

# 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 furare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT is stated that the American President was born about noon or just after at Stanton, Virginia, on December 28, 1856. If this is the case the midheaven was approximately 8 degrees of Capricorn, and the ascendant 14 degrees of Aries. This gives the Sun just culminated in 7°14' Capricorn attended by Mercury in the 18th degree of the same sign, and the Moon in the 24th. Saturn is in opposition on the cusp of the 4th house in 10°58'

PRESIDENT  
WILSON'S  
HOROSCOPE. Cancer, retrograde. The Sun is also in sesquiquadrate with the planet Uranus near the cusp of the 2nd house. The positions from the mid-

heaven to the 4th house are curiously reminiscent of the horoscope of the ex-Tsar of Russia, and the outlook for the last years of life is not an encouraging one. I have already alluded elsewhere to the association of violent oppositions from angles in the horoscopes of rulers with great crises in their country's history. Such oppositions are found in President Poincaré's for instance, in the ex-Tsar's, in the Kaiser's, and in a less violent form in King George's.

The President's Ascendant, showing Jupiter and the Dragon's Head rising in a martial sign, and Mars the ruler conjoined

with Venus, bears evidence to the President's forceful personality. The last position promises success in war, though the affliction of Venus suggests trouble and popular criticism in connection with the President's relations with women. Mercury, the mental planet, has the close trine of Neptune, the planet of idealism and Utopian schemes, but against this we have the presence of the Sun, as well as Mercury, and the Moon—the two mental rulers—all in the calculating and material sign of Capricorn, which combined with the ascending positions, so strongly indicative of personal ambition, seem to conflict curiously with these Utopian ideals. It certainly will surprise no astrologer that the subject of this horoscope should have risen to eminence, though success is indicated as being short-lived and ending in disappointment and clouds gather towards the close of life.

The President always seems to me to be too much of an opportunist in practice to be a true idealist. The stress he has laid on his Fourteen Points in certain instances would lead one to suppose that he regarded them in the light of eternal verities, if it had not been for the fact that in other cases he has dropped them unhesitatingly when they appeared to conflict with the course which he had mapped out for himself to follow. Thus in the two parallel cases of Poland and Fiume he has taken two entirely opposite

positions, though the claim of the Poles to Danzig is immeasurably stronger than any claim that the Slavs might have to the Adriatic port. It does not appear to be generally realized that Poland and the Basin of the Vistula are as much one and the same thing as Egypt and the Valley of the Nile. Danzig is essentially *the* Polish port. Even after the first great dismemberment of Poland in 1773 Danzig still remained Polish, and it was not until Poland was utterly broken into fragments in 1806 that she ceased to retain it in her possession. It may indeed be argued that the fact that the Germans have overrun Danzig entitles the to the port on the plea of self-determination. But if this is the case, surely the phrase "self-determination" is a very inappropriate one. If any nation is at liberty to overrun another nation's territory and then claim it from them on the ground of self-determination, we are surely not entitled to talk about anything

in the nature of high ideals and moral principles in the matter. It is merely a case of the right of the robber to hold what he has seized. After disputing Poland's claim to Danzig, the President naturally found himself in a hopelessly false position in champion-

THE RIGHT  
OF THE  
ROBBER.

ing the rights of the Slavs to Fiume, having already cut the ground beneath his feet by supporting an injustice to an oppressed nation ten thousand times graver than anything Serbia might suffer in the Adriatic dispute. The fact, indeed, that Danzig was not incorporated in Poland is unquestionably the most flagrant scandal of the whole Peace Conference, and if report speaks truly, the British Premier and the American President were both equally responsible for this crime against a small nationality whose past history surely entitled it to the most generous consideration.

From the point of view of commerce there must always be a great objection to giving the coastland to one nation and the hinterland to another, and intrinsically there is much to be said for the President's championship of the Slavs in the Dalmatian dispute. It was one of the advantages of the otherwise very bad arrangement which gave Bosnia to Austria in 1878 that it reunited coastland and hinterland under one rule. A further point by no means to be ignored is the fact that a strong Poland is a vital necessity for a peaceful Europe, and that to be really free Poland must of necessity be strong, and not a State on sufferance as Serbia was before the war. The fact is, questions of this kind cannot always be settled on purely abstract principles. As Signor Orlando himself said, they are infinitely too complex to yield to any such cast-iron method.

The late war has brought home to us all the necessity for a League of Nations, or some such instrument, which shall be in a position to prevent, or at least minimize, the danger of war in the future, but I confess it seems to me that the holding of vast tracts of territory in various parts of the world with ill-defined rights and no definite responsibilities by such a body, constitutes about as compromising a position for the real work which the League is intended to accomplish in acting as arbitrator in the disputes between nation and nation as anything that could possibly be conceived. It corresponds somewhat to the position of the Pope in old times as the holder of temporal power. Surely the aim of those who constituted the League of Nations should have been to make the body as unbiassed as possible, and not to force it into an entirely false position as the Meddlesome Matty of the nations! If the League is to be the trustee for the natives of African, Australian, or Asiatic territories, until the natives are sufficiently cultured to express their own views on self-determination, such an arrangement can hardly be considered in the light

THE  
LEAGUE OF  
NATIONS.

of practical politics. Within what period, for instance, are the natives of New Guinea to vote as to the form of government which they desire? These natives are many of them cannibals. They constitute one of the lowest types of the whole human race. Many thousand years must elapse before they can be expected to reach even the intellectual level of the African negro. If the natives of New Guinea are to have a vote, where are we to stop? At the monkey or the missing link? It is obvious that we must draw the line somewhere; but the question naturally arises, "Why and where?" When it was represented to Robespierre that giving the vote to every adult male in the French colonies, as was proposed at the time of the Revolution, would lead to

IDEALISM  
AND  
COMMON  
SENSE.

anarchy and loss of the colonies, the great revolutionary exclaimed, "Perish the colonies rather than a principle!" Robespierre was at least logical. Idealism, however, in politics must be tempered by common sense, and the right of citizens to a vote necessarily implies a measure of education, and the capacity for forming a sound judgment on matters of importance to the general community. The black vote has not worked well in America. Is the cannibal vote likely to answer in New Guinea? The President's Fourteen Points have failed to arouse enthusiasm either in Europe or America. Indeed, the only country in which they seem to have met with even a tolerable reception is the Fatherland! It would surely have been better, if it were proposed to make peace on the basis of certain broad principles, to have had these principles drawn up by the Allies in common as views which they could all of them endorse.

So little were these Fourteen Points agreeable even to America that an exception had to be made in favour of the Monroe Doctrine; but if the principles enunciated are not suitable to America why should they be considered binding on any other continent?

THE  
FOURTEEN  
POINTS.

Surely it is the principle of the Monroe Doctrine that is sound, and the present President's idealism that is at fault. If the League of Nations is to have no voice in the disposition of Mexico, which is assuredly well, why should it have a voice in the disposition of New Guinea, which is just as much an Australian matter as the question of Mexico is an American one? Here again we find that discrepancy between the President's theory and practice, to which attention has already been drawn. The truth is, we must say of the President's Fourteen Points as of the curate's egg, that parts of them are excellent. To swallow them whole can only lead

to a dangerous fit of political indigestion. America is the one real gainer by the war. She is not overburdened by a crushing financial debt. She is in a fair way to regaining her share, and more than her share, of the carrying trade of the world, which she lost during the war between North and South, and which for many years has been almost Great Britain's monopoly. Let her have a care lest she compromise her dominant position by a too adventurous foreign policy. In a war with Japan, she stands to lose far more than she can possibly gain, and, owing to her possession of the Philippines, she would be compelled to enter upon it under strategically disadvantageous conditions. Ultimate success could never compensate her for the financial burden entailed.

The optimists have talked of the recent conflict as a war which will end war, but there is a tendency for wars to beget other wars. The Great War was the child of the Balkan conflict. Let us hope that this will not give birth in turn to another equally obnoxious infant. I confess I regard arrangements such as have been made in connection with the League of Nations on the one hand, and in connection with Poland and Danzig on the other,

as seed beds in which the germs of future wars  
 SOWING THE SEEDS OF FUTURE WARS. may well fructify. A straight deal is always the best, as leaving no ground for future disputes and recriminations. The treaty of peace appears on the surface of it to be too vague and too indefinite.

It raises too many problems and settles too few. Above all, it leaves the financial outlook dark and uncertain, and financial collapse has ever been the mother of revolution. It is not generally remembered or realized, though it is a most indubitable fact, that the great French Revolution came about originally through the financial collapse of the old monarchical system. So it may be again, for the saying that "History repeats itself" is one of the truest of proverbs. Let us remember Tennyson's warning—Tennyson who proved himself to be not only poet but seer :—

Hope the best but hold the present fatal daughter of the past;  
 Steer thy course to meet the hour but deem not that the hour will last.

Europe is in the melting pot, and the new age will see strange metamorphoses. The whole Continent is menaced by internal and external dangers. The Bolshevist Anarchy is breaking up, and the Slav is waiting for a master. Suppose such master should prove to be a Napoleon, how would Europe stand? All the greater the necessity for a strong and independent Poland,

with regard to which, in their own interest, it were surely madness for the Allied Powers to content themselves with half measures, and

That middle course to steer  
To cowardice and craft so dear!

There lies before me a book just published by D. Appleton and Company, of New York and London, entitled *Faith in a Future Life*, by A. W. Martin.\* The date of this is 1916, and presumably the publication in England was delayed on account of the war. The basis of the book is a number of lectures delivered in the winter of 1915 at the meeting-house of the Society for Ethical Culture, New York. The surprising point about the book is, however, the fact that it was published in the present century at all, to such an astonishing extent are recent evidence and investigations in the matter of

FAITH  
IN A  
FUTURE  
LIFE.

psychical research ignored by the author. An instance of this may be given which will open the eyes of every reader of the book. On page 149 Mr. Martin observes: "In the words of Sir Oliver Lodge, not one bit of precise evidence in favour of the hypothesis of discarnate intelligence is forthcoming." The author does not provide chapter and verse for this statement, so diametrically opposed to the position Sir Oliver Lodge has taken up for a considerable number of years past, and one would very much like to have the date of the observation in question, if it was actually made. Can it be that the author is ignorant of all Sir Oliver Lodge has written in recent years, or is he simply disingenuous? One can hardly think the latter is the true explanation, as this would assume on the part of his readers such a total ignorance of recent controversies on the subject as to give his credit entirely away. If, however, he is himself as ignorant as this, how does it come about that he writes a book on a subject with regard to which he has taken no pains to keep himself up to date?

Mr. Martin, I see by the title page, is the author of other works, none of which, however, have come under my notice. Among these may be named *Great Religious Teachers of the East*, *The Life of Jesus in the Light of the Higher Criticism*, and *The Dawn of Christianity*. It is to be hoped that our author has taken more pains to put himself in touch with modern thought in these publications than in the one now under con-

\* *Faith in a Future Life (Foundations)*. Alfred W. Martin. \$1.50.

sideration, which certainly affords an interesting study of the mind of a man who has thought much on these topics without arriving at any definite conclusions, and who evidently vacillates between contradictory positions, advancing an hypothesis on one page with all the arguments he can find for its support, and demolishing it in another, evidently quite oblivious of the previous position which he had adopted. A case in point is the supremely important question as to whether consciousness can function apart from matter. In the earlier pages of his book the author takes the view that we are not entitled to deny the soul's immortality on the ground that apart from a brain to think with there can be no thought. All that science has proved, says our author, is that material processes *accompany* mental states, not that the latter are caused by the former. Precisely! But, as the author himself shows farther on, science at least

CAN CON-  
SCIOUSNESS  
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MATTER? has proved that as far as our knowledge goes material processes *invariably* accompany mental states; that is to say, that we have no precedent which would enable us to accept the fact of the existence of consciousness apart from matter of some kind or other, however tenuous. "Disembodied personality is certainly not inconceivable," continues Mr. Martin, "and we cannot say it is impossible." I do not know what the author means by the term "inconceivable," but it is generally held that that is inconceivable of which we have no previous parallel experience. It seems to me that it is just this perfectly sound scientific position, to which Mr. Martin takes exception, that has proved so grave a stumbling block to many would-be believers in a future life. They cannot conceive of consciousness apart from matter of some kind and, to be perfectly frank, in spite of Mr. Martin, I do not believe there is a single human being who can. A hundred pages later, Mr. Martin has forgotten the point he attempted to make against science in his earlier argument. On pages 158-9 he says: "A third and no less popular difficulty besetting the belief in immortality is the universal association of mind with some form of matter. The reality of discarnate spirits existing independently of matter remains unproven, and in the light of our acquaintance with matter seems inconceivable." \* So that Mr. Martin has entirely abandoned the position he previously adopted, and admits that the dissocia-

\* And again, p. 149: "No psychical researcher has yet succeeded in showing that the alleged spirits are discarnate . . . and a long experience goes to show that mental processes are always found associated with physiological changes."

tion of spirit and matter seems inconceivable in the later passage, and therefore scientifically unacceptable, in spite of having observed in the earlier one that "inconceivability has never been esteemed a criterion of truth," and having suggested that such inconceivability is no real argument against consciousness functioning apart from matter! Thus he rejects "the established conclusions of science" which later on he sees reason to accept, while postulating in explanation the very reasonable hypothesis "of some form of matter which may exist imperceptibly to us, and which, associated with spirit, fulfils the seeming requisite for the latter's persistence." Certainly in this instance the author's second thoughts are best, but he should really take the trouble to read his proofs and not give to the public a book which exposes the author as vacillating hopelessly between contradictory opinions. In view of what Mr. Martin has left unread, it is at least refreshing to see he has made some sort of study; however superficial a one, of Myers's *Human Personality*. He takes exception, however, to Myers's hypothesis of the subliminal self. He sums up this author's view by no means unfairly as follows:—

According to Myers there are within us two fields of consciousness separated by a threshold (limen). That mental activity which lies below the limen of ordinary consciousness is the subliminal, while that which lies above this and within normal consciousness is the supraliminal. The subliminal (or subconscious) is thus a sort of reservoir in which are stored up powers acquired through education and experience and extending beyond the normal capacities of the mind. Now it was on the reality and powers of this subliminal self that Myers based his belief in a future life. He held that the conscious (supraliminal) self is only a small part of the total self; that beneath conscious personality extends a much larger and immortal subliminal self. To use his own words: "The conscious self of each of us, as we call it, the empirical, the supraliminal self, as I should prefer to say, does not comprise the whole of the consciousness or the faculty within us. There exists a more comprehensive consciousness, a profounder faculty, which for the most part remains potential only as far as regards the life on earth, but from which the consciousness and the faculty of earth-life are mere selections, and which reasserts itself in its plenitude after the liberating change of death."

