

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus furare in verba magistri"

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 *Macey 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.

AUGUST 1919

No. 2

NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT was only to be expected that the great war would have aroused, as has actually been the case, an increased interest in the problem of man's survival after death, owing to the fact of the question having been brought home so vividly to countless families by the loss of brothers, sons, or near relatives, in the course of the conflict. What was less to be expected is that a second cause should have contributed not a little to this revived interest, through the numerous stories reaching friends at home from the scene of warfare of supernormal occurrences of all sorts and kinds during the progress of the struggle. We are, of course, all familiar with

PSYCHISM
AND THE
WAR. the story of the angels of Mons, which Arthur Machen and others have made light of, but which many take seriously enough. No one, indeed, so far has been quite able to explain how it was that

the great German retreat of September, 1914, following the victorious march on Paris, ever really came about. To the ordinary uninitiated citizen it has always been a mystery; but the curious thing is that the attempts of the military authorities to explain its cause are quite as unsatisfactory and as baffling as

any that the ordinary civilian has been able to put forward. Suddenly, in the midst of a triumphant march, the enemy commenced to turn tail, and having once done so, their retreat became not indeed a rout, but a general and precipitate movement for many miles to the rear. How did this great turn in the fortunes of war come about? Lord French has failed to explain it. Marshal Joffre is equally at a loss to offer any adequate solution of the mystery. What will the historian of the future say? The popular explanation accounts for it by the mysterious apparition of the angels of Mons. The world will doubtless long question whether or not there is anything in this strange story, which recalls nothing so much as the rout of Sennacherib's host in camp before Jerusalem by the intervention of divine aid on behalf of the beleaguered Jewish garrison. What, however, it is necessary to bear in mind, is that the story of the angels of Mons is no isolated record. Over and over again in the course of the war similar narratives have reached this country, though none quite so sensational in their results.

It was a happy thought that occurred to the Editor of *Pearson's Magazine* to offer a prize of £50 for the weirdest story of the war, narrated by one who had been an eye-witness of the occurrence. The result has certainly justified the editorial enterprise, and eight different records in addition to the prize story appear in

the August issue of *Pearson's Magazine* which will add a further chapter to the psychic history of the great war. These records naturally enjoy the important merit of being borne out in every instance by the recorder's name and other confirmatory evidence.

As the Editor says, he recognized in offering the prize that definite proof of such happenings has generally been an impossibility. He states, however, that he had been much struck by the imprint of sincerity and genuineness which characterized the majority of the communications received. "With very rare exceptions [he adds] it is unthinkable that the writer is striving after effect or giving anything but an unvarnished account of his experience as it appeared to him." He summarizes the records under the following three headings:—(1) Dream warnings of death or wounding; (2) Visions seen by relatives or friends at home at the time of soldiers passing over; (3) Battlefield warnings of danger received either through the agency of a friend already killed, or by means of some apparently supernatural intervention.

One record there is, however, which does not appear to fall within any of these categories, and which will be of special interest to the occult student and the believer in the theory of Reincarnation. It is entitled *A Glimpse of the Past*, and is an experience of Major Wellesley Tudor-Pole, O.B.E., during his period of service in Egypt. He is writing of a visit to the temple of Karnak, which he describes as "surcharged with historic and mythical magnetism." "It was [he says] like entering a sea and finding

A GLIMPSE
OF THE
PAST.

oneself immersed in powerful colour currents, lifting the mind and soul above the modern world into the conditions of three thousand years ago." Karnak, he says, baffles all description. "The Hypostyle hall covers an area of 50,000 square yards, and contains 134 columns, some thirty-three feet in circumference, and eighty feet in height. It is now roofless, and is, of course, the largest building of its kind in the whole world. Each column and all the walls are one mass of hieroglyphics." The conditions of the place were so peculiar that Major Tudor-Pole felt in danger of losing consciousness when under their influence. While amid these ruins he had a psychic vision which he describes in detail, in which he saw a procession of the high priests of Amen-Ra coming down the central avenue. Behind these priests other priests in white and gold robes, carrying the *ankh* upon their head-dress, were holding aloft what looked like an ark-boat from the Nile. This boat, as Major Tudor-Pole surmised, contained the remains of some great King, and was on its way to the river to be rowed across to Thebes, the burying place of the kings of Upper Egypt. One priest among the throng particularly held the writer's attention, being fair and blue eyed, and of a different type from his fellows.

When he was exactly opposite me [Major Tudor-Pole writes] he turned in my direction and for a moment stopped the incantation, and held a long-armed *ankh* out towards me. I had the strangest shock I ever remember, for who do you think he was? *Myself!* I had no doubt about it either at the time or since. So soon as the truth gripped me, I became unconscious entirely and entered into the old body of some 3,000 years ago. . . . I felt the weight of the "runner" on my right shoulder above which the boat rested, and I even felt the little silk pad on which the runner rested slipping backward and forward as we walked along. I looked out and saw myself standing on the broken pylon, khaki-clad, with Captain M—— and the guide beside me.

Then he found himself back once more on the pylon, faint and weary as if he had lived through three thousand years in twenty seconds.

Apparently Karnak is one of those haunted spots like the

Gardens of Versailles, which are filled with memories of the past, and scenes which re-enact themselves again and again under the influence of the psychic conditions of the place. How many other spots reputed haunted are like this, haunted by ghosts of memories rather than the ghosts of the living people who once played a part in the scenes portrayed? And what is the secret that makes possible the reproduction of such scenes in their full

IS SELF-
RECOGNITION A
PROPERTY
OF THE
SOUL?

detail after a period of thousands of years? The understanding of the natural law which makes such things possible would doubtless throw a vivid light on many of the deepest problems of our being. Many criticisms to which the theory of reincarnation has been subjected have been based on the denial of the possibility of the retention of the individuality through a series of lives, on the contention that memory forms the only link and that this link must necessarily be absent. How came it that Major Tudor-Pole was able in his consciousness to bridge over the chasm of thousands of years and re-enter the body which he had once occupied, with the fullest conviction that it had formerly been his? Was he merely dreaming or was the certainty he felt the outcome of the power of the soul to know itself and recognize itself again under all and every condition of change?

Which, we may ask, are the strangest or the most inexplicable: visions of the future, or visions of the far-distant past? Another of the stories recorded among those sent in competition for Pearson's £50 prize has reference to one of these strange visions of the future. The man who experienced the vision, if vision we can call it, was Captain H. T. W. Bousfield, a reserve officer of the Indian Army, attached at the time of which he writes to the 69th Punjabis. It was the day after the battle of Loos, September 26, 1915. Captain Bousfield was in his dug-out, his only companion a sleeping brother officer, when an old sack that covered the entrance to the dug-out was pushed aside and a sepoy staggered in. "His *pagri* was pulled down and pressed against the left side of his face, and he had a great untidy beard that stood out from his chin like a fan. I could hear him breathing like an

A MYSTERIOUS
VISITOR.

exhausted animal, and although he did not appear to notice me, he must have known there was some one there, for he collapsed on the step and began crying, 'Sahib, Sahib!' in a piteous voice." Captain Bousfield was on the point of ordering him out when he discovered that he was wounded. "His left hand, which was press-

ing his *pagri* to his face, lacked the third and fourth fingers, and the *pagri* was saturated with blood." The narrator of the story demanded his name and regiment, but he took no notice, merely rocking himself to and fro. Captain Bousfield produced some first field dressing, tore it open, and poured iodine on to the gauze pad. When it was well saturated he called upon the man to pull himself together and reached for his hand. He then for the first time noticed that it was an old wound, and healed, and at the same time the sepoy staggered to his feet and stretched out both his arms towards the officer, with a gesture of appeal. The *pagri* dropped away from his face, and Captain Bousfield noticed to his horror that half his head had been blown away. Immediately after this he suddenly disappeared. "I don't know how he went," relates Captain Bousfield. "I only know that one second he was standing in front of me, horribly mangled, and the next there was no one there at all. I pulled aside the sack curtain. There was no one outside. I turned to my companion: he was still asleep."

The next morning Captain Bousfield, in going the round of his trenches, came out upon the road by Windy Corner. He there noticed a sepoy in front of him bending down to fasten his puttee, and at that moment a shell came along, bursting upon both of them. Captain Bousfield flung himself down, then, finding that he had escaped unscathed, looked out for the sepoy. "He was lying on his face in a little puddle of blood, evidently quite dead. One hand was stretched out towards me, and I noticed that the third and fourth fingers were missing. I went up to him and turned him over. He was a Baluchi in a heavy great coat. An untidy fringe of beard jutted out from his chin. One side of his head was completely shattered. From his position he must have been exactly between me and the shell. Undoubtedly his chance presence there saved my life."

The curious point about this vision is that the first experience, which must have been in the nature of an hallucination, had apparently all the vividness of an actual physical experience, and yet, in view of the remainder of the record, it is difficult to suppose that it was anything but a vision. It is said that coming events cast their shadows before, but it is rare that the coming event possesses the apparent substance of reality. Was the Captain awake or asleep when the incident occurred? He evidently fancied himself awake, but do we always know?

