusing caricature of the Eastern belief] is the doctrine that we are really all one person. That there are no real walls of individuality between man and man. If I may put it so, she does not tell us to love our neighbours, she tells us to be our neighbours. . . . I never heard any suggestion in my life with ARE WE ALL ONE PERSON? which I more violently disagree. I want to love my neighbour not because he is I, but precisely because he is not I. . . . If souls are separate, love is possible. If souls are united, love is obviously impossible. . . . But upon Mrs. Besant's principle, the whole Cosmos is only one enormously selfish person. It is just here that Buddhism is on the side of modern pantheism and immanence, and it is just here that Christianity is on the side of humanity, liberty and love. Love desires personality. Therefore love desires division. It is the instinct of Christianity to be glad that God has broken the universe into little pieces, because they are living pieces. It is her instinct to say "Little children love one another" rather than to tell one large person to love himself.

This, I think, is well put, and all readers will appreciate the force of it. But is it not possible that the centripetal and centri-

fugal tendencies are both part and parcel of one vast divine purpose, the end of which is far beyond the present ken of human comprehension? "It is well," said a well known mystical writer, "if it ends well, but we do not know how it ends." Chesterton apparently would voice the same sentiment. His natural optimism would tend to make him *hope* that the end would be well, but the ultimate issue he would tell us rested not on the knees of the gods but on the knees of mankind. Surely, however, we are justified in our confidence that "the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God" and not in the hands of any blind chance—that the ultimate issue was foreseen before the foundation of the worlds, and that life is not a hazardous experiment on the part of the Deity! Perhaps, after all, the free will of man is only free to fulfil the purposes of God and not free, in spite of the terrible experience of the recent conflict, to wreck the plans (for surely there *are* plans) of Omnipotence. We may think this and yet we may endorse all that Chesterton says of the importance of the active will, and the part played by man in rescuing the world from the powers of evil and the dead weight of a fatalistic inertia.

A man [says Mr. Chesterton] may lie still and be cured of a malady. But he must not lie still if he wants to be cured of a sin; on the contrary, he must get up and jump about violently. The whole point indeed is

WHEN NOT perfectly expressed in the very word which we use for a  
 TO BE A man in hospital; "patient" is in the passive mood;  
 PATIENT. "sinner" is in the active. If a man is to be saved from  
 influenza, he may be a patient. But if he is to be saved  
 from forging, he must not be a patient but an impatient. He must be  
 personally impatient with forgery. All moral reform must start in the  
 active and not the passive will. . . . If we want, like the Eastern saints,  
 merely to contemplate how right things are, of course we shall only say  
 that they must go right. But if we particularly want to make them go  
 right, we must insist that they may go wrong.

This is perfectly true, but it is not comforting, in spite of all Mr. Chesterton says to the contrary, to feel that the destinies of mankind are in the hands of a capricious Deity. And this seems the only alternative to postulating the reign of universal law as the expression of the Creator's will. Science may take the view that such a position is inconsistent with the exercise of personal volition in the moulding of the destinies of the universe. Personally I should be willing to admit the operation of endless hierarchies of spiritual beings superior to man, to whose hands were confided the issues of life and death and the destinies of worlds and planetary systems; but this would not diminish my

belief in certain universal laws (for which "laws of nature" is too narrow a phrase, and "laws of God" none too all-embracing,) in harmony with which the whole universe has been built up. It is doubtless open to all spirits in possession of freedom of choice to work counter to such laws; but such opposition is doomed to ultimate failure as are all the efforts of those who oppose the essential laws of their own being. Nay, more, such opposition may operate in the end towards the fulfilment of the very purposes which it is sought to undermine. Mr. Chesterton's hypothesis is a denial in effect of the existence of an over-ruling Providence. His argument, that he sees in the very uncertainty of the issues an incentive to greater effort, is not without a certain plausibility. Perhaps, however, the apparent equality of the forces of good and evil, and the intensity of the struggle which this involves, as well as the darkness in which the ultimate issue is shrouded, provides quite as strong a stimulus to effort as would be aroused by even the absolute knowledge that Mr. Chesterton's theory were a sound one, and the final result were eternally in doubt.

Mr. Chesterton's book was written before the war. The war has provided an answer of a far from satisfactory kind from the point of view of the Orthodox, to the oft-repeated query "Is Christianity a failure?" Certainly as far as the Church and the established orthodox systems of Christianity are concerned there can be no doubt that the recent conflict has underscored the negative reply. Why, then, has orthodox Christianity, which Mr. Chesterton finds so entirely satisfactory, proved a broken reed in the day of trial? Is it not because its champions have thought too much of established systems and too little of the spiritual realities for which any and every established system is merely a more or less defective medium? Is it not also because the Church which claims Jesus of Nazareth as its founder, has taken more stock of the theology of Saul of Tarsus than of the light shed

NIETZSCHE  
AS FALSE  
PROPHET

on the Upward Path by the teachings of the Prophet of Galilee? It is a matter that seems to have escaped notice that the false prophet who arose in Germany as a sort of harbinger of the coming war, Friedrich Nietzsche, launched his attack not so much against Christianity as a whole, as against the morality of the Sermon on the Mount, "that slave morality" as he termed the system of ethics the basis of which is the Fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man. The triumph of the superman, German or otherwise, can only be achieved at the expense of rejecting the

master's command to love one's neighbour as oneself. The world has to make its choice between the two systems. To-day we see more clearly than ever before that the commandment of the Seer of Nazareth was instinct with the highest *political* as well as moral wisdom, while that of Friedrich Nietzsche could lead only to universal ruin and devastation.

Mr. Chesterton's attitude, then, towards phenomena generally represents a revolt against the scientific standpoint of the present day, which explains everything by laws of nature. In this sense he takes the very opposite point of view to that of the occultist, whose quarrel with science is, not merely on account of its acceptance of the materialistic or clockwork hypothesis, but also, and no less, for its failure to accept the complete logical consequences of its own premisses. Obviously, these involve the reign of law and order throughout the universe, and it is impossible clearly to make a water-tight compartment for man. If this reign of law and order holds good, mankind falls under it equally with the whole phenomenal world. This is the position which the astrologer quite logically has adopted, seeing in the lives and actions of men only another and more marvellous instance still of the rule of this law. We need not take Mr. Chesterton too

THE PRIMI- seriously, but the position he sees fit to adopt  
TIVE MIND humorously or otherwise, is, as a matter of fact,  
identical with that of the child and the primitive  
savage. The whole basis of this outlook on life arises from the fact that the undeveloped mind fails to recognize any logical sequence between cause and effect. Mr. Chesterton puts the position well when he says that he sees no more reason why the egg should evolve into the chicken than the bear into the fairy prince. Fairy tales are full of such phenomena, and this is precisely because fairy tales represent the folk lore of undeveloped races. From the point of view of the savage the bear might perfectly well change into the fairy prince ; for, from this standpoint, phenomena succeed one another regardless of any causal relationship. We may call such things magic if we will, but the conceptions really arise through a failure to see any definite dividing line between the possible and the impossible ; and the result may perhaps more justly be termed the bizarre than the miraculous. One law of nature at least has been admitted by Mr. Chesterton in his book on Orthodoxy. He tells us that the Devil fell from Heaven by the law of gravity ! Perhaps, however, we may attribute this remark to the inherent lack of gravity of the author himself.

Mr. Chesterton is quite right in stating that laws of nature are not laws in any political sense. They are, in fact, mere generalizations, and further evidence is always liable to come to light which will show that these laws are not as universal and as invariable as the scientist would have us believe. The causes, moreover, which bring about certain results in nature are frequently so complicated that the conclusions drawn as to their inevitable results are liable at times to be very wide of the mark. This is obviously all the more the case the higher we rise in the

PREDICTION  
A POSSI-  
BILITY.

scale of nature ; and in the case of men and nations the deductions to be drawn may well baffle the acutest intellect. Hence the danger of making prophecies, political or otherwise. If, however, such prophecies are fallible, it does not follow that events are in theory impossible to predict. On the contrary, the acceptance of the scientific position logically implies such a possibility, even though it brings us face to face with the problem of problems, as to whether the recognition of such laws of nature is or is not compatible with the freewill of man. Mr. Chesterton's attitude amounts to a revolt against current science in favour of free will in its widest acceptation. In carrying out his argument to its logical conclusion he reduces the whole cosmos to chaos. Perhaps he does well to put his views in this form, as it enables us to see whither such an hypothesis would inevitably lead. The fact is, as I have elsewhere pointed out, free will in its true sense does not

FATE AND  
FREE WILL.

involve caprice. It does not, that is to say, involve man acting otherwise than according to the laws and dictates of his own nature ; and it is probably here that we may find the meeting point between the champions of two theories which appear on the face of them to be so diametrically opposed as those of Fate and Free Will. It may, indeed, well be that the two are no more really irreconcilable than Religion and Science. Mr. Chesterton accepts free will in its extreme form because, to use a phrase of his own, he "feels it in his bones." This is surely the natural and indeed the only healthy attitude of man in his relation to the everyday world, though it fails to solve the basic problem. From a practical standpoint, to over-emphasize free will is far better than to accept the Mohammedan pseudo-fatalism which says "Kismet!" and in saying so paralyses all efforts for the betterment of mankind.

Death has been very busy recently in the ranks of those interested in occult and psychical investigation. Among these

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may be mentioned Mr. S. L. Macgregor Mathers, who passed away in Paris in November last, at the age of sixty-four. This well-known occultist and translator of *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*, *The Book of Solomon the King*, etc., adopted the title of Count Macgregor of Glenstrae, which he claimed was bestowed upon an ancestor of his by James II, after his flight from England. Another student of occultism who has recently passed over is Mr. Max Heindel, the well known author of *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, and head of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, of Ocean-side, California. I understand that his work in connection with the Order will be carried on in future by Mrs. Heindel, who was his collaborator and helpmate in his occult work during his lifetime.

James Johnson Morse, for a number of years Editor of *The Two Worlds*, and a well-known and greatly respected lecturer on Spiritualism, passed away at the age of seventy-one on February 19, after a life devoted from the age of twenty onwards to the cause of Spiritualism. In earlier years Mr. Morse's mediumship attracted widespread attention, and the results obtained by it were of the greatest evidential value. Some of these are recorded in a small volume entitled *Automatic Speaking and Writing*,\* by the late Edward T. Bennett. Mr. Morse had lectured with the greatest success not only in his own country, but also in America and Australia, and could always be relied upon to draw large and enthusiastic audiences. His early life was one of great poverty and trouble. His parents were publicans, and both died before he reached the age of ten. When only fourteen he found himself thrown upon the world without friends to help him, and without a penny in his pocket. His accidental meeting with Mrs. Hopps, the mother of the Rev. John Page Hopps, the well-known Unitarian minister and enthusiastic spiritualist, was the cause of his becoming interested in spiritualistic phenomena. He entered a shop to buy a button, and overheard Mrs. Hopps, who kept the shop, conversing with a customer on this subject, which led to an inquiry by Morse as to whether there was any truth in the alleged phenomena. By such apparently small incidents is the whole course of a life changed. For some time Mr. Morse edited *The Banner of Light*, at Boston, Mass., and at another period of his career assisted Mr. Dawson Rogers, the Editor of *Light*, in London. It was in the year 1906 that he succeeded to the editorship of *The Two Worlds*,

\* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd.

a work which I understand will be conducted in future by his daughter, Miss Margaret Morse.

On the same day as Mr. J. J. Morse, there passed over to the other world, at Brighton, aged fifty-four, Mr. William T. Horton, author of *The Book of Images*, and *The Way of the Soul*, whose singular talent for psychic drawing and painting is well known to readers of this Magazine.

W. T.  
HORTON.

Mr. Horton was an old friend of the Editor, and a frequent visitor to the office of the OCCULT REVIEW. His psychic powers were of a singular and unique kind, and his portfolios contained innumerable drawings of spirit forms perceived clairvoyantly. Most of these were done in black and white, and others were executed in crayons and water colour. None of these latter, however, have been reproduced. Mr. Horton was born in Belgium, his father at the time being proprietor of an hotel in Brussels, and he spoke French as fluently as his native tongue. Almost at the close of his life, Mr. Horton was received into the Roman Catholic Church, for which doubtless his earlier upbringing on the Continent had given him a latent sympathy. The doctrine of twin souls always made a special appeal to W. T. Horton, and this underlying idea was the inspiration of a considerable amount of his artistic work. On several occasions Mr. Horton has been a contributor of illustrated articles to the OCCULT REVIEW, and his second book, *The Way of the Soul*, was brought out by the publishers of this Magazine.

I have received the following particulars with regard to Mr. Macgregor Mathers, from one who knew him well during a certain period of his life.

