

THE
OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY

“ NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI ”

VOL. XXX
JULY—DECEMBER 1919

LONDON
WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED
CATHEDRAL HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4

26212.10



W. H. Parkman fund

Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner, Frome and London

CONTENTS

JULY.

NOTES OF THE MONTH: NEW LIGHT ON THE		PAGE
PHENOMENA OF MATERIALIZATION	<i>The Editor</i>	1
IN EXILE (VERSE).	<i>Captain Griffyth Fairfax</i>	16
SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC	<i>M.C.W.</i>	17
THE BIRTH OF THE ÆON (VERSE)	<i>Meredith Starr</i>	27
WAGNER AND OCCULTISM	<i>Herbert Adams</i>	28
THE SOUNDING WORLD	<i>Bart Kennedy</i>	32
THE OCCULT LORE OF THE BRIDGE	<i>Bernard Fielding</i>	35
SEA-SONGS (VERSE)	<i>Tessa C. Royds</i>	42
A PROPHECIC DREAM	<i>Maxwell-Knight</i>	43
THE PSYCHIC SIGNIFICANCE OF THE HORSE AND DOG	<i>Ethel C. Hargrove</i>	45
CORRESPONDENCE		49
PERIODICAL LITERATURE		54
REVIEWS		58

AUGUST.

NOTES OF THE MONTH: SPIRITUAL INTERVEN-		
TION IN THE WAR	<i>The Editor</i>	61
THE WHITE BIRD OF MEMORY (VERSE)	<i>A. D.</i>	70
MESMER AND THE MAGNETIC HYPOTHESIS	<i>R. B. Ince</i>	71
THE HEART, IN MYSTICISM AND MAGIC	<i>Bernard Fielding</i>	78
OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE OF PRECIOUS STONES	<i>Reginald B. Span</i>	83
TRANSCENDENTAL ALCHEMY (THE WORKS OF THOMAS VAUGHAN)	<i>H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc.</i>	90
UNSEEN HELPERS	<i>Donald Percival</i>	94
THE MYTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT CHALDEA	<i>Henry J. Nash, Ph.D.</i>	97
THE LIFE EVERLASTING (VERSE)	<i>Teresa Hooley</i>	102
THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE	<i>Lilian Whiting</i>	103
CORRESPONDENCE		108
PERIODICAL LITERATURE		113
REVIEWS		117

SEPTEMBER.

NOTES OF THE MONTH: (1) ELLA WHEELER		
WILCOX AND HER PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES; (2) ASTRAL REPERCUSSION	<i>The Editor</i>	121
THE FAMILIAR: ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN	<i>Lewis Spence</i>	130
THE MASTER TILLER (VERSE)	<i>W. P. Ryan</i>	137
A HAUNTED CHURCH IN MUNICH	<i>J. W. Brodie-Innes</i>	138
ANDREW CARNEGIE'S PALM	<i>C. W. Child</i>	149
LIFE (VERSE)	<i>A. E. Lloyd Maunsell</i>	150
MYSTICAL REALISATION	<i>Arthur Edward Waite</i>	151
THE CHARMS, SPELLS, AND DIVINATIONS OF AFGHANISTAN	<i>Ikkal Ali Shah, M.R.A.S.</i>	156
CORRESPONDENCE		167
PERIODICAL LITERATURE		174
REVIEWS		178

CONTENTS

OCTOBER.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE MONTH: THE ETERNAL QUESTION (MR. CLARKE'S PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES) <i>The Editor</i>	181
EXPLORING THE MIND: A NOTE ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS	<i>H. Ernest Hunt</i> 195
THE LONE HOUSE IN THE MIDST OF THE CORN (VERSE)	<i>C. L. Ryley</i> 204
THE VISITOR	<i>Bart Kennedy</i> 206
THE "INTELLIGIBLE LIGHT" IN PLOTINOS	<i>Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie</i> 209
THE HAUNTINGS AT THE MUENCHHOF	<i>Philip Redmond</i> 212
THE DANCE OF THE ENTERING IN OF LIFE	<i>L.</i> 218
A CASE OF MULTIPLE PREMONITION	<i>Henry Sproull</i> 220
EVENING (VERSE)	<i>Jessie E. P. Foreland</i> 222
CORRESPONDENCE 223
PERIODICAL LITERATURE 229
NEW AND FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS 233
REVIEWS 237

NOVEMBER.

NOTES OF THE MONTH: THE CHURCH CONGRESS, MRS. TWEEDALE'S PSYCHIC REMINISCENCES <i>The Editor</i>	241
THE LADY FAUSTINE (VERSE)	<i>J. W. Brodie-Innes</i> 253
THROUGH THE IVORY GATE	<i>Irene Hay</i> 255
SPIRITISM AND THE FAITH	<i>Edith K. Harper</i> 268
ON STELLAR INFLUENCES	<i>Leslie Keene</i> 271
THE MOON IN MAGIC AND RELIGION	<i>Bernard Fielding</i> 277
CORRESPONDENCE 285
PERIODICAL LITERATURE 290
REVIEWS 295

DECEMBER.

NOTES OF THE MONTH: (a) TWO BOOKS OF THE DAY: (b) ALAN LEO: HIS LIFE AND WORK <i>The Editor</i>	301
THE SERPENT SYMBOL IN GENESIS	<i>James S. Forrester-Brown</i> 317
THE NIGHT RAIN (VERSE)	<i>Jessie E. P. Foreland</i> 316
SERBIAN CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS	<i>F. Foster</i> 328
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX: POETESS AND SPIRITUALIST	<i>Isabel Ramsay</i> 336
THE HAND OF ELLA WHEELER WILCOX	<i>C. W. Child</i> 341
SOME GHOST AND DEMON STORIES	<i>Philip Redmond</i> 345
THE WORLD MOTHER	<i>Harry J. Strutton</i> 351
CORRESPONDENCE 355
PERIODICAL LITERATURE 359
REVIEWS 367

OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

Price NINEPENCE NET; post free, TENPENCE. Annual Subscription, NINE SHILLINGS (Two Dollars twenty-five Cents).

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, 85 Duane Street, New York; The *Macoy Publishing Company*, 45-49 John Street, New York; The *Western News Company*, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from the *Theosophist Office*, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XXX

JULY 1919

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

WHEN the Great War burst upon Europe, investigations into the evidence on which the alleged phenomena of materialization rested had made remarkable strides both in Germany and in France. A book had been published in the former country by the learned Professor Schrenck-Notzing dealing with these phenomena as observed in the person of a certain medium who passed by the name of Eva C., and another book dealing with the same subject appeared in Paris in the very year of the war, written by Madame Juliette Alexandre-Bisson,* under whose supervision and tuition the medium in question was brought to the notice of the Continental world. During the year preceding the war a violent dispute had been raging in scientific circles in Germany, one side defending the bona fides of Dr. Schrenck-Notzing, and the evidential value of the phenomena, and the other side

* *Les Phénomènes dits de Matérialisation*. Juliette Alexandre-Bisson. Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan, 108 Boulevard Saint-Germain.

vehemently disputing their authenticity. The public had previously been familiarized with accounts of the materialization of spirits at séances, but had for the most part received them with extreme scepticism ; and only those who had actually witnessed the extraordinary phenomena that took place at some of these séances, and who were able to dissipate their doubts by optical evidence of the most convincing character, felt equal to defending



ILLUSTRATION SHOWING IDEOPLASTIC SUBSTANCE
OOZING FROM THE MOUTH OF THE MEDIUM.

a belief in such an apparently incredible phenomenon. It was evident in any case that if these phenomena actually took place some stronger evidence must be forthcoming to convince the sceptical public than had ever hitherto been produced, and the sort of evidence which was likely to carry weight with those who were not actually witnesses of the séances in question must presumably be that of the photographic camera.

The ordinary visitor to a spiritualistic séance has probably even now little idea of the remarkable character of the phenomena that take place where certain rarely - endowed and highly-gifted mediums offer their services for experimental purposes, and the attempts recently made by certain prominent newspapers in the British metropolis to submit such matters to a public test, have served to show that the would-be investigators have equally failed to realize the actual possibilities in connection with such phenomena. It is clear that the forms at such séances can only be built up by a gradual process. This idea was

evidently present to the minds of the French and German investigators. The problem presented was accordingly to obtain photographic reproductions of materialization in its various stages of development from its commencement to the building up of the perfected form. It was for this purpose that the services of the medium, Eva C., were found of such great value.

FRENCH AND GERMAN INVESTIGATIONS.

Dr. Schrenck - Notzing's book was illustrated by some hundreds of flashlight photographs taken of this medium, and of the substance which exuded from her person in various stages of development. Some two hundred of such illustrations are given in Mme Bisson's book, *Les Phénomènes dits de Matérialisation*, published by Félix Alcan.* The substance in question, which was apparently possessed of a certain inherent vitality, took physical form in the presence of those attending the séances, sometimes as a fully-formed head and bust, sometimes as hand or arm, or



ILLUSTRATION SHOWING HAND IN PROCESS OF MATERIALIZATION ON THE FOREHEAD OF THE MEDIUM.

even fingers only. In a recent address at the Amphithéâtre de Médecine of the College de France, Dr. Geley described his own experiences in connection with the investigation of this medium, for which full facilities had been placed at his disposal by Mme Bisson. Dr. Geley informed his audience that he had been able not only to see but also to touch with his hands these materializa-

* Librairie Félix Alcan, 108 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris.

tions. To the evidence of his senses he had been in a position to add that of scientific instruments and photography. "I have," he said, "many times followed the phenomenon from its origin to its completion as it developed itself under my eyes. Strange and incredible as such manifestations may appear, it is impossible for me to entertain any doubt as to their reality." With regard to the primordial substance which emanates from the medium, "this," says the Doctor, "has been studied in all its aspects and conditions by Mme Bisson, and it is clear that it constitutes the essential basis of all materializations." "This unique substance," continues the Doctor, "has been seen by us on many occasions taking form under our very eyes—a white mass, transforming itself into a face, the representation of a head, again giving place to a hand. We have been able by the concurrent testimony of sight and touch to perceive the passage from an inorganic, amorphous substance to an organic reproduction of a physical form, possessing for the moment all the attributes of life complete in flesh and bone, according to the terms of popular phraseology. We have seen these reproductions melt into the original substance, then becoming reabsorbed in an instant in the body of the medium."

Dr. Geley draws an inference from these observations which is of the utmost importance biologically. He concludes that in supernormal physiology there are no different organic formations, or substances, either of bone, muscle, viscera, or nerves, as substratum, but that there is simply one substance, uniform throughout, as basis of the physical forms developed, and this, he holds, must be in its essence the basis of organized life. He argues that in normal physiology as in supernormal, the conditions are in reality precisely parallel, even if in the former case they are less apparent. The same phenomena, that is to say, which take place in the materializing cabinet at séances, take place also in the chrysalis or the cocoon. The body of the insect actually dematerializes within the protecting envelope of the chrysalis. It melts, as it were, into a kind of uniform pulp, an amorphous substance in which all organic or specific distinction of the parts of the various organs of the insect temporarily disappears. For the time being there is no such thing as muscular, visceral, vascular, or nervous organization. There is nothing but this primordial substance, the essential basis of life. Then, responding to an impulse, the source of which no naturalist has ever been able

DR. GELEY
ADDS HIS
TESTIMONY.

THE BASIS
OF PHYSI-
CAL LIFE.

to determine, this uniform substance reorganizes itself and a new materialization is effected, of which it forms the basis. Bit by



MATERIALIZATION OF HEAD IN PROCESS OF DEVELOPMENT.

bit the adult creature is reconstituted, entirely different in character and appearance from the primitive larval form. Here we

obtain two parallels in biological development—one the normal development of the insect, the other the supernormal evolution of the human organism—and the processes in either are found to be practically identical.

Dr. Geley forms the conclusion that the essential unity of organic substance is the first term in the biological problem. The second term involves the necessity of admitting the existence of a dominant organizing, centralizing, and directing force. The third term must recognize the fact that the organizing force is itself guided by a directing intelligence which reveals a definite end in view. This directing intelligence does not, generally speaking, obtain its end in full, but whether in normal physiology or in supernormal physiology we see it working towards and obtaining, sometimes successful results, sometimes abortive and monstrous ones, sometimes merely masks or lifeless models. But whether the result is perfect or abortive, the directing intelligence is always there. The expression "ideoplastic" which has been applied to these forms clearly implies this conception of an operative mind at work in their formation. Dr. Geley holds that these formations of the materializing séance reveal also similar biological processes to physical generation. They are neither more nor less miraculous, neither more nor less supernormal. The learned doctor concludes that the evidence before us in this case must give the death blow to the materialistic conception of the universe and of the individual, which rested on incomplete and fragmentary views of known facts and of an erroneous interpretation of them. In view of the discoveries of to-day this conception is no longer reconcilable with our actual biological knowledge. "We can now [he says] affirm without reserve that there is in the individual something very different from a mere complex of minute cells, just as there is in the universe something quite other than an aggregation of atoms."

Mme Bisson asks in her book on the phenomena of materialization to what the substance which disengages itself from the body of the medium may be compared. "Some people," she says, "describe it as resembling gauze or veiling," and Mme Bisson agrees that this expression "veiling" conveys the impression experienced in connection with it, when the phenomenon is presented on an extended surface, and in great quantity. But more frequently, she tells us, it appears in the form of a fibrous mass, torn or perforated. "If [she says] we examine the substance at close quarters we notice irregular streaks and curious

thread marks which certainly cannot be compared to gauze or network. I have seen [she continues] this substance issue



FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF MATERIALIZATION BEFORE COMPLETE FORMATION.

from the body of the medium when in a state of nudity, and return thither, and afterwards reissue, perform evolutions and move

about, giving the impression of something that is alive, of a snake for instance. I have seen hands, arms, faces, form themselves. I have followed the phenomenon from its first appearance to its reabsorption. To the touch it is heavy, damp, and cold ; sometimes it gives the sensation of a spider's web, as, for example, in the case of a person entering the materializing cabinet and finding him or herself covered by it." On a number of occasions experimenters have found it sticking to their hands, and have confirmed the impression with regard to its weight, coldness, and moisture. The substance issues most frequently from the mouth of the medium, but also from the breasts, from the navel and other parts of the body. It is curious to compare this substance which issues from the medium with the description of the "prima materia," or "first matter" of the old alchemists. In describing this first matter, Thomas Vaughan, in *Lumen de Lumine*,* writes as follows :—

It is in plain terms dissolved and flowing water, or rather it is something melted, that is, a solution of earth, a certain plasticity of earth, an exceedingly soft, moist, visibly flowing earth—an earth and wax that is capable of all forms and impressions. It is Son of the Earth mixed with Water and—to speak as the nature of the thing requires—mixed Earth and marriage of Earth . . . The thing itself is a world without form, neither mere power nor perfect action, but a weak virgin substance, a certain soft prolific Venus, the mixture and moisture of Heaven and Earth.