The story to which the prize is awarded is more nearly akin in character to that of the Angels of Mons. The winner is a certain Captain W. E. Newcome. "It was," he says, "in September, 1916,

that the 2nd Suffolks left Loos to go up into the northern sector of Albert. I accompanied them, and whilst in the front line trenches of that sector I, with others, witnessed one of the most remarkable occurrences of the war." That part of the line at the moment was being held with a barely sufficient number of troops. The Germans appeared to have discovered the fact and made a determined effort to break through. Captain Newcome hurried back to his company with all speed, arriving in time to give a helping hand. The first attack was successfully driven back, but the Huns shortly after returned to the charge, coming over No-man's-land in massed waves.

A SPECTRAL WARRIOR CAUSES A HUN RETREAT.

Before, however, they reached our wire [says the narrator], a white spiritual figure of a soldier rose from a shell hole or out of the ground, about a hundred yards on our left, just in front of our wire, and between the first line of Germans and ours. The spectral figure then slowly walked along our front for a distance of about a thousand yards. Its outline suggested to my mind that of an old pre-war officer, for it appeared to be in a shell coat, with field service cap on its head. . . . It steadily marched to the left of us till it got to the extreme right of the sector; then it turned its face right full on us. . . . After a brief survey of us it turned sharply to the right and made a bee line for the German trenches. The Huns scuttled back like startled rabbits to their burrows, and no more was seen of them that night. . . . We stood and watched it slowly march across No-man's-land and disappear into the German line—in fact it seemed to us to go right into the German front trenches.

On November 3 they decided to try a bombing raid on the Hun, and return his attentions on the first. On reaching his line they found the first and second trenches vacant. The Germans had apparently been so surprised at the spectral appearance that they had left their trenches without notice. Captain Newcome adds that for some time it was the talk of the company, and that its appearance can be vouched for by sergeants and men of his section. One would like to obtain corroboration from the source indicated.

All the three records which I have summarized from the competition in *Pearson's Magazine*, if not by any means unique, are still outside the ordinary run of psychic experiences which have been collected in such large numbers in the volumes, for instance, of the *Psychical Research Society*. We have become familiarized with the idea of spectral warriors helping our soldiers to fight their battles in the present war, but such phenomena are naturally confined to war conditions. The vision in Egypt is also quite out of the common run, the idea of a living person

visualizing an incident of his life of thousands of years ago, and actually momentarily obsessing the representation of his past self, is almost, if not quite, unique. The story of the sepoy is far removed both from what I may call the common or garden ghost story and the ordinary telepathic experience, and presents problems which do not confront us in the ordinary run of psychical phenomena. The war, however, has teemed with records of telepathic experiences of the more ordinary kind, and a number of these have been sent to the Editor of *Pearson's Magazine*, and have also figured from time to time in the daily papers since the war broke out.

As a vision of the future, the story of Private Reynolds, given in Rose Stuart's *Dreams and Visions of the War*, resembles the story of the sepoy in that its interest lies in a prophetic vision containing a warning of approaching death. But there is nothing

in this to parallel the extraordinary actuality of the experience there recorded. Private Reynolds was fighting in the Gallipoli campaign. He appeared to his neighbour, Private Pugh, to be in a condition of semi-trance, and was asked what was the trouble. Private Reynolds replied, "I shall have to go on Listening Point duty at midnight on June 25, and I shall be shot through the head." He explained his prediction of his own death as follows:—

A SON'S
PROPHETIC
VISION.

I had a dream just now, and in that dream I saw my mother reading a newspaper. She looked up from it suddenly and her face was so white and her eyes so horror-struck that I found myself looking over her shoulder to see what she had been reading, and there, in the Roll of Honour, my name stood out—"Pte. Reynolds, shot through the head while on Listening Point duty on June 25."

Private Reynolds was duly called out on Listening Point duty with five of his companions, two days later, i.e., June 25. Only two of the six men came back. These reported that the party had been taken in ambush by the Turks at midnight. Private Reynolds with three of his mates had been shot through the head. Here an incident which had not yet taken place is read by anticipation in a newspaper which needless to say was not yet published. We may assume that the incident foreseen was actually fulfilled in all its details, and that the mother read the newspaper and looked up in horror in the manner indicated. We cannot, however, interpret the prophetic incident in the story of the sepoy in the same manner. Though it was clearly prophetic, it did not correspond in full detail to what actually took place. It seems rather as if the sepoy must have dreamed beforehand

of his own death and projected his astral body into the captain's dug-out, as an intimation to him of what was about to take place.

A number of other records in connection with the war hinge on the appearance of a figure, either that of a comrade who had

WARNING APPARITIONS. recently been killed, or of a near relative at home, who appears for the purpose of warning the soldier to leave a spot where a shell was about to fall.

Thus one soldier writes home to his mother as follows : " One night while carrying bombs I had occasion to take cover, when about twenty yards off I saw you looking towards me as plain as life. Leaving the bombs, I crawled to the place where your vision appeared when a German shell dropped on them, and—well—I had to return for some more. But had it not been for you I certainly should have been reported 'missing.' You will turn up again, won't you, mother, next time a shell is coming?"

In two of the instances recorded in the article in *Pearson's Magazine*, information was given by phantom figures of German mines that had been laid which by their explosion would have involved the loss of many lives, but for this supermundane intervention. In one case a Mr. William M. Speaight lost a brother officer in the war, who appeared to him afterwards with blood oozing from the wound in his forehead, and pointed to a certain spot on the floor of the dug-out, and then vanished. On digging three feet of soil from the floor of the dug-out at the spot

WARNINGS OF DANGER FROM THE OTHER SIDE. indicated, a narrow tunnel was discovered. In the tunnel were found fuses which proved to communicate with mines in other parts of the same trench. The mines were timed to explode thirteen hours after the appearance of the apparition. On another occasion, as recorded by Major R. H. Griffiths, of the

Cheshire Regiment, a phantom Tommy appeared and said " Sir, I wish to report that the enemy have got mines laid under our front line trenches, and that they are to go up this morning, followed by an attack." As a matter of fact the whole of the front line system of trenches was demolished, as had been foretold ; but the attack failed, as the men had been removed from the danger zone and only four casualties occurred. One would like to know whether similar aid was received by the Germans, or if the powers of evil were unable to give the same spiritual help to their earthly protagonists as the powers of light.

An officer, who called on me not long ago told me how frequent were cases in which men moved away from spots where a shell was

about to fall, owing to some curious species of intuition which induced them to leave the threatened spot at the psychological moment.

Another curious war phenomenon which, however, does not figure in the records in Pearson's competition, is the tending of wounded soldiers on the field of battle by women in England who have left their bodies during sleep, some of these being fully conscious when they awoke in the morning, of their occupation during the night before. An instance of this kind has already been given in the OCCULT REVIEW, in which the soldier subsequently met and married his nurse on the field of battle, whom, till then, he had never seen.

The comparison of death to sleep is a familiar one, and the experiences of the sleeper, could they be fully recalled, would probably offer a nearer parallel to after-life conditions than is generally realized. "You travel when you sleep," is one of the subjects of Prentice Mulford's Essays, and there have been a good many instances in the recent war which tend to show on what a solid basis of fact the theory of the American mystic actually rested. One thing at least is clear—great world cataclysms do not affect the physical world alone. Had our statesmen been more receptive to spiritual influences and intimations from another sphere, wiser counsels might have been adopted, which would have served to shorten the duration of the conflict.

THE WHITE BIRD OF MEMORY

O SOUL so close enwrapped in mine,
Fear nevermore an empty heart.
Let dove of spirit transference
Console the flesh which lies apart.

All written message sent to you,
Is failure at its very best.
I fling the pen down, breathe your name,
And let God's forces do the rest.

Forthwith through aching mental bars,
Gliding through brain storm, pure and sweet,
My subtle envoy spurns the leagues,
And flutters wistful at your feet.

Maybe you walk alone and pause,
And think how, sitting in the sun,
We watched a full blown crimson rose
Casting its petals one by one.

Perchance you handle in a dream
The treasured relics of the past,
All strung as on a necklace fair,
Yet one pearl missing first and last.

Enswooned our bodies lie afar,
The dove unites our souls' intent.
Symbol of yearning, deep desire,
Sent from each nerveless tenement.

Between your silent room and mine
Our shining dream bird circles free,
Till stubborn sense begins to break
Beneath the swirl of fantasy.

'Gainst lingering lonely consciousness,
Soft wings shall beat their tender charms.
Till round some rapturous curve of sleep,
We fall into each other's arms.