The author describes this as "a romantic view presented with exceptional literary charm." He adds that the "inutile" character of the subconscious self in the struggle for existence was what made Myers feel that he had an all-sufficient basis for a belief in survival after death. "But," he adds, in a truly astounding passage, "there are certain serious objections to be urged against this view. In the first place, it is by no means proved that such a subliminal self exists in every human



being. The fact is that in normal persons it does not appear. Only in pathological subjects does there seem to be within one and the same mind a chief and a subordinate centre of life capable moreover of dissociation so that separate personalities may function in one and the same body. So far as evidence goes, the subliminal self in normal persons is, if not non-existent, practically negligible, while in pathological subjects it is distinctly inferior to the supraliminal."

IS THE  
SUBLIMINAL  
CONFINED  
TO PATHO-  
LOGICAL  
SUBJECTS ?

I should like to ask Mr. Martin, if he disputes the existence of a subliminal self, how he accounts for dream phenomena. According to his argument the normal person should not dream at all. As a matter of fact, the person who does not dream or who thinks he does not dream, is very much the exception, and therefore the abnormal. Again, it is very doubtful if such a person really exists. All the evidence which we possess, inconclusive as it may be held to be, points to the fact that *all* people dream. It may even be plausibly argued that consciousness never actually ceases, and if this is the case, dreaming must be continuous throughout sleep.

Our author continues, postulating an hypothesis which certainly never entered into Myers's imagination, apparently merely for the sake of demolishing it.

In the second place, if the supraliminal self we all know and on which we spend our years [*sic*] bringing it into ever closer approximation to completeness, has to die, and the subliminal to survive, what shadow of reason can there be for continuing the educative task? Why should immortality be accredited to the subliminal self and the supraliminal which we laboured to develop be annihilated?

Surely no one ever suggested this! If there is a vehicle which, if we choose, we may call the astral-body, through which the subliminal self functions, does not this body afford a medium through which after death the entire consciousness may function as a coherent whole? This at least is the position which Myers adopted, and that the author understood that this was so he admits himself in the quotation given on the preceding page. A third objection which Mr. Martin raises is as follows: "Can the subliminal self persist apart from physiological conditions, or are its processes dependent on a physical organism? Judging the issue by our experience in ordinary mental processes, all of them physiologically conditioned, we should say that these extraordinary processes, if such they actually be, are likewise so conditioned." This is of course the view of Martin number two. Martin number one, as above pointed out, has already gone out

of his way to discredit his own argument by suggesting that the spiritual may perfectly well function apart from the physical.

There is a story told of a certain dreamer—Dr. Johnson, I think it was—who in one of his dreams had a heated argument with a friend in which the friend had very much the better of the wordy warfare. On awaking, Dr. Johnson felt great annoyance that so acute a brain as his should have been so hopelessly defeated in argument. Re-considering the matter, however, he came to the conclusion that the friend who had got the better

DR. JOHNSON'S DREAM. of him was only another portion of his dissociated personality and that the good and bad arguments both emanated from himself. Possibly Mr. Martin may find in a similar reflection some consolation

for the false positions in which he so frequently lands himself in the present pages. If, however, we are right in accepting the second thoughts of Mr. Martin as the best, we can hardly go so far as to contend, as he seems to do on p. 108, that spirit itself is material. It is not a question of spirit being material, but rather of spirit requiring a material vehicle. To postulate materiality of consciousness itself savours of materialism pure and simple; that is to say, of the views of Professor Haeckel, that mind is an emanation from matter; for the destructive criticism of which standpoint we may again refer to our author on an earlier page. It certainly cannot be said of Mr. Martin as it was of the early Christians that he knows what he believes!

"The observations and experiments," says our author (apparently in one of his passing moods of scepticism), "conducted under the auspices of the S.P.R., have not resulted either in furnishing a new foundation of or in verifying the spiritualistic hypothesis. Nor again has the alleged reality and peculiar character of the subliminal self given us a satisfying substitute foundation for that of spiritualism." There are, thinks our author, grave difficulties in the way of accepting Myers's theory, quite as insurmountable as those which spiritism has to face. "The scientific attitude with regard to the spiritistic theory," we are told, "would seem to be suspension of judgment." Some people may take the view that this form of suspended mental animation has been carried too far already. Is there never then to be a time when we are to be allowed to draw deductions from our premises? And if not, what, in the name of sanity, is the use of accumulating these endless tomes of evidence which our author at least for the most part evidently does not take the trouble to read?

One of the questions raised in Mr. Martin's book concerns the meaning of the word Occultism. This word has been interpreted so variously that a few observations on the subject may not seem out of place. The present author quotes the Century Dictionary as defining the word to mean "that which is hidden, or not apparent on mere inspection." This definition is obviously far too vague. Mr. Martin includes under the heading of occultism not only theosophy but also spiritualism and psychical research. In its very commonly accepted sense, occultism is, as a matter

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ING OF  
OCCULTISM.

of fact, held to be synonymous with what we may term uncanonical science; that is, those branches of scientific investigation which have not received the imprimatur of the leading scientific authorities of the day. Thus in this sense we should be justified in classing Astrology, Palmistry, Alchemy, Magic, and various forms of divination under the heading of Occultism. According to this view of the meaning of the word, the recognition by science of any special branch of research, the validity or genuineness of which had been previously disputed, withdraws it from the field of occultism and places it within the category of orthodox science. Occultism, however, in its truest sense, is not commensurate with the field of research of science properly so-called. The problems with which it has to deal are essentially distinct from those with which science is concerned. In this truest sense occultism consists in the study of the spiritual causes that underlie material phenomena; just as science properly so called consists in the study of those material phenomena themselves. Thus occultism deals with the immaterial forces of which the manifested universe is the product. Those laws of super-nature with which astrology for instance deals, are productive of physical effects in the phenomenal world, but are not themselves physical. Science, however, is inevitably in practice bound to take into consideration various forces which strictly speaking should be termed occult, among the most important of which we may name electricity, which is not termed occult to-day merely on account of its recognition by official science. The fact of its occult character is, however, quite obvious; nor, indeed, does science make any claim to a comprehension of its essential nature. Physical science, in our

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AND  
SCIENCE.

own day, has begun to utilize occult forces for the practical purposes of every-day life, as in the case of wireless telegraphy, and in cases where such forces are not yet applied practically, they are becoming recognized by the scientific theorist and renamed in accordance

with the terminology of the latest scientific school; as, for instance, in the case of the "astral light" of the ancient occultists which is now known as the ether. The occultism of Mesmer has given place to the hypnotism of the modern medical practitioner; and although the hypnotist of to-day disputes the validity of animal magnetism as an explanation of the phenomena, the time is probably not far distant when, as Dr. Boirac suggests, in his learned treatise, *Psychic Science*, this also is likely to meet with official scientific recognition. Transmutation of metals again, a purely occult conception, is being tentatively admitted to-day in scientific theory. What is called in question is rather its practical efficacy and commercial utility. Thus modern science is ever trenching on the field of occultism, though unwilling to admit its debt to that occult philosophy to whose daring pioneers the credit of its discoveries is in reality due.

One chapter of this curious volume is devoted to the question of "The Theosophical belief: Reincarnation"—that is to say, I suppose, Reincarnation as held by the Theosophical Society. It seems curious to place these very rigid limits on the problem, as obviously Reincarnation might be perfectly true, and the Theosophical theories with regard to it entirely false. The author, in fact, himself might be a convinced believer in Reincarnation and yet reject Theosophy root and branch. Once, however, he has launched on his subject, we quickly discover that he knows about as little of Reincarnation from the Theosophical point of view as from any other, and though he states that he regards it as not proven, it is clear from what he fails to say that

A NOVEL ARGUMENT AGAINST REINCARNA-  
TION. the evidence in its favour has never come to his knowledge. His argument against it, if argument it can be called, consists in an attack on the doctrine of Karma, which he describes as "an antiquated moral theory which postulates a Hereafter to satisfy the demand for justice." As a matter of fact Mr.

Martin argues that there is no necessity for such Hereafter from this point of view. "Justice," he says in words which will doubtless make most of my readers aghast, "closes up the affairs of the universe at every instant, so that were it to be annihilated at this moment the books of judgment would be found balanced and every jot and tittle of the law fulfilled."

Here [says our author] is an unscrupulous "sweater" squandering his ill-gotten gains on superfluities, while his ill-paid employees eke out a miserable existence on starvation wages. Here, again, is an unprincipled politician who by bribery secures a well-salaried office which should have

gone to the candidate of sterling integrity and honour. Here, once more, is a shrewd and shameless sharper enjoying life in a luxuriously appointed mansion on a fashionable thoroughfare while the victims of his fraudulent operations occupy ill-ventilated quarters on unfrequented streets and alleys.

Our author would have us believe that in reality the ill-paid employees are just as well off as the sweater who has defrauded them of their just wages; that the sharper has suffered retribution, though it seems difficult quite to see how (unless indeed he is haunted by a guilty conscience, which very probably he does not possess), and that his victims also have received their due compensation. Even if the sharper agrees with our author, he will find some difficulty in persuading the victims! The ends of justice, he says, are attained on every plane. They are not only attained on every plane, but they are attained instantaneously. If a swindler robs you of your hardy earned savings, you are compensated then and there, and he is punished. One is inclined to ask, is comment really necessary? Surely if a man will believe this, he will believe anything. On these lines one may say at once that black is white and there is no difference between good and evil. I think the anti-reincarnationists will hardly thank Mr. Martin for having produced so astounding an argument in their favour!

In criticizing recently some particularly puerile attack on this hypothesis, I drew attention to the fact that the counter position had never, as far as I was aware, been stated in print in such a manner as to demand serious consideration from the philosophically minded. This latest addition to the literature of the party of attack will hardly help to strengthen their very weak case. The challenge of David Hume still remains unanswered. The gauntlet which he threw down has never been taken up. There are still only two alternatives "which philosophy can hearken to," the materialistic hypothesis, and the doctrine of metempsychosis.

Mr. Martin adduces indeed one argument frequently advanced before, and now very trite. It has been answered most effectively by Prof. McTaggart in his *Human Immortality and Pre-Existence*. Mr. Martin quotes the Professor's name as if he were familiar with his works, but this one has obviously escaped his notice. "If," says our author, "all memory of my temptations, struggles, disciplines, aspirations, is to be for ever blotted out, then all the moral value of the growth process is lost for me." This is what Prof. McTaggart says in reply (taking first as an example the case of wisdom) :

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Can we [he asks] be wiser by reason of something which we have forgotten? *Unquestionably we can.* Wisdom is not merely or chiefly amassed facts, or even recorded judgments. It depends primarily on a mind qualified to deal with facts and to form judgments. Now the acquisition of knowledge and experience, if wisely conducted, may strengthen the mind. Of that we have sufficient evidence in this life. And so

A LOST  
MEMORY  
AND A  
GARNERED  
HARVEST.

a man who dies after acquiring knowledge—and all men acquire some—might enter his new life deprived indeed of his knowledge, but not deprived of the increased strength and delicacy of mind which he has gained in acquiring the knowledge; and if so, he will be wiser in the second life, because of what has happened in the first. . . . Mere accumulation of knowledge, if memory never ceased, would soon become overwhelming, and worse than useless. . . .

With virtue the point is perhaps clearer; for the memory of moral experiences is of no value to virtue except in so far as it helps to form the moral character; and if this is done the loss of the memory would be no loss of virtue. . . . A character may remain determined by an event which has been forgotten. So a man may carry over into his next life the dispositions and tendencies which he has gained by the moral contests of this life and the value of those experiences will not have been destroyed by the death which has destroyed the memory of them.

I think this quotation from Prof. McTaggart, whose authority our author appears to recognize, is an all-sufficient answer to the threadbare criticism that he has once more advanced.

Mr. Martin sums up his conclusions as follows:—

Reviewing the ground we have covered in criticism of Reincarnation and the allied doctrine of Karma, we conclude that as compared with the corresponding teaching of orthodox Christianity we infinitely prefer the Theosophical view. Yet by reason of the grave objections which we must register against the Reincarnation hypothesis, we have no alternative but to reject it as fully as we do the Christian conception of Heaven and Hell.

Mr. Martin eventually decides to base his own faith in immortality on the fact that he regards it as an ethical necessity. He has already told us that he rejects any belief in this doctrine which is based on intuition, so that we must not regard this belief of his as having any relation to one founded otherwise than on pure reason. If, however, we look for the justification of his faith, we fail to discover it except on the assumption that the universe is based on principles of absolute justice. If this is the case his argument is doubtless sound enough; but though this is the very point where he joins issue with the materialist, he produces no evidence in verification of the assumption which materialism rejects. He must assuredly see that an argument grounded on such an unproved assumption could not be seriously considered from the scientific standpoint. As the

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FUTURE  
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ETHICAL  
NECESSITY?

poet says, "Nature red in tooth and claw shrieks against his creed." What we want is some assurance that appearances are deceptive, and that justice reigns in spite of what looks so much like conclusive proof to the contrary. Mr. Martin calmly takes the beneficent ordering of the universe for granted, and builds thereon his faith in a future life. Really he might quite equally well, and indeed better, have taken the reality of a future life for granted and deduced from it the eternal justice of the universe. The Riddle of Life is not to be solved by such reckless methods of begging the question! Before putting his pen to paper again let us hope that our worthy author will first of all make up his mind what it is he really *does* believe, and why he believes it.

Readers who are anxious to make the acquaintance of the *Azoth* magazine and who were previously disappointed, may be glad to know that a further stock of copies is now to hand, over and above those supplied to subscribers. Single copies will be sent post free on receipt of 1s. 3d.