Surely there is more than a mere accidental parallel in the resemblance between this description of the first matter in alchemical terms and that of the formative material which goes to the making of the phenomena of the materializing séance. I do not, of course, mean to imply that the two are in any sense identical ; but rather that the basic substance which issues from the medium brings us one step nearer to that primordial substance which is the vehicle of all life in manifestation. A very notable point about this substance is its homogeneity, and its responsiveness to the action of mind. We talk of a substance being plastic, when it is readily moulded by the hand ; but this substance is plastic in the sense that it is receptive to the formative idea—that it is, in short, matter possessed of a qualification which we do not ordinarily attribute to matter at all—though this respon-

* *The Works of Thomas Vaughan* (Eugenius Philalethes). Edited by Arthur Edward Waite. The Theosophical Publishing House, 1 Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C. 1. Price 21s. net.

siveness is probably inherent in all matter to an infinitesimal degree. Much has been written recently on the subject of the influence of mind on matter. Here we have before us a substance so plastic that the observer can see before his very eyes its momentary receptivity to thought currents. The Christian Scientist has been occupied in emphasizing in his teaching the unreality of all material forms. Would it not be putting it more truly to say that the reality of matter is proportionate to its infusion by spirit ; that is, to its permeation with that conscious life-force in which we all " live and move and have our being " ? William Kingsland well says : " All those differences and contrasts which go to make up the infinite variety of the external phenomenal universe are differences and contrasts of motion only, distinguished as such, and assigned their value and qualities by that underlying principle which we call consciousness." He adds, " There is no illusion in any fact of consciousness. The illusion lies not in the fact but in our interpretation of the fact, in our giving to the fact a false relation or proportion. . . . What we really sense in apprehending matter is a different order of motion of one and the same substance." The error we make is to credit matter with qualities and attributes which it does not in reality possess. This error will not be corrected by regarding matter itself as purely illusory. If it were so it would produce no impression upon our consciousness. The mistake of the materialist is to accept matter at its face value ; that is, to believe it to be what it appears to be, and not what it actually is, a mode of motion of primordial substance.

Dr. Schrenck-Notzing in his introductory note to Mme Bisson's book says : —

There is evidently in this substance an inherent power of artificially forming optical images, and giving them the appearance of human features, after the manner of the sculptor or the draughtsman. The most mysterious problem which these phenomena present is in my opinion the presence of this ideoplastic force which moulds faces of men and women and even entire human beings.

Is not, we may ask, this ideoplastic force at the bottom of the evolution of all forms of life ? In the case of the chrysalis what is it that transforms the homogeneous substance contained within the protecting envelope into the shape of a butterfly with all its members and wings complete ? How can the fully developed and varied butterfly form evolve itself from this homogeneous life essence ? Clearly not without the impress of some ideoplastic force. But is not more than this required ? I certainly incline

to think so. It seems to me that the hypothesis of an astral counterpart of the fully-formed butterfly on which the living being may be modelled must be adopted in accordance with the old alchemical theory. How, otherwise, could the type persist and be transmitted through such countless generations? But if this be so, whence, in the case of the medium, come the suggestions that take shape and form in the séance room? From the mind of the medium or from some external source or sources? This is clearly one of the problems which await solution. In this connection the observations of Paracelsus are deserving of attention, as calculated to throw at least some light on the dark problem before us. This is what he says :— *

IDEOPLASTIC FORCE AND AN ASTRAL COUNTER-PART.

There is a two-fold power active in man, an invisible acting or vital power, and a visible acting mechanical force. The visible body has its natural forces, and the invisible body has its natural forces and the remedy of all diseases or injuries that may affect the visible form are contained in the invisible body, because the latter is the seat of the power that infused life into the former, and without which the former would be dead and decaying. . . . The invisible forces acting in the visible body are often very powerful and may be guided by the imagination and be propelled by the will. As the odour of a lily passes from the flower into the surrounding air, so the vital force contained in the invisible body passes into the visible form and beyond it. The physical body has the capacity to produce visible organs—such as the eyes and the ears, the tongue and the nose—but they all take their origin from the invisible body, of which the external visible form is only the outward representation.

WHAT PARACELTUS TAUGHT.

According to the teaching of the old alchemists, the *Archæus* is the great invisible storehouse of nature in which the characters of all things are contained and preserved. In one of its expressions this *Archæus* or storehouse is represented by the "astral light," and in another by primordial matter. In this matter, then, lie the seeds of all forms.

The problems raised by modern psychical research can, it appears to me, alone be solved in the light of ancient alchemical theory, and it is owing to this truth having been so little recognized during recent times that the investigations of such associations as, for instance, that of the Society for Psychical Research, have made such little headway in arriving at definite conclusions in connection with the laws of nature and supernature, of which their records contain the evidence.

One of the difficulties encountered by the investigators in

* *The Life of Philippus Theophrastus Paracelsus*. By Dr. Franz Hartmann. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

these séances lay in the fact that when, in the first instance, flash-light photographs were taken, the medium invariably fainted away as a result of the shock. Subsequently, however, she gradually accustomed herself to the process, which eventually caused her only slight discomfort. Physically, Eva is healthy and well-developed, though of a nervous temperament, and unusually impressionable. The phenomena take place after the medium has been placed in a hypnotic trance. As far as I can gather, she rarely passes into this trance on her own account.

THE
MEDIUM
AND HER
SUSCEPTI-
BILITIES.

When in the somnambulistic condition she is apparently more amenable to reason than when in the normal state. Sometimes when hypnotized she makes complaints of her normal self, and advises Mme Bisson to show herself severe towards her, when she has fits of what some people would call "the tantrums." The medium in her trance state, says Mme Bisson, cannot create the phenomena, but yet her co-operation is essential. She assists powerfully in their manifestation, and if she is in a bad mood she can prevent anything taking place. In this condition she is abnormally sensitive. The noise caused by the falling of a chair may upset a whole séance. Again, if she sneezes when in the trance state, it invariably wakes her up. If one of those present attempts suddenly to seize upon the substance that emanates from her, it is liable to produce a shock, causing a fit of fainting. She is again constantly attacked by unaccountable terrors, in which only the close presence of Mme Bisson can effectively pacify her. Sometimes, again, she cries out that the materialized figures are molesting her, and she calls to Mme Bisson to protect her from them. Another point is that the substance which exudes from her must apparently always, or almost always, have some support or point of contact with physical material; either, that is, it must attach itself to the medium, or to some object near by, such for instance as the curtains of the cabinet.

All mediums are necessarily abnormal, and a medium of the type of Eva C. must, it stands to reason, be exceptionally so. The cause of such abnormality in some cases must doubtless be traced to prenatal conditions. In Eva's case it was apparently due to shock arising through the sudden death of her fiancé, which resulted in a grave nervous breakdown. She does not herself appear to take special interest in the phenomena for which she is the medium, and has given her services mainly through a feeling of friendship and affection for Mme. Bisson. Rare as such

mediums are, they may possibly be more numerous than we are accustomed to suppose, taking into consideration the fact that peculiar circumstances alone would be likely to lead to the discovery of their powers, and even when discovered there would be a natural reluctance on the part of the medium, no less than on that of her friends and relatives, to submit to the many discomforts, not to say humiliations, of scientific experimentation.

The investigations undertaken by Mme Bisson and Dr. Schrenck-Notzing in connection with this medium are evidently not destined to leave our knowledge of biology where it was. They constitute a revolutionary discovery of the powers of nature, and the modern investigator who affects to ignore them or leave them on one side will inevitably before long find himself a back number in the scientific world. Such discoveries point to laws with regard to the working and conditions of which we have hitherto been totally in the dark. We have indeed travelled far from that time when it was held by the man of science that what the nineteenth century has not discovered was not worth knowing. In all directions and not least in this one, we are being brought face to face with the fact that in what we have hitherto ascertained we have but touched the fringe of a vast problem, the solution of which in its entirety is not yet within measurable distance of attainment. In the meantime we are obtaining a hint here and a hint there of those boundless possibilities inherent in nature, which offer a practically limitless field for the investigator of the new age who takes up his work untrammelled by the cramping dogmas of the science of yesterday.

The inquiry of a correspondent with regard to the origin of St. Anthony of Padua's supposed power in the matter of the restoration of lost articles, has elicited the following reply from a reader of the OCCULT REVIEW, which I have pleasure in reproducing, as the question seems to have aroused a certain amount of interest.

The following (she writes) is an extract from the *Life of St. Anthony of Padua*, by the Rev. Father Ubaldus da Rieti:—

"During the time that St. Anthony was employed in teaching theology to the Friars Minor in Montpellier a memorable incident occurred, which is worthy of being related. The Saint had with him an exposition on the Psalms, written by himself, in which he had gathered the best part of the Old and New Testaments, and from which as from a fountain he drank of the Celestial Wisdom, which enabled him to explain theological questions and gave weight and force to his sermons for the benefit of souls.

"A novice, tired of the religious life, resolved to return to the world,

and having seen the book containing the exposition on the Psalms, stole it, and fled from the monastery. The Saint, grieved at the loss of a book so useful and necessary to him, immediately had recourse to prayer, requesting the Lord not only to have mercy on the unhappy young man, but also to induce him to restore the stolen book. His prayer was heard by the Lord. The devil, compelled by divine command, appeared to the young man in the form of a horrible monster, and stopped him, saying: 'Go back and restore immediately that which you have stolen, otherwise I will throw you into the river.' The young man, terrified at the threat, humbly returned to the monastery, and throwing himself at the feet of the Saint begged pardon for his faults, and restored the book and realizing by divine mercy what had happened to him, he begged to be again admitted into the order, and his request was granted . . . From this circumstance the practice of having recourse to St. Anthony to find 'lost things' had its beginning. William Pepino, it is recorded—of the Order of Preachers and a doctor in Paris—affirms that this is a privilege which the Lord deigned to grant to St. Anthony, and adds that he himself experienced the effects of his patronage."

All Catholics, it may fairly be stated, believe in the efficacy of this appeal to St. Anthony, and I personally may add that I have never found it fail, though, in all honesty, I am bound also to admit that I have found the following formula equally efficacious:—

"There is only one Mind, which is All-Intelligence; therefore nothing in that Mind can ever be lost, because that Mind is Omniscience and Omnipresence. No idea of the One Mind can ever be lost." This is the formula of Mr. F. L. Rawson.

I have also found it quite efficacious to call upon the subconscious mind, which knows everything in the *material* world, past and present. As there is in the realm of reality neither time nor space, nothing can, logically speaking, ever be lost. It has merely passed "out of sight, not out of Mind."

It is of course, useless to *merely repeat* these words. There is no magic in it. It is just a statement of truth, and *if* understood and realized will certainly bring to the seeker the needed information or instruction. *Only, one must "wait for the answer"* with listening attention. It *will* come, either by direct inspiration, or else one will be impressed with the *source* where to seek and find the required knowledge.

This, I may say, has happened to me more than once or even thrice.

Two years ago I inserted an article in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW entitled "A Dream with a Curious Sequel," dealing with a dream associated with the history of an old manor house (which had formerly been a monastery) and a vision of the Virgin Mary (whose shrine was in the monk's chapel) in connection with it. Readers I think may like to hear from the writer of the fate of the house in question, which was, curiously enough, burnt down between Lady Day, 1918, and the day following. Subjoined is the record by the writer of the original article:—

It may interest the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who read the article "A Dream with a Curious Sequel," by Alice Cunninghame, which appeared in the July number, 1917, to learn of the tragic fate which has overtaken the beautiful old Manor House about which the writer had so vivid and extraordinary a dream.

On the night of Lady Day, March 25, 1918, the beginning of the end doubtless occurred, for in the early hours of the morning of March 26, flames burst forth from the servants' quarters, spreading with such rapidity "that before the fire brigade could get to work the conflagration had involved the whole of the mansion—and the roof fell in with a crash." The owner was away at the time, and only two maids and a lad were on the premises.

The origin of the fire remains a mystery.

To those who are interested in dreams one wonders if they would deem the extraordinary dream *as being in any way a foreshadowing of the fate* which a year later befell the house. The writer herself maintains an open mind on the subject, and would prefer to believe that what was in itself a beautiful experience could not portend anything but good.

In Anglo-Saxon times the old house was connected with a tragedy. For it was then owned by Brictric, son of Algar, a great Saxon Thane. Brictric was sent as ambassador to the court of Bruges, and whilst there, the Princess Matilda fell in love with him. He did not reciprocate the lady's affection, and refusing all overtures which she made him, earned her undying vengeance and hate. Matilda became the wife of William of Normandy and when he conquered England she was swift to avail herself of an opportunity of revenge. Brictric was cast into prison and Matilda prevailed on her husband to grant her the lands of her victim.

Thus the lordship of Tewkesbury, including the Manor of C——, became the property of Queen Matilda. Before her death in 1083 she conferred the Manor on Roger de Buslè (or Bushley). He in his turn parted with it to the Church. (To the Benedictine abbey and convent of St. Peter's, Glos.)

It remained a possession of the Church for several centuries, and was a monastery until the time of Henry VIII., when it became the property of a family named Raynesford or Rainsford. Tragedy again stepped in and a Rainsford lost it through his loyalty to his king, the unfortunate Charles I. It then passed through several families in succession and finally was bought by the present owner of the property.