A. D.

MESMER AND THE MAGNETIC HYPOTHESIS

By R. B. INCE

RENEWED attention has been recently directed to the phenomena classified rather indiscriminately under the terms "suggestion," "magnetism" and "hypnotism." On the theoretical side we have Professor Boirac's book *La Psychologie Inconnue*, recently reviewed by the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW in his Notes of the Month; and on the practical side the work done for disabled soldiers and sailors in such institutions as the Seale Hayne Hospital in Devon. Mr. William S. London, Hon. Sec. of the Middlesex War Pensions Committee, has issued a twelve page report of the work done at Seale Hayne up to December, 1918. It is a report which cannot fail to awaken wide interest among the general public in the simpler and more direct phenomena of psychic science. In Mr. London's report astonishing cases of almost instantaneous cures wrought by "suggestion" are recorded; cases of complete loss of voice due to poison gas and shock; of severe and seemingly incurable rheumatism; of nephritis; of deafness, blindness and paralysis. Mr. London paid a visit to the hospital at Seale Hayne in company with General Sir Victor Cooper, General Lane and Captain Stanley Carey on December 18, 1918. They were shown over the hospital by the Officer Commanding, Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Hurst, R.A.M.C. "Eighteen patients," writes Mr. London, "from a hospital at Plymouth had arrived that morning, and we had the privilege of seeing most of them cured of the disability from which they had been suffering." Mr. London, in his report, gives a few examples of these cases. "Perhaps," he writes, "the most important and most remarkable case was that of a man who for two years had been completely paralysed in the face, the body and the limbs. He could not move, or at least he thought he could not. Every one who had seen him was of the same opinion, and the necessary papers were actually made out for his early admission to the Star and Garter Hospital, as he was regarded as being hopelessly and permanently paralysed. This man was sent for during the afternoon in order that General Cooper, General Lane and I might see him. He entered the room a cured man and showed us how

easily he could run. He was able to move the muscles of his face, and he could write his name and address." Another case suffered from acute rheumatism. "A man nearly fifty years of age, who had served in the A.S.C., was admitted to the hospital that morning. He had suffered from cerebro-spinal fever and then from rheumatism. His knee had been perfectly rigid for eighteen months. He had been receiving treatment in a Brine Bath Hospital. His leg was quite rigid when we first saw it and the man was in great pain. He also had a twisted and dropped foot. Before we left he could bend his knee and the pain was gone. This man had been unable to walk for four months." These are samples of a great many cases successfully treated. The *bona fides* of the practitioners at Seale Hayne is, of course, beyond question. It is only as we approach the difficult region of theory that doubts and uncertainties present themselves. How, the inevitable question arises, are these seeming miracles performed? Colonel Hurst would appear to be satisfied that suggestion accounts for them all. A functional disease, he tells us, "is curable by persuasion, re-education and suggestion—the three methods of psychotherapy."

Colonel Hurst's theory of the results obtained by "psychotherapy" is in direct opposition to the theory advanced by Professor Boirac in his consideration of similar phenomena. And in view of Professor Boirac's reversal to the original theory of Mesmer, that such cures are the result of a projection of astral or magnetic fluid, it is of interest to recall the outstanding features of Mesmer's life and work.

Anthony Mesmer was born in May, 1734, at Mersberg, in Swabia, and studied medicine at the University of Vienna. He took his degree in 1766, choosing the influence of the planets on the human body as the subject of his inaugural dissertation. In his lecture he maintained that "the sun, moon and fixed stars mutually affect each other in their orbits; that they cause and direct on our earth a flux and reflux not only in the sea, but in the atmosphere, and affect in a similar manner all organized bodies through the medium of a subtle and mobile fluid, which pervades the universe, and associates all things together in mutual intercourse and harmony." He maintained that this influence was particularly exercised on the nervous system and resulted in two states which he called "intention" and "remission." And he found an analogy between these states and the attraction and repulsion of the magnet. Shortly before this time, Father Hell, a Jesuit Professor at the University of Vienna, had been making experi-

ments with the loadstone, and by its use he claimed to have effected certain magnetic cures. In 1771 Father Hell caused steel plates to be constructed which he applied to the naked body of his patients. Mesmer was greatly interested in Father Hell's theories, with which his own ideas closely coincided. And having prevailed on Hell to make him some magnetic plates, he set to work to try experiments for himself.

The results of his experiments appeared to Mesmer highly satisfactory. He reported to Father Hell all that he had done, with the unfortunate result that the Jesuit Father published Mesmer's report under his own name and without any acknowledgments. At this Mesmer, very naturally, took offence, and the partnership, or rather collaboration, came to an abrupt end. Mesmer, however, continued his experiments. At first he thought the efficacy of the metallic plates depended upon their form; but he afterwards found that he could produce the same results without using the plates at all. He discovered that by making downward passes with his hands towards the feet of the patients similar results could be obtained. Writing to a friend from Vienna, he said, "I have observed that the magnetic is almost the same thing as the electric fluid, and that it may be propagated in the same manner, by means of intermediate bodies. Steel is not the only substance adapted to this purpose. I have rendered paper, bread, wool, silk, stones, leather, glass, wood, men and dogs—in short, everything I touched—magnetic to such a degree, that these substances produced the same effect as the loadstone on diseased persons. I have charged jars with magnetic matter in the same way as is done with electricity."

At Vienna Mesmer's claims were regarded with contempt or indifference. He quitted the capital for Swabia and later for Switzerland. In Switzerland he met Father Gassner, who claimed to cast out devils and to heal the sick by laying hands upon them. Mesmer investigated these cases and decided that they were due to animal magnetism. A few of Father Gassner's patients were submitted to the manipulations of Mesmer, and similar symptoms were induced. With memorials of these achievements he returned to Vienna hoping to secure a hearing. But he was disappointed. In face of the organized opposition of the medical faculty the advocate of a new pathology found himself powerless. His "cures" were denied and his theories received with derision. It is not improbable that there was exaggeration in the early claims of Mesmer. But to pioneers who have to make their way in the face of organized opposition some exaggeration may be

forgiven. The doctors of Vienna had made up their minds that there was no room in the universe for such a very unorthodox and unaccommodating force as "animal magnetism"; and therefore it followed with (to them) unimpeachable logic that Anthony Mesmer was a quack. It is a line of reasoning which has not lost its cogency for a certain type of mind even in our own age.

In 1778 Mesmer left Vienna and proceeded to Paris. Vienna was delighted. "Of course," said his enemies, "Paris, the idle, the debauched, the pleasure-hunting, the novelty-loving, is just the place for a philosopher like him. Paris will be delighted with him." Certainly it was not the first nor the last time that a prophet, denied honour in his own country, has taken refuge in Paris. Paris, if the City of Pleasure, has also, since the days of Voltaire, been the City of Enlightenment. A year or two in the Faubourg St. Honoré, wrote Diderot in his article on "Prussia" in the *Encyclopedia*, would have improved Frederick the Great's literary style. And we have had ample evidence of late that the Prussians are not quite content with Berlin.

At first Mesmer's encouragement was but slight; he found more people ready to laugh than to patronize him. But like most pioneers, he had unbounded confidence in himself and a perseverance which was only the more stimulated by the more difficulties he encountered. A turning-point in his career came when M. D'Eslon, a physician of great reputation and high moral courage, befriended him. From that time animal magnetism or "mesmerism" became "the rage." He hired a sumptuous house and furnished it well. Richly-stained glass mellowed the light in his spacious saloons; orange blossom scented the air; rare urns, in which exotic incense burned, stood on the chimney-pieces; the sound of the harp and of the human voice frequently made music through the silent chambers. No doubt M. Mesmer knew his Parisians. And there were not wanting scoffers who pointed to all these allurements as a sign that Mesmer had nothing beyond music and orange blossom to dispense. But he can hardly be blamed for making his house as attractive for his patients as he could. Our own specialists of Harley Street might learn something from him in this respect. Darkness, dust and a tattered back-number of *Punch* are poor substitutes for well-ventilated, well-furnished rooms, music and the fragrance of flowers.

The following was the mode of operation:—In the centre of the saloon was placed an oval vessel, about four feet in its longest diameter, and one foot deep. In this were laid a number of wine bottles filled with magnetized water, well corked-up, and disposed

in radii, with their necks outwards. Water was then poured into the vessel so as just to cover the bottles, and filings of iron were thrown in occasionally to heighten the magnetic effect. The vessel was then covered with an iron cover, pierced through with many holes, and was called the baquet. From each hole issued a long movable iron rod which the patients were to apply to such parts of their bodies as were afflicted. Around this baquet the patients were directed to sit, holding each other by the hand to facilitate the passage of the magnetic fluid from one to the other. During the treatment assistant magnetizers came in who made passes and applied gentle massage to the patients.

Bailly, the historian of astronomy, thus describes the scenes of which he was a witness. "The sick persons, arranged in great numbers and in several rows around the baquet, receive the magnetism by all these means; by the iron rods which convey it to them from the baquet—by the cords wound round their bodies—by the connection of the thumb which conveys to them the magnetism of their neighbours—and by the sounds of a piano-forte, or of an agreeable voice, diffusing the magnetism in the air. The patients were also directly magnetized by means of the finger and wand of the magnetizer moved slowly before their faces, above or behind their heads, and on the diseased parts, always observing the direction of the holes. The magnetizer acts by fixing his eyes on them. But above all they are magnetized by the application of his hands and the pressure of his fingers on the hyperchondres and on the regions of the abdomen; an application often continued for a long time—sometimes for several hours.