It may also be well to mention that a reprint of *Occult Science in India and Among the Ancients*, translated from the French of Louis Jacolliot, is now available from my publishers, William Rider & Son, Ltd., price 7s. 6d. net. Numerous inquiries have been received for this book, which has been out of print for some time past.

## ALONG THE MYSTIC ROAD

By RAPHAEL MERIDEN

MY eyes have sought, since I could see, the things that set the  
 spirit free,  
 The wondrous magic of the key  
 To chainless life.  
 With sweeping glance they hunt and find, all ecstasy of heart  
 and mind,  
 All mystic roads that leave behind  
 The scene of strife.

And oh, the sense of broken bliss, when I must flee from Dian's  
To wander in the black abyss [kiss

Where bubbles thrive.

When secret haunts where god-men stray, whitened lands where  
fairies play,

Fling me, a stranger, far away  
To wear my gyve.

Yet must I thank the Tireless One, whose hidden heart in the  
Will rain his love till I have won [blazing sun

The final fight ;

For the daily gleam of the far-off goal, for constant flights of the  
loosened soul,

And welcome words from Truth's great scroll,  
My best birthright !

Ah ! let me never lose the line that leads into the spangled shrine,  
And is to me a battle-sign

That flashes hope.

For ages yet will race me by, before my toil shall fructify  
And prove no man can e'er belie

His horoscope.

My bleeding feet shall fail and fall, my wincing lip must quaff the  
The days in hell again appal, [gall,

But never a cry.

For the wakened soul is done with fear, and sees behind each  
sorrow-spear

A coming brightness shining clear  
Through blackened sky.

And if I meet along the road a brother burdened with his load,  
A stumbling soul that feels the goad,

A heavy heart ;

Then let me give with eager hand, all strength he needs upright  
to stand,

All love and light that I command,  
Till pain depart.

For every man must sink in slime, before he e'er begins to climb,  
Before he pass the bounds of Time

Where all is one.

So send me, Lord, on every side, that to the blind I come, a guide,  
And bring each soul, a willing bride,

Unto the Sun !



# THE COMPASS OF OCCULTISM

## THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS— AND A FIFTH

BY J. HERBERT SLATER, Author of "Problems of the Borderland," etc.

THOSE who make a study of Occultism are very apt to gather erroneous notions of many of its essential principles and, upon a foundation of misconceived suggestions and analogies, almost invariably seek to build a structure which never did and never could exist. For the most part they build castles in the air, and, though they cannot put the foundations under them, as Thoreau enjoins, are nevertheless satisfied because they imagine they can see a close connection between their dreams of fancy and the stable occurrences which are strange, as they admit, but might be more truthfully described as being altogether incomprehensible so far as they are concerned. They think that time and more study will throw the door somewhat wider open, and that sooner or later order will be evolved from chaos.

It is the fact that, as a rule, those who enter upon the beaten track, of which we will speak shortly, think that with enterprise and strict attention to detail they will in course of time be able to wander into the by-ways that are seen branching on either side of the long road which has literally no end and leads, so far as they are able to map out its tortuous windings, to nowhere. In this belief lies one of the many illusions encountered even on the broad highway, and which, we may be sure, will become very greatly accentuated directly an attempt is made to leave it.

That some of the more familiar tenets of Occultism may be gathered from books by any one who is determined to master the details set before him is disputed in no way. They constitute what may be called the firm ground—the high-road which for ages past has been trodden flat by the footsteps of countless predecessors and must be traversed anew by every one, each for himself, who aspires to follow in their train. Some part of the information given in books, whether it contains the cryptic utterances of bygone days, when to speak plainly would have been dangerous in the extreme, or the modern commentaries of

a more tolerant age, certainly cannot be dispensed with except by those who are being taught orally, and these, of course, are always in a very small minority. As a general rule the student of Occultism is left to his own devices, and this for many reasons which it is hardly necessary to elaborate, though one of them may be specially mentioned, as it is more than usually important. It is centered in the fact that not one person in a thousand, or even more, is so constituted that his studies could be reasonably expected to lead to any tangible result in the near future no matter how painstaking or enthusiastic he might be. In such circumstances it would, of course, be useless to interfere.

The analogy sought to be established between that which is and that which may or may not be, constitutes in reality a sharp line of demarcation between the twilight and the black shadows that come creeping out of the darkness. To dissipate them is in itself a magic art, and they must be dissipated before progress to the right or to the left can be made with any probability of success. What must be done therefore by the great majority of those to whom Occultism in its varied forms presents a real attraction, is to follow the high road and keep their footsteps sure in the well-founded belief that some day, in the distant future, when or where or how it is not in the power of any one to prophesy, they will be impelled to leave it fortified with a knowledge that will seem to come naturally—as to the manner born—and a spirituality that gives it life. Occultism, as a science, has ever been in advance of its day, and they who follow it pursue it beyond the confines of to-morrow.

It may be mentioned at the risk of saying what will perhaps be considered unnecessary, that in the occult sense the word "Spirituality" is not used as conveying the meaning generally ascribed to it. It has to do with the capacity for assimilating knowledge not by any reasoning process but at the fountain head of knowledge itself, or in other words by intuition. Reason leads to the development of intellect and is therefore one of the great assets of mankind, though intuition is a greater, or rather would be, had it passed its rudimentary stage and were it the common appanage of all. Its time, except in fitful gleams, is not yet, and ages will pass before it comes fully into its own. When it does the super-man will look upon reason as we to-day regard instinct—as something excellent in its way but not consistent with the more advanced form of evolution such as will then exist. Some people have even now a slight measure of intuition. These "jump," as it is said, at a conclusion

which is afterwards proved to be perfectly correct, although by every argument it is possible to conceive, it ought to have been wrong. This they may do not once or twice, but many times; indeed some acquire a reputation for so pitching upon the truth. They cannot tell you what power prompted them to fly in the face of argument, or rather to blot its influence out, but it is the power identified with this occult force of Spirituality made manifest as intuition, almost negligible in its weakness and never to be implicitly relied upon, but present notwithstanding on occasion and capable even in its rudimentary stage of being trained and amplified. Those who are so gifted have every inducement to press on.

The consideration of this phase is, however, too far from the beaten track of Occultism to permit enlargement within the compass of a few pages. That beaten track has its own problems, and it is proposed to deal with a few of the more obvious as simply and as practically as possible, not because there is any novelty in the conclusions they foreshadow, but for the reason that they are often misunderstood, and that no real progress can be made until they are solved, or at the very least until their intricacies are simplified. There are cardinal points of Occultism which, when thoroughly understood and accepted, go far to explain many of those strange occurrences which the Scientist dismisses with a wave of the hand as being so many fictions coined by some one who has lost what glimmering of common sense he ever possessed, or more charitably as "extraordinary coincidences" which are met with occasionally, and by reason of their rarity are not worth troubling about. The first of these cardinal points even the Scientists respect, and it is this—

*Everything that happens is the outcome of a law which is supreme, eternal, active and unchangeable.*

From this it follows that miracles, so called, do not exist and never have existed, for a miracle is some occurrence that is directly contrary to well ascertained rules of Nature which the experience of mankind has shown to rest on a solid basis of truth. Should any one, for instance, come to us, at this time of day, and assert that he had actually seen a dog changed into a sheep or any other animal—the annals of witchcraft are full of such stories—we should think, or perhaps say, either that he was not speaking the truth or that he was insane or had been hypnotized and in that way forced to believe in the reality of an illusion. Such a change of one object into another of a totally different character, had it really taken place, would have been without doubt what

is called a miracle, and we know sufficient about the laws of nature to be quite certain that such a reversal of order could not possibly happen. Assuming that our informant still persisted in his story and that we knew him to be a man worthy of belief in other respects and by no means insane, we should say that he had been hypnotized either by some third party or unconsciously by himself. Lucian says that Democritus, the Thracian philosopher, did not acknowledge the existence of miracles, for which he was denounced as a reviler of the gods, and that he applied himself to discover the method by which the laws and works of nature could be imitated, and this justifies the assumption that in his opinion nature governs all things and that nothing can happen in violation of her laws. This also is and always has been the belief of Occultists, and had it been that of the ruling powers of the centuries that have gone, the ridiculous stories put forward as true in such books as Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World* would have been estimated at their real value. Cotton Mather was an educated man and sensible enough in most respects, but absolutely ignorant of the first cardinal point of Occultism.

The second principle of Occultism is a combination of these two propositions—

- (a) *The world on which we live is one of the planes of nature. It is material to those who dwell on the world and also to those who dwell on other worlds of equal (similar) materiality, but otherwise it is immaterial.*
- (b) *There are several planes of nature in close connection with our world, and each is material to those who live on any one or more of them: Otherwise each is immaterial.*

The word "material" relates to matter—something that can be seen, touched, or in some way rendered apparent to one or other of the senses. The word "immaterial" relates to something which cannot be seen, touched or otherwise sensed through the ordinary channels of life as it exists on any particular plane. The teaching of Occultism is to the effect that each of the planes of nature is interpenetrative. One does not extend beyond the other in the same way, for example, as England is distinct from Scotland or Wales, but they all occupy the same space, the distinction between them having nothing to do with locality. It has reference to the psychical adaptability of man himself, which adaptability, if it be sufficiently exalted either naturally or by art, is capable of functioning on two or more planes, not indeed

at the same time, but alternately and at different times; for man has within himself something of the matter of every one of the planes on which he exists all his life long although he may not be aware of it. When asleep, for instance, his physical body is on this plane, but he—the real man—is not. Should it be thought that he is; that the body seen lying on the bed is the real man, ask him a simple question, or better still, tell him that something to which his life has been devoted for years has come to pass, and that his perplexities are all over because his task is accomplished at last. If anything could make such a man spring to his feet, this experiment might be relied upon for accomplishing the end in view, but the body of him sleeps on. It will not do to say that the brain which rules him when awake is oblivious, worn out for the time being with its labours, for were that so the man would never awake until the equilibrium of blood and nerves had been restored. We know that a man, though in a very deep sleep and quite worn out, may awake at any moment and then go to sleep again. If we had only the brain to deal with, this awakening would be against the law of nature by virtue of which he fell asleep in the first instance. His waking, contrary to law and for no apparent reason, such as a sudden shock or a loud noise would afford, could be nothing more nor less than a miracle. But, it may be urged, some men can fall asleep almost at will and that at a time when the equilibrium is balanced. What of them? Some men also eat when they are not hungry, and many more drink when they are not thirsty. Habit impels them in all cases alike, and practice makes perfect.

A third principle of Occultism arising directly from the two propositions previously mentioned is as follows—

*There are as many orders of matter as there are planes in nature, and each order is different in its essence from every other order.*

On our plane—that of the Earth—we know very well what constitutes matter, and there is only one order, although there are many varieties of it. Earth, air, fire and water, belong to the same order of matter as also does æther (or ether), which has been known to Occultists for ages and of which Science has at last admitted the existence. Water, ice and steam all belong to the same order, which, though it has changed in appearance, has not altered in quality. So far as our plane is concerned, matter is so well recognized either by its appearance or by analyses and tests that the chemical composition of much of it is common knowledge, but this is not the case with the forms of matter peculiar to the other planes of nature. These forms constitute

so many distinct factors, one of which is peculiar to every plane. On the plane of the earth we are endowed with certain senses enabling us to recognize most descriptions of matter at sight or by touch or in some other way, but there is only one order of matter that can be so sensed, and so true is this that the world at large has not the faintest idea of any other. If the story of Dante's "Divina Commedia" were taken as a physical experience, the very conception would militate against the Occult rule in course of consideration. Whether in heaven or hell he would have been unable to see anything with his physical eyes. Not a rock could have barred his way, nor fire nor ice have held him back, for it is not possible to recognize matter nor even to be aware of its existence unless we ourselves are of the same order or, what amounts to the same thing, are provided with senses adapted to meet the special circumstances of the case. Man, it is true, has in reality two sets of senses, one of a physical and the other of a spiritual nature, but the latter are not yet sufficiently developed to be of any practical use, and so it comes to pass that as he takes his walks abroad he imagines that he sees all that there is to be seen—that there is only one order of matter in the whole of nature. In his experience he has never encountered any other and will not believe that it can exist.

The fourth cardinal point of the compass of Occultism is more recondite.

*Force, the result of action in some form, exists on each plane, but the source of the action is peculiar to the plane "above," the plane "below" noting nothing but the action, the force and its result.*

At first sight this may appear somewhat difficult to understand, though it can be made clear enough by the aid of a simple illustration. Science has demonstrated to its satisfaction the truth of what was once described as "the most important discovery of the nineteenth century," namely, the indestructibility of matter and the correlation of forces, which is as much as to say that no particle of matter can ever be destroyed and that forces are mutually convertible—you may indeed change the appearance of either matter or force or employ either in different combinations, but you cannot destroy—nor, as the Occultists say, even put an end to either. This so-called discovery of the nineteenth century has been known for ages. Erigena, who lived some 1200 years ago, speaks to the same effect, in his work *De Divisione Naturae*, and even he was in no sense the discoverer of what has only lately come to be regarded in

the light of an axiom. The scientists might go a step further and tell us, if they can, whence is the beginning and where the end, if there be an end, of any indestructible force or kind of matter they like to mention.

A candle is lighted. The flame is matter which cannot be destroyed though it may be resolved into some other form as, for instance, by blowing it out. Into what other form then has the flame been resolved? From whence did it come? Whither has it vanished? When these questions are propounded an attempt is invariably made to avoid them by explaining the chemical composition of the candle, the mysteries of light and heat and the effect of oxygen on combustion. The questions are of the most simple character, but no scientist has ever answered one of the three. The answer is that the flame came from the plane "above," the one immediately associated with our own, and that it was called into being by a process of materialization of such a familiar character that any child can perform it. When extinguished it returned to the reservoir from whence it came. There are an unlimited number of processes of materialization all more or less dependent upon the class of matter to be operated upon, and it has long been observed that in every instance the process weakens the effect which alone is visible to us. Lytton imagined a force which he called "Vril." This on its own plane could shatter mountains. We recognize one of the materialized forms of this "Vril"—by whatever name it may be called—in the lightning which merely shatters houses. The lightning is enough, and perhaps too much for us, but it is after all only the materialized and weakened effect of a force infinitely more powerful and dangerous on its own plane. It will be discovered and harnessed some day, and then—and not till then—wars will cease.