The death of Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers, which took place—at Paris—towards the end of last November, recalls a host of old memories, and, as it is unlikely that they will be put otherwise on record, I am making these rough notes concerning them for the information of occult readers. They are of necessity personal in nature on both sides. It was in or about 1883—when I, as a young man, was haunting the British Museum, trying many paths of search—that I observed continually the lean figure of a fellow-student frequenting the Reading-Room and pursuing kindred quests. He was, I am afraid, in very narrow circumstances and was a much more faithful visitor than myself, even in those days. He might be found in the early morning and still late in the evening. The closing time was then 7 or 8 p.m., according to the season, and at those hours he would be seen struggling with mammoth collections of books towards the central counter. I got to know that they were occult books, like my own gatherings, though I kept these within the limits of possible reference in the day's course. It must be confessed that I grew curious as to the identity of this strange person, with rather fish-like eyes, and more especially as to what he was after. Some other melancholy votary of that sanctuary made us known to one another in the end, and he proved to be

S. L. Mathers, for the MacGregor prefix had not as yet been adopted. I suppose that we must have spoken of occult books or subjects in one of the corridors, for he said to me in a hushed voice and with a somewhat awful accent: "I am a Rosicrucian and a Freemason; therefore I can speak of some things, but of others I cannot speak." I was a younger man than he and a beginner in occult paths, but I remember being amused in two ways—firstly, because I had not been seeking information and, secondly, because—little as I knew at that period about the Rosy Cross and its Brethren—I was very certain that real membership would not have been so ready to parade the fact. However, we got slightly acquainted, and the more I saw of him the more eccentric he proved to be. I remember comparing him in my mind to a combination of Don Quixote and Hudibras, but with a vanity all his own. He would accost me suddenly, to deliver the inspirations of the moment. One of them concerned his great military ardour and his intention to join the French Zouaves in Africa, that he might spend "the rest of his life in fighting, and all that sort of thing." However, the months wore on, and he remained a denizen of the Reading-Room. I met him one morning wearing a scarlet tie, to which he pointed proudly because it was assumed as a symbol of his fighting instincts, which he had proved unable to gratify in any more practical manner. We encountered on another occasion, he staggering as usual under a load of books, and he said: "I have clothed myself with hieroglyphics as with a garment," so I inferred that he was then deep in Egyptology. He had a natural faculty for suggesting in his mystery-language that he had a most profound acquaintance with any subject he took up, and it went a long way with the unversed.

I came across him also occasionally at various occult gatherings of an informal kind—gatherings of people "interested" and mostly of people agape. One met him afterwards in Miss Bergson's society, and it was understood that they had designed to marry. He was at work on Kabbalism about 1885 and subsequently translated some texts of the Zohar from the Latin version of Rosenroth. They appeared under the title of *The Kabbalah Unveiled*, his introduction to which offered marked testimony to a serious study of the arbitrary part of Kabbalism—things like gematria and notaricon—but his rendering from the Latin was criticized at great length and in unsparing terms by a writer in *The Theosophist*. I believe that he replied by affirming that at just those points of alleged mistranslation he had collated the Latin with the original Chaldee texts. But his acquaintance with these can be judged by the fact that he termed Isaac de Loria's treatise *De Revolutionibus Animarum* a part of the Zohar. It was written some three hundred years later than the latest date to which the most drastic judgment refers that monumental work.

A little earlier than the period of his translation, Mathers had been and remained very active in a certain Rosicrucian Society, which became somewhat too well known afterwards as the Hermetic Order of the G.D. He claimed in a law case long after that he was the chief and head of the Rosicrucian Order; but from the Hermetic Society in question it is known that he was cut off by a large majority vote about 1901. Returning to the earlier period, a time came when Mathers married Miss Bergson, who survives him, and is the sister of Henri Bergson, the now world-famous French philosopher. He was appointed soon after the curator of the Horniman Museum, but the arrangement came to an end in something



under two years. A little later Mathers and his wife migrated to Paris, where he continued to live for the most part. Presently he assumed the title of Comte de Glenstrae, affirming that it had been conferred on an ancestor by King James II. At the Arsenal Library in Paris he came upon the French manuscript of a magical ritual by Abramelin the Mage, which purported to be of Hebrew origin, but betrayed itself on every leaf. The attribution was, however, accepted by Mathers, who was of an utterly uncritical mind. He translated it into English and it appeared in a sumptuous form. In addition to this he translated the *Clavicula Salomonis* (Key of Solomon the King) from originals found in the British Museum, and wrote a booklet on the Tarot.

When he transferred his *ménage* to Paris my acquaintance with Mathers came practically to a close, but the tales told concerning him were many and strange. He established a branch of the occult society which I have mentioned and various occult notabilities of France looked in and looked out again. He was a firm believer in the destiny of the Stuart dynasty to regain the throne of England, and rumour accredited him with Young Turkey plottings—conspiracy for the sake of conspiracy, as W. B. Yeats once said about him. I believe that he knew evil days, poor fellow, and tried to retrieve his fortunes in various ways. He had a Temple of Isis at the French Exhibition, and I have even heard of Tarot fortune-telling at Dieppe—to which I hope that he was not really reduced. He had unfortunately no inclination to earn a competency in the ordinary walks of life. Amidst many weaknesses he possessed of course his good points, a certain sincerity in his occultism—amidst several queer devices—and a considerable fund of undigested learning.

I am sorry to have disappointed so many inquirers for sample copies of the American Occult Magazine, "AZOTH." A few more of these are now to hand, which I should be pleased to send to early applicants.

## TO INDIA BY RALPH YOUNGHUSBAND.

Dedicated, with respect and admiration, to my illustrious  
cousin, Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

MOTHER of warrior sons!  
When the call went forth from the East,  
Like ravens unto a feast  
You sent them swift to the fray  
Who know how to fight and pray  
At home, or under the guns!  
Mother of warrior sons,  
Who are turbanned, subtle and calm,  
Full of the mystical charm  
Of Siva, Krishna, and Brahm!  
Who know that death is a gate  
Opening to endless life!  
They welcomed the hour of strife,  
And laughed at the stings of Fate.  
Mother of warrior sons!  
Sacred! Ancient on Earth!  
Dear land that gave me birth,  
Filled with the glamour of things  
That only the Orient brings  
To students of occult lore,  
Shall I stand 'neath thy palms once more?  
While the radiant sun doth set  
Behind temple and minaret,  
Where the throbbing tom-tom's beat  
And the patter of naked feet  
On the glowing golden sand  
Tells that a pilgrim band  
Answers the call to prayer!  
Shall I ever go back over there  
To thy heart, O mother of sons?  
Mother of warrior sons!  
I salute thee and say good-bye!  
But I know that after I die  
I shall visit thy shores again,  
When that cruel cycle of pain  
Which Reincarnation sends  
Shatters to fragments or bends  
The wheel that is circling through space.  
Then shall I see thy face  
And give thee my real Salaam,  
With Siva, Krishna, and Brahm!  
Farewell, great mother of sons,  
Om tat sat, Om.

# ON PASSING OVER: AND OUR WELCOME HOME

BY MAY CROMMELIN

THERE is a French term for those returned travellers who, for one reason or another of pressing urgency, after having been born into the New Life some call death, appear again on earth for a brief visit. The word is "trépassés." They have been across the Border, and tell in some rare cases of what yonder land is like. Yet they have said little in speech; much more it is noticeable is imparted in recent books, said to be produced by automatic writings. Is this because speech is difficult to them in our grosser atmosphere? Or that because what eyes see and ears hear in the Courts above are past telling in beauty and need new language? Or again, perhaps they are not permitted to speak freely, for high reasons—lest pearls might thereby be cast before swine?

We cannot know as yet. But here are set down some few indications of what certain "returned ones" have to my knowledge glimpsed and in solemn if few words been allowed to say.

Two years ago I was sitting in an hotel drawing-room one Sunday morning, alone save for one other occupant, and reading to myself in my prayer-book the psalms for the day, for the good reason that it was raining heavily, and being invalided autumn going to church was an often impossible privilege.

The other hotel inmate was a young Norwegian girl, stranded in London through war difficulties that obstructed a projected visit to America. She was brooding over the fire at first, then interrupted my quiet by rising and moving restlessly about, with one eye on me. Presently she came and stood close to me, arresting my attention. Next, considerably to my surprise, for we had hardly exchanged any talk, she asked abruptly, looking down at my book, as if being aware of its nature had for some minutes been prompting her to ask the question:

"Do you believe there is a life after death?"

Being assured such was my utter belief and glad certainty, she looked brighter than before and then spoke more freely. She also hoped the same—*now!* Nevertheless, during childhood,

indeed until lately, she had been brought up by her father, a freethinker, to think this a mere superstition. He, however, recently quite changed his mind on this point; his family being also more or less inclined to agree with him. "Shall I tell you what was the reason that he so entirely did alter his belief? It will be interesting, I think, to you," she shyly offered.

Of course her proposal met with a sympathetic acceptance. We were almost strangers; and she knew nothing of me or of my interest in these things. But it was plain that she wished to unbosom herself on this all-important topic, to someone who might give an unbiassed opinion as to whether or no some personal deception or delusion might have swayed her father.

The latter, a Mr. J—, lived then, and probably does so still, north of Trondjhem.

In staccato sentences the girl began: "My father had a very great friend, who was a doctor. My father was very fond of him, but he was, I am afraid, what would be called a bad man. He drank and was very wild. We did not see him very often, for he lived quite one hundred miles away from our home. One evening mother and I were in our reading-room, when my father came in from his study, looking as white as paper. We made inquiries, of course, what was the matter. Then he told us.

" 'I was in my room there on my sofa, reading, when suddenly I saw Doctor,— in the room. "What? Are you here?" I exclaimed, in much surprise.

" 'He answered, "Yes. *But I have left the earth-life.*"

" 'At this I hardly knew what to say; for as you both know neither he nor I have ever believed there is any other life at all after this one.

" 'So I quickly tried to think what to ask; and I said to him:

" ' "How are you?" [Probably the question spoken in Norwegian might have been rather, "How is it with you?" But my informant was, though fluent in English, which she was then using, not versed in our finer shades of meaning. She threw much emphasis into the inquiry to show her father was in deadly earnest.]

" 'The deceased doctor solemnly replied, "*Very happy.* Of course had I been a better man I should be much more so. Still I am much happier than ever I was in my former life." After saying that he disappeared.'

" 'At the time of this appearance the doctor was supposed to be alive and well by the J— family. Only afterwards came news of his death.

"And so now, ever since that, which was not very long ago," ended the Norwegian girl, "my father is a most strong believer in the after life. He says: '*I know!*'"

Miss J— then told me she was soon leaving England for the United States, so we are never likely to meet or hear of each other again. It is unlikely also that these lines will ever come to her notice. If so, however, I take for granted she will not resent that a confidence made "*sin embargo,*" as the Spaniards say, to a stranger should be repeated to a wider audience.

From pine to palm. Transition from the Far North to Palestine is a violently abrupt change of scene.

Was the following a dream or a vision? When staying in Jerusalem, needless to say before the present great war, the strange experience of Mrs. M—, a neighbour, was related to me. She was living then in the Holy City. Being ill, and believed to be at the point of death, she thought herself to be crossing a river, on the further shore of which stood the Lord Jesus.

She then heard herself called from behind in lamentable tones, and looking backwards saw her husband and little child under a tree with their arms outstretched to her in entreaty not to leave them.

Turning again towards our Lord, she gazed at Him in beseeching, not knowing what He might bid her do; for she longed most to go to Him. And the Lord signed to her to return to those she had left.

She was next aware of coming back faintly to consciousness, when the first sounds that were clear to her senses were the words of the doctor who was close by, saying, "I thought she was gone."

Something of the same nature happened in a strange case known to one of my oldest friends. She told me that a young married woman whom she knew was lying extremely ill, to the intense grief of her husband. The patient was so weak that recovery was thought hopeless. And so it might have been but for one of her doctors—"a very psychic man; full of these new ideas," so he was described to me. When the bystanders, as they thought, heard the patient's last faint sigh, and turned away in sorrow, he seized the husband's arm and urgently insisted:

"Call to her! Tell her you need her! Tell her *to come back!*"

In desperation, snatching at the hope, the husband called,

and called again, raising his voice loudly. To his immense relief, there came a response.

The apparently inanimate face of his wife showed a faint stir of life; her eyelids flickered; and on restoratives being quickly applied by the triumphant doctor, she came back to earth life.

Later she told her sensations on quitting the body, to my dear friend.

"It was a delightful sense of rest and peace. I felt as if in a rosy cloud, floating away, away, perfectly blissful. Then a call in my husband's voice reached my ear. I roused drowsily. He called again; and though I could hardly bring myself to go back to him, at the sound of distress in his voice, I did so. And that is all I know about it."

Readers will please forgive me for quoting another instance that has already been embodied in a novel of mine, some years ago. Besides that many will never have read it, and that those who recall it will not object, there is also the fact that the lady who told it to me when we once met during some days of travel in the Ardennes, may have equally well told it to many more. She gave me permission to use it, for the cheering of mourners.

It treats of two devoted sisters. The one who was alone at night, nursing the other dear, dying sister who she knew could not last till morning, saw what she thus related to my informant.