Alas! little remains now of the beautiful old house, only the roofless walls and the chimney stacks have survived the cruel fury of the flames.

Although built on the early Saxon foundation the house had been altered at various periods. The most ancient part at the time of the fire was "the Monks" or "Priest's House," which was an almost perfect example of the earliest and simplest form of timber construction, its date probably late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. It contained some beautiful old timber work, and the dark-hued timber, black with

age, with the white walls throwing them into strong relief, gave great charm to the old world building. The front part, though mellowed by time, was of more recent date, and of marked Renaissance appearance, the plan of the house being more or less like a letter H, a green courtyard intervening, a common form in Elizabethan times. The monks had a chapel in the building. *This is interesting to note in connection with the dream already recorded.*

The large hall, formerly "the monks' hall of justice," or probably the refectory, made an ideal entrance; the interior was in keeping with the exterior of the house and very beautiful.

When the writer visited it, in the latter part of April, 1917, the gardens were gay with spring flowers, and the delicate green of the trees added to the charm of the scene. Near by flowed the small river Stour, celebrated in song. The grass of the lawns and old moat was like the proverbial velvet, the lilt of the birds filled the air with joyous melody, and no shadow of approaching calamity dimmed the beauty of the picture.

Within doors the oak-corridors that had echoed so many footfalls during the passing centuries, were mysterious and enchanting as of old. The panelled rooms reflected the golden sunlight from without; it seemed the abode of an ancient peace: and indeed everything was in harmony, the antique furniture, the old china, the pictures which adorned the walls, there was no false or jarring note.

But the Fates were busy with the loom of Time, the fatal sisters held the scissors ready to cut the thread. Tragedy again was to visit the old structure. It was nearing the end, and walls hallowed by so many associations were already doomed.

The writer recalls how on the first night she retired to rest in the old house, that she looked at the lighted candles liberally disposed about her bedroom and wondered if in so old a building it were safe to use candles. She thought of *fire!* Then, dismissing the idea from her mind, she reflected that many thousands of candles must have been consumed on the premises and the house still stood safe.

Alas! the premonition was but too true.

Another link with the past is gone. It is always sad when such a memorial falls a victim to the flames. Shakespeare must often have passed by the old dwelling, and indeed it is likely that he visited it.

It is a curious coincidence that it was burnt down in the early hours following after Lady Day, *and that a vision of the B.V. Mary formed an important part of the dream of the old house.*

IN EXILE

BY CAPTAIN GRIFFYTH FAIRFAX

I WOULD go back to the land of my fathers,
Where immortal mystery smiles,—
To the unpeopled places
Where the wind blows fire,
And the large stars look down ;
Where the ancient Gods take counsel together
Unheard of men,
By the royal river,
Throned among shining sand.

I am an outcast here,
In the northern islands
Where the pale sun seems ashamed,
And the night has no depth
And the moon no splendour,
And no man knows his soul.
They mouth as the apes of the forest,
Then cling by tribes,
They name me with their name.
I am alone : I wait.

One shall come down and shall call me :
I hear far off
The sound of the speech of Khem,
The shaken sistrum,
The clashing cymbals,
The throb of the drum.
This life is a patched cloak
That I wear unwilling :
Ah for my sea-blue robe
And the plumes of Thoth !

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

By M. C. W.

ARIES.

March 23, 1918.

ARIES am I, the primal fire and life; the first manifestation and source of life. I am fire, I run through all living creatures. I come to all and take the form of many strange vessels, but to all I give life, the shape decides the mode of my expression.

I fire all passions and am on all planes.

Beware of giving me full play, for I will burn and destroy you. Control me and I purify.

I am all first causes.

Now I have full sway and am welcomed on Earth. Mars, my son, I have breathed forth to work his will. He burns and destroys, but do not obey him blindly.

When allowed to work in pure bodies I am life force, but who of you are pure and without egotism? that is what clogs my channels.

In time to come I will breathe into man the Air Fire which has naught to do with blood, or Fire of dross that destroys.

I quicken all in Nature. I am the birth of the divine spark.

I come as a lion, sweeping the old order of the Earth and its fruits away.

I am Life, Love, Radiance, Great Sounds, Gold, and the life of all metals.

Let me play in you as I will, and I will give you gladness and Life. Resist me and I am War and Blood. Follow my laws and I am all that is good and pure.

The great ones of the Earth are full of me, and if their souls are pure I can take them to high places, and when I withdraw from them I bring back to the Great Source an added lustre. But should they have proved unworthy then naught but dross is for me, and that I cannot take, but leave on earth to be redeemed by man with much sadness and sorrow, and then there are sounds of dirges and the voices of mourners. The joyful songs are stilled. Those only are sung when I return with fire revived. Passion of creation of all things—not only as you know it but the *Great Creative Life Force* of the Cosmos when stars come into being and Suns are born.

I can give life to things inanimate, provided their creator can let me flow through his fingers.

First of the Fire signs I am, man's highest body, as my sister Cancer is controller and mother of the Fluid body.

So much have you to learn of us, and so little have you thought of us as Beings. Forms you have given us and not Life.

Ah, how little have you invited us to work for you or to be your friends. Now to you here we come with much love and many things to show and teach you.

I as the most violent and vital of the Lords of Heaven do hurt your bodies, for I do not understand their composition, but I take you (when I have destroyed those inferior forms) with a delicate fiery breath to the Great Lake of Golden Light that is in the Great Space beyond all Things.

I am an ever moving mist.

r

TAURUS.

April 23, 1918.

I Taurus speak. Great Mother of the Earth, from me comes all life. I am fertile. On my breast feed the flocks and herds, and from me come all living things. Great love of nature and humans, creative and possessive, for my love is personal and maternal. Isis, the horned Goddess holding the full moon, for in fulness I come.

Love, Love of mother for son, wife for husband, maternal, enduring. Understanding all youth—ready to stand aside and watch, or to take part in the younger life. My love is more than the love of the mother, for it is possessive and sacrificing, for sacrifice is giving life, sometimes in the physical, sometimes in the higher planes, but always giving forth.

Beauty, I create and give, for that also is birth. Beauty in Art—I am all that creates—Venus in her roundness and curves, colour and softness of touch.

My flame burns softly and steadily, no ardour or real fire have I. That I leave to my spouse, Aries, for he is my husband and lover. From us come all the signs, they are our children. So old are we that none know us, we have been forgotten by mortals, and even the Gods have but dim memories of us, as you on Earth have of your first parents.

Sweet scents, all softness and richness of texture, these are my clothes.

My head is crowned with jewels but not the jewels of the cour-

tesan, but of the loved one. My hair is unbound and flowing, my hands and feet are bare, for I must touch the earth with tender feet and in my hands take the little ones to soothe their grief or share their joy.

My eyes are shining stars that reflect the light of the moon, for in my eyes looks my lover and there is the first birth of the soul.

My lips are tender with kisses and my breath is as the South wind that bears comfort to the Earth.

No symbol have I, but Love in all its forms—for am I not

8

GEMINI.

May 21, 1918.

I am Gemini. I come to you of Earth with hands outstretched giving my dual gifts of Intellect and Wisdom. All my gifts are dual, for that is what I am. Two complete in one—the divine hermaphrodite. Yet to you who are a woman I come as a man, and to a man I am as a woman.

The wind blows through my hair, and my entrance has two great pillars and on one of them is blood. Pass through my door and Mercury, my servant and friend, will greet you and take you by the hand and show you many curious things. To some he shows terrible and secret violent sins, and to others blossoms and thoughts of pure delight; and again, to others he shows glittering jewels, and some will take them away under their cloaks, and Mercury will turn away to hide a smile, for he knows the jewels will lose their light away from my house.

My house has two great turrets and in one are many wise works produced by men's brains, and in the other secret signs and symbols, and there I keep the staff, cap and wings I give my messenger. From the first turret I give him the token of the place I send him to, and the work he is to bring to men to turn into form; and from the second turret he takes a symbol which unlocks the door of the man's heart that he brings the message to.

I am restless and I move from room to room shutting and opening my doors and secret places, for I look for truth and *will* find it.

I care not greatly for outward forms, it is the contents I value. I mount the stairs with ever quickening steps, for I tarry not by the way, for I wish to breathe the finer airs that blow on the roof tops.

My house is in the stars and is of golden light. It is delicate and spiral so that the wind should blow through it, bringing

tidings from my brothers and sisters, and Mercury is ever passing in and out through the many entrances and delicate spiral columns. Those are my symbols and the clasped hands of love and friendship.

CANCER.

June 21, 1918.

Cancer comes like the waves of the sea, ever rolling, the great cosmic waters that feed the Milky Way. I am the great mother, for I embrace all children, especially those who have no mother of their own. I am rhythm and order, washing each thing into its appointed place. All things I rule with rhythm and orderliness; in this the moon lends her aid, and by this law can the greater ones find their entrance through my human focus.

I am indomitable, for I hold on to that which I wish to have and will not be denied. My dwelling is the great sea, and it rocks ever to and fro. Silence is my sentinel, and fast she holds my door, so that only in the ebb flow of my great tides can those of you who are ready enter and there receive my crown, which is a star on your forehead which will lighten some dark places.

Some will receive the dark star and some the light; neither are good or evil but are both of great cosmic value. Remember, I hold fast only to let go when my purpose is complete, for in that way I do not part with my sons and daughters, for they return to me when I have renounced them—that is true motherhood.

My symbols are the waves ever ebbing and flowing, and there is sadness in those waves and yet a great joy.

☽

LEO.

July 24, 1918.

I am the great throbbing heart, in me is the vital spark, the Godhead; for in me the germs and seeds begin to pulsate, and take an internal motion of their own volition.

I am fire and love and creation, and I walk like a king, for all bow before my gaze. A king in very deed am I, for I subdue the most exalted who bend before my throne.

My kingdom is the world, and to men I give my greatest gift to use or misuse. My gift is creation from the heart; how few use it or even know of it. Those who can use it give life to forms inanimate and can inspire with life sullen and dull minds.

Over the heads of the crowds I look, for I see a distant star—that is my creation which I follow, for it has escaped from me and

I desire to hold it in my hand. The child of my heart, I command it to return.

In the great spaces I wander a hunter and the hunted, my heart pulsating to all nature, for I am in all and all is of me. A spear is in my hand to slay the unfaithful, and my justice is swift—not revenge, but justice is my pleasure. Deep in the ruby mines I am found captive in their hearts, for once they saw me, and when I am once seen I am never released, for I am the glowing and flaming heart.

Red gold is mine armour, the molten gold of the sun, for he covers me as a mantle. I kiss all lovely glowing things to give them their release; birth or death, you may call it what you will, they are equal in value.

On the altar of the world I have been sacrificed, let not my fire escape again, for it inflames all who eat of it, for it is only when I *give* that it heals and creates and makes all new; take it from my torn body and it makes men mad. Had you listened to my pleading, you in your turn would not have been sacrificed. But a life for a life is the law, and one will pay for the other.

My symbol is the velvet paw that shades the ever glowing pulsing Heart!

•

VIRGO.

August 24, 1918.

I am Virgo the Immaculate Virgin, from me is the Virgin Birth, for in my time comes the corn to fruit, who is the flesh of the world.

“My flesh ye eat.” These words were those of my son who entered the world, who is the world, and till he came the world had no form, nor knew the divine fire of the Father, or of the great Mother, Istar, who is more than Isis.

I am pure and cold and free from passion of the Earth, for I have not the fire of the flame to bring to form, but the blue flame of the higher gods which burns not nor destroys.

I gather the heat of Leo and pour it on the Earth; from my mirror I reflect it, sending it here and there as I wish, but I do not let it touch me.

My robes are blue and stars are on them. One great star have I, and in that star I gather my children to teach and instruct them in many arts to help the Earth, for my children are workers for the world and feed and tend it.

I look ever upwards, for no spouse have I nor one that is in

the Zodiac. My spouse is far away and only at times do I hear the sound of his voice, as of a voice whose note is like the full sound of a diamond; for do you not know that these precious people loved by the hierarchies have voices and call to us. His voice is the purest and is rare, for his Lord is in a distant space, and only a little part of him can reach the Earth, for should he call with a full sound he would shatter and destroy. Enough of him, he is a mystery not to be lightly spoken of.

Your tall lilies are of me, from whose hearts drop gold and dew. Look how their waven leaves turn back, for they give all they have and withhold nothing. Truly they are the symbol of my loved ones who come to me on their perfume. It is on their perfume that the souls of the dead arise. Therefore, they are the flowers for the dead. Through the sweet scent of the flowers are many messages taken and received. Blue and white are mine, in the blue of the heavens I stand, and white are the souls who pass through me to the stars.

These are my symbols.

STARS.

™

LIBRA.

September 24, 1918.

I am Libra, and I come with outstretched hands holding the scales, for I am the turning point of the Zodiac and direct the flow of the inner and outer life, Equality and Beauty, so Venus dwells with me. I am neither male nor female, and so her love for me is most perfect, for it is undisturbed by the mystery of sex.

Beauty is mine and the quiet of life returning to the centre, for I have a secret chamber and through it must pass all life flows, and they who listen at the door can hear many secret things, for there the Gods meet and direct all to their places. Both under and upper mingle as one, to wait till the spring directs their rising.

Listen to your own hearts, your inner chambers, and find justice and love, for thus will you make all new in the going forth.

Great storms shake the earth and cleanse it from the toils of summer, and the heat recedes before it to keep the inner chambers warm, while the lesson of the Earth's day is being learnt.

My sons and daughters are fair and gentle and love their home and hidden places. No wanderers are they, for their thoughts turn towards the centre and quiet places where they

can be with their Beloved. To make the shrine perfect to contain their treasure is their desire, and should the loved one depart then they droop and often die, for they are hardly complete as others are, alone.

These are the gifts that are given to them : LOVE, MERCY, DUTY.