The last principle of Occultism to be mentioned here and at this time is as follows—

*The human will when intelligently exercised becomes a force.*

The term "will," like most other terms used in Occultism, is frequently misunderstood. In order to "will" anything from an occult standpoint it is necessary to determine the result and to firmly believe, without any doubt at all, in its accomplishment. A man, for example, knows that he can jump a two foot hedge. He has often done so before and has no doubt that he can jump it now. He determines to jump it and, knowing his ability, succeeds as often as he likes to do so. Had he begun to think whether he could jump it, having regard to some pain in the leg or for any other reason, he might have failed. To determine to

do something, and at the same time to wonder whether the result will be commensurate with the effort to be made, is a contradiction in terms. Such a powerful force is the will when exercised in accordance with the dictates of Occultism that it is more than doubtful whether it is incapable of effecting anything that comes within the limits of human possibility. Paracelsus spoke well when he said, "Imagination must be fortified by faith, for faith establishes the will, and the two then become one and indivisible. It is the will thus fortified that is the groundwork of all magical operations." And again, Van Helmont—"The will is the greatest power, for the Creator made all things and put them in motion by the power of his will alone." It is hardly necessary to say that we cannot approach such an exalted climax. Man cannot create anything on this plane, not even the meanest thing that crawls on the surface of the earth or is found in its waters, nor a stock nor a stone, nor anything, animate or inanimate. The utmost he can do is to alter the appearance of something already created by rearranging its constituent parts in different combinations. On some of the other planes creation is possible to a limited extent by the manipulation of forces operating upon a special kind of matter that does not exist upon our plane. But this is a side issue; our compass does not point in its direction.



## DREAM EXPERIENCES

BY "MERCURIAL"

THERE are some dreams which seem more real than actual life, making on the dreamer's consciousness an impression which remains long after the memory of contemporary events has faded. Such were the two dreams I am now about to relate. Years elapsed between them, yet all the details are still clearly engraven on my memory, though of the events of my waking life at those particular times I can recall little or nothing.

The first dream began in the picturesque, old-fashioned kitchen of a Normandy farmhouse. I, a youth in the prime of life, was a fugitive—from what or whom I do not know, but have a very vivid recollection of the reality of the terrors that threatened me, if caught—and I was being disguised as an old pedlar-woman by the friendly farmer's wife. Fastening a quaint frilled bonnet on my head, and slinging a tray containing various petty wares from my shoulders, she pushed me hastily out of the kitchen into the sunlit village street. I hobbled along in the hot sunshine, not daring to hurry for fear of betraying myself by my walk, and before I was many paces away I heard a conveyance of some sort drive up to the farmhouse behind me, while loud voices shouted inquiries. These were my enemies, I knew, but they were sent off upon a wrong track, and I pursued my way unmolested. For hours I seemed to walk—picking up my skirts and fairly sprinting along the country lanes when no one was in sight!—till at last I felt that it would be safe to rest awhile. In a lonely, tree-shadowed lane, with grassy banks on either side, I paused, and after looking carefully round to make sure that no one was near, I climbed up the right-hand bank and found myself in a wide meadow. Under a clump of trees stood a tumble-down shed—and here the dream becomes somewhat ridiculous! I can only say that I lived in that meadow *for months*—certainly through a whole summer—hiding in the shed in the daytime, and at night coming out to pick up scraps of sandwiches and cake, and to drain the dregs of ginger-beer bottles, left behind by picnic parties! This seems to have been my sole means of subsistence, but nevertheless my sensations were those of well-being and happiness! Then one day, in

some unexplained or unremembered way, I knew that danger was on my track again, and, without thought or preparation, I started to run—but I was wearing some kind of loose tunic, not feminine garb, this time. I ran for miles through green lanes and across wide-spreading fields, never breathless, never tired, but covering the ground with an ease and swiftness that filled me with delight. Suddenly, over the brow of a hill, I came out upon a glorious valley. On every side vast rolling downs stretched away to the sky-line, clothed here and there with trees whose golden, russet, and crimson splendour blazed and flamed in the autumn sunlight. They were like the trees one finds in the landscapes of some modern painters—and also something like those in Bakst's fantastic setting of "L'Après-midi d'un Faune"—(though the dream took place some time before the advent of the Russian Ballet in England). I stood on the hill-top and gazed upon the glorious landscape, and breathed the delicious thyme-scented air. Then I saw that in the valley, half-hidden among trees, lay a house, and I ran lightly down the hill towards it. I came to a pond crossed by a narrow wooden bridge with a hand-rail at one side. Beyond lay the house and a farm-yard, and on the bridge were two or three men, shouting and gesticulating. I saw then that a horse lay kicking and struggling in the water. It had slipped and fallen on its side, and the men seemed stupid, not knowing what to do. "Now," I thought, "if I can help these men, perhaps they will help me." So I leapt into the water, seized the horse's head, jerked it to its feet, and led it proudly to dry land. Then, as I had hoped, the men told me of a place where I would be safe, and, following their directions, I turned to the right, and ran for some time through a dense and very sweet-scented pine-wood. Presently the ground sloped uphill, and for the first time I began to feel tired (probably because I was beginning to awaken). But I struggled on, and at last reached a low wooden building—something like a golf club-house—and knew that there lay safety. Dimly I remember falling into a chair in a room where several people stood and stared at me, astonished at the feats of endurance and speed that I had accomplished—and then I awoke, with a feeling of breathlessness, which, however, very quickly passed.

In the second dream I was rowing a small boat leisurely down a river so overhung by trees that the water, and even the very air, seemed green. After a time I saw that I was being followed by a dark-skinned man, tall and muscular, who was paddling

along in a small canoe and overtaking me with incredible swift-ness. "Now," I thought, "begins the race!"—and I drove my boat into the bank, leapt ashore, and flung myself on the back of one of two horses that were waiting there. I started off at full gallop, over fields and moorlands, through woods, and down narrow lanes, some inner voice always telling me which way to turn when I was in doubt—and all the time the dark man rode close at my heels, but never succeeded in passing me. Soon I came out upon a wide space of hay-fields, where hay-making was in full swing. To the left stood a red-roofed house, and further away, among trees, I saw another. "Is it this house, or that?" I cried to the haymakers, but no one answered. "It must be this one!" I decided, and without hesitation rode into the square courtyard, dismounted, and dashed head-long up the stairs, still followed by my dark pursuer. At the end of a long passage we were brought to a standstill by a closed door—and all at once I saw that there were three of us. We stood side by side in the dimness of the passage, knowing that when the door opened only one would be allowed to enter, and tense with excitement to know which. And then I somehow became aware that we three were—or at any rate represented—the three astrological qualities of Cardinal, Fixed, and Mutable. The dark, strong man was Cardinal, I was Fixed (though that quality is not predominant in my present horoscope!), and the other, a shadowy creature whom I never succeeded in seeing properly, was Mutable. At last the door opened, letting through a flood of sunlight, and some one beckoned to *me* to enter. Overjoyed, I stepped forward, the door closed behind me, and I found myself in a spacious room full of sunshine and flowers. I saw an expanse of sapphire-blue sky through a wide-open window, beside which stood a lovely being who seemed to radiate brightness. Rapturously I fell upon my knees, and in that instant awoke!

\* \* \* \* \*

On one occasion I was given, in sleep, a curious little piece of information, which I was able to verify the next day. A friend who was ill had been a good deal in my thoughts, but at the time of my dream was beginning to recover. Some time in the night of June 14-15, 1913, I awoke with a remembrance of hearing somebody say to me insistently, as if wishing to impress the fact on my brain—"Remember that the Moon will be in conjunction with Uranus in A.'s horoscope to-morrow"—(A. being my friend who was ill). So urgent was the voice that it seemed

to awaken me completely, and as I woke I was saying to myself—"Now you mustn't forget that! You must remember that the Moon will be in conjunction with Uranus in A.'s horoscope to-morrow." Then I fell asleep again, and next morning had forgotten all about it. But during the afternoon of that day a sudden remembrance of the little episode flashed across my mind. Immediately I looked up a copy of my friend's horoscope, and found that Uranus was placed in the thirteenth degree of Scorpio. Next I looked up, in the Ephemeris, the Moon's position at noon on June 15. It was also in the thirteenth degree of Scorpio! This discovery astonished me greatly. It is possible that my subconscious mind remembered the exact position of Uranus in my friend's map, although my conscious mind had forgotten it, but that the Moon would be passing over that very degree of Scorpio on the day in question was a fact of which I certainly had no knowledge whatsoever. I could think of only two explanations: one, that during sleep I left my body, discovered the Moon's place from the Ephemeris, and finding that it coincided with that of Uranus in the said horoscope, decided to remember the fact on waking. Or else, some one meeting me out of the body—or on the astral plane, as you will—gave me the information as a test, knowing that I have always had a craving for definite proofs of the reality of the unresting activities of the human consciousness during the body's slumber. I rather incline to this solution, in which case my astral informant accomplished a very successful little experiment.

Many people, I think, have dream-countries where they experience a happiness quite different from that of waking life. In my dream-country there is a beautiful garden where the birds are so tame that they will come of their own accord and alight upon one's hand or shoulder. In particular I remember one lovely spot where I stood in the sun surrounded by birds, while a beautiful thrush nestled between my hands and let me stroke its soft plumage. I was filled with a sense of the most exquisite peace and friendliness existing between all living creatures, and as I woke I heard a voice saying to me, half in laughter: "Think how often you have wanted to do that on earth! When you come here you can do it quite easily, without any trouble!" Where that bird-dreamland lies, or what it means, I cannot tell, but I always bring from it a gladness unlike the gladness given by any other earth or dream-experience. Do other people know it too, I wonder?

# CHARMS AND WITCHCRAFT OF TO-DAY

By L. J. DICKINSON

IN these days of Council Schools and Secondary Education there is much less open talk of witchcraft and of spells than there used to be, but the belief in them exists all the same, and in some parts of England they are practised to this day.

Even in London, especially south of the Thames and in the East End, a good deal of sorcery goes on which is little suspected by people in general.

Only two years ago (in 1917) there was an exhibition in Southwark by the Folklore Society, of charms and objects illustrating the belief in the supernatural, and most of the things were collected from that neighbourhood.

They ranged from dragon's blood (a resinous gum used in love charms) to a sheep's heart stuck full of pins, which had been made to break the spell of a black witch by an old woman who had learnt witchcraft in her youth in Devonshire, and who practised it in 1908 in this enlightened city!

Other exhibits were cauls, supposed to prevent death from drowning. They are always on sale at the Docks, and during the German submarine activities the price went up from 2s. to £2 10s. each.

Superior people think these superstitious practices very foolish, yet in reality they are no more silly than the wearing of gems with astrological significances, or having "lucky charms" of black cats and little pigs. For at the bottom of all these customs is the same fundamental idea that we are linked up with the supernatural, or rather with the super-physical, and that we can command its benevolent attention by attaching to ourselves objects that are supposed to be in touch with it. It is believed that certain objects can be invested with qualities and attributes which cause definite results to the human being who wears them, or whom, in other cases, they personify.

This belief is at the bottom of many spells for inducing love, which are, perhaps, the most widely practised of all the old charms still in vogue.

Very common are those for securing a reluctant lover. Similar means are adopted in many localities. In Lancashire, I am

told that even to-day a girl who wants a certain young man for her sweetheart will work this charm, which must be done at midnight. She makes a little bag, the shape of a heart, fills it with dragon's blood,\* sticks seven pins in it, reciting in the meantime—

It's not this heart I wish to stick,  
But Henry's heart I wish to prick,  
That he no sleep nor rest may see  
Until he comes and speaks to me.

Using, of course, the right name of the young man. Then she throws the heart in the fire, goes upstairs backwards, and retires to bed in silence.

In Yorkshire, similar words are used for a like purpose, but the magical object there is a live frog. It is placed in an empty jam-pot, covered by a square of white parchment, and tied down by a black thread. In the parchment are stuck a pennyworth of black pins, while these words are recited over it.

'Tis not this frog I wish to prick,  
But Tommy's heart I wish to stick,  
Wishing he may neither eat, rest nor sleep  
Until he comes with me to speak,  
Not in his riches, nor his array,  
But just in the clothes he wears every day.

The jar and its contents are then buried in the earth, and the result is that the faithless lover has no choice but to seek the company of the lady.

The root of the little yellow flower called potentilla is also efficacious in reviving a waning affection. It must be burnt at midnight on a Friday, for Friday being under the influence of Venus, is the best day for all love spells.

It seems obvious that the true factor in these charms is the will-power of the woman concentrated on her lover, so that if he is susceptible, he responds to the telepathic impulse.

Any forlorn maiden may use these invocations, but the spells that are said by a witch are secret, and may never be revealed except in great emergency such as when in danger of death, and then only to a person of the opposite sex. But in two cases, these secret words have become known to me. One is a charm for curing boils. The "wise man" who works it confided it to the district nurse when he was very ill, and she revealed it to me.

This spell is recited over the patient, using his, or her, own name.

\* Dragon's blood is a resinous gum, that can be bought of a chemist.

"Philippa Brown, three angels came from the west. One had fire, the others had water and frost. Out Fire! In Water and Frost! In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." It is like an invocation to the elementals, and one wonders why the angels all came from the west?

The other is a blood-charm for stopping hæmorrhage, and I have already mentioned it in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW. Sometimes a spell is worked with the help of loathsome relics; for instance, what is locally known as King's evil (i.e. tuberculosis in the glands) can be cured by a "hangsman's rope," as they call it, a bit of the rope with which a criminal has been hanged.

A neighbour of mine actually experienced this. As a child, she had suffered from king's evil, a swelling in the neck. She was taken to a woman who possessed a valuable relic in the shape of a bit of the rope with which a man had been hanged. The child's neck was "struck," to use the old expression, that is, *stroked* with rope, and she was cured. This same woman also told us that in order to diagnose her complaint, her parents had applied "angletiches." If the angletich turns purple and drops off, then the swelling is due to king's evil, and the proper remedy is the "hangsman's rope." Angletiches are only earth worms.