The sister who watched was called Judith in the novel; so that name will do again. She was sitting by the sufferer's bedside in the chill intensely still hours before the dawn. Her eyes were fixed in loving sadness upon the white face lying in sleep on the pillow. How long she had thus sat without stirring hand or foot, she did not know, feeling that the time whilst she could still look on that dear, dear countenance in earthly nearness was melting swiftly to mere hours—minutes!

Cramped at last, Judith moved her limbs slightly; then fearing lest the room might grow cold, went cautiously down on her knees before the fire, putting on coals noiselessly by help of a glove, piece by piece. Rising, her eyes chanced to see something like a mist-patch in a long mirror across the room, reflecting the sick-bed. It did not appear to be on the surface of the glass, so supposing her sight was blurred, she rubbed her tired eyes.

Presently, after warming up some milk food in readiness should her patient rouse as usual, Judith looked again at the mirror. The mist-patch seemed larger and more defined.

Fearing her sight must be really affected, the watcher hastily withdrew her troubled gaze, fixing her attention only on her sister's beloved, pale thin face; straining her hearing to catch the faint, more difficult breathing.

After a while, impelled to look upwards, she knew not why, Judith saw the mist-patch overhead, but much larger, more opaque . . . slowly increasing, and now the size and shape of an ostrich egg. Fearful, and immediately looking downwards at the sleeper, her intensely concentrated attention perceived a silvery emanation as of a cord passing out from the sleeper's eyes, and upwards to where it joined the mist-egg. The latter still increased. . . .

Even as Judith sat on and on motionless, thrilled and filled with awe, the silver cord grew thinner—parted!

Then knowing that the spirit was freed—passed out of its earthly tent—the watcher looked up with straining, wide-set vision.

Above was the mist shape enlarged; but it was changing into the form and features of the body lying on the bed below, only far more beautiful, faintly suffused with radiance.

Then it floated upwards and disappeared.

That this actually and exactly so happened was vouched for by my kind and most trustworthy travel comrade in part of Belgium and Luxemburg. Ah! those serene days, unembittered by memories of the foulest of all devilish wars!

One more account of the act of dying was given me by the old "chum" elsewhere referred to as the Man-about-Town.

It is noticeable that men are seldom willing to share their personal experiences or beliefs about the next life, whereas women are by no means so chary. But we two were old friends. Also he knew that he had not many years, if months, to endure his failing health, which, having been an active, strong man and popular in society, was a burden. That he was not disinclined to leave, one may surmise. Still, without clinging to weakening earth-life, habit is strong; and even more so than most he was a man of habit.

Having returned from some travels I went to see him, when he told me of his late serious illness during my absence. After listening silently to my expressions of sympathy for his suffering, he surprised me greatly by saying gravely:

"Do you know I died then, I believe! Oh, of course, as you see, I am back again."

Pressed to explain himself, he confided under the seal of

secrecy, which his later death has released, what he really believed had happened.

"It was when I had been very bad, but was slightly better, and they left me alone in my room to sleep, or be quiet for a while.

"Then somehow—I can't tell how—I found myself outside of myself and standing on the floor. There was my body lying on the bed and I looked down at it, and said: 'Thank goodness! I've done with you.' It looked worn-out. With that I walked out of my bedroom and went down the corridor till I came to the lift.

"There I stopped, and for what reason I can't tell, I said to myself, 'No. It won't do. I've got to go back!'

"So I went back to my room—saw my body as I had left it—and found myself, rather against my wish, in it again."

Once more he quietly but earnestly, even solemnly, repeated to me his conviction that *that* was death. He seemed to be satisfied (perhaps pleased) that there was nothing else to fear in the final severance of soul and spirit from the outer body. Of course, he added, with a familiar gesture, had he gone on, he would have known more. In that case we could not have talked it over.

His real departure came when a year or so later I was travelling in the East. From the meagre account that reached me through acquaintances, it seems to have been quite as sudden and almost as simple as what he thought his first start on the Great Journey. Without good-byes—giving as little inconvenience as possible, and without doubt regretting the necessary trouble to those of the household—he just left.

The daughter of a late very eminent doctor in a northern town, and the first man to adopt a now universally used form of surgery, brought me this contribution to my gleanings; and gratefully I use her offering of a strange dream.

She, being a young girl, received an invitation to stay with some friends in the south of England; so with pleasant anticipations of gaiety, went off leaving her father in apparently excellent health, and pleased she should enjoy herself.

A few nights after, while on this visit, she dreamed a strange dream—that she was in heaven. So at least it seemed to her mind as she slept.

All was so intensely bright that the light dazzled her; as did the radiant beings who glided past her to and fro. (She was careful to explain to me that they were not like the pictures of



angels as imagined by old masters, for they were without wings.)

Shading her gaze so as to see, she became aware that all the lovely forms around her were waiting—waiting for she knew not what—silence prevailed among them. There was a sense as of something to be done.

At last she heard the words pronounced by one of them :  
“ We must send for Doctor — ” (her father).

She felt so proud and eager, she said, to think that her own father should be wanted in this glorious place ; and still more pleased when a little later it was said in her hearing :

“ He is come. He will do it.”

With that she awoke. But the dream was not one to be forgotten, as it made her so happy and surprised.

Early in the morning, when she was up, there came a telegram recalling her, on account of her father's sudden illness. But in reality this was only to break the shock of the news that he was dead.

On reaching home, she learnt that he had passed away quite unexpectedly during the night, from, it was said, some form of heart attack.

Some may decide that this was merely a dream, and the death a pure coincidence. By her to whom it happened, it is treasured as a vision.

This next story is one of my favourites among those treating of glimpses of the courts of Paradise. Perhaps not alone for itself, but also because it brings memories of the evening when I heard it in Kashmir.

Being taken ill at Srinagar, that capital of the many bridges, and alone—for all my friends were up at Gulmerg or on mountain expeditions—most fortunately I was removed from my houseboat to the little Cottage Hospital. How many an English traveller has had cause to bless it for restoration to health and for kindest care ! Coincidence ! Pure coincidence again ! some readers will surely declare on learning that the nurse appointed me, proved to be from my own neighbourhood at home. She hailed, it is true, from the great town twenty miles away. Yet she knew my people by hearsay ; had even seen the old house from a distance—in fine, welcomed me as might a kind acquaintance, whom only chance had hitherto prevented from closer intimacy.

When well enough to be helped out on my veranda after the siesta for tea, how delicious were the great bushes of pink roses. The hoopoes spread their fans, and dug energetic bills

into the earth, followed by squawking unafraid fledglings. And tiny crested birds of delight whirred down close by my couch, asking for crumbs from my feast.

If only coincidence it was that sent Nurse Ierne to my side, thanks be to its proverbial long arm, which many a time before has aided me.

So one evening she brought her woman's work and seated herself for a comfy chat. There was no other patient at the time in the hospital.

Our talk turned on her early liking for her profession, and first training. This last was in an infirmary of a famous old English town, and she interested me by telling to my surprise what luxury the poor enjoyed there. Port (so often designated as port-wine, one notices, yet why?), even champagne if necessary; and fires in the patients' rooms.

Mentioning fires set her mind on the tack of a story she rightly supposed would interest me. It was of an old tramp in the hospital infirmary who was a regular Go-by Geordie. He was a kindly old fellow who seemed not to have much harm in him; though he only lived apparently to tramp from pub to pub, or workhouse to workhouse. Now old Geordie could tramp no more. He was dying slowly of drink as well as from a life of hardship and exposure. Nobody disliked him, for he was always civil and good-hearted with it. One night when Nurse Ierne was on duty the old man's fire went out and she knew herself to blame for neglect; but had been busied elsewhere. He was awake—perhaps feeling the chill in the room.

Nurse apologized to him; explaining that in half-an-hour the attendant who lit the fires would be round—otherwise she herself would have to make a shift to get the coals, wood and so forth, which was not in her province and would entail search in unknown regions.

"Don't mention it, nurse. I'll wait," said old Geordie with suave courtesy.

The next morning he peered at her, being almost blind, and mistaking her for the other nurse, began praising the fine fire she had piled up in his room. Then grumbling at the recollection, he added:

"That was a careless one we had on dooty las' night. Let my fire right out, she did. I was quite perlitte; made no complaint; but I cussed her in my heart."

For some reason that either Nurse did not tell, or that escapes my memory, Geordie's case was considered specially interesting

by one of the doctors. The latter was a young man ; most keen in his profession ; devoted to experiments, and eager as could be to hear of and if possible try every one of the latest discoveries to ease pain or prolong life. He watched the old tramp with intense curiosity as he grew weaker, and strictly enjoined Nurse Ierne and the other nurse, if ever either thought the patient was passing, to call him in without the least delay.

Some time later, as ill-luck would have it, just when the young doctor was out of the infirmary for a short time, Good-bye Geordie without warning suddenly was reported dead. Nurse Ierne hurried to see for herself. As she told me, he certainly *was* dead to her belief. There was no doubt about it in the minds of the nurses.

As she left the room and went down the corridor to find the doctor if he were come indoors again, she ran against him hurrying to the scene.

"Why did you not warn me? I had told you I was to know the moment he seemed dying. . . . Is he really gone? . . . It may not be too late!" burst out the young man. Meantime he was diving into the laboratory as he poured out questions, and seizing various phials and instruments for injections he darted to the dead man's room.

Nurse, intensely surprised, hurried after, being at his orders. Then she realized that the energetic surgeon was bent on an experiment! At his elbow she stood, carrying out directions rapidly given and obeyed. He made injections; they both watched.

It seemed past belief—but the heart of the dead man began to beat faintly; increased in strength. Slowly the old tramp "came back," as the watchers said.

Next day, when Geordie had recovered from his weakness, and saw an opportunity to speak with Nurse Ierne alone, he signed to her.

"I say! I've got a queer thing I'd like to tell you, Nurse. . . . You know yesterday . . . well, I thought I was in heaven. I was in just the loveliest place ever anyone could think of—and I was *so* happy! Then somehow it seemed as how I'd got to come back here—and I can tell you I *was* sorry." He grumbled on to himself after making this confidence, either unwilling or too feeble to say more.

Nurse, as soon as occasion presented itself, in her turn told the lately over-energetic young doctor. He was taken aback. It was a side of the question which he never envisaged; and it

was disappointing, if not thankless, of the recovered patient.

"All right! Next time he goes—we'll let him go!"

Later on Good-bye Geordie did die, "really this time," as the nurses said.

Nurse Ierne, who privately believed in his first attempt at release, now confided the story to the chaplain. Rather to her chagrin, the good man was horrified; or any way felt the wind taken out of his sails.

"Say nothing about it, Nurse. Why! it would never do if the story got about. All the drunkards will be rejoicing."

None are asked to give credence to an incident that to those who reverently told it to me is hallowed. In my mind it is also shrined as a thing apart—sacred.

But it can only be mentioned here as a shadow sketch. Those who gave it to me with names and places put down clearly enough felt as all must do, on hearing it, that the principal figure therein would shrink from the matter being (in Biblical words) noised abroad.

Let us imagine the feelings of Lazarus, and of the young man of the village of Nain, were they exposed to the merciless interviewing of a British reporter for a daily paper. No blame to the said reporter catering for his public. Orientals are more reserved and respectful of others' reticence.

Not long ago there was a strange instance of recovery from a generally incurable illness that had also—so onlookers witnessed—resulted in death. The patient was the only stay, the devoted comforter of a mother who needed constant tending. Her dying hours were afflicted by the knowledge that no one remained on earth who could take her place.

Some hours after passing away, signs of reviving life were noticed in the young woman's body. To the amazement of those who mourned her already as dead, she returned to life—later to health. It was a miracle. And she resumed her devoted filial duties.

Certain intimates learnt from her own lips what had happened.

Entered within the gates of a place of glory unspeakable, all around were in bliss. She alone was still sorrowful. Then the Lord Jesus Himself came to her in compassion and asked her why she mourned. When she said it was because of the one left behind with no earthly helper, He in pity gave her permission to return.

Those who knew this spoke wonderingly of her present life of constant help to others besides her special charge. Also that

pastimes and worldly pleasures seem to have no existence for her, because of what she has seen of the life beyond.

It may be said by some, Why not give this more fully? Surely to know truly something of our next life would deter many from evil, encourage us all to do our best.

Perhaps not so. Details when passed from mouth to mouth tend to become altered—vulgarized. Further, there is the frequent assertion made by the "winged ones" who have passed over, and still do so—that words fail to describe much we shall find on the other side. We who have not attained to the Fourth Dimension would only be puzzled.

Also human nature being as it is, many would carp; others scoff, unbelieving. None knew better than our Master when in the parable he makes Abraham answer to the prayer of Dives in torment that Lazarus might be sent to his brethren:

"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rise from the dead" (St. Luke xvi. 31).

Thus far I had written, then thought all my own experiences of friends' passing hours were ended, when three months later one asked me to add what her dearly loved brother said a little while before his departure. "It has been a comfort to me; so it may comfort others also."

The traveller on the Great Journey was the late Reverend R. Miers, vicar of Saint James, Plymouth, who passed away in June, 1918.