"Meanwhile the patients present a very varied picture. Some are calm, tranquil, and experience no effect. Others cough, spit, feel slight pains, local or general heat, and have sweatings. Others again are agitated and tormented with convulsions. These convulsions are remarkable in regard to the number affected by them, to their duration and force. As soon as one begins to be convulsed, several others are affected. They are characterized by the precipitous, involuntary motion of all the limbs, and of the whole body; by the contraction of the throat—by the leaping motion of the hypochondria and the epigastrium—by the dimness and wandering of the eyes—by piercing shrieks, tears, sobbing and immoderate laughter. They are preceded or followed by a state of languor or reverie, a kind of depression or drowsiness. The smallest sudden noise occasions a shuddering; it was remarked that the change of measure in the airs played on the

pianoforte had a great influence on the patients. A quicker motion, a livelier melody, agitated them more, and renewed the vivacity of their convulsions.

"Nothing is more astonishing than the spectacle of these convulsions. One who has not seen them can form no idea of them. The spectator is as much astonished at the profound repose of one portion of the patients as at the agitation of the rest—at the various accidents which are repeated, and at the sympathies which are exhibited. . . . All are under the power of the magnetizer ; it matters not in what state of drowsiness they may be, the sound of his voice, a look, a motion of his hand—brings them out of it."

Relying on the good offices of Marie Antoinette, Mesmer applied for a pension from the Government in order that he might carry on his experiments without hindrance. He was offered a pension of twenty thousand francs and the Order of St. Michael if he would communicate his discovery to physicians nominated by the King. The doctors had played their cards well. Mesmer very naturally refused such an offer and retired to Spa. And immediately on his departure the Faculty of Medicine called upon M. D'Eslon to renounce the doctrine of animal magnetism or be expelled from their body. M. D'Eslon refused to recant and a commission of the Faculty of Medicine was appointed on March 12, 1784, to inquire into Mesmer's claims. As was to be expected, their report was unfavourable, and Mesmer retired to his own country, where he died in 1815.

Mesmer's hypothesis of animal magnetism has not, until recently, been looked upon with much favour. A better knowledge of the working of the subliminal consciousness led investigators to adopt the view that the phenomena he obtained were the result of suggestion. Some such belief appears to have been in the minds of the commissioners when they published their adverse report of his claims. "The manipulations, passes and ceremonies never produce any effect," they asserted, "if applied without the patient's knowledge." But their chief motive in making such an assertion would appear to have been to throw discredit on Mesmer's theory of animal magnetism. For the suggestion theory had not been mooted in their day. And the only conclusion they arrived at was "that imagination did, and animal magnetism did not, account for the phenomena." Very wisely they refrained from defining what they meant by the vague term "imagination." Against this finding of the commission we have Mesmer's own assertion that he had rendered various substances "magnetic" by

his touch. And that he had "charged jars with magnetic matter in the same way as is done with electricity."

Some of Dr. Boirac's experiments would appear to lend weight to Mesmer's theory. He describes how he placed a glass of water in the hands of a hypnotized subject. And how, when the glass was taken away and removed to a distance of several yards, all contact—pinching, pricking, etc., whether in the water or a few inches above it, were immediately felt by the subject. It is hard to see how this is to be explained except on some such theory as Mesmer's of the externalization of magnetic fluid.

Mesmer's is still a name that is spoken against. But after making due allowances for a nature somewhat too sanguine and enthusiastic, the fact remains that he was a resolute and indefatigable pioneer. He gave vivid demonstration of all those baffling phenomena which come under the head of hypnotic, magnetic and mesmeric influence. And whatever may be the final hypothesis adopted to account for these phenomena, it cannot be denied that Mesmer was one of the most powerful hypnotists, or (as he would have expressed it) magnetizers, which history records.

THE HEART, IN MYSTICISM AND MAGIC

BY BERNARD FIELDING

THE heart-shaped locket is among the favourite luck-charms and love-tokens of to-day ; and the popularity of medallions and pictures representing the Sacred Heart, in its aureole of flame-like rays, is not confined to Catholic devotees. Indeed, the heart would seem to be one of those persistent "types and shadows" of the Supernatural which, originating in the morning of the world, have not yet "had their ending." Science, it is true, has modified our views of its actual emotional functions ; but the mysterious "wave of life" that can be heard ebbing and flowing, rising and falling, in our breasts, and responding so faithfully to the transports of pity and terror, hope and joy, cannot but seem akin to emotions, and aware of their source and end.

This mystic importance of the heart is very ancient. It links up with the occult lore of all the ages. It is as old as the making of the heart itself. To that half-bestial, half-mystical creature, primitive man, the heart stood for the whole personality, the inmost ego, of its owner, the dwelling-place of his soul.

Witness that terrific sacrament of the heart-eating ! The tearing out and consuming of the heart of the slain foeman meant far more than a mere material triumph, an insulting exultation, over the dead man. It meant the attainment of his strength ; the reception into oneself of all those qualities which once had enabled him to rise against one and do one hurt ; but which, incorporated into oneself, would be friendly, not hostile ; furtherers, not hinderers, of one's own heart's desires.

In like manner, the tribesmen, who hunted and slew the lion, contended eagerly for possession of the heart of their prey. The eating of it conferred a mystic virtue, making the eater courageous beyond the human limit, tirelessly strong as the kingly beast—a veritable *Cœur de Lion*.

More curious yet was the belief, illustrated by so many savage folk-tales, of the power of the heart to create life. The pregnancy of a woman of the tribe might be ascribed to the eating by her of a dead man's heart ; and her child would rank as the child of the dead !

Such were the workings of the primitive mind—at once crudely

materialistic and strangely mystical. To it, the heart was a thing of magic, to be conjured with.*

In the ancient religions, the heart gained an allegorical importance ; and, as in Egyptian eschatology, had a striking part to play, as the symbol of the soul and conscience, the responsible part of man. In the Other World, in the Hall of the Double Judgment, and the dread presence of Osiris, the heart was cast into the mystic scales, and weighed against the symbolic Feather which (curiously enough, as it seems to us!) represented *Maat*, or ideal Righteousness.

If the heart showed itself of that spiritual " featherweight," well and good ! But if it proved lighter, a hideous monster like the carved " mouth of hell " † in the mediæval churches waited to devour it, and as the prey of this *Am-mit*, or Eater of the Dead, it passed into the Outer Darkness.

In this gruesome parable, the heart is conceived of as the receptacle of the dead man's life-record of virtues and vices, triumphs and failings. It is the sum-total of his deeds and wishes ; a kind of spiritual " wallet " in which, all his life, he has been putting " alms "—not, indeed, " for Oblivion," but for Avenging Remembrance ! Happy were those who could " keep it," as the old Hebrew singer said, " with all diligence," clean and pure to the last !

But side by side with this high ethical idea persisted the thought of the magical properties of the heart ; of its power to confer the life of which it was the emblem. Naïve popular belief extended this mystical power to all representations of the heart ; as well as to natural objects which resembled it in shape ; which would, by consequence, be the probable seat, or shrine, of the Spirit of Life.

Heart-shaped amulets to protect and animate the heart were popular in Ancient Egypt ; and, since Egypt was a land where the dead were of as great importance as the living, and as much in need of care, many such amulets would be buried along with the mummy ; fastened over the heart, or in the place where, if not removed from the body for separate embalment, the heart would have been.

* " A thing of magic to be conjured with." As we see it, of course, in mediæval folk-medicine and witchcraft ; in the offering at shrines of a waxen heart to heal a broken one ; the thrusting of pins into the model of a heart to wound the enemy's, and so on.

† " Like the carved mouth of hell." Rather more elaborate a horror, perhaps ! " Part crocodile, part lion, part hippopotamus."

We know that the sacred scarab or sun-beetle was a famous heart-amulet. Dedicated to the Sun-God, and, through its habit of rolling refuse into a spherical, world-like shape, an emblem of creative power, it was, naturally, associated with the giving of life, and the destroying of death. But it is probable that its somewhat cordate body added to its title to sanctity. At any rate, we know that on the stone heart and the stone scarab the same invocations or words of power were inscribed. They were regarded as substantially the same thing, and as serving the same amuletic purpose.

The *Book of the I ead* devotes several chapters to the safeguarding of the dead man's heart. There was one peculiar danger that, on the last strange Journey, threatened the righteous rather than the wicked! The precious depository of the dead man's good deeds, the clean heart that would show his clean record, and bear witness for his defence in the Hall of Judgment, must, of necessity, be a cause of envy to such of his fellow-travellers as were less well-equipped! So the righteous man might fall among thieves; and, coming to the end of his journey, find his heart stolen from him! The amulets with their *hekau*, or power-words, were designed to outwit these ghostly pick-pockets, as well as for more general purposes of guarding and invigorating!