There are many charms for curing warts. In Cumberland, if you are thus afflicted, you take a bit of string, and tie as many knots in it as you have warts, and then you get some one to bury it. As the string decays, the warts disappear.

Another charm is in vogue in some parts of the North Country, in which stones are used to personify the warts. Gather some small stones, the same number as the warts, wrap them up in a parcel, take it secretly to what is called a "four-road end," and then throw it over your left shoulder. The next person who passes, and who is inquisitive enough to inspect the packet, will acquire the warts, and you will lose them.

In Cornwall "ill-wishing" or "overlooking," causing misfortune and illness to man or beast, is very common. Many persons are credited with this power, and it is generally instigated by a spirit of envy or revenge.

If a fine pig has died unexpectedly or a young colt has injured itself, one generally hears the suggestion that the animal has been "overlooked"—and I have known several persons who are believed to have thus damaged their neighbours.

If the "ill-wishing" is very disastrous, the victim will sometimes go to great trouble and expense to get relief through the

superior skill of an eminent "white witch" who lives in an adjoining county.

Magical appliances are much the same all the world over ; in the East we often hear of a mirror being used to obtain information about people or places at a distance, so it is interesting to find that even to-day, the same means are employed by the "white witch" in England, who, if he desires to find out who has done the "ill-wishing," makes his client gaze into a mirror. The face of the unknown enemy then appears in the glass, and if recognized, his, or her, evil spell can be removed.

This method seems based on the assumption that the inquirer has some psychic faculty (which in Celtic districts he generally has), for how otherwise would he see anything at all in the mirror ? The glass doubtless acts like a crystal, focussing the sub-conscious mind, which presumably has more knowledge of the person who has cast the spell than has the ordinary intelligence of the victim.

This method was used to discover who had injured a man called Thomas Penrose, who lived in a village near my home. His son had paid marked attention to the daughter of a certain Mrs. Digory.

After a time, the young man cooled off, and thought no more of the girl, but she was much more in earnest. Soon after, the father, Mr. Penrose, became ill in a strange way, losing the use of his legs, and being quite unable to get about. The ordinary symptoms of paralysis were not present, and the local doctor could not understand the case, as he said there was really nothing the matter with the man. This condition had lasted nearly two years, when one day a friend came in and said, "Thomas, you'm witched."

On thinking it over, Thomas thought that might be the case, so he decided to journey to Exeter, to consult the "white witch" there. He was made to look steadily in a glass till he perceived the face of his ill-wisher, which was that of the woman Digory, the mother of the deserted girl. The discovery of the person who had cast the spell made it possible for it to be removed—and in less than a week he was walking about !

On inquiry he found he had been ill-wished because his boy had not married Miss Digory. Incidents of this kind are very perplexing to ordinary people, but among Cornish folk they are too common for any to cast a doubt on them.

While we occasionally become aware of other forces or intelligences than the material, it seems as if they on their side some-



times gave thought to *us*, and as if, in time of great disaster or crisis, they sent a note of warning or sympathy across the immeasurable distances from their world to ours.

Probably most of us saw in the papers, last October, an account of the great white cross that was seen in the sky the day the *Leinster* was sunk. It was observed in Ireland by hundreds of persons, and one of them, Canon Pym of Kingstown, described it in his letter to the press, "as the form of a great white cross of absolutely perfect shape, just, as it were, over the place where the disaster had happened."

My neighbours in Cornwall have a firm belief in the significance of what is known as "the calling of the sea"; they think that some soul is then being called to its long home. Every one knows the sound—it is that of a heavy ground swell, the slow reverberating roar of great breakers, which, coming in calm weather, is the sign of a past storm, perhaps on the other side of the Atlantic.

I have often heard it, but never so loudly and emphatically as on the 21st of last March; the day the Germans broke through at St. Quentin. The sound was so persistent and clamorous that it rang in our ears even indoors, and remembering the local belief, we said to each other that something dreadful must be happening, and we feared for the boys at the front.

Two days later, the news was published that the Germans had overwhelmed our forces at St. Quentin. We knew what that meant, for it was a battalion of the Cornish regiment which had been holding the line there, and most of the lads from our part of Cornwall were in it. The losses were terrible, and there were indeed many souls "going home" the day we heard that great "calling of the sea."

These local experiences and beliefs may seem trivial or foolish, or perhaps worth investigating, according to the way we regard the comparative importance of the seen and the unseen.

To some, who believe nothing they cannot prove or understand, they are only curious survivals of folk-lore, misunderstood versions of natural facts, each capable of some explanation if the actors of the experience could be properly cross-examined. Others regard them perhaps as trivial, but yet as straws showing which way the wind blows and realizing that it is a wind that comes through a door which opens on to another plane of existence.

For most of us that door is shut, but it is just ajar for those who by temperament, or through knowledge, can come into contact with astral forces.

Perhaps it opens more easily in some parts of the world than in others. I think myself that the barrier between the physical and the astral plane is not so dense in Cornwall as in most parts of England, not only because you can't help believing in unseen powers when you have some experience of the great forces of nature, but because the environment seems to be full of astral activity.

To some persons this sense of the Great Unknown is disagreeable, even alarming.

To others it is awe-inspiring and exalting. In either case it shakes us out of a placid materialism, and if our consciousness can be widened even a little, surely our evolution is quickened?

Of course there is the danger to some of being tempted to dabble in the sordid side, to practise black magic; but to others the power to push the door a little ajar inspires no selfish temptation, but leads to a vision of wider horizons, to a knowledge of kingdoms of nature above and around us, making us realize that this material world is but one of the regions in which we exist, and that everything in the universe, seen or unseen, is akin to everything else.

# THE DOOR

BY F. A. M.

IT was not a dream, for although not yet risen I was perfectly conscious of the whereabouts of my person, could hear the chirrup of sparrows, the varied and expressive chatter of domestic fowls, a more monotonous chorus from the pigeon-loft, the whistling whirr of their wings in flight—these and the hundred and one aural signs of a world awaking from slumber. It was new-born day in summer-time, and I loved the voice of the dawn, so lay with eyelids closed but not in sleep. I was just fifteen when this singular psychic experience befel me, and at the time had naturally no conception of the occult, as such, nor commenced to make the psychic drawings, from which later specimens our Editor has made selection for reproduction in the OCCULT REVIEW.

I presume it would be termed in the language of Spiritualism—a “spiritual translation”—and thus it came about. Suddenly, but without any physical shock or jar to the senses, I was transported to another scene. No longer in reclining contact with my nightly couch, I stood erect upon mother earth—in a garden, a garden in its grandest and most majestic expression; nothing about it suggested the Present; the “atmosphere,” the general plan, breathed emphatically of a dim and remote Past. Quickly I became aware, however, of a quaintly inverted consciousness of environment—for in the material world I *saw* nothing, only *heard* the soft nature sounds of an early summer morning, while in the garden this order was reversed. I *saw* but could hear nothing, yet was more gratified. I stood in an open circular space of quite small area which appeared even less than it was by reason of neglect, for the garden was running unchecked to a riot of green growth; some shrubs stood near, writhing in the bonds of a bramble. On my right, some fine saplings were denied the right to live alone, for a graceful creeper had linked them by festoons of green from bough to bough. In the near distance a circling belt of forest trees, with identity lost in a tangled embrace, spelt almost darkness for a traveller who would require an axe to make the journey through them. Yet in this green chaos there remained a semblance of order, for paths were distinguishable leading in several direc-

tions, although many grasses in a race of growth strove to blot them out. This garden was evidently planned in the beginning, and was once a habitation, but now deserted, lacking both sound and echo as witness of breathing life. The most wonderful thing about the garden was its light, clear, penetrating, soft, not exactly the light of day, or of night in the rays of the moon, yet seeming natural and in keeping with the mysterious repose which pervaded the place. In gazing upward a stranger aspect of the scene became evident, *for no sky was visible*. There seemed to be no canopy of heaven as we know it, else it was veiled by that wonderful soft light having the quality of concealing the celestial, while revealing only the terrestrial. Then the silence of the garden caused me wonderment and delight—as silken velvet to the touch, as perfume to the nostrils, so did this wonderful silence gratify the ear. It was melody rendered by silence—not an insect hummed, not a bird trilled, not the meanest beast gave tongue to break the pleasant void. Neither was there fruit, flower or bud upon any green thing; every leaf was green and none fallen and all were still, for even the breezes slumbered. There was no fear in the garden and no decay. It was as though nature had fallen asleep whilst waiting, and while I gazed still slumbered. Yet for all the stillness, the silence, the green desolation, there yet remained a living presence—not of any material thing that had life, not of dread, but of a strange calm, as though within that garden there still dwelt the Spirit of Peace asleep, like all else there, but still reigning, whether a willing captive of slumber or the sport of mischance could not be told.

Having obtained a good impression of my surroundings by standing to view, I proceeded to examine the ground more closely, and discovered near by a few rough earthen steps, leading downward from the level of the garden to an apparently subterranean area. Quickly I descended, and at the bottom found myself in a similar smaller glade to that above, still the beautiful light, the silence, the verdure, undecayed and rioting. One thing, however, was below that had no replica above—a door—very large, very ancient, very strong. It seemed part of no building, but was an entrance to something. It stood, held in a framing lintel and surrounded by greenery, impressive, mysterious, and *lonely-looking* as though forgotten and neglected by all but time, which had been hard at work in an effort of destruction, but not completely with avail, for the door was undivided in its parts, and strong, still in its place. A few stone steps led up

to this massive entry, grass-grown and mossy. It was after the fashion of a church-door, hung upon ornamental iron hinges and studded with nails; there was a key-hole and a handle, but all this iron-work was crumbling to rust—the only sign of decay anywhere, for the door itself was still perfect as regards the material which composed it. The reader will excuse a little homily which now seems to suggest itself to me, namely, that the body of this particular door being from a direct work and product of nature, seemingly defied the ravages of time which apparently *had* effect in the lower garden, as witness the nails and iron work which had *not* withstood decay and perished, as every artificial object is wont to do. I was now filled with intense desire, having obtained the impression that something of great value lay behind the door. Perhaps it was not locked, and would swing upon those rusty hinges at the application of strong force, revealing the treasure which lay behind. I thereupon ascended the steps, and tried the handle, which refused to move. I hammered and pushed with my hands, but time had locked that door more effectually than any key, and I only scattered the red rust from its ironwork. Defeated, but still intensely desirous and curious, I stood considering another way to make an entry, and whilst I thus stood—a voice from the world of sound and life called me—my mother's voice—the door, the garden, the silence vanished. There came again to my ears the nature chorus of bird, fowl and insect—daily life crowded in, beginning with a rising from my bed whereon my physical body had reposed while the astral took a voyage into the unknown.

Forgotten for nearly twenty years, this experience of the occult returned to me when recording it with full force and vividness. The power which projected my youthful astral consciousness to a mysterious scene was again operative, evidently when recalling it to my memory. The garden on both levels held a secret, and the solution lay behind that closed door. It may be taken that the experience was symbolic only as regards the door; the upper garden carried an impression of actuality.

# SOME PROBLEMS OF THE UNSEEN

BY MAY CROMMELIN

IN most gleanings odd specimens will be found in every sheaf. Here are some of mine ; unique to me, though wiser heads will perhaps recognize their species, and classify them. To me the wonder of them lies in glimpses of created things past ; others passing maybe ; elusive to our mortal ken, therefore nowadays often denied. Were then our forefathers in all countries—especially in the Eastern cradles of wisdom—altogether foolish in their belief of these existences ?

In India djinns are still feared ; likewise in other Asiatic countries. Fairies are truly vanished from our folk talk and ballads in Great Britain. Not so, yet, in Ireland, where in my childhood they were believed to have been seen, as was secretly told me. To speak of them gravely is to invite scoffing ; to write of them even for children has called down scorn on me from an American editor.

Yet—take the accounts of wiser brains than mine concerning elementals, such as Father Hugh Benson described seeing in his boyhood ; and the disciples of New Thought accept these. Is there not a family likeness between all these strange things in heaven and earth ?

Warnings have been given of late years that many of the physical manifestations at séances are produced by *daimons* or elementals which gather round the medium. Though inferior to us human beings they seem curiously able to ape humanity ; also they delight in being tricky, and puzzling, even bewildering us—their superiors. Some, however, it has been told me by those who believe in their existence, show liking for certain individuals, trying to help them in tiny ways belonging to hearth and home. Just so the "good people" and "brownies" were traditionally spoken of in olden England.

Does the following little episode relate to such, confided to me once by a former dancing partner of my girlhood, now an old cavalry officer, of what he termed his "home-spook" ? We were both of us past dancing days, and sympathising instead in friendly rivalry over our respective rheumatic twinges, while under treatment at the Brine Baths hotel at Nantwich. The owner of a

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well-known old Cornish name and place, he told his grievance to me in private with the reserved, just indignation of a middle-aged British gentleman whom it ill becomes to be the sport of an unseen mocker.

Restraining my smiles discreetly, I listened, much amused. "You may hardly believe it; but this is absolutely true," he began. And I did, and do, believe him.

"Sitting one afternoon by the fire in my own room—nothing queer or wrong with the room—just my study opening off the hall, I suddenly got a sharp smack on the front of my legs; (in plain English, 'shins'). It hurt. So I started—looked round; but I was quite alone.

"Rubbing the spot, I began to wonder. . . . Then I remembered a tradition that other persons in our family had felt just the same in the very same place. . . . They had wondered, too. The only explanation that had ever been given of the blow is this. In a former generation, this room was used as a day nursery, and an old nurse of the family was greatly given to smacking the children. So—at least it is all we can suppose—she likes to keep it up. Queer? Eh?"

The colonel was so plainly in earnest and mystified that I forebore to inquire whether he might perchance have offended against the ancient nurse's sense of propriety in "her" nursery. As, for instance, he might—who knows?—in spite of military rank have confessed that in utter privacy he loved

To sit beside the embers,  
And elevate his members.

As to believing in a decent old family nurse, earthbound to the extent of still ordering the family to "behave," *that* reason forbade to accept in explanation. To me, it seems more likely to have been the prank of an elemental, attached to the room; the sport of a sprite, with about as much intelligence as a monkey or parrot. The smacks of the old nurse might have amused it into copying the trick.