They lay on the altar a cup of sacrifice and it contains the wine of Life and Healing. Lay your hands on the Altar and drink of this cup, for it contains the life flows, and should you desire will give you of the water or wine to refresh and sustain you through the days that are dark, but that are lit by much inward light, the sun of the dark night that is brighter than all other Lights,

SCORPIO.

October 24

Mighty am I, and the Earth shakes with my tread. Deep into the Earth I bend, drinking of all its waters. There are dregs in the cup, but the wine is Divine, and the exaltation is of the Greater Gods. Then to the skies, the further skies, I am raised, and wing my way as an Eagle, though I have aforetime crawled as a serpent. Deep as a well are the emotions of my nature, high as the heavens are the aspirations thereof.

Light and darkness go together, and none can say which is the greatest. Judge not by your earth values, for who can say what secrets the darkness covers.

From the stagnant waters of the forest pool life comes, for there is birth.

In the dark recesses of the Earth springs the life of the fruit and flowers.

Mighty am I, for I am secret and strong, cutting my way, ruthless, for I see my distant goal. Tender, when I have seen the light ; harsh, when my eyes are veiled ; violent, when angered ; loving to her who completes me.

Roses red are mine, grasp me not unawares, my dagger will pierce. Gather me and I crown your head with perfume and beauty that is pain.

I give to the world *Love*, and they translate it in *Passion*.

I am the tenderest light, the flame in the lover's eyes that burns not but is *LIFE*.

SAGGITARY.

November 21, 1917.

From Saggitary I come shooting my arrows into your mind. The higher mind, not that of your physical body. Do not flinch from my darts, they will not hurt you if you receive them. Swiftly I go, looking behind me, leading you on to follow. Up the valley we run, leaving a trail behind us, never again can you dwell in your tents. The free airs will be your home, no more the dead who are alive will see you. To a free life I bring you, that you may live and create in the higher planes. My arrows are falling on the Earth, pick them up and use them again, they are born from me and are me. I give you my best, never before have I given so much to the world. My arrows pierce the aura of the Earth, and those in it, so that the spirit of the Great Logos can pour into the wounds thus caused. You are pierced and will be made whole again. The Hunter—I find you out, and those I find ready I pierce to fill again. Receive during my time all I send. I have much to give. Jupiter my Lieutenant is with you, attend to his words, they will burn you like fire, but fire that purifies.

I will come again, you cannot bear me long.

†

CAPRICORN.

December 23, 1917.

I am Capricorn, a builder of temples. I build so that the spirit can be contained and held. Inside my temples there is darkness and silence; but those that enter bring their own light. Sometimes I am full of light, sometimes I am dim and dark, but ever my great arches and pillars ascend to the skies.

I am trees and all columns, all in nature that encloses for worship. Caves in the mountains and under the seas, for there also I dwell with those of my people, for I am of two worlds and can live in both elements.

I have been pictured with legs and a tail. I can climb and I swim.

Pale colours I love, and dim, these are for quiet meditation.

I am stone and hardness.

Evil I can contain as well as good.

I am for worship and quietness.

Should strife arise in my temples then the walls echo the voices and my ornaments are shaken.

A gateway is my entrance and there Saturn stands in his dark robe, veiled so that none shall see his face, for his face is too bright for mortal eye, and so many say he is evil, but he is a great one among the gods, for his sickle cuts the soul from the body. Resist, and pain and anguish is felt; embrace him and you are free, for great love has he for all humanity.

Come to my temple and pray in silence, darkness and solitude. Lean your head on the cold stone and you will receive life and wisdom.

~

AQUARIUS.

January 20, 1918.

I am the spirit of Aquarius. For many months my pitcher has been raised to catch the divine wine that comes from the Great Logos. Now it is full to overflowing and I pour it on the world. Great streams flow to all, wine of life and healing. Three messengers I send; Saturn, he of the shining face; Venus, she who brings love and joy to all; and the greatest of all, Lord Uranus, destroyer, separator, avenger, unifier, who breaks to make whole again, wounds to heal, separates to unite. He comes like a rainbow full of glory. Bend to his sword, bow your heads before him. He is beautiful, for he destroys all of Earth. His consort Neptune is delicate love; Love of the Gods, not understood by men. She is pale and of great beauty, and her eyes are the eyes of a little child who knows of all mysteries and understands only love and beauty, for they are the greatest of all. Together they stand at the gate of the new age, veiled, for their glory is of the greater Cosmos. Messengers are they from a Cosmos yet unknown to you, and their beauty is not the greatest of that Cosmos.

No temple have I, or ties or bondage. I am man, and I receive the wine of life and wisdom. Turn your faces upwards and receive all I give, for this wine is golden and has virtue unknown. Make yourselves pure to receive this in mind, body and soul, for I come in all planes. It is the water of Life. Those who can receive and hold it can never be bound again by Death or Birth. They will have found their beloved, and being united will do complete and perfect work, for that is the purpose of Aquarius to be the two in one, male and female, being as gods no more to wander alone.

I as the man come to all below me, uniting all elements and

people with my divine draught. In my time I bring again to you the Christ and with him the children of other worlds, those whom in time he has also visited, people of the Hierarchies of Heaven, too numerous to name. A starry heaven is above me, no tent over my head. I am freer than the wind that blows on the mountain tops, or sighs in the trees, for they are bound by their tides. Completed man will need to sorrow no longer, for with the second coming the cross is laid down. An upright flame, a pillar of fire, is my symbol.

I AQUARIUS.

—

PISCES.

February 19, 1918.

Pisces is here. I am the feet of the Great Body. I tread the heights of the mountains with naked feet, through which all sensations come, sending the forces upward, but it is long before they reach the Great Brain, therefore you get many stations in the way and often get lost.

Give yourself to Jupiter and Venus, love, justice and truth will lead you. Let your hand hold his (♃) firmly, and he will guard you from the lures of the stopping places. Look in the eyes of Venus, she will lead you till you are able to meet the radiance of Neptune, who will take you further on the way. You cannot touch her hand, for she is in a rarer body, but you can follow her by scent and the sound of music. At times her veil will float across your path, and that, in times of stress, you may touch and be refreshed. But beware of turning aside when once you have chosen her for your Beloved, for her servants will lie in watch for you and will slay you or beat you with rods, and you will be lost in the herbs that grow in the gardens, the sweet and bitter perfume will overpower you and your soul will be lost.

I am the sea, and in my sea are pearls, but deep have you to dive to get them, for they are guarded by my Great Ones, who give not their treasures to any but the brave, for my sea has waves and many dangers. Set your barque on my surface, and see that you have a compass, and learn the power of the winds, for they will blow you every way—restless, changing, knowing that above the dancing feet there is a great power directing their path, but so far is it above, that at times the message is lost through the many messengers.

I am death for birth the last stage and the first, the last as the Zodiacal man is complete, the first in the upward journey. I am all things unknown, therefore I keep them in secret places, and bound are the fishes by their greater laws. The broken circle is the perfect man shattered to give the seeds of the pomegranate to the Earth.

That is my Symbol—a *Fruit*.

‡

THE BIRTH OF THE ÆON

BY MEREDITH STARR

THERE is a storm on the height,
And the air is slashed and torn
By a sword of terrible light,
While the infant Æon is born.

The toil of three thousand years
Is bringing the seed to birth,
In a tempest of blood and tears,
In the broken heart of the earth.

And the veil of the temple is rent ;
And the stars rush flaming down.
The kings of the East are sent
The infant Æon to crown.

The tower which Time defied
Is shattered from base to crown,
And the overthrow of its pride
Has trampled the kingdoms down.

* * * * *

There is a storm on the height,
And the air is slashed and torn
By a sword of terrible light,
While the infant Æon is born.

WAGNER AND OCCULTISM

BY HERBERT ADAMS

THE greatest of all themes for the contemplation of those who are ardently seeking the Inner Light, is undoubtedly the life of renunciation. This is the fundamental tone in the grand harmony of all the great religions of men. In the East and in the West, on the lips of prophet, poet, mystic and sage, it finds unending expression. Is it then surprising that this divine chord sounding through the centuries from the highest heaven should awaken a sympathetic response in the lofty soul of the illustrious tone poet, Wagner?

I have been reading his letters to Mathilde Wesendonck; and while so doing I have been a silent but not unmoved spectator of the struggles of a great soul passing beyond the boundaries of art and entering the greater world of occultism. I have come to the conclusion that Wagner, whether he knew it or not, was a candidate for initiation. Inner suffering and sacrificial love inspired this remarkable book of confessions, and the sublime doctrine of renunciation expounded in it gives it an occult value. The supreme aim of the student on the occult path is to *give light*—Wagner does that, and pre-eminently. The minor personal aims which absorb the minds of the majority must be completely laid aside by him who aspires to become a teacher of men. Such a condition, however, is only possible for those who have arrived at a certain maturity of soul. Wagner had attained to that condition.

I intend to quote from these letters certain passages which clearly show that, master artist in music as Wagner was, art alone could not satisfy him; that he was conscious of a great antagonism between art and that calm, spiritual, contemplative state which, through deep study of the Eastern teachings, he knew was the secret of the greatness of Buddha. "Surely," he writes, "the glorious Buddha was right when he sternly prohibited art. Who can feel more distinctly than I, that it is this abominable art which for ever gives me back to the torment of life and all the contradictions of existence? Were this strange gift not within me, this strong predominance of plastic phantasy, clear insight might make me obey my heart's dictate, and—turn into a saint.

... Oh, if ye foolish men of learning but understood the great love-brimming Buddha, ye would marvel at the depth of insight which showed him the exercise of art as the most certain of all pathways from salvation ! ”

It will surely come as a revelation to many that Wagner was a disciple of Buddha ! Yet here, in his own words, is the notable confession. He is seeking the light, desiring that spiritual peace which “ abominable art ” cannot give ; in a moment of vision he is conscious of the life of ineffable love for which his heart craves ; and then, overflowing with ecstatic joyousness, his vision finds rapturous expression as it blends with the marvellous “ depth of insight ” of the “ love-brimming Buddha.”

For Wagner there existed an antagonism between art and occultism. Is there in reality any antagonism ? Art ransacks the whole world with quickened pulse and gleaming eyes, and claims all the living wealth of nature as its own. The silent stars, growing faint at the dawn of day, the still trees reflected by evening light in a woodland mirror, the joyous melodies of God’s assembled choristers at the grand festival of spring, the everlasting thunder of gigantic breakers on the solitary seashore ; —these, and every other marvel in nature, it clasps in its burning grip and, remodelling them all with a magical skill, echoes them back to an astonished world in painting, poem and symphony. Occultism confronts the world with calm, steady eyes, but its gaze is beyond. Its hands are not cold, but the fever has left them. It has glimpsed a light beyond the hills and felt a joy from within the veil which beggar description. It loves nature with a most holy love, but during its quest of ages it has come face to face with the “ love-brimming Buddha ” and the compassionate Christ, and henceforth the face of nature and the face of man have a new significance. Wagner, looking long and adoringly at the glorious Buddha, had, perhaps unconsciously, stepped across the sacred border which divides the two worlds, —then art became “ abominable.”

In Wagner’s soul, at the time he wrote these lines on Buddha and art, a drama was proceeding which no art could adequately express. Every advanced occult student has experienced that awful transitional stage of evolution, when he is passing from the sight of man into the still presence of God. That ordeal is a test for the strongest soul. Wagner passed through it ; constituted as he was, for him there was no alternative. He had reached that degree of inner unfoldment where this supreme trial of the soul became the very next step of advancement ; and he took it. It

c

was a struggle well-nigh unto death. He has told us something of it in these words : " Last night, when I drew my hand back from the rail of the balcony, it was not my art that withheld me ! In that terrible instant there showed itself to me with well-nigh visual distinctness my life's true axis, round which my resolution whirled from death to new existence."

Here was a man too excellent and noble to be lost to the world. In that moment of agony the vision of the very heart of divine love opened to him ; it revealed him to himself in the clear light of divinity, and he returned to finish his work.

The significance of the conception expressed in the following citation will only be fully appreciated by those who are familiar with the processes of interior unfoldment. " There must be some indescribable inner sense, which is altogether clear and active only when the outward-facing senses are as if a-dream. When I strictly neither see nor hear distinctly any longer, this sense is at its keenest, and shows its function as creative calm : I can call it by no other name. Whether this calm is all one with that plastic repose which you mean, I cannot say ; merely I know that this calm of mine works from within to without ; with it I am at the world's centre."

And with what affecting pathos he writes of fellow-suffering. He confesses to an instinctive dislike of the rich, and proceeds : " With studied aim they hold at arm's length whatever might bewray to their dormant fellow-feeling that misery whereon all their wished-for ease is based ; and that alone divides me from them by a whole world. I have searched my heart and found that I am drawn with sympathetic urgency towards that other side, and nothing seriously touches me save in so far as it awakens my fellow-feeling—that is, fellow-suffering. This compassion I recognize as the strongest feature in my moral being, and presumably it also is the wellspring of my art." Wagner here touches the very summit of the spiritual life. Humanity's pain is his pain.

He had diligently searched, too, for a knowledge which would give a satisfactory reason for, and ultimately reconcile him to, the manifest and disturbing inequalities among men. He found the solution in the doctrine of reincarnation. " Only the profound hypothesis of reincarnation has been able to show me the consoling point where all converge in the end to an equal height of redemption, after their divers life-careers, running severed but side by side in Time, have met in full intelligence beyond it." Surely we must recognize at last that Wagner is our brother !

My last citation is one which a man of Wagner's temperament would only write to his dearest friend, to one whom he knew really understood him. "So I pour my heart out much less freely, also, reflecting that I'm not the man for understanding through my actions, and hoping that something at least of my works will meet with understanding some fine day. Yet I may tell you this much : my sense of purity alone confers on me this power. I feel myself pure of heart : in my inmost depth I know that I have ever wrought for others only, never for myself ; and my perpetual sorrows are my witness."