After intense agony following a severe operation he mercifully became unconscious for a time. Rousing then, his nurse was surprised to see him smiling with a look of radiance and utter happiness on his face. Aloud he said, as if his gladness must find expression: "*How lovely!* . . . I could be happy for ever in so lovely a place. . . . Oh, how lovely!"

"What do you see, Mr. Miers?" asked the nurse, "What is it?"

"Oh, don't be silly . . . *you know*. Besides, you will see it yourself soon," was his feeble reply as strength doubtless failed him.

# THE FAKIR AND THE CARPET

## AN INDIAN STORY

BY GERDA M. CALMADY-HAMLYN

SOME years ago, a little pale-faced, blonde-haired, shy-eyed country parson's daughter, whom we will call Lucy Lansbury (as I am not at liberty to mention her real name) married an Indian civilian a good deal older than herself, and went straight away with him from her "dead-alive" Devonshire village to the fascinating and mysterious East.

India, that land of strange folk and curious happenings, seemed, from the first, a more than ordinarily agitating and bewildering kind of place to shy nervous little Lucy; and her ultra-sensitiveness, oft-times degenerating into absolute repugnance towards sights, sounds and conditions which experienced Anglo-Indians take as a matter of course, irritated her husband not a little, though he hoped in time she would grow more accustomed to her new surroundings.

The following strange occurrence, which happened soon after her marriage, was related, word for word, by Lucy herself, and even now she can scarcely mention India without a shudder.

Their long sea-journey over, the newly wedded couple had made their way upward from the plains by a variety of roads and modes of locomotion—train, palanquin, or horseback, to Hugh Lansbury's comfortably furnished bungalow situated at the northern and more civilized end of his large and decidedly scattered "district," having miles of virgin jungle and forest upon the one side and a vast stretch of sandy plain upon the other.

"All the same, my dear, the place isn't quite so drear and desolate as it looks," remarked Hugh to his wife. "Neripur, though that's only a little station, is within driving distance more or less, and there are one or two planters and their wives near by who are quite pleasant and sociable people. The bungalow, likewise, isn't half a bad little abode—I've had it redecorated throughout by the best firm in Calcutta," he added wistfully, "while as for the gardens, not even your well-beloved one at the Rectory at home can show a finer stock of flowers."

To all of which suggestions, Lucy, who was not only a born gardener but a proud and delighted little home-maker as well, most cordially agreed.

Yet, at that very critical moment, when she and her husband drove in through the gates of "Bon Repos" and caught their first glimpse of its verdant and flowery splendour, Fate held a new and totally unforeseen terror in store for the commissioner's young bride.

Once within the drive, the newly-arrived pair dismissed both syce and dogcart, preferring to walk up to the house; when out of the grass at their very feet rose a lean and repulsive figure, stark-naked save for a filthy loin-cloth wrapped around its emaciated thighs, face and shoulders half shrouded amidst a mass of shaggy matted hair, and nails so long they reminded Lucy of nothing so much as a bird of prey's cruellest talons—while in one bony hand it jingled a brazen bowl, presumably for alms. The entire apparition seemed more like some nightmare figure of dreamland than a sentient human being as it sprang from its lair in the grass, and began murmuring and mouthing mysterious prayers or incantations that to the Devonshire rector's scared little daughter appeared wholly unintelligible.

Overcome with terror and surprise, and no longer able to control herself, she gave vent to a wild scream, covering her face with her hands. Hugh Lansbury—cut-and-dried Anglo-Indian as he was—felt seriously annoyed by such behaviour, and he jerked Lucy's elbow sharply.

"Really, my dear," he whispered, "you must not give way to such absurd impulses; try to control yourself, my child, and get over your fear and dislike of these brown people—they are quite harmless, I assure you. As for that ancient fakir there, though I allow that he is neither handsome nor what one would call exactly a 'drawing-room ornament,' he won't dream of hurting you, if you on your part leave him and his eccentricities alone."

"Come hither, Rami Bux," cried Hugh in fluent Hindustani, "I and my memsahib, here, would bestow on you willing 'bak-sheesh,' and you in turn should invoke the gods for our welfare on this, our home-coming day!" In response to which greeting the ancient mendicant aforesaid, with more strange whines and mutterings, pushed forward his bowl, and a shower of small coins from the commissioner's pocket fell into it.

"I generally give the old fellow a donation of some sort when I pass through the gate and he happens to be seated in his custo-

mary place outside that queer little hut he has built for himself under my biggest peepul tree, and no doubt he expresses his gratitude, in true oriental fashion, by calling down blessings on my devoted head. All the same, if you *don't* fancy, and wish to avoid him altogether, my dear," added Hugh Lansbury to his wife as they turned towards the rose-embowered drive—"you must just take exercise in other parts of the grounds, that's all. The old fellow never moves away from that particular pet spot of his, nor would he ever forgive me if I shifted him."

"I see, dear Hugh," replied Lucy penitently; "I'll try not to be so silly another time."

Then, almost immediately, she gripped her husband's arm in a frenzy of silent terror; for the aged fakir, who, up to that moment, had kept the rheumy eyelids half-closed across his bleared eyes, now opened them to their fullest extent, and shot a glance towards Lucy, the like of which she will never forget; for it seemed to pierce into her very soul, to hold her in a horrible thrall, dominating all her mentality. So cold, trembling, and overwrought was she, at the mere thought of having to fight such a fearful force with her slender stock of will-power, that she all but fell to the ground in a fit; her limbs shook, her delicate childish face grew grey and ashen. Even Hugh Lansbury—unimaginative phlegmatic fellow though he might be—felt alarmed by the thought that his wife might be sickening for an attack of fever.

"Come indoors, darling, and rest yourself; no doubt the journey has tired you, and you are so far from strong? Think no more, my dearest Lucy" (drawing her arm affectionately in his own), "of the East with its age-old mysteries and terrors; think only of those you love and of the new joys that await you!" So saying, he led her gently inside the house, where after a warm bath and excellent dinner Lucy speedily recovered her composure and forgot her woes.

For, ten days or more after this she saw and heard nothing of the dreaded fakir chiefly through following her husband's advice to use another and side-entrance to the grounds of "Bon Repos" when going to or returning from outside engagements. At the end of that period, Lansbury himself was called away on business by a quarrel between the headmen of two villages at the most distant end of his district: and though loth enough to leave his newly-wedded bride, duty compelled him to go.

"All the same, dear, I shan't be gone long," said he. "Two days and nights at latest, and as you've Tom Rayner and his



sister coming to-morrow for 'dine and sleep,' you'll only be one whole evening by yourself!"

Lucy agreed, and bade him farewell quite cheerfully. She had letters from home to answer, needlework and other things to do; Hugh's servants were well-trained and attentive, and would provide for her every want. Best of all, too, she heard it announced from the compound that the aged fakir had been absent from his post some twenty-four hours or more. Please Fate he, too, had been called off on important business and would stay away for good.

Such wild blissful hopes, however, were foredoomed to disappointment. Towards evening, on the second day of her husband's absence, the visitors having departed, Lucy was alone in the dining-room, sorting silver and other household treasures that had been brought forth in honour of her guests, when a horrible feeling stole over her that she was *not alone*; another and a sinister presence was in the room likewise. Turning round quickly, she saw to her untold terror and amazement, the old fakir, of all unexpected people, standing there, naked as usual, save for his ragged and filthy loincloth.

And the worst of all was, he appeared to be gazing straight at her, just as he had done on that dreadful first occasion when she had met him, in a way that turned the poor girl's blood to veritable ice in her veins!

Whenever *she* moved, *he* moved, following her about the room, till at last in a voice almost inaudible with fear, she asked him: "Why do you come here? what do you want?"

There was a pause, pregnant with sinister meaning; then the uncouth, uncanny-looking creature stepped forward into the centre of the room and stretched forth one skinny and filth-begrimed finger as though to touch poor Lucy on head and shoulder, and she very nearly fainted away at the thought.

"The Mem-sahib's *hair*—her lovely golden hair, brilliant as the sun's rays, splendid as the moon's finest glory. To the eyes of Rami Bux it is glorious as the gold and gems that gleam on the altar of Shiva and he would sell his soul to possess one lock of it! Mem-sahib will give—Mem-sahib will give!" he broke forth into a monotonous droning kind of chant till poor Lucy's head went round and round like a veritable teetotum, and she thought she should have gone clean out of her mind.

"Give you a lock of my hair, I shouldn't dream of such a thing!" she gasped indignantly, but the hateful eyes held her in their thrall despite all protests.

"If you *must* have it, you *must*, I suppose"—she murmured feebly—"Just wait a moment, will you? while I go and fetch my scissors."

Then, pulling herself together with a mighty effort, she fled from the room, thankful for even that brief respite from the fakir's evil spell. With heart thumping violently against her ribs and the blood throbbing in her temples, she managed to creep—more dead than alive—to the upper story of the bungalow; and here a sudden brilliant idea struck her.

Inside the little room next to her husband's dressing room—and which she had lately utilized as a boudoir—there stood a wide divan, and on the divan lay a magnificent Persian rug (a wedding gift to Hugh from some Rajah or other) woven in pale rich colours, chiefly rose, pale green, and straw colour. The silken fringe thereof, delicately plaited, and of very great width, was strangely like human *hair*. In fact, Lucy's husband had not infrequently chaffed her on its resemblance to her own pale golden locks, declaring it was difficult, in a dull light, to distinguish one from the other.

Acting on this coincidence, it was but the work of a moment to find a pair of scissors and sever a long and fairly thick tuft of the wide golden border—tying the same together with a twist of pale blue ribbon from her dressing-table, then run with tottering footsteps to the floor below and give the shining token to the fakir.

The latter, to Lucy's intense relief, appeared quite unsuspecting and satisfied with his prize,—salaamed low, and thanked the Mem-sahib for her condescending kindness; next moment when she glanced over to that corner of the room where the weird and incongruous figure had stood, she was thankful to find it empty.

On her husband's return home, she related to him the entire extraordinary story.

"Well, my dear, how did you and your friend, the old fakir, get on during my absence—all right, I hope?" had been Hugh Lansbury's half-joking inquiry. But he frowned sternly enough and was not in the very least amused, when he had listened to his wife's tale, which she told him as they sat together on the veranda drinking their after-dinner coffee.

"Asked you for a lock of your hair, did he?—what an infernal piece of cheek!" Hugh muttered, "I hope you didn't give him any such thing?" And when Lucy shook her head sagely, describing her little subterfuge in handing the fakir some fringe

from the Persian carpet in lieu of her own hair, Hugh commended his wife for a very wise little woman.

She had scarcely finished her narrative, and they two had stepped down into the garden and were beginning to pace up and down in the pale Indian moonlight, when Lucy held up one hand and cried—shivering from top to toe :

“ Listen, Hugh ! what on earth can it mean, that most extraordinary noise ? ”

A sort of “ Thump—thump—thump ” “ Bang—bang—bang ” from the upper floor of the bungalow, as though some massive and clumsy body were moving about up there.

“ It’s either in *my* bedroom or *your* boudoir ! ” exclaimed Hugh ; and, bold man though he was, as he stood there in the moonlight, his wife—glancing up at him with terrified eyes—saw beads of perspiration upon his forehead.

“ How *can* there be any one in my room except the ayah, and she’s as soft footed as a cat ? ” cried poor Lucy ; but before she could say more, not only had the flapping, banging and knocking sounds enormously increased in volume, but the weighty body (whatever it might be) that caused them appeared to be hurling itself down the short flight of stairs to the hall below, which the Lansburys used as a sitting-room. Through the half-closed “ chits ” that divided the hall from the outer veranda came loud crashes as of pictures, glass, china, swept from their places upon the walls ; the front door suddenly burst open, and—(believe me, or not, as you choose, kind reader, but the tale is true, and no stranger than many another hailing from the ever-mysterious East) out of it came rolling, over and over and over, like a great yellow-toned Catherine-wheel, a vast shapeless, indescribable, yet active and animate, mass, hurrying along down the garden path—impelled one knew not how, one could not tell, whither !

Across rose-bushes, geranium-beds, neatly-turfed borders and smooth gravel-paths, this extraordinary object made its astounding way, a long trail of destruction left behind it. Lucy and her husband, taking shelter behind a hedge of oleander bushes, watched its progress with amazement.

“ It’s the carpet—the yellow Persian carpet ! ” shrieked Lucy, beside herself now with terror ; and Lansbury himself, though strong-nerved and not easily upset, could only watch silently and with horrified half-comprehending eyes, the destruction of his own and the “ mali’s ”<sup>1</sup> best gardening efforts. Neither one

<sup>1</sup> Mali = an Indian gardener.

of the pair of watchers felt inclined to follow the carpet in its mad career, or to find out where it went !

Hugh Lansbury first carried his wife indoors and laid her upon a sofa, where, mercifully, she fell into a heavy sleep ; and more mercifully still, on awakening next day, appeared inclined to look upon the past night's nerve-racking experience as more or less an evil dream than actual reality. " It couldn't be true it's too strange to be true ! " he heard her murmuring, and she seemed to be very weak and tired.