The sight of them, too, might have been regarded as influencing the Gods themselves in the dead man's favour, as indicating the care with which he had prepared himself for the last ordeal; the importance which he attached to the heart's safety.

If whatever suggested the presence of a heart suggested also the presence of life, and was of happy omen, its absence was, conversely, a symbol of lifelessness, and of grave ill luck.

We know what occult importance the heart possessed, in the sacrifices of Greece and Rome; and the supernatural terror that smote the sacrificer if, when examining the entrails, he "could not find a heart within the beast." To judge by certain classical legends, this was a not infrequent happening.

The Greek tragedian was familiar with the force of it; and employed it as one of the heralds and portents of catastrophe—a sinister hint that his audience could not fail to understand. For the lifeless, heartless offering was not only an insult to the Gods; it was a prophecy of doom from them, to the luckless offerer; a dark token of that strange wrath of theirs, which, in the old tragedies, seems often so insensate and inscrutable.

With a child-like naïveté, the sacrificer would often have the

heart of the slain victim carried before it, to give the semblance and suggestion of life, and to be made a separate sacrifice. Who had the heart had everything! All life was symbolized there! The Gods "looked on the heart."

In Old Arabia, too, the heart was bound up with the soul, whose home or shrine it was and with which it abode in mystic union. Quitting the body at death, this essential heart-soul was thought to escape through the lips. It was the *true heart* that sighed its way forth. Only the empty heart-shell was left behind. We seem to have a curious relic of this idea in our common English phrase for expressing a terror like that of death: "*My heart was in my mouth!*" What is meant is obviously not a physical alteration in the place of the heart; but the threat of dissolution conveyed by the setting-forth of the heart-soul on its last upward journey.

It may be that much of the English heart-lore came by way of such Arabian traditions, which the returning Crusaders carried back to England.

In mediæval Christendom, at least, the heart meant well-nigh as much as in ancient religion and magic. There grew up the custom of heart-bequests, and heart-burials, of laying the heart apart from the less important body, in some "soul's home," some plot of heart's desire. Great folk, like Robert Bruce and Edward I, would leave instructions for their hearts to be borne to the Holy Land, to mingle with the soil that had been pressed by the Blessed Feet; others, aiming less high, sought some holy land of their own shores—before the altar of some favourite church, under the stone whereon the chantry priest would stand to say the chantry-mass.

Catholic tradition and Christian thought make this idea very beautiful and readily comprehensible. But we do it no wrong if we look a little further back, through its religious inspiration, to its origin in darker and more savage thoughts of the heart as the dead man's all, and of the peculiar need to safeguard it from Other-Worldly perils! Prowling evil spirits, ghostly heart-eaters and heart-stealers, could have no power over it on such holyground. The blaze of the altar-candles, the smoke of the incense, the voice of the priest (to say nothing of the sovereign virtue of the soil where Christ had trod!) would, certainly, suffice to drive the boldest of them away.

As is well known, the Catholic Church has her cult, or special Devotion, to the human Heart of Our Lord; to which she dedicates the month of June, with its flaming suns and flame-red roses;

and which has inspired the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of some of the noblest of her children.

Again we do this beautiful Devotion no wrong if we remember how ancient are the thoughts on which it has put its sanctifying seal; how deep its roots are set in the primitive world's soil.

The identification of the heart with the personality, its life-giving powers, even when wounded to the death, its talismanic virtues, so great as to be transferred into its mere semblance on trinket or in picture—all these ideas are there! And the familiar Figure of the God-Man, pointing to His open breast, and to the flaming symbol of love that shows within it, touches a responsive chord, wakes many an atavistic memory.

"Heart" is one of the words that the natural and supernatural languages have in common! The "wave of life" that we hear ebbing and flowing, rising and falling, is a wave of that mysterious Infinite Sea, from which it first came, and to which it must ultimately return.

OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE OF PRECIOUS STONES

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

THROUGHOUT the history of mankind there has always been the belief that precious stones contain occult powers—though to-day this curious superstition finds credence amongst very few. The ancient Jews were particularly credulous in this respect. The twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus tells us in what symbolical reverence the Israelites held precious stones. The oriental magicians (or magi) believed that the gems on the breastplate of the Mosaic high priest—known as the Urim and Thummin—contained inherent virtues by which miraculous discoveries were made and the future foretold, and they formulated a magical system on the knowledge of the occult properties of gems.

It was considered that when the anger of the Lord was kindled a strange darkness clouded over the brilliancy of the stones, but when the Deity was pleased with the people, the stones of the sacred breastplate gleamed with additional lustre.

Josephus mentions in his *Antiquities of the Jews* (Book III, chap. viii.) that during the sacrifices, one of the precious stones (a large Sardonyx) which adorned the right shoulder of the High Priest, became suffused with a wonderful light if the Lord was present, and threw out bright rays which darted hither and thither—a splendour quite unnatural to the stone in its normal condition—and thus all could tell when the Glory of the Divine Being was in their midst. The breastplate also served as an oracle by which the Deity declared beforehand whether his people would be victorious in battle. The gems always shining brilliantly before the army set out was a sign that God was with them and victory would be theirs. Josephus states that the breastplate ceased to shine eventually because God was displeased at the transgressions of His laws.

There is a legend that the names of the twelve tribes were engraven upon the precious stones of the breastplate by Moses, who used a liquid of great potency which could dissolve the hardest substances.

The twelve apostles have been by some identified with precious

stones, as also the twelve months of the year. These correspondences have been given as follows:—

Sapphire, St. Andrew; Jasper, St. Peter; Emerald, St. John; Chrysolite, St. Matthew; Beryl, St. Thomas; Chalcedony, St. James; Carnelian, St. Bartholomew; Hyacinth, St. Simeon; Amethyst, St. Matthias; Topaz, St. James the Less; Chrysoprase, St. Thaddeus; Sardonyx, St. Philip.

The months are represented thus:—

January, Hyacinth; February, Amethyst; March, Jasper; April, Sapphire; May, Agate; June, Emerald; July, Onyx; August, Carnelian; September, Chrysalite; October, Beryl; November, Topaz; December, Ruby. The diamond strangely enough is not mentioned in either list.

It is said that the virtue and internal strength of the Topaz increase and decrease with the moonlight. A topaz presented by Theodoric Count of Holland to a monastery, gave out so bright a light that it was possible to read prayers in the chapel without any other light, when the stone was placed over the print.

The Romans believed that if a diamond was fastened on the left arm so as to be in contact with the flesh, it put into the heart great courage and daring and rendered its wearer quite fearless. Pliny taught that the diamond was an antidote to poison, cured madness and melancholia, and gave courage. Mary Queen of Scots kept a diamond ring as a protection against all danger, especially that of poison.

There is, however, another belief that the diamond is the most potent of poisons. Sir John Mandeville in referring to the occult powers of the diamond states:—

“And if you wish to know the virtues of the diamond, I shall tell you as they beyond the sea say and affirm from whom all science and philosophy comes. He who carries the diamond upon him; it gives him much hardiness and manhood, and it keeps the limbs of his body whole. It gives him victory over his enemies in court and in war, provided that his cause be just, and it keeps him that bears it in good wit; and it keeps him from strife and riot, from sorrows and enchantments, and the power of evil spirits. The diamond should be given freely without coveting or buying, and then it is of a greater virtue, as it makes a man stronger against his enemies, and heals him that is a lunatic, and those who are ‘possessed.’ If venom or poison be brought into the presence of the diamond, anon it begins to grow moist and sweat. The good diamond loses its virtue by sin, and for incontinence of him who bears it, and then it is needful to make it

recover its virtue again, else it is of little value as a talisman."

There used to be a wonderful diamond in the island of Borneo belonging to one of the native princes, which had the power of curing all diseases. This diamond was placed in a silver bowl containing water, and those who drank from this bowl were healed of their infirmities. The Governor of Batavia was very anxious to obtain this stone, and offered fabulous sums for it, but nothing would induce the Rajah to part with it. Not only did the Malays believe implicitly in its curative powers, but they considered that the safety and welfare of their dynasty depended on its permanent possession. Another valuable diamond which had superstitions connected with it, is the famous Koh-i-noor, which came into the possession of the Royal House of England when Lord Dalhousie presented it to Queen Victoria. (Some people who understand occult matters, consider that England would have been better without it.) Before Queen Victoria had the gem it was owned by the East India Company, who parted with it in the year 1850, the previous possessor being an Indian Maharajah who died in England, as a private gentleman, after many misfortunes. The Brahmins always believed that the stone possessed occult powers of a malignant nature which brought misfortune to those who owned it. After its introduction into England there came the Russian war which caused this country so much harm; and then the Indian Mutiny followed. Its malevolent influence was traced by the Hindus ever since it came into the Delhi treasury after the conquest of Malwa in 1304. Its successive possessors all came to grief and ruin ultimately. The Pathan empire, the great Mogul empire, the Nadir, Dooranee and Sikh dynasties all fell in turn when the rulers of each possessed the Koh-i-noor.