Wagner had studied well at the feet of Buddha. So deeply engrossed have I been in watching his ascent into the "region of white flame," that I have almost forgotten he was a master musician and wrote out a fragment of the universal harmony. To me, he is the devoted disciple of the Compassionate One : I leave it to others to speak of his monumental creations. The Spirit of God possessed him, wrote through him, and made the frail mortal tremble at his own productions. Some day, when we have suffered enough, no doubt we shall understand the language of them. But after having witnessed the passing of this great soul through the cruel tempests of personality into perfect calm at the world's centre, I know that, in the case of Wagner at least, occultism made art sublime and the master of art a revealer of truth.

THE SOUNDING WORLD

By BART KENNEDY

IT seemed to him as if he had heard this sound before. But where he could not tell. It was thrilling and glorious, and the warm air was filled with it. It awakened within him memories. More glorious was it than any music he had ever heard. Lifting clear, wondrous, joyful sound that rang and rang round him.

He was going over a great bright-lit plain. The colour of the light was strange to him.

It was as if he had awakened suddenly from a profound sleep. He had come to full consciousness, and he had found himself going over this plain in the midst of the joyful, wondrous sound. He was filled with a happiness inexpressible.

Where had he been before he had come to this plain? What was the life he had lived? It must be all a dream, he thought. And then there came to him a flash of remembrance. The picture of a scene dim and remote and far away was in his mind. It was at once far, far from him and clear. He saw it as if it were across a fathomless gulf. And it occurred to him that he had been in some way related to it.

The scene became clearer. Men were flying high through the air in what seemed to be strange-shaped chariots. The air was filled with light. But it was not as the light that was around him now. It was different in colour. Down beneath were sudden flashes of flame.

One of the chariots was falling. And all at once the picture of the scene was blotted from out his mind.

He knew that he was going over this plain towards a destination. But what that destination was he did not know. He knew, however, that he was going towards a goal that he had long desired to reach.

How happy he felt! How thrilled he was with the sound that rang, and rang around him!

"Where have I heard this sound before?" he asked himself. "It is more beautiful than any music I have ever heard. And it is filled with joy."

He looked up. But he could see nothing. There was only a soft, stretching clearness.

"My destination lies beyond this plain," he said. "It will not be long now before I am there. What the destination is like I know not. But I know that it is what I have longed for. It is a place of beauty and wonder."

And then it was that he felt that he was living but in a dream. A glorious dream of strange shining, but still a dream. It surely was a dream, for he had found himself suddenly within it. This sound that rang around him was some dream-sound. A sound of magical, transcendent beauty, but for all that a sound that did not exist. This plain did not exist. This light of strange shining did not exist. He was going towards no destination.

Surely it was a dream, but for all that it was a dream in which happiness was with him. A thrilling, wonderful happiness. He had never felt in the whole of his waking life as he was feeling now! If it were a dream it would be well if it came to pass that he would never awake again. It would be well if he were always within it. The sound that rang around him in the air entranced and lifted him. Where had he heard it before?

And then it came to him. He had heard it before in another world. A world that was now far away. He had left this world for ever. And the sound that rang around him now was as the sound of the song of the larks. But it was multiplied a myriad-fold, and it was still more wonderful and beautiful. It was as if it surrounded and upheld this strange new world wherein he now found himself. This glorious sounding world. A world wherein the multiplied lark-song was as the very voice of God.

But this was only the world of a dream! He would awaken, and he would be gone from it! And the life of the far off world, in which he would in the end find himself, became vivid to him. Often had he gone along over its fields, listening to the glorious song of the lark. And the thoughts he had then come to him now, here in this new, strange, wonderful world of his dreaming. Often it had seemed to him—in the world afar—that the song of the lark was the voice of God. Often he had thought this as he went along, listening.

And he was sure of it now, here in the sounding world of his dream. The voice of God was speaking and ringing around him.

Here in a strange dream!

But suddenly there was in his mind an intense light. Suddenly he knew. This world of sounding was no world of a dream! It was a world of vivid awakenment. A surpassing clearness was in his mind. He had fallen in the battling of the world of the far beyond. He had passed through the gate of Change.

He had died only to live more gloriously. He had passed through the gate of Change into a life great and wondrous. His soul had come to the full light—as from a darkness.

On he was going over the great bright-lit plain of the sounding world. Going to his destination. With him was a happiness such as he had never even conceived of in the world of the afar.

He had come now to the confines of the great plain. And far out and above he saw a city of wonderful shining. It lay on a vast, round mountain. A city glorious and sublime and strange. A city of the realization of vague, faint hopes and dreams.

He went towards it.

THE OCCULT LORE OF THE BRIDGE

BY BERNARD FIELDING'

THERE is an old Irish custom, still, we believe, observed by the pious peasantry, of doffing one's hat as one goes over a bridge ! The reason usually given for this act of reverence is that it accompanies a prayer for the soul of the bridge-founder—a person who, as a public benefactor, deserves the grateful remembrance of his fellow-men, and the favour of Heaven.

But, in the light of the primitive history of bridge making, the attitude of primitive man towards it, and the weird lore that gathered round its first beginnings, and survived through its later developments, we may well give the custom another interpretation—more ancient, more uncanny, and more savage ; yet not, in the truest sense of the word, any less *religious* !

For all students of the Occult, the narrow suspended road that spans a roaring torrent or a giant-gorge does not represent merely an achievement of human strength and skill. It is also a significant symbol ; a reminder of so many mysterious things as to give forth, itself, a sense of mystery.

The strong light of common day beats upon the modern bridge ! We no longer regard supernatural powers as concerned in its making ; as pleased or offended by its existence. But the tale of the first bridges and the first bridge-makers remains, always, if told faithfully, a *supernatural* tale.

Very old, very widely spread, very deeply-rooted, is the idea that a natural boundary has been set by supernatural hands. "When God made these mountains, He did not mean them to be crossed !" runs the old South of Europe proverb. And exactly the same thing applied to great rivers and great chasms.

In the days when a man accepted Nature's ways as he found them, it is easy to understand how a fallen tree-trunk or a strip of overhanging rock that enabled him to cross a seemingly impassable flood or ravine would suggest to him the finger of God. But the very Providence recognized in the natural bridge, the very joy with which it was regarded, made the man-made one seem a daring impiety, an enterprise so contrary to the will of Heaven as to tempt Heaven to wrath. The natural dangers of the task of building had their counterparts on the spiritual plane. The eerie stories that have attached themselves to certain ancient

bridges, the sinister legends of lives that paid the forfeit of the presumptuous venture, of persistent catastrophes that again and again broke down the almost completed work, and baffled all ingenuity to prevent them, bear abundant witness to this. The curse of Joshua upon the man who should rebuild Jericho—"With the loss of his firstborn shall he lay the foundation thereof and with the loss of his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it!"—might well, with a varying word or two, be applied to the fate of the early bridge-makers. They were engaged in an unlawful and, as it were, sacrilegious work. A more than natural fatality was bound to attend it. Nor was it, simply, that the man-made bridge was felt to be an interference with some wise Creative Power which had set, for good reasons, certain bounds and barriers. . . . It was that the dark river and the deep abyss were, each, the home of a spirit or demon, who, like all things at once *evil* and *divine*, demanded a certain tribute or "hush-money"; a tragedy which, while attesting his power, might persuade him to keep that power within bounds.

River of Dart! River of Dart!
Every year thou claimest a heart!

says the sinister old folk-rhyme. In other words, one life had to be lost, at stated intervals, to the cruel *genius loci*; one yearly death by drowning was necessary to appease his thirst for blood. It was expedient that that one sacrifice should not fail him! It was expedient, in other words, that one man should "die for the people." The bridge, by preventing this salutary loss of the one, might bring unremunerative ruin on the many. The thwarted spirit might stretch out reckless hands and take at wrathful random; possessing himself of his due many times over; repaying himself a thousand-fold, by landslip or flood, or other unforeseeable disaster!

Pathetically horrible are the earlier devices resorted to by the unhappy folk who, believing a bridge to be impious, believed, too, that they had no choice but to build! Their idea was to *anticipate* the dread demand, to make a formal preliminary sacrifice that might compensate the dispossessed Power.

There is not, in these bargains, at the first, any of that light-hearted resolve to get the better of a dull-witted fiend, of which we hear so much in Christian legend. The opposing forces are not yet identified, as they were to be in later days, with a Lucifer, already fallen and conquered, the natural prey of the servants of Christ. The first bridge-sacrifice was not a besting of a demon. It was a grim submission to a god, whom it was impossible to

deceive with any inferior victim, who demanded the choicest soul of the flock, the nearest and dearest to the builder's heart, before he would be bought off.

In the well-known story of the Bridge of Antimachia, an ancient city of Cos, the Master-Builder, despairing after many failures, beguiles his young wife to the fatal place, and builds the bridge-pillars around her, slowly walling her up alive in the pit of the foundations. The Greek folk-ballad, with its terrible pathos of *naïveté*, tells how she cries for release, because she has left at home bread a-baking, and young children to rear, and how the answer comes, unrelenting and desperate: "Thou hast leavened, another shall bake! Thou hast borne, another shall rear!"

Many similar stories attach to bridges in other lands. The superstition would seem to be world-wide! . . . But the identification of the shadow with the man himself (so inveterate an early belief!), must have saved many a life. Let but the chosen victim stand over the foundation-pit, so that his shadow falls where the builders must build! The spirit of the place will be appeased. The sacrifice will pass muster. The bridge, founded on a man's shadow, will stand as securely as on a man's solid flesh!

It is interesting to note how long the belief in the need of some sacrifice, to ensure the bridge, outlived the willingness that that sacrifice should be a human one. The significant mummery of Ancient Rome—the casting of a certain number of puppets from the Pons Sublicius—reminds us of a ceremony, still more ancient, when the same number of human victims were hurled over the bridge into the Tiber.

The title of the Roman Chief Priest—Pontifex or Bridge-Maker!—is full of memories too. His "making" was not the literal planning or constructing of the necessary bridges; but consisted in his mystic knowledge of the kind of sacrifice that was needed to safeguard their existence, and in his priestly power of offering that sacrifice acceptably.

Then, we have the many mediæval tales of the devil's opposition to a bridge's being built in this or that dangerous place, because it will deprive him of so many victims; and of his reluctant consent to let it stand, on condition that the first living being which crosses it shall be surrendered to his power for ever, and "beyond redemption."

Longfellow, in his "Golden Legend"—that hive of mediæval lore!—has a metrical version of one of these bargains between the Enemy of Souls and the Abbot Giraldu of Einsiedel. On the day that the bridge—a single arch leaping gallantly across a

terrific chasm and a foaming torrent!—was made available for traffic,

The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after.

So the way was evermore rendered safe for human pilgrims; and there was universal joy at this defeat of the devil!

Though it may occur to some of us that had St. Francis of Assisi been in the good Abbot's place he would hardly have sanctioned so light-heartedly even the minor sacrifice—of "Brother Dog!"

Gradually, as technical skill increased, and as the moral sense of the world quickened, it became, as we know, a "blessed business" to build a bridge and keep it in repair for "the succour of poor travellers."

The mediæval Church urged such work on her children, both lay and ecclesiastic. A religious order—that of the *Fratres Pontifices* or Bridge-Friars—was founded for that very purpose. Rich men eagerly undertook the charitable task for the health of their own souls, and that of their beloved dead. . . . It was said of a bridge-builder and maintainer that he should be specially succoured on his death-bed by Saint Michael,—the Archangel who had ever rejoiced to surmount difficulties and outwit fiends! And on all town-bridges stood the bridge-chapel, served by a mass-priest who, in both senses of the word, might be said to *keep* the bridge!

And yet the old weird shadow still brooded over the new-made holy ground! The bridge, though Christianized, yet remained a place of fear, a haunt for strange phantoms.

Professor Gomme in his *Folk-Lore as an Historical Science*, has told us how the dark lore clung to the famous London Bridge, that wonderful stone work of the Romans of Londinium, which excited such admiration and awe at the time of its building; and which, legend said, had been sprinkled with the life-blood of children. Echoes of that terrible sacrifice (not, of course, made by the Roman builders, but popularly believed by the Celtic folk to have been necessary for such a strong and splendid structure!) have come down to us, we are told, in the traditional rhyme of the children's game.

London Bridge is broken down!

One and another expedient for building it up are suggested, in successive couplets, and each in turn condemned as insufficient, till the rhyme ends with some curious references to guardians

who must watch all night—a dog which must be chained to a post, a man who must be taken prisoner; and the game itself culminates with the dumb-show of an execution.

It is well known that the bridge-sacrifice was not only regarded as an appeasing of a river or chasm-spirit. The victims were also considered as protectors of the structure under which they were buried; protectors akin to those mysterious guardians of hidden treasure who figure so largely in Oriental legend, and who, for all their resemblance to jinn, goblins, or fairies, are, doubtless, but the ghosts of the slain, raised to a higher rank by virtue of the lives they laid down for the good of others!

The very ancient idea that a bridge is one of the most fitting places for divination, that words heard by chance thereon are to be mystically interpreted as guides for future action, originated, without doubt, in the sense of those ghostly presences, those unseen unearthly guardians, beneath the bridge-posts, sending their whispering voices, their messages of supernatural knowledge, up to the ears of living men.

Famous among the folk-stories of bridge-divination is the so-called "Pedlar of Swaffham," re-told by Professor Gomme from various sources, and rightly described as "a persistent tradition."

A certain pedlar of Swaffham, in the county of Norfolk, dreamed that if he went to London Bridge he should hear "joyful news"; dreamed it again and again, and at last journeyed to London to test it. He sought the famous Bridge, and lingered on it so long without apparent purpose, that he moved the curiosity of a certain shopkeeper, who asked him what he was looking for. The pedlar told his dream; and was upbraided by the practical merchant for taking a journey on such an idle pretext. He himself he said, might have been led astray by dreams, if he had been fool enough, for he had lately dreamed that in the garden of a certain pedlar, at Swaffham, there lay, hid under an apple tree, a pot of gold coins, and that he need but go there and dig, to be a rich man. . . . So the pedlar thanked him for his good counsel, and returned home to find the treasure!