" Chota hazri " over, Hugh wandered away by himself—ostensibly to give orders about some chickens that were said to have strayed ; but really to follow out the tracks of the missing carpet—these tracks being more visible than ever now in full daylight. On he strode steadily, till he came to the peepul tree beside the gate where the fakir's hut usually stood.

There was not a trace of the old ruffian to be seen, except— " Hullo ! what's this ? " exclaimed Hugh, picking up a torn golden tuft of some tow-like material and holding it aloft upon his cane. Then another and another, till finally he reached the rear of the wretched hovel ; there on the sunbaked ground outside, an astounding scene of destruction met his gaze.

The magnificent silk-woven Persian carpet, which only twenty-four hours before lay securely in Lucy's boudoir, now showed torn, rent and scattered into a million shreds. It was just as though some savage and furious creature—bird, beast, or devil (Hugh knew not what to suggest) had set on the lovely thing with claws, teeth, or talons, and destroyed it in a fit of mad ungovernable rage !

What weird inexplicable occult power lay behind such an unusual occurrence, what fierce, malevolent, relentless personality had willed the same for its own purposes (and been cheated of them perhaps, in the end ?) was more than Hugh Lansbury, with all his wide knowledge of the strange ways of the Orient, felt able to say. Possibly your readers can give an opinion ; I cannot.

## A PSYCHIC FAMILY

BY "F"

READERS of the OCCULT REVIEW may recall a somewhat interesting case of apparently forewarned incarnation under "Olla Podrida" of February, 1913. The publicity of this case brought us into touch with an enlightened seer in the south of England, and resulted in various correspondence which indicated interest in the purposes which underlay the unusual circumstances attending the birth.

So many people welcome any evidence of supermundane intelligences, with which they have for various reasons been unable to get personally into contact, that I venture to give here a few more details, some indirectly connected with the event alluded to, in the hope that it may induce others to part with similar experiences of their own or their children. For psychic children are becoming more general, so much so that it is clear to those who have eyes to see that the process of selection for the formation of the dominant peoples of the sixth sub-race is well under way, peoples who will be recovering something of the qualities lost during the evolution of the power to reason.

Clairvoyance in children ought to be freely and increasingly manifest. There are more cases of this now than perhaps we are aware; and where the characteristics are recognizable it is advisable for parents to be particularly careful not to cramp growth by injudicious repression or restrictions, but to realize that example and harmony of surroundings are especially important for children who are inevitably high-strung and subject to moods, and who may easily be driven by their intense sensitiveness and reserve into the depths of mischievous melancholy.

This period of passage from one sub-race to another is a very difficult one, for not only is the reincarnating ego up against the prejudices maybe of conservative parents, but individual, race and world karmas are operating with increased activity, while the old world must be subject for a long period to the throes of social upheavals and the scrapping of ancient shibboleths. Indeed some occultists are aware that a controlling influence has been withdrawn temporarily from the civilized world, in order that a period of confusion may precipitate from this era of Mammon worship the next phase of the evolutionary procession.

The boy I wrote about gave indications of a certain clairvoyance while in the East, but at three years old bodily development and mental precocity no doubt combined to smother it.

Two other children, however, a younger boy and a girl, whilst not apparently possessing the gift in very early years, have since developed it to an unusual degree.

By birth they are three parts Highland Scotch, one-eighth Irish, and one-eighth Yorkshire.

There seems to be some sort of Chinese influence in the family background. Clairvoyants invariably recognize this. Nor is there anything extraordinary in the supposition, for occultists know not only that advanced egos operate through selected individuals on this plane to produce certain ends, but that the greater part of disembodied humanity has to perform, after the purging period, services on behalf of the evolution of the physical world. Moreover under certain circumstances elements of the evolutionary scheme which have not at any time assumed physical forms may attach themselves to individuals.

A Chinaman of high rank has again and again visited and been described by the south of England seer, and quite independently by other clairvoyants, for some years prior to the war, when messages true in substance, important, and encouraging were directed to be delivered to us. Behind the elder boy, the attendant circumstances of whose birth were described in 1913, appears to be one of the Magi operating from what one may call the Asian head-quarters, and who in the deceptive guise not infrequently adopted when in touch with us lesser folk has not only visited me in the East but has been clairvoyantly seen and heard in this country on more than one occasion. There are some who will understand if I say that he is a member of the White Lodge.

In 1915 I returned from abroad to take part in the war.

In March of that year my second boy, until that time having given no sign of clairvoyance, awoke one night to see a Chinaman standing by the side of his bed.

He was not much frightened. We did not pay much attention to the story, attributing it to a vivid imagination. But we did refer the matter to the seer.

Before a reply, however, had been received, we had our own experience. I awoke one night conscious of a very heavy perfume, something between sandalwood and roses, of a kind familiar to those who have seen much of spiritualistic phenomena. All at once there was a very distinct tinkling of Chinese bells. There was no imagination about this. I tried every possible explanation and discarded them all. The sound was in the room above my head, yet giving the impression of distance, much as voices sometimes do at a séance. I did not awake my wife, not wishing to alarm her; but she awoke spontaneously shortly afterwards and immediately remarked upon the strong smell of incense. Meanwhile the bells had stopped. A day or two later the seer wrote to advise us of the visits of the Chinaman!

We have had no repetition of this.

I had had a previous experience of this same perfume independently in London a few years before, after a particularly successful séance during which no less than four complete and one incomplete materialization had occurred at the same time, with the medium in full view and the light good. I had asked for an attempt to give some evidence of presence in our own house without the participation of the medium, and though anticipating no success the intelligences had agreed to try. At the very moment of putting the latch-key in the door a wave of the perfume enveloped me. I was reminded of the fact at a subsequent séance.

Our younger boy and, more lately, our daughter have separately and together seen pixies, fairies, water sprites, sea nymphs, animals, a Druid, and what may be Ancient Britons. The boy particularly possesses this gift, and asserts that he has a guardian who comes to him at will.

It is interesting to note that the pixies correspond with the description given by others who have been privileged to see them, their dress varying in colour with the locality. One has been seen with his arms akimbo convulsed with laughter; another was swinging from the frond of a palm which to other eyes was rocking as from an air current affecting nothing else near it. Often the boy is surprised that no one sees these things. The pixies are described as being about six inches in height. Communicative animals are seen, sometimes accompanying the family dog. Pixies are said to enter the bedroom of the boy but not of the girl!

Water sprites were carrying what looked like little silver lights. Sea nymphs were green, some having tails, others ordinary bodies.

The boy asserts that he has been taken for a trip out of his body by his guardian. This introduces another incident.

A few nights ago our little daughter, a child of eight, awoke, and being unable to sleep turned on the electric light in order to read. She became suddenly aware of a cold draught of air and a buzzing, hissing sound, and saw a greyish cloud (or smoke form) alongside her bed. At the same moment her eyes were closed, and a hand seemed to be placed over her mouth, so that she could neither see nor speak. After what she describes as a minute of this she was released. She saw nothing, but fled to her mother's room, where she spent the rest of the night. The boy asserts that his guardian promised to try to take his sister on a journey such as he himself had experienced, and that the guardian said that "they" had very nearly succeeded but not quite.

These experiences in the light do not appear to frighten the children at all, excepting perhaps this incident of the cloud, but they are all somewhat scared of the dark.

The eldest boy sees nothing, clairvoyance being possibly lost during mental and physical expansion or growing enjoyment of life.

My wife is occasionally clairaudient. I myself am neither clair-

voyant nor clairaudient, albeit there have been certain spasmodic instances of both.

All three children are strong, healthy, hungry and rowdy, mentally very alert, and I suppose what may be termed highly strung.

I might add that the two younger children looking through a large telescope one day at the open sea observed a picture of hilly country with trees, woods, houses and a river, as to which they both agreed. A neighbour observed this same picture one morning last summer, and thinking it a mirage called her maid and gardener, who both saw precisely the same. Local fishermen are, I am assured, familiar with this apparent mirage.

I hope that by relating these incidents others may be induced to give their own experiences. With every latitude for the play of imagination it is not the solution (in the commonly accepted meaning of the word imagination) for the world of many modern children.

It would, we think, be interesting to have some comparison of these experiences and to be able to form some idea as to their frequency and the nature of child who is subject to them, period and duration of the occurrence, and so forth.

I submit this article with that intent.

## LUX BENIGNA

By FREDERICK NICHOLLS

THERE is a Light that lighteth every soul  
 Incarnate in this vale of mingled tears  
 And smiles ; that brings fair Hope to banish Fears—  
 Tranquility, where dark the waters roll  
 Of bitterness. We may not see the whole  
 Of its bright glow : a flash now here appears,  
 Now there : a glint of Poesy, a Seer's  
 Inspiring dream of some far distant goal.

Our life is bathed in Life beyond our ken,  
 Oft inly felt, uprising all unsought  
 In hours of quietness when our task is done.

And those great human lives o'ertopping men  
 Of smaller mould, reflect a glory caught  
 From Life Supernal—as high peaks the sun.



# THE OCCULT LIFE

BY HERBERT ADAMS

A TRUTH which the occult student must early lay to heart is, that mystical teachings cannot be read in the same way as the literature of other departments of knowledge. The teachings of the mystic are always shrouded in mystery; and there is no greater mistake than to believe that all who run may read them. It is not the deliberate intention of the mystic that his writings should have a double meaning; he cannot help himself in the matter. He speaks from a higher plane of experience, and the truths of that plane demand their own peculiar mode of expression, or must remain unexpressed. This is why mystical teachings are riddles and bundles of contradictions to the majority; they descend from another world; they breathe of another existence; and human ears are too dull to catch the strains of their diviner meaning. This is why the Bible, which every so-called Christian reads and knows so much about, is not understood, I suppose, by one Christian in thousands. I believe the Bible is the most deeply occult book extant; it is profoundly mystical, and is the offspring of inspiration; and only the inspired mind can interpret it. The man Jesus was such a Master of Science that I despair of interpreting His utterances until I behold those lofty intellectual and spiritual eminences from which He delivered them. It is always so. Before you can understand a thing you must be it. You shall not know the power of devotion until you have been wrapped about with the presence of the Infinite and been struck dumb with inspiration; you shall not conceive the majestic power of love until you have felt its revolutionizing and transfiguring glory in the temple of your own being; and it shall not be given you to interpret the wisdom of great souls until you have long knelt down to the good, the true, and the beautiful, and desired the spiritual above all things; for these great souls are the Masters of Compassion, who have suffered all and know all.

The eyes are the windows of the soul. All poets know that; and that is why the eyes of beautiful women made music in their souls. They bowed down in ecstasy before that shrine and worshipped beauty, and through that the living soul. Nor does

the poet reject the eyes that are capable of tears ; nay, rather, they awaken his soul to greater activity and bring to pass an intenser communion. The soft tears that bedim and fall like pearls from the eyes of a noble woman, whose great heart is overflowing with the pain of life, are like the bewitching accents of angels' voices sweetly echoing through the corridors of heaven, and that tremble on the ear of the mystic in the deep silence of the night. The poet rejects nothing ; all are his, whether it be joy or sorrow, love or hate, pleasure or pain. Blessed be his most sacred heart, for he is the son of God !

But there is a difference, a great difference, between the poet and the mystic. The poet is the man of quick sympathies, vivid feelings and keen sensibilities, united with a marvellous imagination ; with a soul that identifies itself almost magically with the phenomena of objective existence. He draws to himself the blood of life from every object along the wayside which awakens response in his hungry soul. As he drinks a divine madness comes upon him, and he must drink again, and yet again. He is a spiritual vampire that preys upon the forms of Mother Nature, but to them his influence is sanctified and holy ; there is a divinity in his touch ; and in responding to his love-song they magnify their own glory.

The mystic, on the contrary, seeks dissociation from the phenomenal world ; he retreats ever inward to the source of all. Yet it is also true, that while the mystic is often a poet, the poet, too, is sometimes a mystic. Tennyson had experienced the cosmic consciousness, or he could not have written of the mystic—

Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones ;  
 Ye knew him not ; he was not one of ye,  
 Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn ;  
 Ye could not read the marvel in his eye ;  
 The still, serene abstraction.

How marvellously beautiful ! " The still, serene abstraction " ! This comes of the discipline of life and the steeping of the soul in reverie upon God. This is the bitter way of the mystic : through the pain of life and communion with the Infinite unto perfect abstraction of the soul. Then vision lends marvel to the eye ; the fire of the heart kindles on the tongue a living eloquence ; the whole personality is actuated with new power and purpose ; and at a single bound the mind attains that sublime altitude wherefrom it looks down upon vast multitudes of men. Vision has rendered his eyes incapable of tears ; the pain of existence has given him the " still, serene abstraction " ; the

sorrows of humanity have purified his sight. His mind, like a becalmed and boundless ocean, spreads out in shoreless space, and he becomes the interpreter of all things. He dwells with universes and solar systems, and the music of the spheres makes unending harmony in his soul. He is the God-intoxicated man, who has gazed upon the ineffable mystery of his own heart, and by virtue thereof has obtained the power to read the hearts of others ; who has renounced all that he might gain all ; and who, while his body is serving in the world of men, is in holy communion with the Spirit of God.