The famous Runjeet Singh—the Lion of Lahore—one of the greatest jewel collectors of the Indian princes—into whose possession the stone passed, being convinced of its mystic properties, bequeathed it to the shrine of Juggernaut in a vain attempt to avert its unfortunate influence on his race. His successors, however, would not give it up, and ruin and destruction overcame them, the last Maharajah losing everything and being obliged to leave his country for England, where he lived in comparative obscurity.

On the other hand, a great many of the natives of India regarded the transfer of the Koh-i-noor as very unfortunate to themselves, as they considered the stone as a sort of national mascot. In a curious old work published in 1584, entitled *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, the author, Reginald Scot, states:—

"Various magicians affirme that precious stones receive their virtues altogether of the planets and heavenlie bodies, and have not onelie the verie operation of the planets, but sometimes the verie images and impressions of the starres naturalie engrafted in them, and otherwise ought always have graven upon them the similitudes of such monsters, beasts and other devices (the signs of the zodiac ?) as they imagine to be both internallie in operation and externallie in view, expressed in the planets. . . . The desires of the mind are consonant with the nature of the stones which must also be set in rings, and upon foiles of such metals as have affinitie with those stones, through the operation of the planets whereunto they are addicted, whereby they may gather the greater force of their working. As for example, they make the images of Saturn in lead, of Sol in gold, and of Luna in silver."

Vicentius, making mention of the *jasper* stone, states that some *jasper* stones are found having in them "the livelie image of a naturall man, with a sheeld at his necke and a speare in his hand, and under his feete a serpent"; which stones so marked are to be preferred to all others because they are antidotes and remedies for poison. There are other *jasper* stones to be found figured and marked "with the forme of a man bearing on his necke a bundle of hearbes and flowers," and these have the power of staunching blood and healing wounds at the moment they are applied to the skin. According to the same writer, the *diamond* restrains fury and luxury, and aids abstinence and chastity.

The *ruby* is most comfortable to the heart, brain and nerves of man, it cleanses the blood and clears the complexion.

The *emerald* is an enemy to uncleanness of every kind. The *sapphire* preserves and increases courage, gives joy to the heart, enhances the enjoyment of the senses and the "joy of life," and is excellent for the eyes, preserving and strengthening the sight. A similar power is ascribed to the *turquoise*, which also is "a cheerer of the soul," and averts any painful consequences from a fall. Van Helmont tells us that "Whoever wears a turquoise so that it, or its gold setting, touches the skin, may fall from any height, and the stone attracts to itself the whole force of the blow, so that it cracks and the wearer is safe."

The turquoise loses colour with its wearer's health—that is, it grows paler—and at the person's death loses its colour entirely, and only recovers it when placed on the finger of a person in good health.

De Boot states that a turquoise when suspended by a string

within a glass will tell the time by striking the number of the hour against the sides.

The *ruby* when bruised in water will prove efficacious in any optical ailments, and is excellent for liver complaints.

The *agate* when powdered and mixed with water is an antidote for snake bites. The ancient Greeks and Romans were well aware of the medicinal properties of the agate, and used it as a talisman. Archbishop Parker presented Queen Elizabeth with a wonderful agate, and an account of its magical powers inscribed on parchment.

Green *jasper* stone is good for affections of the chest, if tied upon it, and is also efficacious in staunching blood. In an inventory of jewels left by George, Earl Marischal, to James VI of Scotland in the year 1622, is a talismanic gem tabulated as "Ane jaspe stane for stemming of bluid."

The *amethyst* is said to be useful in preventing inebriety, and curing too great a liking for alcoholic beverages. The ancient Greeks and Romans believed that it imparted vigilance and expertness in business, made soldiers successful in war, and was helpful in the taming and capture of birds and animals.

The *beryl* was used, like the "magic crystal," for the practice of clairvoyance,

Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, states that: "A *beryl* is a kind of crystal that has a weak tincture of red. In this the magicians can see visions. There are certain formulæ of prayer to be used before they make the inspection, or 'call.' James Harrington told me that the Earl of Denbigh did see several times in a *beryl* things past and to come which proved correct."

Reginald Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, gives an account of the consecration of *beryls* (or crystals) for the purpose of "seeing visions." The crystal was set apart in a little sanctuary and "charged" with psychic force by a magician or seer, and then no one was allowed to touch or go near it. The *beryl* was consecrated to St. Helen, and as a preliminary to seeing in it, a cross would be drawn on the crystal in olive oil, and beneath it the saint's name written in the same manner.

The seer would then kneel facing the East, and offer up a prayer for guidance and protection. A little child, the symbol of innocence, would take the crystal in its hands and stand in front of the seer so that the operator's eyes would be on a level with the stone, and a prayer would then be made to St. Helen that a vision might be shown in the crystal which would inform him concerning the matter he had at heart. Sometimes, it is stated, the saint

herself appeared in the crystal and answered the questions. Sun-rise was considered the best time for crystal-gazing. Dr. Dee's celebrated crystal is still to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. In olden times superstitious persons used to suspend pieces of crystal around their necks at night to keep off bad dreams and dispel the evil machinations of witches.

The *bloodstone* has always been considered helpful in healing wounds and stopping the flow of blood. The stone must be moistened in cold water, and applied by the right hand of the person injured, to the affected part, and from time to time dipped again in the cold water. The Indians always used the bloodstone for bleeding from wounds. An ancient book translated from the Spanish in 1574 gives an account of "the stone of great virtue called the stone of the blood. The bloodstone is a kind of jasper of divers colours, somewhat dark, full of sprinkles like to blood being of colour red, of the which stones the Indians dooth make certayne hartes. The use thereof is for all fluxe of blood and of wounds, and in this they have great trust for that the effect hath been seen manye tymes."

The *jacinth* is said to dispel fever, cure dropsy, strengthen weak eyes, expel evil fancies, and make a person thrifty, victorious, powerful and genial.

The *moonstone* was considered sacred in mediæval times. Its yellow lustre on a colourless ground is said to contain an image of the moon, which waxes or wanes at the same periods as the moon.

Though the *opal* is generally considered an unlucky stone to-day, it was not always so, for in the Middle Ages the opal was thought to bring good fortune, and great virtues were ascribed to this beautiful gem. In Russia the opal is considered very unlucky, as being an embodiment of the evil eye, and very few Russians would keep these gems in their houses—much less wear them. Pearls, from the earliest ages, have always had occult properties ascribed to them.

When powdered and mixed with milk, they were considered an excellent remedy for fevers and other ailments. Pearls dissolved in alcohol and taken in wine were a beauty specific amongst the women of ancient Greece. The ancient Romans wore pearls as amulets. In dream-lore pearls have always been symbolical of tears, and to dream of these gems is unfortunate, signifying bereavement, loss, or ruin.

Precious stones are symbolical of beauty, spirituality, power,

excellence and grandeur. In the vision of St. John there is a description of the "City of God," which represents the gates being of pearl, "and the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was of pure gold like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, a sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst." The only adequate conception in human words of so splendid a scene is thus conveyed by precious stones. Bacon in his *Sylva Sylvarum* tells us that "There are many things that operate upon the spirits of man by secret sympathy and antipathy. That precious stones have virtues in the wearing has been anciently and generally received, and they are said to produce several effects. So much is true that gems have fine spirits, as appears by their splendour, and therefore may operate by consent on the spirits of men to strengthen and exhilarate them. The best stones for this purpose are the *diamond*, the *emerald*, the *hyacinth*, and the *yellow topaz*. As for their particular properties no credit can be given them, but it is manifest that light, above all things, rejoices the spirits of men; and probably varied light has the same effect, with greater novelty; which may be one cause why precious stones exhilarate."

This opinion of the great philosopher's would meet with acceptance and approval by those who would not be willing to go so far as to ascribe *occult* properties to precious stones, but the mystic who has studied the occult side of the matter may take the view that there is more truth in the specific qualities ascribed to the various stones than Bacon was willing to admit.

Some gems have been notable for the ill fortune which they bring their owners. The Hope diamond is a well known instance of this fatality. This famous brilliant, which has been associated with several tragedies and disasters (the details of which are too well known to bear repetition) has lately claimed another victim in the son and heir of its American possessor, whose tragic death was recently recorded in the papers.

TRANSCENDENTAL ALCHEMY *

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.(Lond.), F.C.S.