A variant of the same tale touched with a more elaborate mysticism, comes from Brittany. Two farmers dispute together as to which is the greater and more wonderful—the Bridge of London, or the grace of the good God; and make a wager that whichever of them has public opinion against his view shall forfeit all his possessions. The more pious of the two is the loser; for all those they ask declare for the pre-eminence of London Bridge. But the beggared man sets out to see this splendid structure;

and, musing on it at nightfall, hears a passer-by saying to his companion: "On such a night as this if one were to gather the dew, he could heal the blind!" The listener takes the mysterious omen, gathers the dew, and, as a miraculous healer, restores his fallen fortunes.*

In Japan, where the mystic significance of bridges has always had great hold on popular imagination, bridge-divination is (or was!) a recognized form of seeking advice from Heaven!

You must go at dusk to the bridge, and place yourself beside the end post, which has, by the way, a religious significance as a phallic emblem. There, as you wait in silence, the Spirit of the Bridge will give an answer to the question in your mind, speaking through the mouth of some passer-by, whose chance-speech, mystically understood, will guide you in your course of action.

Noteworthy, too, are the many charms and cures for which, according to the formula of magic, a *bridge* is the appointed place.

It is on "the Brig Stane" that we hear of the enchanters, in the Ballads, standing to wave their wands and utter their incantations. Sick folk, in the Middle Ages, were often brought to the centre of a bridge (preferably at the time of full moon) to have their sickness exorcised by some charm or prayer.

And over the keystone, or central arch, of the Brig o' Doon the witches in *Tam o' Shanter* could not, we remember, pursue the fugitive Tam; but must reluctantly give up the chase; after wreaking their futile wrath on the tail of his gallant mare, Maggie!

All mystic bournes, too, are approached by wonderful bridges! Three of marvellous kind led up to the Castle of the Grail—the first only a bowshot in length and a foot in width, but proving "a wide and fair thoroughfare" to the man bold enough to cross it; the second of ice; the third of marble. . . . And for the island, where the ill-fated brothers Balin and Balan were laid to rest together, the Enchanted Merlin made, we are told, an exceedingly narrow bridge of iron and steel. "There shall never man pass that bridge, nor have hardiness to go over, but if he were a passing good man, and a good knight without treachery or villainy"

So near the Other World, even when in this, so suggestive of the Last Passing across the Dark Stream to the Unknown Shore,

* In most of the stories, the speakers are represented as unconscious mouthpieces of Heaven. Here, however, they seem themselves to be supernatural.

it was inevitable that bridges should have their heavenly, or hellish, counterparts. They seemed, to primitive imagination, a necessary part of the plenishing of the Other World, where their mist-hung arches and shadowy piers would span those fire-filled chasms, those great fixed gulfs, whose further side was unseen and unimaginable.

In Northern mythology the rainbow itself is a bridge—supernatural, yet occasionally visible; a mystic pathway between Earth and Heaven, over which the gods pass every day; all of them that is, save Thor, who is "too heavy," whose step of thunder would break its delicate fabric. To Norse myth, too, belongs the golden Bridge of Giollar, that led from earth to hell, and was guarded by a skeleton to whom all who passed gave a tribute of blood. Over this eerie bridge, those whose friends had "given them funeral cars" were privileged to ride. All other souls fared on foot. Giollar would seem to be a pagan ancestor of that "Brig o' Dread" whereof the *Yorkshire Lykeway Song* speaks, as a critical point in the journey of the disembodied soul. But in that Christian ballad the privileged dead are those who have provided *themselves*, beforehand, with the mystical means of safe crossing!

If ever thou gavest o' thy siller and gold,
At the Brig o' Dread thou'lt find foothold,
And Christ take up thy soul!

On the other hand, if the dead man has never given dole nor alms, nor "laid up treasure in Heaven," he must fall from the narrow bridge into the abyss below and be "broken to the bare bane!"

Other Bridges of Dread appear in the eschatology of Mahomet and Zoroaster; in the Bridge of Al-Sirat, and the Bridge of Chinvat; hung high over awful depths; narrow as a hair for the guilty souls, but widening for the righteous, who pass in safety.

Terrible is the ordeal of these bridges of the Other World, which separate the sheep from the goats, and set a sharp division between "the companions of the right hand and the companions of the left!"

To Zoroaster's stern mind, in particular, Chinvat seemed a very doomstead. At its centre, judgment was passed, and souls weighed, for good and all, in the Greater Balance.

There is something grim, indeed, in the picture of the narrow unprotected bridge, sharp and thin as a sword's edge, from which the shivering souls have a full view of the gulf beneath! We are grateful for the gentler symbolism that Longfellow puts into the mouth of the virgin—saint Elsie, who sees death in the likeness of

" a *covered* bridge, leading from light to light, through a brief darkness."

So it seems that we need not wonder that the pious Irish peasant doffs his hat as he goes over a bridge! His natural instinct of awe is clear-sighted; clearer-sighted than he himself knows! The strong light of common day that beats upon the modern bridge will never be strong enough to disperse the dusk of old dreams and old beliefs that encircled its crude predecessors. And for the student of the Occult, there will always be a sense in which a bridge is a *supernatural* place; a reminder of so many mysterious things as to seem, itself, a mystery!

SEA-SONGS

BY TESSA C. ROYDS

THE Ladies of the sea are garbed
 In lilac robes, and white and green;
 And the song they sing is barbed
 With light. The wondering moon doth lean
 Out from the land of violet night
 To hear that singing of delight.

The little silver stars that stir
 The little wavelets of the sea
 Sing strange sea-songs they learn of her,
 The dim, delightful melody
 That the dumb moon wills still to be
 The night-song of the silver sea.

Their robes they trail along the sand,
 The Ladies of the Sea; they glide
 Along the rippled, tender strand,
 The Faerie-haunt 'twixt tide and tide;
 Their strange old song, forgotten long,
 Floats shoreward when the wind is strong.

They pass, repass, now whispering,
 Now shouting; once or twice I've heard
 The dim, forgotten song they sing,
 But never can recall a word:
 Only the vision as they pass
 Remains, a green thought heard through glass.

A PROPHEPIC DREAM

By MAXWELL KNIGHT

I HAVE been asked to chronicle the facts of the following strange prophetic dream and its tragic sequel, by Mrs. George Wilde, wife of the late George Wilde, the well-known Astrologer. It was Mrs. Wilde herself who was the dreamer.

The late W. T. Stead, to whom Mrs. Wilde related her dream, was of the opinion that it was a striking piece of evidence in favour of the true portent of dreams.

A few words of explanation are necessary before I commence to narrate the story of the dream itself. The lady referred to as J— in the following account, had given birth to a child a fortnight before the dream occurred and was reported to be well on the road to recovery. There was no reason, then, why J— should be in Mrs. Wilde's mind to any great extent, since there was no cause for anxiety.

It was while staying with some friends at Dartford that this dream, one might almost call it vision, occurred. The facts are as follows. I give the account as nearly as possible as I heard it from Mrs. Wilde herself.

“ I was walking with my friend Mrs. R—, who was the mother of J—, through most gorgeous country. All was peaceful and quiet, the birds were singing, and everything seemed to have about it an air of happiness. Suddenly we came upon a large erection, which I can only say looked like an enormous tombstone. It was surrounded by a low wall. Leaving my friend I ran forward and climbed the wall, so as to get a good view of this curiosity. Looking down, I saw resting, or rather lying on the ground, the figure of J—, Mrs. R—'s daughter. Turning to Mrs. R—, who had by this time caught up with me, I told her what I could see. Hardly had I spoken, when I beheld with horror the tombstone slowly falling forward. I watched it, fascinated, I could not move, or even cry out. Slowly and deliberately the stone fell, crushing J—'s head beneath it. Then I heard my friend's voice, and felt her pulling at my arm as though to drag me from the ill-omened spot. ‘Come away, dear,’ she said, ‘it's only her head.’

“ Inconsequent as the words seemed at the time, I found I could not get them out of my brain.

" Instead of going away, I turned again towards the fallen slab, and greatly to my surprise and dismay, I saw it rise up again into its former position. I was amazed to find that instead of the mangled remains of the poor girl, there now was left no trace of the tragic occurrence of a few moments before.

" The instant the stone had regained its upright position, I was astonished to see it fall a second time, only this time it fell swiftly and with terrific force on some object which I could not see. The whole vision then vanished.

" The sequel to the first part of this gruesome dream materialized only too soon. The next morning," continued Mrs. Wilde, " I related my dream at breakfast, but as is usual, it was greeted with laughter, and my friends, who all knew Mrs. R— and J—, reminded me how well J— was going on ; said dreams always went by contraries, and so forth. Near the end of the meal, the postman arrived and a letter was handed to me which I saw with a start of apprehension was from Mrs. R—. I opened it ; it merely said that ' Poor J— had had a relapse, that two nurses and a specialist were in attendance.' It concluded with the sentence : ' Of course we are all very worried, but you will quite understand, *it's only her head* ' !

" With a sudden shock, the words spoken in my dream flashed into my thoughts. I read extracts from the letter to my friends, who were much impressed.

" Three days later I heard that poor J— was dead.

" It was at least fourteen days later that the second part of this dream came true. I was then at Woking and the events of the past fortnight were not quite so poignantly in my mind. Imagine my grief and consternation then, when I received a telegram from Mrs. R—, saying that her dear son, whom we will call Charles, had died suddenly after a very short illness."

* * * * *

Mrs. Wilde has given such a clear and vivid account of her terribly prophetic dream, that little remains to be said.

It is only too easy to trace the connection between the falling of the tombstone and the deaths that follow.

The first one when the tomb fell slowly, clearly *denoted* that the death would creep on as it were, slowly and subtly, not exhibiting any evil symptoms until nearly the end.

The second one, the sudden and unexpected death, was heralded by the swift fall of that sinister emblem of the Reaper—the tomb.

THE PSYCHIC SIGNIFICANCE OF THE HORSE AND DOG

By ETHEL C. HARGROVE, F.R.G.S.

I

THE HORSE.

"At my door the Pale Horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands."

John Hay.

THESE suggestive lines were evidently written under influence of Holy Writ, for in Revelation (vi. 8), it is stated, "I looked, and behold a *pale* horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword."

This symbolism is visualized to-day in the terrible happenings which affect so many nations. In the Apocrypha, a vision connected with horses discomfited Timotheus and his multitude of foreign forces, as they engaged the Jews on the field of battle (2 Maccabees x. 29), when, "there appeared unto the enemy from Heaven five comely men upon horses with bridles of gold, and two of them led the Jews."

Similar apparitions have been noted in the great War, and undoubtedly the horse has more psychic qualities than it is usually credited with. Spectre horses have been frequently seen. A three-legged horse haunts a country district in Denmark, and at Gurre King Valdemar Atterdag on a black horse followed by a pack of hounds hunts the woods every night in punishment for his impious vow that if he might keep Gurre he did not want heaven! A dog-cart drawn by a horse with flaming eyes is a death portent when seen at the cross roads near a common in the south of England. Herne the Hunter, on his black steed, haunted Windsor Forest as described by Harrison Ainsworth.

Dealing with the future existence of the horse an authenticated story relates that a favourite horse and his owner had recently passed on to the next world. The widow of this man sought to hold communication with him through the agency of a well-known medium. The replies thus gained were very satisfactory and she was especially happy in receiving an unasked-for piece of information, namely that the horse was with her husband,

and his pet name, totally unknown to any one else present, was mentioned by the medium when he gave the message.

The psychic qualities of horses are manifested both collectively and individually. Twice a year on a certain road in South Kensington the majority of the horses passing along come to a standstill and absolutely refuse to move. One had a seizure. Others exhibit signs of extreme panic. My informant was once awakened at 6.30 a.m. by the noise and confusion caused by a runaway horse, apparently mad with fear. No reason can be assigned for these tokens. The apparitions (if such they are), are only visible to horses, and in no way affect human beings or other animals. Horses have likewise shied and bolted on reaching the part of a highway on the Isle of Wight, where a fatal accident happened many years ago; and similar phenomena have been manifested all over the world.

A remarkable instance of a horse being influenced by music is quoted by Robert Cochrane. This horse would not allow himself to be saddled by the gardener however much bribed by presents of fruit, etc., but he would stand quietly to let him do so if his mistress played "Scots wha' ha'e with Wallace bled" very quickly on the piano. He refused to listen if it were played in a plaintive manner, and this was the same with such tunes as "Home, Sweet Home" and "Robin Adair." Only martial music pleased him.

In pre-war days, as described elsewhere in the OCCULT REVIEW, the Elberfeld horses attracted visitors from many lands. Maurice Maeterlinck travelled to Germany especially for this reason, and over a hundred pages in his book, *The Unknown Guest*, are devoted to an account of these wonderful animals and the "psychic flash" by which they know the values of figures, distinguish and identify smells, colours, forms and even graphic reproductions of these objects. Maeterlinck exclaims, "there is in the horse—and hence most probably in everything that lives in this earth—a psychic power similar to that which is hidden beneath the veil of our reason . . . strangest and least foreseen of all, the horse and the dog draw more easily, and perhaps more directly than ourselves, upon its mighty reservoirs."

II.

THE DOG.

Dogs can claim a remote ancestry. Remains of those of neolithic age have been found in the kitchen middens in Den-

mark and Switzerland, and by Mr. William Morfitt in the pit-dwellings of East Yorkshire.

The dog was worshipped in Egypt 5,000 years ago as Anubis, genius of the river Nile. And the people noticed that as a particular star appeared the Nile overflowed its banks. Accordingly they retreated to terraces and from the warning thus afforded they typified it as a dog, or dog with a man's head, because of that animal's qualities of watching over the affairs of men and affording warning of approaching danger. Other nations adopted that character for the wonderful heavenly body now called Sirius or the Dog Star. Surely the fifty war dogs who saved Corinth in days of yore were influenced by more than mere instinct when they attacked the enemy while the garrison slept, fought with great courage till all but one were killed, this last being successful in arousing the soldiers. At Mannheim a dog can add, subtract, and multiply easy figures, and writes by tapping with his paws in accordance with an alphabet *which it appears he has thought out for himself!* He distinguishes the different colours in a bunch of flowers, counts money in a purse, and separates the different coins. He can find words to define the object or picture placed before him. He described a bouquet in a vase as "a glass with little flowers"; autumn as "the time when there are apples," and a card marked with red and blue squares as, "blue and red with lots of cubes." Maeterlinck vouches for the truth of these statements.