Before the eyes may discern things spiritual they must become incapable of the tears of wounded pride, undeserved abuse, harsh criticisms, and unfriendly statements, the irritations, annoyances, failures and disappointments of daily life. This does not mean that the student should harden his soul against these things ; there must be no hardening on the higher path. On the material plane one is constantly open to the influences of others on the same plane, and the more finely organized he may be, the more keenly does he feel the pain from all manner of persons and things. If his attitude toward these influences is antagonistic, then such an attitude tends only the more to entangle him in the meshes of material existence. There is only one way of escape, and that is in aspiring upward to an altitude where these things have no power over him. Not in isolation must he seek it ; for he who runs away from the world before he has learned the lessons it has to teach him, will be thrust back into it again and again by the great law of life, until he settles down and performs the tasks set for him. And when the student realizes that this world is but a school of discipline, a temporary existence, and not the real life at all, he ceases to weep over hard and bitter experiences.

It is not physical tears that are referred to ; it is the feeling that there is anything whatever to weep for ; it is the thought we entertain which accompanies the manifestation, rather than the manifestation itself. The lesson which this truth teaches is, that the student must endeavour to rise above the incidents of personality and realize his individuality ; that he should learn to function upon a plane which is beyond the agitations of the personal life.

This is really a stupendous achievement ! So stupendous in fact that it has been said that man while embodied is incapable of apprehending this condition. He is even now passing through a vale of tears ; he is subject to pain ; he cannot live without

causing pain ; and it is through the power of his own heart that he attains the mystical experience and becomes united with the whole. Again and again, and ever more frequently, must arise within the student that sweet tenderness which is tears, and which by degrees dissolves the bonds of separateness. For the enlightened soul is known by his infinite pity, his capacity for the deepest sorrow and compassion ; which attributes are of the essence of the nature of the Masters of Life. Moreover, it is also said that the ethereal self within the physical body sheds tears of far too subtle a character to be shed by the physical eyes ; and the spirit weeps as it stands on the threshold of matter, and is attracted into its density and darkness by the unalterable laws of life and affection, and the bonds of kinship and association. In this way does the whole being of man become softened and suffused with the dew of its own tenderness. So must the occult student become softened and suffused before he may enter into that condition in which he is incapable of tears.

Now what is the practical way to this wonderful realization ? Years of study and application in this realm of knowledge, in this Art of all arts, this Science of all sciences, reveals one sure and safe path. It is by living life to the full where we stand ; nothing more or less than accepting with as much grace as we can summon, and as much prayer as we can find in ourselves to offer, the cross of present circumstances, and using them in every possible way in which an alert and inventive mind can discover, for the building of faculty and the extension of experience. There is one thing which is worth all the pain, grief, sorrow and disappointment of human life, and that is the augmentation of personality. *The augmentation of personality!* Do you realize this ? I recently insisted upon this point to a successful man of the world. He replied, " I judge a man by his wage-earning capacity." You see the logical outcome of that statement ? It means this : Select any master of art, literature, music, or science, and, no matter in what degree the production of either has blessed humanity, place beside him a man of wealth, no matter to what extent he has ground the faces of the poor to amass his riches ; and my business man will prefer the latter and reject the former ; he would reject even the Light of the World Himself, for He had no salary at all !

*The augmentation of personality!* I insist upon it. There is nothing grander on God's earth. The very Spirits before the Throne are there by virtue of the same augmentation in past evolution, not because of their wage-earning capacity. Whoever

worships material things before faculty is a materialist, and an outcast from the world of the great, the sublime, and the true. He will pass into the Beyond naked, destitute, and covered with shame ; the mighty glittering edifice which he has built and worshipped for long years will vanish before the first breath of the spiritual, and he will seek in agony and despair to recover it. But he will not recover it, *for it never had a real existence.* It is the great, the sublime, and the true that have real existence.

To endeavour to express through this body of flesh the powers of an awakened mind, the amazing inspirations of a great soul ; only to *endeavour* to do this, even though the world never knows of it,—*this* is the Eternal Life. O, the beatitude of divine contemplation ! O, the bliss of solitude and reverie upon God ! O, the passion to behold the naked human heart, to know its mysteries, and minister to it ! O, to be inspired from within, to be illuminated, glorified and transfigured by the Light Invisible, and to unfold serenely, spontaneously, triumphantly, from glory to glory, like mighty Nature around us ! This makes life worth living in spite of it all. And surely in the fullness of time the eyes of the mortal body shall be touched with the mystic radiance ; the rising sun of glory of the Christ within shall inscribe upon those precious orbs the marvel of secret revelations ; and men shall bow down in silent adoration and lift their outstretched hands to welcome the New Dawn.

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### THE TRANSMUTATION OF METALS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Mr. A. E. Waite, in his very interesting article on "The Tarot," remarks that the art of transmuting metals (on the exoteric side of alchemy) seems to have been recorded as actually a fact.

So at least I read Mr. Waite. If such be the case there can be no object in hiding it, but it seems extremely improbable that any such thing occurred. The value of gold and metals as a whole would have been changed and commerce would have been thrown out of gear. It surely may be taken that neither was gold made nor the elixir of life discovered, that alchemy was practically only esoterically employed.

But none the less would a clear proof of the making of gold or rather of transmutation of baser metals into gold be extraordinarily interesting.

There is quite enough secrecy imported into occult subjects (and rightly so perhaps) as to make it advisable to let facts be known where there can be no possible reason for keeping the matter secret.

The changing of baser metals into gold would be extremely advantageous in providing the world with a very useful metal and the destruction of the gold standard might prove the way to a universal socialism which might be the real millennium (whether it would be so or not is of course a question).

It seems to an ordinary inquirer that there is more mystery made about certain subjects than is necessary, and there perhaps would be no harm in, for instance, writing a commentary of the memoirs of Count de Gabalis which should really explain what his meaning was, i.e. that people should marry sylphides, etc., etc.

The days of persecution are over. The fact that the earth goes round was taught by Pythagoras to initiates some two thousand years ago. It is difficult to understand why the ordinary Greek should not have been told this. He either would have believed it or not—and no harm would have been done either way.

People now are looking for some revolution, if one may put it this way, and they find everything hidden up, and an opinion might be expressed that this "hiding up" is out of date.

I am, yours faithfully,

WAYFARER.

## THE MORALITY OF KILLING.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In reference to a correspondence in your Magazine on the "Morality of Killing"—here is a proposition of which I should like a solution. I possess two lady cats. They propagate their species with an industry and frequency worthy of a better cause. Hitherto I have drowned the output. Now, terrified by the idea of an eternity of irate and pursuing kittens, I would like to know—Is it better to kill my two intelligent and affectionate cats—as I cannot otherwise stop their proceedings, or—give up my house, my time and my income to an uncountable procession of unwanted kittens?

An answer will oblige.—Yours faithfully,

THE CATS' OWNER.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I am afraid Miss M. Collins will not have any pleasure in keeping goats, as she will have to get rid of the kids, and one never knows what becomes of them or how they are treated.

I have bred horses and dogs all my life, and my great difficulty and sorrow is to know what to do with the surplus ones.

If I sell a horse and see him being ill-used by his new owner I have to buy the horse back, of course being charged much more for him than I sold him for, as soon as the new owner finds I am "soft" about animals.

The same with a dog.

The best thing is to get rid of them as young as possible; as soon as you get to know them, it is impossible to sell them.

I at one time had over a hundred horses, three-quarters of no use to me, but I could not make up my mind to sell them, then I hardened my heart and sent them up to a sale, and even then I had to buy in several, one little mare rubbing her head against me and being so frightened as she was run up for sale with the whip behind her, that I could not let her go.

No, animal breeding has its sorrows for any one fond of animals. I think in the next world, my dead horses, dogs and cats (and a toad and ram I had when a boy) will counterbalance the anger of the deer I have shot.

If Miss M. Collins goes in for goats, I think a cross between the ordinary goat and the ibex would suit her better, they are very handsome. There is one at the Knightsbridge Barracks.

I had an instance of the pernicious idea so persistently installed into people that anything from Germany is to be hated. I found a poor little Dachshund who had lost her way to-day. I picked her up and went to the nearest policeman with her.

He said, disgustedly, "Why, it's a German dog!"

We used to be taught "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES," now it is: HATE EVERYTHING THAT IS NOT USEFUL TO YOU. WORK HORSES TO DEATH, THEY ARE ONLY SLAVES. KILL EVERY LIVING THING SO AS TO SAVE THE FOOD FOR YOURSELF WHICH THEY WOULD EAT.

It is curious how the War has destroyed all the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, and no clergyman has ever raised a word of protest. Is it because they are afraid?

WALTER WINANS.

### THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—May I be permitted to point out where Mr. Davis and I differ? He believes in "everything being fixed from the beginning." I believe that *there never was a beginning, or will be an end, that all goes on eternally*; perhaps the two ends of the "cinema film" are joined and all goes on in *endless repetition*. Mr. Davis thinks the "cinema film" can be changed by prayer, each person having whatever he prays for if he imagines he is praying for something good, or if it would improve the universe.

I believe that neither prayer or anything else can change Fate a particle.

Imagine what a jumble the universe would be if Mr. Davis wanted a fine warm day and I wanted a hard frost with snow, or he wanted a nice smooth road for motoring and I wanted a soft "dirt road" for my trotters. Suppose we both wanted to marry the same lady; it would put the Deity in an awkward position if we both prayed!

Mr. Davis looks on the "cinema film" of our life like the producer of a picture palace does; he thinks films can be "cut" and altered to suit what he (Mr. Davis) considers good and cuts out what he considers "evil" by the simple process of praying to the Omnipotent.

I believe that the Omnipotent is the All Knowing, and has made the "cinema film" of each of our lives perfect, both for us individually, and as a part of the universe.

I believe, if the least thing were altered (even in the most inconceivably minute infinitesimal portion of the universe) it would make the whole universe go wrong, as all fits into all like the cogs of the wheels of a clock. I agree with Mr. Davis that evil does not exist; but not by shutting my eyes to what we call evil, but by acknowledging that we human beings know nothing and that God knows all, and that it is sacrilege for us to imagine that He can do evil or that we can improve the universe by ordering the Deity.

We make enough muddle of our own affairs without trying to be amateur deities.

WALTER WINANS.



## MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I think the following incident may be of interest to the readers of your Magazine.

On March 28, 1908, my late son, an Associate of the S.P.R., left London with the leader of the expedition to prospect for gold on the River Uda, which flows into the Sea of Okotsk. The route taken was the Siberian railway to Vladivostock.

My son owned a crystal, a fine specimen of the optician's work,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter; there was not a flaw in it; it seemed a perfect sphere. On June 18, I knew not whether he was on land or at sea, and with forehead shrouded, looked into the crystal with a purpose. I was startled to have at once presented to me as in an engraving, in black and white, a steamboat in a calm sea, apparently sinking, as she was down at the bow, but the deck was still entirely above water-level.

In my diary I roughly sketched a sinking boat, that the entry might easily be traced, and I left at noon for Margate.

Some nine years afterwards I learnt my son kept a diary on his Siberian trip, and on turning to the above date a startling verification awaited me.

At Vladivostock labourers were hired and provisions bought and these were despatched on June 4 in a steamer hired in Japan. My son left Vladivostock the next day by rail for Khabarovski and thence by steamboat down the River Amoor to Nicolaevsk, where he arrived on June 10. The steam-launch came in to embark him on 13th, but a gale is recorded from 14th to 17th inclusive.

Then appears the crucial entry:—

June 18.—Sailed 1 p.m. Ground, 3 p.m.\* Government steamer passed. Tow rope fouled propeller.

June 19.—Got off 10 a.m.

June 20.—Struck ice, 2 a.m. Josephine holed in chain locker (this was a steam launch), 5 a.m., turned back. Skirted ice-pack for 17 miles. Anchored, 10.30 a.m.

These are the facts relating to more than a coincidence; what may be inferred from the occurrence I leave for riper experience and fuller knowledge. This was the only occasion on which I had been favoured with a crystal-vision.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM PETHYBRIDGE.

\* 3 p.m. Long. E.  $150^{\circ}$  is synchronous with 5 a.m. at Greenwich on the same day.

## PANSY AND ST. ANTHONY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Like "A Seeker," I also have been greatly interested in Pansy and have also wondered who is the general finder of lost articles.

Seeing that I spend half my time in mislaying my things, I have had a good opportunity of testing the willingness of the mysterious being whose vocation it is to help seekers after lost property.

For years I appealed to St. Anthony of Padua in the usual orthodox way, with a fair measure of success. At a later period I tried the experiment of summoning to my assistance my own subconscious self whom I regarded as masculine, addressed as "Lord" and endowed with some measure of omniscience. I am bound in truth to say that this method was even more successful, and that I would sometimes even hear a voice telling me where to look.