WELL has it been said that "the proper study of mankind is man," and the study of man means first and foremost, I suggest, the study of man's ideals and aspirations, his convictions and beliefs, the ever-persistent struggle of his intellect with experience—its victories and its defeats. On that ground alone I have based, and continue to base, an appeal for the more systematic study, in a spirit at once sympathetic and critical, of the whole curious heritage of thought that the past has bequeathed to the present under the title of "Occult Philosophy." But there are other reasons, and I would add a few further words concerning these, more especially in their application to that branch of occult philosophy termed "Alchemy." The mind seems always to be fascinated by mystery, and I do not think there is any subject surrounded by mystery quite so completely as Alchemy. Its very nature—its subject-matter and the object it had in view—is a controverted question. Its texts are written in hieroglyphics, and their authors are for the most part mysterious personages, elusive shadows which loom large, but escape the grasp of the would-be biographer. But I do not tender this attractiveness as a reason for study, because it would seem to me to be a somewhat superficial one. The reasons which count with me, over and above the one already stated, are two. In the first place, we have the fact, as fact I deem it to be,† that modern research has demonstrated that, in spite of all their follies and mistakes (which I do not want to gloss over), the alchemical philosophers did grasp—in a strange intuitive way, and certainly not in the precise manner of modern science—certain primary concepts concerning the universe of the greatest value and

* *The Works of Thomas Vaughan : Eugenius Philalethes.* Edited, Annotated and Introduced by Arthur Edward Waite, 8½ in. × 5½ in., pp. i plate + li. + 498. Prepared for the Library Committee of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales, and issued by the Theosophical Publishing House, 1 Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C. 1. Price 21s. net. (Apart from the intrinsic interest of the book, I should like to add that it is a beautiful specimen of the printers' and bookbinders' arts.)

† See my *Alchemy : Ancient and Modern* (1911).

importance. And in the second place, we have in alchemical literature certain flashes (shall I say) of a light which transcends the light of nature, certain intimations—vague, indefinite, it may be—of an experiment and an experience not of the world of minerals and metals, but of the soul.

This is an intellectually-intolerant age. We too rashly assume that there is only one engine of thought, only one conceptual structure—though it is a modern philosopher who has proved otherwise *—that will enable us effectively to explore the world of experience; and we are in consequence too apt to label as “mere superstition” whatever does not concur with current conviction. I wonder, sometimes, how many of our present most dearly cherished convictions the twenty-first century will denominate “superstition.” I am certainly not a reactionary. I do not want thought to go back, but ever to travel onwards. But no earnest seeker after truth can afford to neglect any opportunity or to pass by any intimation. The world may have gained much in, say, the last hundred or two hundred years—it may have lost only a little. But even this little is worth rescuing.

I have referred to the fact that there is a difference of opinion concerning the very nature of Alchemy itself. There are those who regard it as having been a foolish and fantastic effort for material wealth, whilst, on the other hand, there is a school which puts forward and defends the view that Alchemy had nothing whatever to do with metals, but was a spiritual science or art concerned only with the soul of man. Both are partial and hence erroneous views; and it is only when we see in Alchemy an attempted philosophy which took the whole universe for its province that we can begin to understand it aright. The one thing that is not mysterious in Alchemy is its first principle—the belief that is its *raison d'être*. Thomas Vaughan, the Welsh alchemist who wrote under the pseudonym of “Eugenius Philalethes,” † put it in these words:—“When I seriously consider the system or fabric of this world I find it to be a certain series, a link or chain which is extended from unconditioned to unconditioned, from that which is beneath all apprehension to that which is above all apprehension.” ‡ The emerald Tablet attributed to Hermes Trismegistos has it more plainly: “What is below is like

* See H. Poincaré: *Science and Hypothesis* (1905.)

† No longer to be confused with “Eireneus Philalethes,” the anonymous adept who wrote the celebrated treatise entitled *An Open Entrance to the Closed Palace of the King*.

‡ *Lumen de Lumine*, § iii.

that which is above, and what is above is like that which is below, to accomplish the miracle of The One Thing." This was the belief fundamental to Alchemy—its working-hypothesis as we should now say—which led to a system of deductive physics, in which the chemical reactions of metals and other bodies were sought to be explained by analogies drawn from the realm of theology, and speculations indulged in concerning chemical possibilities (such as the transmutation of metals) derived from the same source.

But we should hardly expect every alchemist to entertain exactly the same ideas concerning his subject or to view it from the same standpoint. There are to be found in the history of Alchemy, alchemists of all sorts: there were charlatans and there were fools; there were men who knew nothing of the high origins of alchemical philosophy, but saw in it (to their own detriment) an easy method of acquiring wealth. There were, on the other hand, included in the ranks of the alchemists some of the best minds of the past, Roger Bacon for example—and I would name Paracelsus also, in spite of those who deny his title to greatness—earnest men, seekers after truth. There were alchemists more concerned with the purely physical side of their subject, men who in some cases made useful chemical discoveries (Glauber is a good example); others whose main interest was metaphysical or speculative. I call these latter transcendental alchemists.

Now it is obvious that if the theories and technical terms of Alchemy arose out of an attempt to explain nature's phenomena by analogy with supernature, these theories and technical terms might in their turn be utilized as a means whereby to discuss psychological processes occurring in the soul of man. To show that they were so utilized one has only to turn to the works of Jacob Boehme. Vaughan, whom I have already mentioned, must also be reckoned an alchemist after this transcendental order. It is true that he attempted—in a rather haphazard manner, if one may judge from his MS. notes—to apply his metaphysical theories occasionally to the problem of metallic transmutation; and it is recorded that he met with his death as the result of an accident occurring during one such experiment. But it was the metaphysical—the transcendental—side of the subject which always interested him most, and it is this which forms the greater portion of the subject matter of his writings. In one place, indeed, he goes so far as to write, "For Alchemy—in the common-acceptation, and as it is a torture of metals—I did never believe: much less did I study it." This, perhaps, is an exaggeration:

but it indicates the bent of his mind. Nor is that which follows devoid of truth : " On this point, my books—being perused—will give thee evidence ; for there I refer thee to a subject that is universal, that is the foundation of all Nature, that is the matter whereof all things are made, and wherewith being made are nourished."* The reader who wishes to probe the secret of metallic transmutation will not, I think, find much to his purpose in Vaughan, but he who is in search of those intimations which I have referred to above may meet with a different reward. Vaughan's works are not such as " he who runs may read " ; but that is not to say they are not worth the trouble of reading. Indeed, to those who are not of that company which considers Mysticism foolishness, I would almost write of Vaughan as an indispensable author.

Apart from the other difficulties inherent in the study of alchemical philosophy to the modern student, there is the difficulty of obtaining the texts. The originals are in all cases extremely rare. Vaughan is no exception to this rule, but during the last twenty years or so, something has been done to make his works accessible. In 1888 Mr. A. E. Waite edited four of his treatises under the title of *The Magical Writings of Thomas Vaughan*, and more recently (1910) has edited his *Lumen de Lumine*, whilst *Euphrates* was included in the " *Collectanea Hermetica*," edited by Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, and was published in 1896. All these volumes, I believe, are now out of print, so that a collected edition of his works which has just been issued under the editorship of Mr. Waite is especially welcome. I do not know how students of occult and mystical philosophy would fare at all were it not for Mr. Waite's indefatigable labours. Their debt to him, as measured by the number of essential reprints for which he is responsible, is a large one ; and they have not only to thank him for this, but for guidance as well. The present volume, in addition to a Biographical Preface and Introduction by Mr. Waite, contains a very large number of annotations in the form of footnotes, which are particularly useful. It is good that those who have gone before should guide with their lamp of learning those who come behind. Only thus will the labyrinth of Alchemy be traversed and the discovery of its heart of truth be achieved.

* *Euphrates*. For a useful study of Vaughan's doctrine of the First Matter see an essay on this subject by the late Sijil Abdul-Ali in Part X of *The Journal of the Alchemical Society* (February, 1914).

UNSEEN HELPERS

BY DONALD PERCIVAL

OUR whole outlook on life would be different if once we could realize this, not with lip faith, but deep in our inner consciousness as an absolute, undeniable, ever present *fact*.

Around us and about us, beneath and above is the Divine Mind, helping, sustaining, comforting, healing; in that mind there is no sickness, no poverty, no decrepitude, no loneliness! All these are but creations of our own diseased imaginations quenching the light of our soul, darkening its rays and therefore polluting and withering our body, for as a flower shut away in the dark will lose its colour, fade and fall, so the body, deprived of the light which comes from the soul alone, is marred and useless, worse than useless—a hindrance: the walls of flesh growing thicker and thicker make a barrier between the soul and the spiritual world so that it also slowly decays—action and reaction.

In such a life there can be no beauty, no power, nay, more, there can be no material happiness or safety. Few of us realize how daily we receive from the spiritual world warnings concerning our welfare, our life even; few, very few, think deeply over their own experiences or those of others, draw conclusions and act accordingly; most of us notice them not at all, others are momentarily impressed, then go on with their narrow short-sighted existence . . . and forget. But how unpardonable it is, how utterly foolish! what we neglect on the spiritual plane—experience—is the very basis of our material life; from the very moment we are born we begin making experiences, drawing conclusions and acting accordingly; the whole of our civilization is based on experience, i.e., knowledge of how to use the forces of nature for the furtherance of our comfort, health, wealth, power . . . and yet, notwithstanding that it speaks to us, calls to us, makes itself manifest by signs and wonders, we turn away from the greatest force of all, obstinately ignore it, deny it even to our own undoing!