An Isle of Wight friend has a young terrier who hates water naturally. The first time she bathed this year she took Peter, which she had not done hitherto. As she reached deep water he dashed in after her and seized her by her bathing gown. But, on being told it was "all right," he went back to the beach. Now he keeps guard over the clothes and he has not again attempted to affect a rescue.

Apparitions of dogs have often been noted. My New Zealand friend, the owner of the horse, had a favourite collie dog poisoned by an old convict. This happened in Tasmania forty years ago, and she was then seven years old (I may add she was the seventh child). One day she heard Towser bark as she thought, and ran out to pat him. To her dismay her hand passed through what had seemed to be Towser just outside his old kennel. She looked again and the place was empty. Afterwards she wept bitterly to remember he had been buried many days ago.

Another fine collie belonged to a family who went annually to the seaside, and he was always included in their party. One

winter he became ill and eventually died. They visited the place as usual the next summer, and the mother having occasion to go shopping left her two small sons of six and eight respectively to play on the shore. Soon she became aware of a dog trying to run in front of her and turn her back to the spot where she had left the children,

It was the collie Pat, who had passed away six months previously. She put out her hand to pat him only to find that it touched no substance. Hastily running back to the shore she found the younger boy in deep water and helpless. She was just able to save the child's life. A few moments' delay would have rendered her rescuing him an impossibility.

Dogs are extremely sensitive in connection with any visitant from the Unseen World. A Skye terrier of my acquaintance was staying with his mistress at a haunted house in the New Forest. She and her friends had been disturbed by strange noises and the sound of people apparently packing. The poor dog suffered most from these manifestations. His hair would stand on end and he whined and was visibly affected whenever they occurred, which was usually at night time. Another haunted house had the same effect on a setter who once belonged to my family. He howled incessantly, and became so utterly unnerved that he had to be sent away to another neighbourhood.

These instances are reminiscent of those I have cited about the horses in the South Kensington street and elsewhere, and they tend to forge another link in "the strange psychic forces diversely demonstrated throughout creation irrespective of time and space, reaching other creatures who with us inhabit this mysterious earth on which they suffer and die as we do without knowing why."

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.*]

"PANSY" AGAIN.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I fear "Pansy" is having fame quite beyond her due, and after this I shall insist to her that any further achievements are to be taken for granted, and that she is to retire into that "interval of modesty" which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes so well recommends to the notoriety seekers. But one recent occurrence so puzzles me, in its possibilities, quite aside from Pansy's ministrations, that I would like to lay it before your readers. Recently, I made a flying trip to southern California, and one rainy afternoon was out in Los Angeles, on various errands. Finally, the rain ceased and I folded my umbrella. On going up to my room in the hotel I suddenly missed it, and I could only recall that in a book-shop I had leaned it against something while looking at some books, and had probably left it there. It was a London umbrella, of a quality difficult to duplicate just now. I made my way back to the book-shop, but found no trace of it. Then I be-thought myself of Pansy. Here was surely a fair trial. I called her and made the rash promise that if she would only restore this umbrella, never would I admit a doubt of her again! Now it seems all but incredible to say that when I opened the door of my room the umbrella lay on the floor just in front of the bed. It was the first thing I saw. To have not seen it, had it been lying there when I left the room, would have required one to be blind. The book-shop was only in the next block, so my absence had been brief; however, I inquired of the *femme de chambre*, and later at the office desk regarding the bell-boys, and found no one had entered the room. To keep good faith with my apparently faithful Pansy, I should not now raise a question of its being her necromancy that restored my lost article. And yet I do! And I ask myself—How in the name of all that is wonderful, did that umbrella get there?

LILIAN WHITING.

THE BRUNSWICK, BOSTON, U.S.A.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: A REJOINDER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I do not desire to plough the barren sand of religious controversy. But in your June issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, Mr. Charles W. J. Tennant attacks my review of Mr. Lyman P. Powell's

book *Christian Science: The Faith and Its Founder*, which appeared in your May number. I therein stated that the book is "a masterly exposition of the faith and practice of Christian Science." This Mr. Tennant inconsequently denies.

I am not concerned with the truth or falsehood of Christian Science, but I stand firmly by my notice of Mr. Powell's book. From the point of view of scholarship, research, accuracy and fairness, it is "masterly." Mr. Tennant takes an astonishing line of argument. He maintains that because Mr. Powell did not disregard Georgine Milmine's articles in *McClure's Magazine*, which Christian Scientists are pleased to regard as "inaccurate," therefore the book is "unreliable." One has to steady oneself in the face of such an onslaught! One might as well argue that because the Bible contains inaccuracies, therefore the whole book is unreliable. The Christian Science Committee on Publication does not approve of Miss Milmine's articles; neither does His Holiness Pope Benedict XV in all probability approve of, say, Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. In both instances it is only what we should expect, and we draw our own conclusions. If Mr. Tennant will take the trouble to glance at Mr. Powell's book he will find there six pages of bibliography. Why then this exclusive reference to the comparatively insignificant Milmine articles? Mr. Powell, in consulting his authorities pro and con., did not eschew the Milmine articles. Why should he?

As to whether Mrs. Eddy borrowed from Dr. Quimby or not, the fact remains that the substance of Dr. Quimby's teaching bears a striking resemblance to Mrs. Eddy's. Great minds frequently think alike, and Mr. Tennant will be the last to deny that Mrs. Eddy had a great mind. Readers of the two must therefore be allowed to form their own opinions.

Mr. Tennant need not, I feel sure, suffer any anxiety lest my review of Mr. Powell's book should lead the youngest Christian Science ewe lamb away from the fold. I once heard of a curate who gave up Holy Orders as a result of having "over-read himself." My experience of Christian Scientists (many of whom are excellent people) is that they run no risk from "over-reading." They read *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, the *Monitor*, the *Sentinel* and other Christian Science papers published at Boston (Mass.) and—nothing else. The Latin motto at the head of the OCCULT REVIEW would either frighten them away or give them violent offence.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD B. INCE.

MATTER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In your "Notes of the Month" (p. 309)—notes which always give us sound food for thought—you write: "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."

But what do you mean by matter? To be perfectly frank—in spite even of you!—I do not believe there is a single human being who can conceive of matter *without form*. On the other hand we can conceive form without matter. Not only do we "see" ghosts, but there is not one *material* object created by man which has not had genesis in a *precedent idea*. I worry this out in "Myself and Dreams." Faraday, for instance, necessarily had an *idea* of the form of a dynamo before any material dynamo existed. Thought, so far, is the genesis of all material objects.

I do not deny for one moment that, when we think about the form of an object which does not yet exist materially, even the *idea* of the form may affect "something" which is external to thought. And, in this connection, Sir Oliver Lodge's theory as to the ether may be of great importance. But if ghosts and even ideas have etheric form, must we not still hold that matter is no more than phenomenal of the ether? Is not matter a particular and subjective form of the ether? It appears to me more correct to say that "matter is a kind of ether" rather than "ether is a kind of matter."

F. C. CONSTABLE.

[In the sense in which I use the word "matter," I should not describe ghosts, i.e. apparitions, as immaterial.—ED.]

GOOD AND EVIL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—“Pro bono publico's” letter in your June issue reminds one that what is evil to one person or party may be good to another. Supposing either Mr. Rawson or a Rawsonite should be so (?) misguided as to consider that the democrats and labour people were right and the Imperialists and warmongers wrong, and “turned in thought to God” accordingly! But no doubt, now that the masses have apparently finished the fighting, it is very wrong of them to be impatient while the realization of the ideals which they were told they were fighting for vanish one by one. Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

6 TRCWINCE ROAD,
WIMBLEDON, S.W. 19.

A DREAM INTERPRETATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I note the query in the OCCULT REVIEW. May I interpret for you “The wrong end of an opera glass”? You were looking into the kingdom, not away from it, or without.

The crown on its side. A kingdom under another power partly. Emperor Francis Joseph disappearing from view. His reign ended. The head and bust of His Holiness Pope Benedict, watching the crown dwindle. The Catholic faith waiting the outcome, the shrinking crown, the declining kingdom.

The well shaped hand approaching the crown, a new ruler who must resign or abdicate.

The death hand gripping the crown. The death of the kingdom. The *dark* velvet cushion, the darkness of the present times, unrest, revolt. I was interested because I also see symbolically sometimes and generally can get correct solutions to my symbology. BUT, NOT ALWAYS. YOUR DREAM VISION, HOWEVER, WAS VERY CLEAR.

Yours sincerely,

ANNA E. ANDRE.

P.S.—I just noted that the Pope also disappeared. The Catholic power in Austria will wane or end with the death of the crown, i.e. the Kingdom.

PLACERVILLE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

THE NATURE OF TRUE PRAYER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your Review of my small book, *The Nature of True Prayer*, Miss Harper says that "there is no doubt a widespread realization of the power of thought."

In *The Nature of True Prayer* I point out clearly the difference between the wrong and the right method of mental working. If, when a man is mentally working, he is thinking of God and heaven, of the Christ (the true idea of God and His manifestation), of man (the real spiritual man), he is helping himself, his patient and the world; on the contrary, if he is thinking of the material man or the material world, he is harming himself, harming his patient and doing no good to the world.

The material thought, that is to say, thought of the material man, has no power, as the reviewer seems to think. You can speak of the effect of thought, however, because everything is predestined and good always follows a good thought, and evil an evil thought. When a witch thought she invoked Satan, and Satan, in exchange for what she did, gave a person boils, the ordinary mental workers of to-day think that the witch, by strong determined and persistent thinking, gave the person boils. As a matter of fact a really good thought reader beforehand could see the witch carrying out her incantation and could see the boils gradually or instantly coming on the victim, as the case may be. In other words, there is no cause or effect in the material world whatsoever, but an apparent effect follows an apparent cause. The only cause is God and the only effect is God's manifestation, the world of reality.

The writer says that "the man who died in consequence of being told by several friends in succession how ill he looked, suggested a somewhat cretinous victim" (I presume the word "cretinous" comes from the word "cretin," a class of deformed and helpless idiots in the valleys of the Alps). This is not the case at all. A very intelligent man can, by mental suggestion, be made to do all sorts of things, even to die. I gave the case as one coming in my own practice. There are many other similar cases vouched for by different people. Dr. Schofield, the well-known authority on mental working, told me that two medical men near Edinburgh were walking in the country and one denied the power of suggestion. The other one called up a labourer in the field, and after asking him the way to Edinburgh, told him he looked very ill, and that he should go to bed at once, giving him his name and the name of his friend—both well-known medical men. Within a week the man was dead. The *Daily News*, in reporting this case, said nowadays such a thing was as much a murder as if the medical man had fired a pistol in the man's face to see whether it would have any effect. At the same time these two surgeons did not kill the man; it was fixed beforehand that the man was going to die at that particular time and in the way that he did. It was also fixed that these two medical men were to behave in the way that they did.

If any one had known the true method of prayer, namely, by the realization of God and God's world, they could have prevented the death, as the action of God would have destroyed the thoughts causing the trouble, or else changed the victim's mind so that the thoughts would not have affected him.

Yours sincerely,
F. L. RAWSON.

90 REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

A LONG study on the idea of a true religion appears in *The Vedic Magazine*, and is the work of a native writer. It begins by postulating that a wall of partition separates religion from politics, morality and socialism in Western countries, which is curious in respect of morality, seeing that that it is the gate of all the Sanctuaries, alike in West and East. We are told also that our best definition of religion terms it "the recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience," the Eastern "doctor" being unaware apparently that there is mystical religion in the West, that it bears and has borne always the same testimony as that which he proclaims to be the root of religion in India, that is to say, realization of God as the Perfect and Supreme Being, Who is best to be known and understood by the following of any path in which it has pleased God to call us—in other words, "through the everyday duties of our life." There are of course other ways in the West, for the call which begins at home may take us abroad and the first state of life is by no means always the final, either in East or West. Some of us are called in the stable, and by following the path thus opened are brought in fine to the palace. The beginning with others—like Buddha—is made in the King's palace, but thereafter is the life of a divine mendicant. It is said that Hinduism recognizes no distinction of religion from our daily actions: it would not be religion if it did. But the oriental who suggests that this is a characteristic Hindu feature to the exclusion of the Christian churches had better read Brother Lawrence and his *Practice of the Presence of God*, where he will learn how the practice is maintained and the realization reached when the "daily life" carries one to the market-place for no higher purpose than buying wine for the convent. So also and finally, when we are told that the highest divine knowledge is acquired by total immergence in the all-pervading God, we are reading only a variant formulation of that state in which God shall be-all in all, about which we have heard from the beginning in the Way of Christ and to which all the Christian mystics have testified in His name. We think that any writer spoils his case for the important mysticism of India by setting it up in competition as a kind of *ne plus ultra*, beyond all comparison. The essence of the mystic gospel and the chief warrant of its experience is that the same thing is everywhere: in other words, there is no East or West, for we are dealing with a catholic subject.