Still later on I became aware that I had, living with me, a small elemental or flower fairy, seen by clairvoyant friends, although as yet only sensed and heard by myself. Since then I have invariably called upon my "Sweet Rogue," nor do I ever call in vain. And I feel no delicacy in [thus doing, as I used to do, at having to so frequently disturb St. Anthony!—Yours truly,

A LOVER OF FAIRIES.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Having read with interest "A Seeker's" letter in the March number, alluding to St. Antony of Padua, may I mention a curious little experience of mine? A dear friend of mine, a devout Catholic, whose patron saint was St. Antony of Padua, and who always marked his letters "S. A. G." (St. Antony Guide) told me, although I was not a Catholic, to appeal to his patron saint in case of any loss. "Ask him to help you, and he will!"

One day I missed a much-cherished book, and having searched in vain in every quarter, I obeyed my friend's advice, and called in his name "For C.'s sake, St. Antony guide me!" Instantly I was impelled to cross the room to a large book-case, every shelf of which I had carefully looked over but lately, examining the back and title of every book, and straightway took out a volume, put my hand into the gap thus left, and there found the lost book, which had slipped down at the back of the shelves. I have since then had a similar experience once or twice—not often, as I do not make the appeal for mere trifles. It would be interesting to know whether many other non-Catholics have successfully called for the help of St. Antony of Padua.

Yours faithfully,

S. D. H.

A MAN WITHOUT A FACE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The striking episode at the end of *Views of Life and Death in Burma*, in the March *O.R.*, p. 148, at once reminded me of a strange incident, never explained, that happened to Frank Buckland the naturalist. It is many years since I read his *Life*, but I think the narrative will be found there.

Frank Buckland's father was Dean of Westminster, and lived within the Abbey precincts. His son Frank, though a decided "original," was an extremely sound, sane and healthy man, of most cheerful disposition and abounding high spirits. One night he returned home after dining out, and, as he was careful to state, it was *not* in any way a case of his having "dined not wisely but too well." He went up to his bedroom, and leant out of the window, overlooking a small cloister whence there was a way into the Abbey itself. All lay perfectly quiet and still in the moonlight. Suddenly, to his surprise, he saw a man, in some kind of clerical garb, come quickly out of the Abbey and walk along the cloister. He wondered casually who he could be, and what he was doing in the Abbey at that time of night. The man came close beneath Buckland's window, and looked up—and *he had no face*; only a filmy grey veil where his face should have been.

What was *it*? Who was this man? No light was ever thrown upon the incident. Buckland *père* disbelieved the story altogether and frankly scoffed. But Buckland *fils* did not; he had seen.

Yours truly,

E. D.

### THE TAROT CARDS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I was interested in the article by J. W. Brodie-Innes on the Tarot Cards. I have felt the same difficulty with regard to A. E. Waite's interpretation of the Swords and Pentacles. In the various divinatory methods in connection with ordinary playing-cards I think I am correct in stating that Clubs are regarded as the most favourable suit and Spades as the most unfavourable, and this process appears to work out correctly in practice. This being so, it would appear as though Swords in the Tarot Cards would correspond more to Spades than Clubs, and that Pentacles might be more correctly assigned to Clubs.

Passing on to the Art of Divination in "The Key to the Tarot," on page 159, the words appear: "Let the operator and querent shuffle and cut three times each." Why the operator should shuffle and cut at all is not clear. When it is the querent's affairs which are to be divined would not the operator's shuffling and cutting be liable to cause a cross-current so as to make a proper divination unreliable?

Moreover, how the operator and querent *can* shuffle and cut three times each is not explained, but on the other hand is left in profound obscurity.

Further, on page 161 it goes on to say, "The next four are turned up in succession." What the next four in succession might be is certainly in doubt.

Can you throw some light on these points?

Yours very truly,

G. H. P.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AN article in *The Progressive Thinker* reminds us of several personalities and some notable books of the past, within the measures of its own subjects. There is Colonel Olcott in the first place, a picturesque and breezy figure. He wrote *People from the Other World*, one almost forgets how long before he cast in his lot with Theosophy, and indeed adopted the term to designate that sheaf of concerns for which he stood later on, in collaboration with Madame Blavatsky. The book which has been cited alludes to her as one—almost a stranger—whom he had met in the course of those spiritualistic investigations of which it is the record at large. He had not come then under her magnetic influence. *People from the Other World* was an account of phenomena witnessed with the Eddy brothers, and though long years have passed since we saw it one recalls well enough their amazing character, the long procession of materialized figures, of all sorts and conditions, as also the feeble simulations attempted by these historic mediums on occasions when the power failed. We agree with our contemporary that this book ought to be reprinted. Another of much the same period was also of singular interest, though now rather belonging to the archives; this was *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*, by Napoleon B. Wolf, a most trenchant writer, who made a great impression by his profound personal conviction and his unsparing criticism of impostures current at his period. We are reminded by the article under notice of yet other people and things, of Lizzie Doten, whose *Poems from the Inner Life* received almost unmeasured praise from Alfred Austin; of William Denton and Epes Sargent, who bore their testimony and published their records about 1870. . . . In quite another category we are reminded by *Theosophy* of Los Angeles of a greater inspirational writer than Lizzie Doten. This was T. L. Harris, who would perhaps have despised the name of medium, as understood in its usual sense. He believed himself the recipient of a revelation which was an extension of Swedenborg's, but outside this he was a remarkable though very unequal poet, to whom Austin also paid attention. Some of his work in verse would adorn any anthology devoted to Poems of the Spirit, though there was too much that was merely rhetorical in our own opinion—as in that of William Sharp, from whom we once heard on the subject.

There seems scarcely a limit to the records of Vivekananda, and *The Vedanta Kesari* translates for us some new excerpts, drawn from his conversations in Bengali. They take up a sane standpoint in respect of external ceremonials, as related to the knowledge of God. These are regarded as useful in the first stages of progress towards the spiritual goal. But the reality of true life lies in the practical

realization of truth, meaning the inward presence of the Divine. The counsels of asceticism and the formularies of conduct are nothing in comparison with this, while, however they may be heaped up and flow over, they are without grace or meaning in its absence. The law of the path is too often taken for the goal itself. But from the externals which are nothing but externals there must be distinguished that which is embraced by the term renunciation, for this in Eastern Theosophy is assuredly the path itself. In the proper understanding it is a sacrifice of that which matters nothing for the attainment of all in God and of God in all. It should be understood that we are peeling off the shell of Eastern terminology, the result of which process is to find that Vivekananda, like Ramakrishna—whom he followed—and like greater names than either, has been testifying to that truth which is familiar in the ears of every western mystic as any other household words of the saints. . . . *The Kalpaka* observes that the world is just beginning to reaffirm its faith in the existence of unseen realms of life and that oriental beliefs in physical and subtle planes, which interpenetrate one another, in deeper problems of sleep and dream and death, are finding their way into the West. It is little better than a truism, but the Indian psychic review goes on to enumerate several suggestive things, designed to illustrate the agreement between Hindu Scriptures and the psychic and spiritualistic theories of the present day. That Heaven which is the true Home of the Spirit "lies in and around us everywhere and for eternity." At death the spirit is clothed in "a glorified replica of the physical body," which is used also by those who travel in their sleep during earthly life. In its proper understanding the body is a living Temple of God, of which the man, spirit or atma is the trustee. The Lord of Compassion dwells in the innermost sanctuary.

We note with peculiar satisfaction an article in *The New Church Weekly* on Mr. Sijil Abdul Ali, whose death in a field-hospital owing to a German air-raid cut short a promising career during September last. He will be remembered among us by certain contributions to the OCCULT REVIEW, and it appears that he has left various philosophical essays which are to be produced in a volume under the editorship of Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, his old personal friend. Mr. Abdul Ali had been drawn to the writings of Swedenborg, and we had always felt that he was intended to go far in the fields of thought. . . . *The Mystic* is a small monthly magazine, issued by the Church Mystical Union, under the editorship of the Rev. L. W. Fearn, and is "devoted to the spiritual interpretation of all phases of phenomenal existence." It leans in the direction of aphorisms, and some of the dicta are at least shrewd in the sense of other-world shrewdness. "The more you think of evil the more you become part of it" and "that is how hell is made" seems a fair specimen at random. Amidst a cloud of such sayings there are of course those which do not ring so truly. We question whether "suggestion is the secret of inspiration" quite

covers the ground to which it lays claim, while the proposition that "most people write and talk in order to find their own souls" might well astonish Fleet Street. . . . *The Philomath* bears witness as usual to the unceasing activities of Dr. Henri M. Léon. We note also the curious industry which registers so exhaustively the contributions made to the periodical press by members of the *Société Internationale de Philologie, Science et Beaux-Arts*, of which *The Philomath* is the official organ. . . . There is a certain literary touch about a paper embodying various "ideas and fancies" in the last issue of *The Vahan*. It is from the pen of Mr. Clifford Bax, whom we remember in connexion with *Orpheus*, a theosophical publication which suspended a few years since. He realizes that "wonder is the beginning of wisdom" according to Plato and affirms also that it is a soul of joy. He is confident that for every true mystic life is "an intoxicating wonder," while "those who regard it in a matter-of-fact way have not begun to see it at all. . . ." Mr. E. F. Udney's revelations on Francis Bacon continue their tale of marvels in *The Messenger* and are summarized presumably from "akasic records," having exceeded the measures of bi-literal and kindred ciphers. Among many other items, we learn (1) That St. Alban, saint and martyr, was an earlier incarnation of him who was Viscount St. Alban in the sixteenth century; (2) That Lord Bacon disappeared from normal ken, but did not die; (3) That he probably returned to England early in the eighteenth century and produced *The Spectator*, which has been so far attributed to Addison. While acknowledging that there are more things in heaven and earth than are covered by the philosophy of Horatio, we take leave to doubt whether these monstrous growths of reverie have any foundation whatever on either plane of being. . . . *Light* and *The Two Worlds* furnish full memorial notices of Mr. J. J. Morse, the well-known trance-medium, who has recently passed away. We have been impressed by the great number of services which have been held all over the country to commemorate the "transition"—at London, Manchester, Blackburn, Burnley, Exeter and elsewhere. . . . One has heard of the universe as a mystery of Divine suggestion addressed to the souls of men; and now the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* has noticed a book which "applies telepathy to explain the Atonement." What can be meant by the author, the author alone can tell, in the view of Professor Hyslop, nor would it be necessary to inquire on our own part. But it is useful to note the fact as one more testimony to the occult power of shibboleths. Professor Hyslop says that we have had imagination explaining Mesmer's work, electricity and animal magnetism explaining "table-tipping," and now "we are having telepathy running the rounds." In like manner there was a time when solar mythology explained everything for mythologists, but now it is vegetation-gods; to-morrow there will be another key to open the gate of folk-lore and religious belief.

The *Quarterly Bulletin* of the Grand Lodge of Iowa gives account of the circumstances under which there has come recently into existence a Masonic Service Association of the United States under its auspices. It is expected to develop into "a legally constituted Alliance of the Grand Lodges." These are all independent and autonomous bodies, have no central jurisdiction like the Grand Lodge of England, which rules not only over provincial grand bodies but those of many districts widely scattered throughout the English-speaking world. The Association is dedicated to "the service of mankind through education, enlightenment, financial relief and Masonic visitation, particularly in times of disaster and distress." It is a noble scheme, to which all Masons among us will wish God-speed. As the Grand Master of Iowa has pointed out in *The Builder*, the Craft in America has herein and now "an opportunity to ally itself for any mission of mercy that may occur. . . ." Mr. Dudley Wright's account of the Eleusinian Mysteries continues in *The Freemason*. In the selection of a Hierophant we observe that great consequence was attached to his quality of voice, it being essential that the formulæ disclosed to initiates should be pronounced with the proper intonation: "otherwise the words would have no efficacy." So far this is the sole indication of an occult element in the Rites; it belongs to the old Chaldean notion of a great hidden power abiding in certain words and the compulsion of gods thereby. We shall look forward with interest to all that may be told subsequently of the personal instruction of candidates and initiates of the Lesser Mysteries. At present it has been mentioned merely, but it is in this quarter rather than in the scenic representations that we may hope to learn whether the wisdom of Eleusis remained within intellectual measures or sought to communicate the valid experience of mystic life. . . . *The New Age* offers a curious definition of Scottish Rite Masonry, as to its aim and purpose. They are "to make men think." One would have expected it is intended to attract those who are already thoughtful. However, the article proceeds to explain that the Grade-system promotes an understanding of the relations between man and his Creator, between man and man, all and the Source of all. It is said also that "by explaining the manifestations of the Supreme Intelligence through the Christ-principle it establishes at once a catholicity that enables the Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist and adherent of any other creed to stand side by side at its altar." To produce the evidence of this would mean a critical consideration of the Rituals at large; we believe that they are particular to the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States and were rewritten by Albert Pike.