Here follows what some may scoff at as much as they please; and most folk are easily pleased at their own imagined superiority. But it is true, for all that. Indeed, of the various tales recorded here, this fairy tale is the most genuine to my mind—because of my trust in her who told it me. Of all my acquaintances and friends, she who is a near and dear relation, is the most free from all least exaggeration; is careful as Boswell himself only to set down that which was said, heard or seen, to the minutest trifle. Doctor Johnson would truly have approved of

her, as contrasted with the flights of fancy of Mrs. Thrake, whom he so often reproved, because

Inaccuracy is worse than fibs.

This story was told me immediately after the episode happened some few years ago in Ireland. Eileen, as we may call her, had been giving me the sad details of a death in which we were both concerned. She went on to tell how, leaving the house of mourning, she went a short journey to stay with some friends who wished to give her a much needed rest and change of air.

Arriving on a June night, she found a warm welcome coupled with understanding sympathy. The room to which her hostess led her was so spacious and evidently new in its furnishings that Eileen remarked how large and pleasant it was.

"Yes. This is our best bedroom," answered the hostess. "It was built over the new sitting-room below, by my father-in-law, as the house needed enlarging. Unfortunately this new wing has encroached on the lawn of which the family have always been proud. It is a really virgin piece of old turf."

Then hospitably urging her guest to take a good long rest, and not come down until after breakfast next morning, the hostess bade good-night. Through the open window stole the sweet warm air of a June night, and as the tired traveller looked out moonlight silvered the greensward below into a court of sylvan fairy beauty, guarded as it were by some gnarled ancient May trees, to which still clung snowy patches of belated fragrant blossom.

Wearied by recent sorrow, Eileen soon slept and that soundly. It was past daybreak when she awoke with a start. Curious! The bedclothes had slipped off her, and were almost on the floor. Just as she drowsily grasped at them, a decided twitch pulled them out of her fingers; and they went down in a heap on the floor.

"Why! What on earth?" wondered the late sleeper, whose wits were hardly fully roused. It was as if a puppy or a kitten were playing a little game; so she looked over the edge of the bed to see. But no fourfooted playmate was visible. So, yawning, she retrieved her blankets and sheets; and sleepily supposing she had herself been restless, lay down again.

Five minutes passed, and sleep had not yet returned, when—*Twitch!* All the bedclothes were sharply pulled off again.

This was really annoying; startling. Fully persuaded there was certainly some playful puppy under the bed, Eileen started



up and looked, prepared to be indulgent ; for she loved animals ; still, this one must be put in the passage.

Nothing there. But now, really awake, she searched round the room, that was quite bright as the early sun filtered through the blinds. She drew them up to look out at the morning freshness of delicious June. Then soothed by the sight of a dew-washed world, cleansed and sweet, awaiting the working day, she once more rearranged her bed, and lay down. The birds had hardly yet begun their morning songs. Only a few stray chirps and twitters came from here or there. . . .

But though Eileen closed her eyes, she could not sleep. It was in her mind that, as certainly she had been roused, her nerves must be out of order. Could the late sorrow have affected them so greatly, that self-control deserted her in spite of reason ? That vexed her. Next, naturally, thought turned to the cause of her sadness. No time like the early awakening for the heart's pain to wake and cry . . . scenes, words come back, sharp, clear, as if just heard and lived through . . . and so (she told me) some few tears slowly "might have slipped" through closed eyelids.

*There came a kiss on her cheek !*

At that Eileen lay quite still ; awed but ineffably comforted. Whether the unseen presence was the spirit of one recently mourned, or some other loved one passed over, she did not seem to inquire. Enough that some sympathy understood, sought to console her. And so she went to sleep.

When full morning shone, the hostess came, rejoiced to find her guest refreshed. " You must have slept well . . . What ! the bedclothes kept sliding off ? Ah ! : . . Twice, you say ? And did nothing else happen ? "

The tone of the question was peculiar ; not grave, rather made with a light significance, but expecting more to follow.

Surprised, Eileen told of the kiss, falteringly ; her friend would—? She did understand.

The two incidents went together, the latter explained ; or so she believed. " Perhaps I ought not to have put you in this room ; but there really was no other to spare. I may tell you that you are lucky. Some persons have been pinched. To be kissed—that is an honour ! "

Then in answer to astonished questioning—and no wonder—the lady of the house that, though not haunted, yet had its oddities, gave the only reason, however unreasonable sounding, that was current among the inmates and surrounding peasantry.

All the countryfolk believed from time immemorial that the lawn at this house was old fairy ground. May trees, especially old ones, are sacred to the little green people. So when the new wing was built over what was supposed to be a fairy palace there was quite a deal of talk and ill-feeling through the countryside. The people declared that ill luck would come of it. Therefore twitchings and pinchings of the guests in the room overhead surprised none of those who knew what to expect and what was due to the "good" gentry who are not to be spoken of lightly.

Other instances of the living belief in fairy existence in Ireland have been told me; but this is the only one come firsthand. Many persons will scoff at the supposed revival of so antiquated a belief as that in spirits of trees, fire, earth and water, in fact, what were called dryads, naiads, and so forth, in classic lands, and gnomes, trolls, and fairies in the North. Yet the "winged ones" understand and know.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another unclassified tale was told me by the same friend whose governess had seen the Countess Alexandrine by telepathy—if the expression may be used. The only other—and a much more striking and enthralling—instance of the like was published in a booklet called "An Adventure" by two ladies who described seeing the Trianon *as it was!* in the time of Louis XVI. They were without their own knowledge translated backward, and actually saw Marie Antoinette and others of that period, with no suspicion that those they saw were vanished from the present daily life.

My friend was dining out in London, and found herself placed by the hosts next to an agreeable woman lately come from Japan. Of her sojourn there Mrs. Z— had much to tell that was engrossing. Most of all was an experience which she herself could not profess to understand, as follows—.

Having gone like others of her acquaintance for change of air and bracing to a summer resort, of which my informant frankly forgot the name, a neighbour called on her one afternoon.

"Do you feel inclined to take a walk with me up to the tea-house on the hill above?" proposed the visitor, who was wife to a resident in the country. "It would be rather nice to have tea there. Besides, I should like to see if we can find any of the white lilies that grow hereabouts?"

The suggestion appealed to Mrs. Z (whose name my friend stipulated should not be given); although she threw doubts upon the hope of finding the lilies in bloom as it was early for their

flowering season. Nevertheless, as her companion particularly wished for them to decorate her dinner-table, both kept a look-out on their charming walk up the wooded way.

At a cross-road both stood still, and exclaimed at a sight which struck them simultaneously. "See! the lilies!" It was at the foot of the steepest rise of the hill, which their road breasted. On one side branched off another fairly level road, and a few yards away below the trees that shaded this was a patch of the coveted lilies, growing tall and sweet.

They went a few steps down this road that was flagged in the old Japanese style; then halted.

"Would it not be better to go first up to the tea-house? Then we can pick the lilies and carry them back on our return so much more fresh than if we gather them now," said the wiser one—more's the pity!

As this certainly seemed the better plan, they returned to their uphill road, reached the tea-house presently, and greatly pleased with their luck, enjoyed the cup that cheers, brought them, doubtless, by a demurely engaging little *musmé*. In no other part of the globe, surely, are there waitresses so smilingly deft, whose bows and gestures of delight in the pleasure of serving your Honourable self are so flatteringly delightful. Let others praise the *geishas*; to me the dear little *musmés* are an abiding memory.

So, well pleased with the scenery, their rest and refreshment, our two British ladies descended the hill, more lightly than they had mounted, their minds set on the next pleasure of filling their arms with the lilies.

They arrived at the base of the hill, and looked round towards the other road, till then hidden by trees.

"Why? . . . Where is it?" Both had stopped, as the words were uttered by each. They stared round bewildered. Then they looked at each other.

The old road *was not there*. The patch of lilies was vanished.

Nothing was to be seen except a rough-grassed stretch of ground between the trees on either side. And yet it was certainly the right spot; the trees were there; their own road went on—they recognized the landmarks.

Bewildered, both talked with each other, about how each knew the place where the road had been an hour before—here they had stood on its stones, noting the difference between these and the new way. Just there they had marked how the other road wound under the hill-rise . . . When nothing more could be

said, tired of wondering, both went home ; most likely feeling that as they almost disbelieved the evidence of their senses, few would believe their story.

Still, each told the strange vision, if such it were, to those of their family, or their most trusted friends ; expecting some clue to the mystery. Their witness being exactly identical, the story attracted so much interest that it filtered abroad.

One morning Mrs. Z was told that a Japanese gentleman had come to call upon her. Going to receive him, she found a stranger, who with all the politeness of his nation made excuses for the liberty he had taken. Rumour of her and her friend's strange adventure having reached him, he ventured, knowing the district, to present himself ; possibly if she could not give him more information he might be able to supply some.

Mrs. Z felt slightly annoyed ; not wishing that the matter should be made a nine days' wonder. But any vexation vanished when the Japanese gentleman unrolled a map which he had brought, and explained that it was an old one of the country. In this map, as he pointed out, truly enough, a road was shown that corresponded exactly to that which the English ladies had seen. It was in fact the ancient highway between Tokio and Kyoto, and it skirted the base of the neighbouring hill. But, because this went a long way round, a new much shorter highway was made crossing the hill and the old one became deserted, so in course of time, being overgrown, its very existence was forgotten.

# AN ASTROLOGICAL ASPECT OF MYSTICAL SUBSTITUTION

By LEO FRENCH

. . . "A shadow of the great Unitive Life."—MONTAGUE SUMMERS. From "Mystical Substitution" in October Number of the OCCULT REVIEW.

"The spiritual thought within of the far-distant star without unites simultaneously with the identical star-indwelling spirit. . . . The union is independent of space and time which exist only for things in space and time, things secular and finite. . . . The iron forms of the laws of Nature and the granite laws of Thought melt in the timeless blaze of eternity, as the snow in the sun. The spirit of Man . . . is one with the DIVINE."—BENCHARA BRANFORD. (From *Janus and Vesta*, pp. 175, 176.)

'THE Burning of the Body,' on every plane, from subtle to solid, expresses the occult astrological symbol of this mystical rite of substitution. The "atonement" forms an integral part of the mystery-play of initiation, in all ages, "initiation" symbolizing the intensive culture of the human "consummate flower" as opposed to its normal unaided growth.

This giving of the "body to be burned" is not enough, does not of itself perform the act of sacrifice; but it constitutes the rite of the *offering*, "self-oblation." St. Paul (himself an initiate) declares, "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." \*

From the occult astrological standpoint, fire symbolizes life, the "vital spark of heavenly flame," and this spark is concealed in the heart of every human being. In those born under the fiery signs † (i.e., with the sun occupying a fiery sign) this spark is in the stage of "acute ignition"; the fire thus generated can be used for any *creative, vital, or sacrificial* purpose, according to the will and direction of the possessor; the act of kindling is performed, but it is a generic not specific act, until specialized by the will of the kindler.

The fire of life may be lit in, and identified with, either (1) the heart (creative), (2) the brain (motive), (3) the limbs and nerves

\* 1 Corinthians xiii. 3.

† The periods of these three fiery signs include (1) *Aries*—March 21 to April 20; (2) *Leo*—July 22 to August 21; (3) *Sagittarius*—November 22 to December 20.

(messenger, the "live torches"). These three fires naturally correspond to (1) Leo, the creative fire; (2) Aries, the pioneer flame, going forth "conquering and to conquer"; (3) Sagittarius, the sacrificial spark of mutable fire, for ever igniting the live torch of the fiery herald, flame of service. To the fiery signs belong, specially, this gift of mystical substitution (which does not imply that they have a monopoly, merely a majority). Incandescence belongs to spiritual fire, exhaustion and consequent "burning out" to fire wasted, misused, unduly carnalized. Creator, prophet, priest, artist, prodigal—each and all are dowered with this sacred gift, fire of life.

The Creator gives His forth in manifestation. From archetypal to actual worlds, His concealed fire inspires and enkindles.

The Prophet ascends the mountain of inspiration, descending with its glow still irradiating his face, declaring the truths imparted there to him, within the aura of deity, the zone of fire.

The Priest stands within the inmost shrine and the sacred fire proclaims his intermediary sacrificial rite and offering, accomplished and acceptable, the fire consumes the sacrifice.

The Artist works "hidden in the light of thought" and the fire of genius gives immortality to work of hand and soul, when aspiration and achievement blend in that most miraculous of human works, fruitage of spirit divine through form of human art.

The Prodigal, who set forth on life, dowered with vitality beyond most, than which there is no more priceless gift, commits the irreparable\* crime of desecration, spoliation and wastage, spilling the ichor of godhead, sowing disease and ruin on all planes. Yet there is more hope of the prodigal than of the miser, spiritually, for hoarding separates the hoarder, imprisons him within a dungeon of his own making, whereas the prodigal "loses his way," may find it again, if willing to pass through "the fire of return."

The purificatory power of fire seems to exert force in approximate degree to the intensity of the ordeal. "Purified, seven times in the fire," "Saved so as by fire," "The furnace of affliction": these and similar expressions reveal much to those who look above and beneath words for their significance and exact meaning.

Mystical substitution is an act of sacramental transubstantiation, wherein the elements become verily and indeed "changed," charged with the spiritual life, vivified by the essential vital

\* Irreparable for this incarnation.

force of the celebrant. It is an occult, i.e., a secret, hidden process, a *mystery* (a happening "breathed on by the *Muses*"). The son of fire offers his celestial body, the *augoeides*, or body of splendour, as an oblation. His will is to give of himself, from himself, sacrificing his hidden essential powers, taking into himself the sins of the world. Thus, to use a homely but pertinent simile, he who is bent on mystical substitution makes of himself a destructor, deliberately taking and receiving into himself the poisons, waste-products and accretions of matter, transmuting them by spiritual combustion into fertilizing substances.