We do not rightly know whether the doctrine of Karma according to Sinhalese Buddhism is identical with the doctrine in Burma and elsewhere in the East, but *Reincarnation* sets out in its last issue

what appears an elaborate scheme, though it happens to be a borrowed article. It is said that there are three main sections, corresponding to the stages of the soul's pilgrimage on earth. In this manner there is a Karma attached to birth, another to the career of life and a third to death. (1) The Karma of birth is due to pre-existing factors which are both material and spiritual. The meaning is that spirit functioning in matter produces birth. (2) The Karma of life is also due to antecedent factors and is a consequence of thoughts, words and actions belonging to previous incarnation. So also in respect of (3) Death-Karma, this is an unfoldment of those seeds of destruction which have been planted in previous lives. The Karma of life is subdivided into (1) that which is generated in one existence and produces its result therein ; (2) that which is generated in one life and begets its consequence in the immediate next stage on this earth ; (3) that which is generated here and now and reaches fruition in any succeeding lives, without time-limitation ; (4) the Karma which is generated by the elect on the threshold of Nirvana but which produces no result because the individual in his attainment passes presently outside the sphere of time, which is that of the working of Karma. The article distinguishes in fine the Karma which is of very serious import ; that of a lesser degree ; that which is generated by the last thought of the dying and is destined to take precedence of all ; and finally an indiscriminate Karma which is generated by weak intellects. It is remarkable that the metaphysics of Sinhalese Buddhism thus places the seal of its orthodoxy on the importance of those death-bed repentances, the efficacy of which is recognized and insisted on by the Latin Church. The study as a whole is of curious interest, not of course because one is disposed to accept such a schedule, but because of its formal correspondence with a thousand and one tabulations under the ægis of scholastic philosophy, all of which follow from their premises with the uttermost rigour of logic and carry therefore a surface air of certitude, until the premises themselves are challenged. It is impossible to escape from Thomist theology except by recourse to first principles, and it is then that one is liable to find in the fundamental assumptions or postulates the very points which call for challenge.

The New Church Weekly, commenting on what it terms the revival and spread of spiritualism, contrasts therewith the position of the Churches, which are powerless to answer inquiries about the Spiritual World. Our contemporary quotes some recent admissions of an Anglican Bishop on life in the hither hereafter and the little that is known concerning it. A reason suggested for reserve from the days of St. Paul onward is that those remaining on earth might " become so dissatisfied with their own surroundings as to shirk any further struggle "—perhaps the weakest explanation that has yet been offered. At the present day, the Bishop added, it is thought by reverent minds that the other world is beyond normal comprehension. We are in agreement when the periodical in question observes that in face of

such impotence on the part of Churches it is "no wonder that people resort to the *séance*." We question, however, whether the New Church of Swedenborg is not in the same position as the other establishments, for it depends on the psychical experience of a past teacher which has not received confirmation at the hands of later research. . . . The editor of *Azoth* explains in a recent issue that, according to his opinion, "the philosophy behind the symbolism of Freemasonry and the cosmic laws imbedded in that symbolism are an integral part of occult science, having been transmitted from 'the ancient mysteries of the Eastern peoples.'" However this may be, what is called a new department has been added to the magazine, under the title of Ancient Craft Masonry. It is in the care of Mr. F. C. Higgins, who holds a high place in the Scottish Rite. We suppose that his first article is concerned with a clearing of issues, and we shall watch the developments, expecting that they will pass from general considerations to particulars in the domain of fact. . . . *Theosophy* puts forward a thesis that King Solomon's Temple, as described in Holy Scripture, does not refer to an edifice built with hands but to "the evolution of the physical body, the temple of the soul," while an intimation of this will be found in the fact that "no voice of workman or sound of hammer was heard." The measurements signify "numbers and proportions of force—cosmic and human." Bare affirmations of this kind carry no conviction, and one is left speculating whether, in the mind of the writer, the King who built the Temple is only an allegorical personality, and whether the so-called historical books of the whole Bible are taken to be spiritual myths. Where then is the history of Israel? An article on (Divine Life) presents the doctrine of Vedanta as an explanation of eternal facts of Nature. There is one Being, one Law, one Essence, and out of this Unity has issued the manifested world, the Supreme Being abiding within it. The end of our human life is the realization of this unity, to which we belong. God is within and the soul is within God. There is, of course, nothing new in this thesis, and still less in its presentation; but it is not to no purpose that we are reminded of the root-identity subsisting in all religions, and that in a sense understood by few there is indeed a Catholic Church, of which Vedanta is one of the expressions and Christian theosophy another. . . . A writer in *The Messenger*, which represents the American section of the Theosophical Society, tells us that the "white magic" of certain "elder brothers," who are helping the world's evolution, brought about at the Peace Conference an obscuration of national demands, so that unity and international brotherhood—in a word, the League of Nations—should be promulgated prior to the terms of peace with Germany. However, the end is not yet. . . . According to a writer in *Reason*, the greatest discovery of the age is "the connecting link between physical and spiritual worlds": it abides seemingly in a recognition of the truth that "mind is a form of force, a mode of motion, a rate of

vibration," and so forth. Telepathy is a proof of the fact, but after what manner and why does not happen to transpire, because the reverie branches off to the more practical consideration that there is a simple way of obtaining whatever we want. We have only to form the mental image of our desire and project it into our soul-consciousness: it will bring the "thing or condition into objectification." This is done by thought, which is the working tool of metaphysics, and the instrument of all creation. We learn also that every man has three mind-centres, being (1) the Cerebrum, or seat of intellect; (2) the Solar Plexus, or Fountain of Life; and (3) the Pineal Gland, or "All-seeing Eye." They rule respectively over the conscious, sub-conscious and super-conscious modes of our being. The first is the seat of reason, the second is the soul-centre and the third is the abode of the spirit. Man, it is said, should maintain rule in his conscious part over the sub-conscious and super-conscious modes. One would have thought that the true ruling should have been exercised by the spirit on its Throne. . . . Our friend, *The Expository Times*, is of opinion that Sir Oliver Lodge has applied scientific methods to everything except spiritistic phenomena, and that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has exhibited conspicuous ability in detective devices, with the same exception. We are not unprepared for these views, but confess to a certain surprise on learning the surprise of our contemporary at discovering through certain automatic communications that the language of the Authorized Version seems to have been adopted as the language of the world to come. In quoting Scripture through an English medium there might have been surely some difficulties over the use of the Vulgate or Septuagint, not to speak of the original Hebrew of the Old or the Greek of the New Testament. . . . *Rays from the Rose-Cross* is publishing or republishing certain lesser writings of the late Mr. Max Heindel, and among them is a curious note on Rosicrucian Grades of initiation and advancement, which—if we understand rightly—take place on some spiritual plane. They are nine in number and are in correspondence therefore with those which were worked under the ægis of the Reformation which took place in 1777. Postulants who are not as yet prepared for the Higher Degrees cannot cross the threshold of the unseen sanctuary when it is open therein, and Mr. Heindel illustrates his personal sincerity by relating how he was himself denied admission. . . . *The Cambridge Magazine* reminds us of Kenelm Digby and his noble book *The Broadstone of Honour*—that sum and mirror of all Christian chivalry. Fitzgerald called him "a grand swarthy fellow," which takes us back also to Digby's ancestor of the seventeenth century, a man of similar mien, who was learned in occult lore, as his many books testify.

REVIEWS

SOUL CULTURE. By William Summers. London: W. Rodman & Co., 188 Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E. 15. Price 6s. net.

MR. STANHOPE W. SPRIGG, in his Preface to this little book, remarks that "It is a very old complaint now, that people are too prone to forget that they have souls." Nearly two thousand years ago the Divine Nazarene asked the question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" A Golden Rule of life was given then, as well as a New Commandment, in very few and simple words, easy to remember, but difficult to follow, by which the soul would grow to perfection. It is with such soul-evolution that the author, Mr. William Summers, is concerned, and with absolute sincerity and not a little repetition he enlarges on his theme. He is intensely in earnest, and most deeply-thinking men and women will be in accord with much that he says. The fanatical will be affrighted by such passages as:—

"The Spirit of God never incarnates but hovers over all incarnation, seeking such as desire spiritual life. As response comes to the spirit's awakening power, so do men and women arise and develop, and grow spiritually. As the process goes on, they develop into the likeness of God, because the nature of God is being incorporated with their own." But what of the "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world"? And whence comes the responding spirit in the heart of man, if it be not part of the Spirit of God to begin with—deep calling unto deep. Taking it all in all Mr. Summers has managed to write a book that is likely to stimulate thought and discussion. One echoes the hope expressed by the writer of the Preface for a further record of the author's spiritual experiences, for, says Mr. Sprigg:

"If he only published the half of what he has told to me in our ordinary workaday conversation he would merit, and rivet, the attention of all religious workers of every grade and type. For he has not come by his zeal for soul culture by any of the ordinary routes of spiritual experience and enlightenment."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE DREAM THAT COMES TRUE. A Book of the Life Beyond the Horizon. By J. Napier Milne. London: The Epworth Press, J. Alfred Sharp. Price 5s. net.

It is almost a truism now that, as the author says, "The war has greatly quickened the interest in the question of the world into which we pass at death." Hence, doubtless, the unceasing avalanche of books, good, bad, and indifferent, that has poured forth during the last four or five years, each seeking in all sincerity to throw some light upon the problem. In the present instance, *The Dream that comes True*, a good deal that is wise and beautiful is curiously mingled with a "logic" that is almost Hibernian in its quaint naïveté. For example (page 176): "Think of the Table at which we have communion with our Lord, and then picture the tilting,

dancing table at which people are supposed to have communion with their departed friends. What a descent!" This might be paraphrased with equal reason "Think of the printing-press which gives the Holy Bible to the world, but which also gives to the sporting fraternity 'The latest from the Course.' What a descent!"

It would seem that the author has cleared his mind of certain dogmas only to encumber himself with others. It is confusing to be told that John Wesley is lying in his grave in the city; that Mary and David Livingstone, one in Central Africa, the other in Westminster Abbey, will be reunited on the "Last Day"; yet to learn also that "The inhabitants of the other land are chiefly concerned with the moral and spiritual uplift of the earth. The things on which they look down with delighted interest are the things that never get into the newspapers: a young man alone in the city resisting temptation. . . ." etc. (p. 158). Then, again, Mr. Milne declares, in effect, that spiritualists discard our Lord Jesus Christ. Let him read the works of the Rev. Arthur Chambers, the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, and a little pamphlet by Richard A. Bush: "The Place of Jesus Christ in Spiritualism." It is surely grossly unfair to make this sweeping charge. There are thousands of truth-seekers who believe they are in conscious touch with their friends in the unseen and whose philosophy is as far removed from the crudities of much *so-called* spiritualism as are the inspired utterances of a Kingsley and a Wilberforce from the rhetoric of a tub-thumping negro at a camp-meeting! Yet, despite all this it is impossible to read Mr. Napier Milne's book without genuine admiration for his high-minded and entirely noble aims, nor to fail to be in agreement with him on many points.

EDITH K. HARPER.

AKIBAT: LIFE AFTER DEATH. By Sherifa Lucy Goodenough. 7½ ins. × 4½ ins., pp. 57 + 1 plate. London: The Sufi Publishing Society, Ltd., 86 Ladbroke Road, W.

THIS curious little book is one in the "Voice of Inayat" series, a series in which Sherifa Lucy Goodenough has set down a record of lectures delivered by Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan, whose portrait forms the frontispiece thereto. I call it curious because Inayat Khan—assuming his views to be accurately recorded—exhibits at once a profound insight into certain deep spiritual problems, and an almost childlike naiveté in certain of his beliefs. The story of Muhammed Chehb, who played tricks with trains and railway tickets (pp. 39-40), is an example of the latter, as is also his statement that "The reason why [a] spirit appears and yet has no solid form is that it exists in a vaporous state" (p. 38). For contrast, turn to his masterly treatment of the question of Heaven and Hell, a chapter which is full of fine thoughts, or his explanation given on p. 44 of the old problem "Why do ghosts wear clothes?" which gives quite a different view of psychic appearances from that mentioned above, and explains them in terms of hypnotic suggestion by discarnate personalities. In his treatment of the question of Demonic Possession, he shows the danger of suppressed desire, and reminds me of Freud: a matter of considerable interest, for the two thinkers are as unlike, in other respects, as possible.

Sufism, of which Inayat Khan is the missionary from the East to the West, is said to be the religious philosophy of Love, Harmony and Beauty. No religion could make a greater claim. There is something of value for

all minds in every religious system : at least, that is my opinion. In Sufism I have found much, and the works of Sa'di, Jámí and Jalálu'd-'dín Rúmí I value highly. Inayat Khan is certainly not so great an exponent as these Masters, but his message is not without its worth. I commend Sherifa Lucy Goodenough's endeavour to put it in permanent form.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE PROOFS OF THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM. By the Rev. Prof. G. Henslow, M.A.F.L.S., F.G.S., F.R.H.S., Author of "Spiritual Teaching of Christ's Life," etc., etc. With fifty-one Illustrations. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. New York : E. P. Dutton & Co. Price 7s. 6d. net.

It was only to be expected that so ardent a worker, and one so richly endowed with the courage of his convictions, as the late Archdeacon Colley, should be no less energetic in his efforts to communicate from the Beyond, with those friends with whom he was so closely associated in his psychic investigations whilst yet an earth-man. The present volume contains many detailed accounts of manifestations purporting to come from him in the ethereal world. In addition to the foregoing, this interesting book covers in brief practically the whole subject of Spiritualism. The examples related by the author, the Rev. Professor Henslow, both from his own observation and the reports of intimate friends and colleagues, bear on the face of them in most cases irrefutable evidence of their genuineness, if human testimony is to count for anything at all. Professor Henslow has much to say of the wonderful mediumship of Dr. d'Aute Hooper, of Birmingham, a psychic who, it is stated, neither asks nor receives fee or reward for his priceless services in answer to the poignant question : "If a man die, shall he live again?" And through a private source—a lady in the author's own family—he tells of having received many verified communications in automatic writing. But unless otherwise confirmed, this particular form of manifestation is, it must be admitted, only too often one of the least reliable, and we are constantly hearing of melancholy instances of absolutely valueless "messages," whose inexactitude is only equalled by their verbosity. There is a charming chapter on the life of children in the spirit world, in which the author quotes an account of an exceptionally interesting séance with the blind materializing medium, Mr. Cecil Husk. The whole book is very pleasant reading, though allowance must be made for sundry obvious errors in proof-correcting. Mr. Henslow sends a telling shaft amongst those good folk who hold up their hands against the "wickedness" of spiritualism, by quoting the great John Wesley's unanswerable logic :

"It is true that the English in general . . . have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent complinent which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. . . . They well know, whether Christians know it or not, that the giving up of witchcraft, is, in effect, giving up the Bible. And they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted their whole castle in the air—deism, atheism, materialism—falls to the ground."

EDITH K. HARPER.