We have received *The Adept*, an American Journal of Astrology, which is publishing papers on destiny, and a minute periodical called *The Meaning of Life* published at Hampton Wick, under the editorship of E. Kay Robinson. It is offered to those who "look through Nature up to Nature's God."

## REVIEWS

**PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA AND THE WAR.** By Hereward Carrington, Ph. D., Author of "Death: Its Causes and Phenomena," etc., etc. London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., 30 New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, E.C. 4. Price 10s. 6d. net.

MR. GLADSTONE once declared, in effect, that psychical research is by far the most important of all studies, and now the Great World War—the most terrible cataclysm of all history—has forced upon us the truth of the Homeric statesman's assertion to a superlative degree. Mr. Hereward Carrington's new book is a forcible commentary on the fact. It is furthermore an "attempt to study the psychological forces at work" both before and during the struggle, and he is warmly to be congratulated on having contributed a work which cannot fail to be of intense and lasting interest as the subject permeates more and more the intelligence of the public mind.

The book is in two parts, the first dealing with the psychology of nations and individuals; the chapter on German methods of warfare, and the doctrine of "Frightfulness," besides registering unforgettable deeds of horror, is a powerful proof that the human spirit survives all efforts to crush it by brute force. France and Belgium, though bleeding and broken, never bent in spirit, and as with nations so with individuals, the death of the physical body but gives larger life to the soul. This is made very clear in the second half of Mr. Carrington's extraordinarily interesting book. Having studied the mentality of the soldier during mobilization; in the cantonments; in the trenches; during the attack, and under the stress of pain, fatigue, and shell-shock, the reader is led "to trace that noble soul beyond the grave, and to show that he is still active, that he still possesses the same memory and characteristics we associated with him in life, and which we knew and loved." To this end the author assembles a powerful array of well-attested evidence, based upon the best of all security, facts. For the question of the soul's survival is in his opinion as capable of scientific demonstration as any other practical proposition. Philosophical speculation and orthodox dogma are both useless for this purpose. Case after case is cited, attested, and verified; for these the reader is referred to the book itself, and of course it must be remembered that these are but a fraction of an ever-multiplying number of similar episodes, hundreds, doubtless thousands, of which may never be published.

In particular Mr. Hereward Carrington's book will appeal to those who are studying the subject for the first time and who wish to approach it from a scientific point of view, even though the impulse to do so may have first arisen from the heart.

EDITH K. HARPER.

**THE LUMINOUS PEARL.** By Frank Hamel. Crown 8vo. pp. 340. London: Grafton & Co. Price 6s. net.

A CASUAL reference to the body of the heroine of this story, which "glowed with a pale pink sheen, like the gleam of a perfect pearl" is apparently considered sufficient warrant for the title. At any rate the reader will search in vain for any "luminous pearl." The theme, as a matter of fact,



concerns the *kitsune*, or fox-women, the Japanese equivalent of the European vampire. An Englishman marries one of these women, who becomes the mother of his child. Having compassed the death of his wife, the Englishman determines that his daughter shall not marry into any other than a vampire family. With the aid of Japanese black magic the girl's father seeks vainly to bend her will to his own, and ultimately falls a victim to his Japanese coadjutor in the practice of the unholy rites of the Dagini Ten. The vampire girl then proceeds to gain a soul—which she does by making a hundred acts of worship to the Pole Star, with the skull of her dead vampire mother poised on her head—and thereafter marries the man of her choice. The story, we are afraid, lacks verisimilitude, and fails to convince the reader; although the three-hundred odd pages are not wanting in incident.

H. J. S.

WHAT IS PSYCHOANALYSIS? By Isador H. Coriat, M.D. 7½ ins. × 5 ins., pp. 124. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Ltd., Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

"HE who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence" wrote the inspired poet William Blake. Modern scientific research has proved the truth of his words. Psychoanalysis reveals suppressed desire as the cause of the various nervous ills which so seriously afflict the men and women of to-day. A suppressed emotion or unsatisfied instinct may be eliminated from consciousness, but it is not therefore destroyed. The primal energy, or "libido," to use the term the psychoanalytic school adopts, seeks then another outlet, a disguised or symbolic one, and a nervous disorder is the result. "The frequency of nervous diseases," writes Dr. Coriat, in this very interesting little book, in which he has dealt with various aspects of his subject in simple language, arranged in the form of question and answer,— "The frequency of nervous diseases is due, not so much to the rush of civilization as has been so often claimed, but to the injurious overmoral repression of the libido or to the prevailing erroneous ideas concerning sexual morality." But psychoanalysis not only exhibits the cause, it constitutes the cure. The same energy which finds an outlet in gross sensuality, may be sublimated and find expression in creative works of art. Psychoanalysis teaches us to know ourselves better and to use our emotions and instincts aright. No doubt its more ardent disciples claim more for it than is due. This is inevitable. Every great discovery of truth tends to become exaggerated into a lie. But the exaggeration ought not to blind our eyes to that which lies behind. I bid Dr. Coriat's book a hearty welcome and hope that it will be as widely read as is deserved by a lucid explanation of a subject of the greatest importance and interest.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE THRESHOLD OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD. By Rudolph Steiner. Authorized English Translation, edited by H. Colleson. 7½ in. × 4½ in., pp. xi. + 140. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a book which cannot do otherwise than raise some very important issues in the mind of the thoughtful reader. "The supersensible world," writes Rudolph Steiner, "reveals itself ultimately as a world of beings, and whatever exists in addition to those beings is the expression of their

actions. Indeed, both the physical world and the elemental world appear as the deeds of spiritual beings." This is an arresting thought. But what exactly is implied by the word "being"? "In the spiritual world thoughts are completely independent living beings," we read. Can one being experience another? What a battle metaphysical could be fought over the solution to this problem! The established facts of telepathy would seem rather to favour Rudolph Steiner and suggest an affirmative reply. And yet . . . how little we really know!

I suppose I must not blame the author for having written in a purely descriptive style, for this he asserts in the "Introductory Remarks" to be his intention. But if the mind will not rest satisfied with a bare description of the sensible world, how can we expect it to accept without like questioning a proffered description of those worlds said to be super-sensible? And if I call Rudolph Steiner a dogmatist, I suppose he would reply that his evidence is experimental, attainable only through clairvoyance. But what is the test of validity applicable to clairvoyance: how determine that we are not deceived? Is a pragmatic criterion possible? I do not know. Indeed, I am not sure that I have, in recent years at any rate, read a book that raised so many questions in my mind; and for this reason, if for no other, I commend it.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE BOOK OF THE CAVE GAURISANKARGUHĀ. By ŚRĪ ĀNANDA ĀCHĀRYA. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Pp. xii + 148. Price 5s. net.

WHAT is Reality? One man's "illusion" is another man's "mainstay." That which is the elixir of life to the saint is "rarefied air" to the "man-about-town." It is the function of a particular kind of art to help people to revalue appearances and sensations; Bunyan's famous allegory is of this kind and so is the volume before us. But while the circumstances and things devised by Bunyan do not suggest that his imagination saw beyond the edge of the Bible, the sage who has written *The Book of the Cave G.* (the reader will kindly take the rest of the alphabet for granted), provides effects harmonious with modern occultism.

The characters of this work are the Cave-Dweller (a very sublime personage), a Pilgrim of the Sky, an Ocean Wanderer, the Sister of the Birch, the Lady of the Shadows, etc. The Wanderer expresses the bitterness of the interrupted career, the irony of reincarnation without the memory of past lives; his volubility makes the Birch's sister unhappy, but they seem destined to complete each other.

Although the book, which is in quasi dramatic form, is not as readable as a finer literary artist than the author could have made it, it arrests the mind by the cleverness with which it translates, as it were, the life of the soul into mental pictures, or objects. Before he mistakes himself for Tantalus the modern man should try to grasp the "plants" of immortality to which it draws attention. The occult light which it sheds on the "Fall" of man and on sex is not altogether novel, but it is worth a few moments of one's sight if not of one's belief. Fancy and poetry are beautiful benefactions, even if they only leave a few traces in a work of art. On this work they have left imprints beside those of a rare spiritual intelligence.

W. H. CHESSON.

STUDIES IN EARLY INDIAN THOUGHT. By Dorothea Jane Stephen, S.T.H. London: Cambridge University Press, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Price 6s. net.

"THE object of this essay," says the author, "is to follow the course of Indian thought from the Vedic period to the period of the Bhagavadgita, to find what account it gives of the world, of men, and of that power of which the world and men are the outcome. We shall trace this course by means of Indian literature, taking it in three stages, that of the Vedas, of the Upanishads, and of the Bhagavadgita itself."

Of the eleven hundred and twenty-eight hymns which compose the Rig Veda, nine are selected for an analysis as clear and full as the limitations of an essay will permit. These hymns dwell upon the divine nature in all its manifestations as conceived by the Aryan mind. The author takes them as representing the views of three types of mankind, Poet, Priest and Philosopher. To the first-named the divine nature appeared as the source of the moral and physical laws, and the principle of physical life. To the priest it was the source of material prosperity, and in itself, both priest and sacrifice. To the philosopher it was an abstraction; "the one behind the many, the ultimate, the unknowable source of being." The Upanishads, which are treatises upon various commentaries on the Vedic hymns, deal not only with the divine nature but with human nature also, and this point, says the author, "marks the difference between the ages of the Vedas and the Upanishads." The problems of sin and evil, the doctrines of transmigration and reincarnation, gradually unfold themselves in the strange medley of the infant thought of the world. Particularly interesting is the chapter on the Bhagavadgita, the flower of the teachings of the Upanishads, which is practically the full and complete expression of Indian thought to-day. In the dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna—the spiritual and the physical—we find the whole conduct of life.

A chapter comparing early Indian thought with that of other ancient races and nations, concludes a book which every student of Aryan literature will find useful, and the general reader not a little enlightening.

EDITH K. HARPER.

SYMPHONIES (Second Series). By E. H. W. Meyerstein. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 3s. net.

CLOSE as is the sympathetic alliance between music and poetry, there are few musicians and poets who do not feel that it befits the dignity of each art to express itself, to the full, in its own rich language; and not to borrow, as if in weakness or need, the technical terms and grammatical devices of another.

The title of this clever little volume of modernist verse might, indeed, pass muster; but the writer's persistent pressing of the details of his similitude—his persistent adoption of the terms "Scherzo," "Trio," "Menuetto," and the like, for the various divisions of each poem, tends to become wearisome, and to give an air of artificiality and unreality to his work.

In one of his "Finales," Mr. Meyerstein expresses the hopes that he may have given his readers some insight into "the splendour of the passions he has seen," and it is true that the vigour of his style and the

luxuriance of his fancy are suggestive of a Vision Splendid. But he does not always rise to the highest level possible to his gifts; and in his more dramatic poems, too often, like others of his school, mistakes bathos for simplicity, and confuses violence with strength.

*Symphonies Two* and *Five* seem to us particularly painful instances of these errors of judgment. In justice to Mr. Meyerstein's undeniable talents, we prefer, however, to quote from one of his happier efforts—from the delicate lyric that figures as the "Menuetto" of *Symphony Twelve* :—

"I had a friend and he was brave,  
 Enemies took the life he gave;  
 I know not if they buried him  
 Where the sky broods low and dim.  
 Only I know that every year,  
 When the sweets of spring appear,  
 His spirit comes and talks to me  
 In my sunny library."—

The reverie of the manslayer in *Symphony Eight*—with its arresting comparison of worldly and other-worldly folk, human and faery-kind!—is also to be commended to the judicious verse-lover, for reading and re-reading.

G. M. H.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD WORTH LIVING IN. An Autobiography by A Departed Son of Man. Printed and published by the Women's Printing Society, Ltd., Brick Street, Piccadilly, W. 1. Price 4s. net, post free.

IN an extremely able and explanatory Introduction to this little book, Dr Ellis T. Powell pleads for sympathy in the consideration of its contents, and of all similar communications, for: "We know not (nor in this life, perhaps, shall we ever know), how great are the difficulties which the enfranchised spirit must overcome ere it can once again bring itself within the reach of things terrestrial, and convey its words of comfort, howsoever imperfectly, to minds still prisoned in the flesh."

In this particular instance the communicator is understood to be a former Chief Magistrate of Calcutta, and Legal Remembrancer of The High Court of Judicature, Fort William, Bengal, who since his transition, in 1917, has been using the hands of his two sisters in order to convey "by automatic or passive writing" some account of the new life in which he found himself. The brother and sisters were bound together by the closest ties of sympathy and affection, and naturally they understand his many allusions to matters on which he seems to have radically changed some of his earth-time opinions,—such as London Club-life, and the Clergy in general!

Some of the details of his surroundings are charming, such as his "little bungalow" among fields of beautiful flowers: "Blue gentians in perfect beauty amongst little white stars of silvery hue, and scarlet drops of perfect crimson on stalks of delicate green."

Some of the teaching filters through, we are told, from a Higher Guide, or "Angel Guard," and is at times rather involved, but its sum and substance is the same in essence as much that has so often been given from the other side through many different channels. Love is the keynote of all.

EDITH K. HARPER.