Who shall limit this magic power? The bread which these saviours give to feed the world-famine, is their flesh, which must be "burned with fire" ere it become the bread of life. In creative work, the same process is apparent, to those who have eyes to see, brains to understand, hearts to burn in sympathy with the still white flameless fire of genius; for the sacrificial fire burns on the altar of the heart of genius. The greatest works of art, in all worlds, are those wherein the occult fire of life burns clearest and whitest, "conceived in fire, executed in ice." It is this fire that lies concealed at the root of all Beethoven's best work,\* ever and anon leaping forth into living flames: the Master's life was but tribute to his art, a sacrificial burnt-offering—"joy through suffering" his spiritual "motif." The true life of genius is sacrificial, dedicatory, a "life hidden with Christ, in God," i.e., dedicated to the genius, in opposition to an existence "lived" to and for, "the mortal instrument": hence, one of mystical substitution, for no genius can depict or present aught to which he does not vibrate in *essential*, though perhaps not in actual, consciousness of realization. To the genius, therefore, life is and must be lived for interior and subjective experience and fruitage, rather than for outer and objective contacts. The pivotal energy and forces become not only allied to, but identical with, mystical substitution.

The vicarious atonement is repeated by all creators and redeemers; their inner histories record the immemorial ascent of the human consciousness, i.e., "man the thinker," up from the clay (earth) toward the seraphim (fire-consciousness).

"Our God is a Consuming Fire" is the mantra of the Sons of Fire. The Bush that "burned . . . yet was not consumed." Each reveal different aspects of fire-power, which may be realized within the same consciousness, at different epochs, each

\* Beethoven was a child of fire—born when the sun occupied Sagittarius.

a cumulative episode, leading on towards that transfiguration experience which typifies one of the great initiations. These are never proclaimed, no mystery ever uttered its music through proclamation.

Nevertheless, these sons of the fire, live and move, and give of their being, among us, to-day, men like unto ourselves, in a world of men, save that their fountains and foundations, heights and depths, are inspired and rooted in, Sacrifice. Unknown, unmarked, they dwell among earth's children, sharing their sorrows, heightening their ecstasies, deepening their agonies, for this intensification of poignancy of response to joy and sorrow reveals the measure and stature of man's godhead. By these signs some of us may know and hail them. Spirits *white* with creative fire, *aglow* with the red flames of spiritual conquest, *sparkling* with sacrificial zeal, enthusiasts ever, fanatics never, living proofs of mystical substitution, to those who draw nigh and touch the hem of their robe of fire.



## 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.]

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: A REJOINDER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In your May issue there appears a review of a book entitled *Christian Science: The Faith and its Founder*, by Lyman P. Powell. The book is not a masterly exposition of the faith and practice of Christian Science, as stated by the reviewer, but is merely a statement made from the standpoint of the prejudice of the human mind giving a distorted and untrue view of both Christian Science and its founder. The mere fact that Mr. Powell made free use, as he says, of the Georgine Milmine articles from *McClure's Magazine* is sufficient to condemn it and stamps the book as unreliable. When these articles were being written a statement was made that no assistance could be obtained from Christian Scientists or from Mrs. Eddy herself in compiling this biography. This was not true, as when the application for assistance was made, the applicants were referred to the Christian Science Committee on Publication, who offered every possible assistance in the way of verification so as to ensure accuracy. No attempt, however, was made to take advantage of this offer, and the result was that the issue of the magazine containing the article reproduced a photograph of a lady supposed to be Mrs. Eddy, but which was not Mrs. Eddy at all, and was afterwards proved to be a certain Mrs. Chevalier. This shows clearly the manner in which the material for the biography was collected.

Mr. Powell's accusation that Mrs. Eddy built up her book *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures* from MSS. of Dr. Quimby's has been completely refuted by a decree in the United States Circuit Court at Boston in April, 1883, when Mrs. Eddy sued a man, Arens, for infringement of copyright. In the words of Miss Sibyl Wilbur, in her book *The Life of Mary Baker Eddy*:—

"Arens filed an answer in which he alleged that the copyrighted works of Mrs. Eddy were not original with her, but had been copied by her, or by her direction, from manuscripts originally composed by Phineas Quimby. This extraordinary statement he was called upon to substantiate with proofs. He was unable to present the slightest evidence, his appeals to George Quimby of Belfast, Maine, meeting with no response. Arens

therefore gave notice to the court, through his counsel, that he would not submit testimony, that he had none to submit. Thus Arens' defence fell to the ground and his failure to prove the old and worn statement that Mrs. Eddy's book was Quinbyism became a veritable vindication of her authorship . . . Thus the seal of the United States Court was put upon Mrs. Eddy's rights as an author, and those copyrights which Mr. Eddy secured in her name were never again disputed. This signal triumph came at a time when Mrs. Eddy needed such a perpetual guarantee from justice for her right of way. Having secured it, no one could again with propriety publicly or privately dispute her authoritative claim as discoverer of the science she was establishing."

The cures wrought by Christian Science are genuine, and many have been vouched for by the medical practitioners who knew and attended the cases before they were healed in Christian Science.

Supposing a biography of Jesus had been written by Judas, or one of the Scribes and Pharisees who eventually procured his crucifixion, one would most likely see statements therein to the effect that he was a wine-bibber, a glutton, and a friend of publicans and sinners. Would any of these statements be true? Such a biography would not be edifying to Christians. It is precisely the same condition of the carnal mind that has claimed to write a biography of the discoverer and founder of Christian Science. These attempts to belittle Mrs. Eddy and her discovery are being silenced by the overwhelming proofs of the good that Christian Science is doing throughout the civilized world in reforming the sinner, healing the sick, and comforting the sorrowing, as no other religion has ever done since the days of primitive Christianity.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT,  
*District Manager.*

TALBOT HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET,  
STRAND, W.C. 2.

### SAINT ANTONY AND LOST PROPERTY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I was interested to see the letter from "A. Seaker" about "Pansy and St. Antoine" in the March number of the OCCULT REVIEW, as when I read the story of "Pansy" in an earlier number, it reminded me at once of St. Antony's (as I have heard him called) supposed powers, and I had thought of writing to ask if you, or any of your readers, know what the origin is of invoking the aid of this particular saint. There must be a reason for thinking St. Antony can find lost property. (I am afraid I have not always found him successful!) This superstition is certainly not confined to the Continent, as I and others have often heard of it here in England.

Yours truly,

M. R. M.

## SUPERMUNDANE INTERFERENCE IN THE WAR.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—As Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW, which I take and rejoice in, I am sure we shall meet on common ground when I urge the desirability of keeping the subject of supermundane interference in the War on the tapis, till we can get some satisfactory evidence one way or another. The return of the troops in their thousands of course affords the opportunity, and your most interesting Review just the theatre for publicity of all experiences of the kind. I myself am "on the side of the Angels" (in respect of the Mons vision) and with some show of reason, as perhaps you will allow if I may claim your patience to listen to a strange story.

I have come across a letter from a seer, a friend of mine now dead, written in the middle of the War. He says that one morning to his intense surprise, *three* warriors appeared in his study in full armour. (They were fully "materialized," as it is called.) One of them gave his name as Godfrey de Bouillon, who told him he and his companions took an active part in the War on the side of the Allies. He also stated that fifteen knights who were at the battle of Agincourt were engaged in this fight, helping to serve the guns. Joan of Arc was a prominent figure on the scene. Again he wrote me that a Gilbertine nun of the fifteenth century whose father had fought at Agincourt, and who herself narrowly escaped burning on account of her clairvoyant gifts and liberal opinions, was incessantly engaged with a thousand other nuns and companions in what one would call spiritual Red Cross work on the battle-field, i.e., comforting the dying and carrying the dead to places of rest and safety. She belonged in life to a convent in Lincolnshire which had a French branch at Fontevraud in France, hence her interest in that country. She has, it seems, now attained to an exalted position in Spiritland, and has founded a vast and beautiful system of hospitals and rest cures devoted to the service of the soldiers and sailors and others in need and necessity, and situated in a beautiful and blissful region. Of course all this lacks proof and may be pure fancy. I myself can believe it. I have seen this nun, a beautiful and majestic figure—she materialized one night and passed by my bed. I know a clergyman who saw her in the same way. He had been reading a portion of her biography, written through the same seer for my benefit, and next morning he awoke to see her standing before him. She said she would appear to me "some day," and so she did, as I have told you, and so vividly as to be a little startling. She seems the *embodiment* (if one can say so) of love and kindness and goodness. All this I know would seem like nonsense and quite incredible to most people, still the bounds of the possible have been so greatly enlarged by such books as *Raymond* and *Rupert Lives* in the last few years, that one may hope to escape the charge of *lunacy*, how-

ever extraordinary one's experiences. There are people, and not a few nowadays, who claim that they can get out of their physical bodies, and be present anywhere in the astral vehicle. Anyone so visiting the battle-fields ought to be able to tell us something of seeing nuns and knights if they were there. Among such a vast host many soldiers are likely to be clairvoyant. What I want to come to, sir, in troubling you at such length, is to obtain if possible some confirmation of the above statements.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

CRANLEIGH, SURREY.

M. S.

### DR. STEINER'S TEACHINGS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In the April number of the OCCULT REVIEW there appears a criticism of one of Dr. Steiner's works. As I understand the criticism referred to, its effect on those who have not made much progress in occult research is liable to have a deterrent influence, at all events as regards the study of Steiner's teaching, which at the present stage of human affairs is much to be regretted. Speaking as one who has looked for daily guidance and help from Steiner's works for some years, I am at a loss to understand how the writer of the article has been able to arrive at the conclusion, that the way of progress pointed out by Steiner can lead to hallucinations and other attendant inconveniences and possible dangers. A careful pondering over this author's works will discover numerous indications of instruction and warning on what to avoid; to such an extent is this noticeable, that failure on the part of the student cannot be put down to the fault of the book, but to lack of understanding on the part of the reader. If we tumble down a sound and well-lighted staircase we do not blame the stairs but our own want of attention. No superior capacity is demanded from the student, a healthy outlook on physical life backed by the magic word PERSEVERANCE in the study of the occult is alone needed resulting in an increased feeling of well being in all directions added to a greatly enlarged understanding.—Yours faithfully,

G. H. E.

### THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Rawson and his fairly large number of disciples and adherents have, almost throughout the war, been making high claims for the practical efficacy of their method for getting rid of evil and matter from human affairs; but, so far, the practical results effected have hardly been commensurate with the claims put forth.

At the present time, having won the war, we are as a nation exposed to a serious and growing risk of losing the benefits of victory

through the secret or open intrigues of pro-Germans, Bolshevists, and other evil-minded fomentors of anarchy among the easily-led industrial classes at home. If Mr. Rawson and his followers can cause this seething and insidious evil to cancel itself out and simply disappear into nothingness by their method, through mental denial followed by affirmation and realization of the opposite, of short-circuiting and so disintegrating and dispersing the atomic (*i.e.* electric) integrations of evil thought and desire which (humanly speaking) are the proximate cause or the efficient accidents of this foul anarchic contagion among the unreflecting and passion-led masses, they would both render a very high service to their country at a time of its especial need of sobriety and confidence, and also free religion from that practical impotence which is one of the most depressing features of the age.

Let us therefore have the accomplished facts first, concrete undeniable results manifest to all; given the facts, neither science nor religion will be behindhand in investigating by what precise electrical or spiritual process they came about. But neither religion nor science has time or energy to waste upon a method, claimed as effectual, whose practical results remain in point of fact quite hypothetical, logically nebulous, and consequently open to dispute.

Yours truly,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

MESSRS. ERSKINE MACDONALD have established a new magazine and review of Mysticism under the suggestive title of *Vision*, and have placed it in the capable hands of Mrs. Dorothy Grenside, who is the author of some thoughtful volumes belonging to the courts and threshold of mystical contemplation, but perhaps in particular of certain poems which have won and deserved praise. Whether it will prove easy or not to create and maintain a standard corresponding to such a title, it appears certain that, with adequate care, a magazine called *Vision* should prove of wide appeal, and we have no doubt of Mrs. Grenside's solicitude, as we have none of her capacity. It is surely difficult to make such a beginning in an experiment of this kind as will establish an unchallengeable precedent, but at least the first issue gives fair promise. One is disposed to suggest that a review devoted to Mysticism should avoid as far as possible the purely psychical side, not because its phenomena are wanting in real significance within their proper measures, but because it is desirable to remain within the categories of chosen terms. There is no question that a magazine which bears the title of *Vision* may connote things which begin in psychism, in the matter of manifestations that occur after death, ascending thence to the Beatific and Splendid Vision of which the mighty Angel of the Schools is an exponent in Latin theology and Dante is the inspired poet. But when such a periodical is qualified as a review of Mysticism it must be said that spiritualism and psychical research do not belong thereto and are introduced not without confusion in respect of the sub-title. Above all spirit-photography belongs neither to Mysticism nor *Vision* in any significant understanding of the latter word. Of this word Mrs. Grenside knows perfectly well the valid connotations, and also that there are several journals in England which represent more or less adequately the facts and phenomena of spirit-return, so-called psychic photography *et hoc genus omne*. She will remember henceforward that the concern of the magazine which is hers is "the vision that is He," wheresoever expressed in the prose of the great literatures and in the authentic verse—all the wide world over—about which she knows. *Vision* has a place to fill, and in welcoming it one may express the hope that it will work talismanic magic on the side of God and towards that "spiritual reconstruction" in which it looks to help. In her explanation of purpose Mrs. Grenside suggests that the keyword is "communion," but the world unseen of the mystics is not the hither hereafter of the last departed spirit or the Summer-Land of Andrew Jackson Davis. There is only one meeting-place of spirits in which it is possible to speak of union, and that is God Who is our end. The com-

munion of saints is there, the Holy Catholic Church of those who being built into Christ have become the Church in Him, and there are those hearts healed which have been drenched with the bitterness and broken by the sorrowful substitutes of our make-believe unions here.

Dr. Langworthy Taylor, who is Emeritus Professor in the University of Nebraska, opens a study on the "scope of immortality" in Professor Hyslop's *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, and it promises to prove of interest. He contrasts the nequietism of the agnostic mind in respect of survival with the counterimpulses represented by innumerable "upstart" and "brummagem" religions, noting also the consequences of the world-war in reviving the question of immortality, and stating that a new attempt is being made to solve it. The nature and novelty of this attempt do not appear in the study, so far as it has yet proceeded; but among other matters he has something to say about sacerdotalism as an impediment to knowledge on the subject. He affirms that "the contrast between life and death . . . is to be broached in the same . . . way as all other contrasts," and that if we cannot know essentially the nature of a surviving soul better than anything else, it may be possible to know it as well—presumably along that line of communication which is represented by the term "medium." There is a curious speculation on the law of octaves, "discovered in antiquity for musical sounds and half divined for wider worlds in the Pythagorean music of the spheres." To advance an octave on etheric vibration is to abandon one world of perception for another. The "emancipated or progressed soul inhabits one of the vibratory spheres which are an octave" or more separated from ours: a medium is required to sense it on one side, and so also on the other—in synonymous words, "a mutual realization of personalities through the polarization power of a human medium," or through such faculties in oneself. The old conclusion that future life is "ideally immaterial" is called gratuitous; man may survive death because the division between matter and spirit—or body and soul—is not in "the nature of things" that which we have supposed it to be. The antithesis may be largely hypothetical.

*Rays from the Rose-Cross* affirms that Max Heindel, on the spiritual plane, is still working with the Fellowship which he founded at Mount Ecclesia. And Mount Ecclesia on the external side, owing to its natural situation, looks now at its very best, everything being green and beautiful. The description of ferns and wild flowers in the canyons, of snow-capped San Jacinto—visible in the distance—of the San Luis Rey river winding through the valley below, and the salt-laden air of the distant Pacific, suggests something of a real sanctuary of the world without which might well serve as the environment for a great and holy sanctuary within. In another issue of the same periodical there is a slight study of the *Taoh Teh King* and of Lao Tzu—its author. It is said (1) to embody a knowledge of the inner life; (2) to describe conditions and epochs belonging to the experience of the soul; (3)

to draw from the spiritual fountain of wisdom. It is represented as pregnant with messages, not only for the present time but for that which will follow in this our Western world, not to speak of the furthest East. . . . In the little periodical called *Christian Healing*, which appears at Los Angeles, there is an article rather curiously and suggestively entitled Throne-Life. It affirms that we have a special sense by which we can know God and describes it as "soul vision." It comes by virtue of relation with and in Christ—Who is enthroned, the dogma being that "all which we can see of God is in Christ," while all that Christ was we do or may possess in Him. "Our identification with Him makes God a living being in the soul of man." To attain this state is to reach the Throne-Life—like St. Augustine, John Wesley and others of a great multitude through the Christian centuries. . . . *The New Church Weekly* seems right in distinguishing between the psychic states particular to Emanuel Swedenborg and those of mediumship, as understood and practised in the circles of modern spiritualism, as between also what must be called his revelations communicated in such states and those which come from the other side at *séances* and through automatic writing. Without adverting to the question of final values, the doctrine of the New Jerusalem stands apart, a thing which belongs to itself and to nothing else. Swedenborg is comparable to Jacob Böhme, but in one sense only—namely, that he also stands alone. There is nothing like Böhme in Swedenborg and nothing like either in the vast mass of communications from the Summer Land. Our contemporary's sweeping condemnation of these as "wandering, incoherent, inconsequential vapourings" is of course *ex parte* and betrays no knowledge of the literature. It is sufficient to mention *The Drama of Life* or *I Awoke*, written twenty-five years ago, and *Christ in You* of to-day, as things of another category, which are memorable after their own manner, as Swedenborg after his, though—for some of us—the work of Böhme stands forth as something almost immeasurably greater. It should be added perhaps, by way of commonplace, that in things of the spiritual order, as in those of physical sense, vision is always vision; that revelation is revelation, however we divide its species; and that those unto whom it has been given to explore the world unseen or receive its messages can be only distinguished from one another in degree and not in kind. Supposing, in fine, that on the other side of being there is something which corresponds to a "great white lodge" of adeptship, it can make itself known to us only through psychic channels and the reading of akasic records—if there are akasic records—and these are performed in virtue of that psychic faculty which is called clairvoyance. . . . *La Revue Spirite*, giving expression presumably to the doctrine of Allan Kardec, affirms that the spirit of man is indivisible—as laid down by Latin theology—but that it is uncreated and eternal—which, of course, is denied by theology. The successive re-embodiments of spirit are said to follow



naturally from this view, it being "inadmissible" that an immortal being should incarnate once only. Nothing of the kind follows in respect of incarnation on this earth: in the universe, spiritual and physical, there is room enough for manifestation. Evolution, according to the same scheme of speculation, is not a result of the play of blind forces, but proceeds under the intelligent direction of spirits who control these forces.

In a recent issue of *The Theosophist* Mr. G. S. Arundale looks round upon the exhaling vapours of speculation concerning all kinds of reconstruction—expected or desired—in that world which is now emerging from the cauldron of war and asks whether the Theosophical Society ought not to reconstruct itself. We have no definite opinion on the subject, and can do little more than act as a recording instrument. Mr. Arundale speculates that some kind of reconstruction may be no less necessary in the movement with which he is connected than in any other, but his counsel of caution in respect of that "narrowing orthodoxy" which would impose the attitude or views of any particular leader does little more than irritate the surface of the question. It is proposed further, however, (1) that there should be a more detailed and scientific application of the principle of brotherhood; (2) that the affirmation of universal brotherhood might be connected with an expression of belief in the guidance of superhuman kingdoms; (3) that the common origin of all the great religions should constitute another definition of attitude; (4) that the study of the known laws of Nature, as well as those that are unexplained, should rank among express objects. Out of these and other formulations of sentiment and tentative opinion there emerges explicitly at the end the real wish of the writer, being the selection of a single object only, by proclaiming the existence of leaders who are "elder brethren" in the unseen world. We do not offer an opinion as to whether such a "reconstruction" in respect of faith is possible, having regard to the exceedingly mixed elements which compose the rank and file of the Society, nor should we care to legislate on its wisdom in view of that complex. The contingency has the look of being remote.

Mr. Dudley Wright's interesting account of Eleusinian Mysteries and Rites has now concluded in *The Freemason* with an extensive bibliography of authorities, and his statement—some time back in the articles—seems justified, namely, that while the most anxious care was taken to prevent their nature transpiring outside the circle of initiation, because of the divine wrath which it might invoke upon the community at large, they have become known in a large degree, through "ancient writings and inscriptions." There is nothing to show that the three Degrees communicated anything except in scenic representation or that the preparation of candidates by the mystagogues and hierophants was anything but formal in character. We understand that the articles will reappear in book form, considerably extended.

## REVIEWS

**THEY WHO UNDERSTAND.** By Lilian Whiting, Author of "The Adventure Beautiful," etc., etc. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. Price \$1.25 net.

It is not easy to write on the subject of spiritualism without traversing much old ground, but there is a manner of gathering the flowers on the way and forming them into different bouquets. This Miss Lilian Whiting achieves with a deft and skilful hand, for she has the gift of interpreting the spiritual significance of everyday life, and in this, her latest book, we find her at her best. Miss Whiting endeavours to dissuade eager seekers from relying too much upon "physical phenomena," urging the cultivation of the inner senses of the soul, for, as she rightly says in regard to clairvoyance and clairaudience, "When man more fully develops the organs of his spiritual body, these will cease to be phenomena. They will be the natural faculties of his daily experience." With this we must all agree, but at the same time—to use a homely simile—while the grass is growing the horse is starving, and very many grief-stricken men and women are thankful for the "sound of a voice that is still," as they thought even though it come by means of a medium's aluminium "trumpet." Miss Whiting alludes favourably to this method of communication, but it must be remembered it is emphatically a form of "physical phenomena," and I venture to predict from much experience that it will continue to hold its own as long as average humanity is at its present stage. Of much delightful wisdom it is difficult to select, but one especially charming chapter, "The Naturalness of the Next Phase of Life," concludes with these words:—

"To adjust the mind to the realization of this natural condition, to speak to a friend in the same room, is to enter on an order of communication that is full of solace and joy. Where is this ethereal world? It is in your room, your home, your grounds; it is in the streets of the city; it is in the woods and the mountains; it is on the sea; it is everywhere because the ethereal and the physical worlds interpenetrate."

EDITH K. HARPER.

**JOSSelyn's WIFE.** By Kathleen Norris. London: John Murray. Pp. viii. + 342. Price 7s. net.

MRS. NORRIS knows how to enlist sympathy for the creatures of her imagination; and, although there is nothing occult about this novel, we commend it with some confidence to the notice of the reader who finds the eternal frivolity and passion of the human animal, the eternal love by which human souls are swayed and mated, perennially interesting. Her setting is in the United States, and there are two wives of two Josselyns—Mr. Josselyn's young beautiful wife and his son's young lovely wife. The loyalty of young Josselyn wavers under his stepmother's intoxicating flattery; the Josselyns' luxurious home becomes spiritually volcanic. There is tragedy, with a deceiving look of parricide. Mrs. Norris is not (one surmises) a specialist in ingenuity, yet the crime and its solution are effective, and the sweet young heroine easily persuades the reviewer that he is not "hardened."

W. H. CHESON.

A JOURNEY IN WAR-TIME. By Lady St. John. London: John Lane.  
Price 5s.

THIS personal record of a perilous adventure undertaken by a courageous mother to see her son, who was said to be lying wounded in a village behind the lines, and who succeeded in her quest although she could not boast of possessing a military pass, makes most interesting reading.

At times it seems almost too personal and intimate a record of emotions for public perusal, but it is well and good to prove again the dauntlessness of mother-love which Hans Andersen immortalized for all ages in his *Story of A Mother*.

The reverses suffered by the narrator were enough to quench all but the bravest of sweet spirits, whereunto she undoubtedly belongs, and she also displays that grace which saves half humanity from entering the lunatic asylums—a sense of humour. But the pathos of war has made an indelible impression upon her, take for instance her description of a soldiers' cemetery.

"All I thought, however, was that just God's children slept here, on this now peaceful hill-side in the shadow of the old church. Here they lay because they had rung to Evensong . . . Ay, just only as little children do we men and women fight and play, suffer and enjoy things, for the spell of this our human existence, then die, uncomprehending after all, toys and weapons alike falling from our hands." REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT. By Kenneth Hare. The Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon. Price 3s. 6d.

WE do not always meet with quiet scholarship and fine diction in these days, and Mr. Kenneth Hare is to be congratulated upon his rendering of a famous old Middle-English legend into flowing and easy Spenserians.

Those who love the Graal literature, its monkish byways and quaint chronicles, from Sir Thomas Malory to Tennyson's *Idylls* and Swinburne's *Tristram and Yseult*, will revel in "Sir Gawayne."

It has the simple piety of chivalry which is so akin to mysticism. "*Each mountain had of mist a hat or cloak,*" and again:

"So rides he praying, the knight with yellow hair,  
And, 'The Rood, speed me,' cries he in his throat;  
He crossed himself but thrice ere he was ware  
Of a dwelling on a high lawn in a moat.  
Everywhere by the stream's edge were to note  
Great trees by the hundred, rising in leafless glade,  
Over earth's winter-white and frosty coast."

There is that touch of mystery, that everlasting quest for the sacramental Cup of transfigured agony and light, like a running understream singing softly throughout Sir Gawayne's high adventure.

We hope for much from Mr. Kenneth Hare.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE RELIGION OF EXPERIENCE: an Examination of some of the Difficulties of Christian Faith. By Edward Grubb, M.A.. 7½ in. × 4½ in., pp. 202. London: Headley Bros., Publishers, Ltd., 72 Oxford Street, W.I. Price 5s. net.

To write an "Apology" for Christianity in these days—one, that is, that does not attempt to evade the issues raised by biblical criticism, scientific

research in physics, biology and psychology, philosophic speculation, and the thousand and one advances in human knowledge since the year A.D. 1, not to forget the pressing ethical problems raised by the war—is, I suggest, a very different task, a very much more difficult task, than that which was presented to the early Fathers of the Church by the scepticism of their day. I think Mr. Grubb has, on the whole, admirably succeeded. I do not agree with everything that he has to say—that were hardly probable seeing the enormous ground he has covered and (what is surprising) considering the comparative smallness of the book, not inadequately covered, but I find in his book far more that has my sincere approval than I feel inclined to criticize. No doubt his Christianity would not stand the test of the Thirty-nine Articles, but for most modern thinkers these are the test of a rigid dogmatism far removed from the true spirit of the religion of Christ.

There is an excellent chapter on "Faith and Reason" in which faith is taken as signifying something very different from blind belief. The following is excellent—"Thought is . . . the 'prius' of all knowledge of reality; there cannot be knowledge without a knower; to 'exist' means to be an object of Thought or Consciousness, without which the word *reality* has no meaning." The realization of the truth of this means the end of materialism. There are also good chapters on "The Christ of History" and "The Christ of Experience." The historic Christ is necessary to the existence of the Christ-experience. God reveals Himself in many ways to man, but especially through personality, and, according to Mr. Grubb, with a unique fulness through the personality of Jesus. There is also an excellent chapter on "The Supernatural in Christianity": modern "faith-healing" throws a new light on this topic; but such supernatural events as the Virgin Birth Mr. Grubb rejects.

It is impossible, however, in the confines of a brief review to touch upon the majority of the matters dealt with in this book—a book great enough, I think, to become a classic—let alone to do justice thereto. I can only say in conclusion that it is a book in which science, philosophy and mysticism join hands, and that it is only in such books that the heart of truth is at all made manifest.

H. S. REDGROVE.

SUMMER SONGS AMONG THE BIRDS. By E. E. London: John Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE author of this little work—to which her friend Miss Lilian Whiting has contributed a poetical Introduction,—pleads for the indulgence of readers, as it is her first effort at the making of Verse. The psychic and the spiritual are herein interwoven in simple and homely imagery, and the tone of brightness and happiness is a welcome contrast to so much that is lugubrious and pessimistic in these days. E. E. reveals in "The Golden Ladder" something of the beginning of her inspiration, and in "Spirit Friends" her consciousness of the nearness of the Unseen is clearly apparent. In her choice of subjects the author shows a most versatile gift, which ranges from the transcendental, and reincarnation, to the common things of everyday life, instanced in the latter case by some amusing lines on the Potato. The idea that Sir Walter Raleigh in the Beyond is congratulating himself on having introduced that popular vegetable into England, and so helped to win the war, is delightfully quaint. May good luck go with this cheery little volume of rhymes!

EDITH K. HARPER.