The brother of a friend of mine, a young French soldier, was twice, within the last year, saved from death and mutilation by spiritual intervention, and yet, though momentarily impressed, his mind registered the facts for a short hour, but they sank no deeper.

This is the story : he was hit in the left hand—badly ; his wound was dressed in a trench ambulance ; the place was crowded, and though he was feverish and in great pain there was no bed for him, no place where he could lie down ; nothing better than a chair could be found, and sitting there he fell into an uneasy doze.

About midnight he awoke suddenly, stood up and declared that he was going back to X fortress to which he belonged. A terrific storm had come on, a raging wind, thunder, lightning and rain in torrents ; under such conditions it would take him at least two hours to reach his destination, and the connecting trenches were under fire . . . the surgeon in attendance thought his patient delirious and tried alternately threats and coaxing—neither were of the slightest avail. " I am going," the boy kept on repeating obstinately, " I must go this minute."

Another soldier who was lying on a stretcher with a wounded leg, stood up and said, " I am going too ! " The surgeon gave up parleying, shrugged his shoulders and let them go.

For three terrible hours, the one helping the other, they struggled along, buffeted by the wind, surrounded by exploding shells, and wading knee deep in water. At last, quite spent, they reached the fortress, and there, to their horror, they heard that the ambulance which had sheltered them had been blown to pieces and not a man left alive. The news had come by telephone, and when it became known that the two patients had left only a few minutes before the explosion, they were pelted with questions : " What made you go ? " " What on earth possessed you to do such a thing in such a plight on a night like this ? " Our friend could only shake his head and repeat monotonously : " I don't know ! something woke me up and a voice said to me ' Go ! go ! go now ! ' "

He alone had heard the warning. Why ? Possibly it had been given to others also and they had not heard—again, why ? This we do not know ; our knowledge on such subjects is as yet absolutely inadequate ; in time God will surely vouchsafe us more knowledge. All we know so far is that by spiritual striving, by clean living, and high thinking, by love and by faith, we draw nearer to the Divine, our ears are opened, our eyes unsealed.

Still, strange to say, in lives that are *not* based on such principles, there are also moments of lucidity, of strange psychical perception, of foresight . . . some one is always speaking on the telephone on the other side and suddenly one of us picks up the

receiver. . . . Why? How? For the fundamental cause that rules these laws we are still fumbling in the dark.

To return to our young soldier. His hand, as I said before, was badly hurt; it would not heal, and he was sent on leave to his mother in the south of France.

There the doctors decreed that the case was hopeless and that the hand must be amputated. A few days before the operation, our soldier heard of a wonderful healer who went the round of hospitals, achieving almost miraculous cures. The boy, who was worn out with pain and sick with despair at the thought of losing his hand, went to him as a forlorn hope, but with little faith. The man removed the bandage, glanced at the torn fibres and tissues, passed his hand lightly over them, then carefully bandaged the hand up again and said to the astounded sufferer: "Don't touch that bandage till to-morrow morning; then take it off and if necessary come to me again."

The boy walked out disgusted, miserably disappointed and thoroughly mortified: "What a fool I have made of myself!" was his prevailing thought. In the evening, he suddenly realized that for the first time since he had been wounded, he was not suffering pain; the relief was exquisite, but he did not think of connecting it with the healer. The next morning, after a most refreshing sleep, he again found that his hand was quite painless; he removed the bandage, and—incredible as it may seem it is nevertheless a fact—the hand was healed! The torn fibres and lacerated flesh were whole! The hand was of course badly disfigured, but otherwise it was perfectly sound, and the next day our patient, who was an excellent musician, could again play the piano!

Since then, he has returned to the front, and has come through the last year of the war, scatheless.

At first his astonishment and gratitude were boundless, then, little by little . . . he forgot. To-day, when you question him, he looks at his hand and says: "Yes! it was very wonderful," and thinks no more about it. How long shall we be only dumb instruments vibrating one moment to the touch of the divine, then subsiding again into silence! The chords of our soul, once touched, should never cease their vibration, rising into music, swelling into harmony, the great universal harmony—the music of the spheres—the harmony that links man to all men, all men to all souls, higher, ever higher, till at last it links man to God, and then . . . then there is no loneliness, no pain, no sorrow and no death!

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT CHALDÆA

By HENRY J. NASH, Ph.D., etc.

THE mythology of ancient Chaldæa is so intimately connected with that of ancient Egypt that we cannot well consider the mythological system of ancient Egypt without discussing that of Chaldæa. As in Egypt, so in Chaldæa, there were populous cities, an advanced state of agriculture and of the industrial and fine arts; celebrated temples had been erected, and these were under the control of an organized system of priests.

The Chaldæan mythology was considerably more complex than that of ancient Egypt: it was both henotheistic and astronomical, and was split up into various subdivisions. Thus we find great gods, minor gods and favourite gods: it is from the Chaldæan mythology that certain of the Old Testament myths have been borrowed; and, upon our regarding the matter from a wider aspect, we learn that the creation of the world, as depicted in Genesis, has been borrowed with various modifications from the more remote Chaldæan sources. It is from Chaldæan mythology that the compilers of the Pentateuch took the legend of the Flood, which was interwoven into the books supposed to be the work of Moses. It was from Chaldæan sources that the Jews derived much of their culture, and it is to these same sources that we must look for an explanation of the early Biblical legends, as it was from Chaldæa that the Hebrews emigrated.

CHALDÆAN GODS AND GODDESSES.

The Chaldæan gods were, from the earliest times, personifications of the forces of nature. They are henotheistic, by which is meant that each deity is supreme in the element presented by it; and we must be careful to note that very erroneous inferences have sprung up amongst modern scholars regarding the worship of One supreme God by these Chaldees. It has been suggested that Chaldæan people were monotheistic, but to assume this solely on account of the fact that their gods were addressed in the most intense language possible cannot be regarded from any other standpoint than that of error. Again, certain deities were considered supreme in their own particular province, in exactly the

same manner as it has been shown that the Egyptian gods were thought to be supreme in their own home. (*Vide* "Egyptian Mythology" in OCCULT REVIEW, June 1913.)

The same theory has to be extended to the guardian god of each person, who at all times when in trouble or beset by danger sought supernatural aid, repairing to priest and temple in order to petition for help.

The whole of the mythology surrounding these gods can be divided into :

1. The trinities of great gods, and
2. Lesser gods.

The trinities which were made up of the great gods were :

1. Anu or Ana.
2. Mull-il.
3. Ea.

1. Anu or Ana was looked upon as being the lord of the starry heavens ; he was the father of the gods, and was the oldest and first born.

2. Mull-il, the second god of this trinity, represented the earth god.

Ea, the third god and last member of this particular trinity, conveyed the idea of the beneficent side of life and the wisdom of the divine intelligence; he was the maintainer of order and harmony, and was looked upon as the friend of man.

The above triad, or trinity, however, in the lapse of time underwent certain modifications owing to various Semitic influences, which had been brought into the country from the East ; and thus we find that Mull-il was eliminated from his place, much in the same manner that to-day the Christian Trinity is very gradually dispensing with the services of the " Holy Ghost." The place of Mull-il was taken by " Bel," who was regarded as being the son of Ea ; he was the personification of activity, and he represented combative energy. These qualities enabled him to carry out the wise designs of his father, Ea, by the simple means of reducing chaos to order, creating the sun and heavenly bodies, subduing evil spirits and killing monsters. The name Bel means " The Lord," and was not infrequently applied to the minor or lesser gods as a title of honour, e.g. Bel Marduk, which is equivalent to the Lord Marduk, who was alleged to be the patron god of Babylon. From the above we learn that " Bel " was associated with the midday sun ; he was represented as being the emblem of a beneficent, but withal terrible power : the enemy of the dragons of darkness and all evil spirits.

The next triad, or trinity, in importance was even more astronomical, and was made up of :

1. Uruk, the moon.
2. Ud, the sun.
3. Mermer, the atmosphere.

These gods, however, were better known by their Semitic translations, thus :

1. Sin in place of Uruk.
2. Samas in place of Ud.
3. Ramman in place of Mermer.

Sin or Uruk was the equivalent of the Egyptian " Isis " and represented the moon ; Samas or Ud was the equivalent of the Egyptian god, Amen Ra, Osiris or Horus, and was represented by the sun ; Ramman or Mermer was the god of the air, rain and tempest—the god of the atmosphere.

The number of gods was considerably increased by giving each a wife, thus : Nana, the earth, was considered to be the wife of Ud, the sun. Belit, or the lady, was the wife of Bel, the midday sun ; she was the feminine principle of maternity and tenderness, while her husband Bel represented the masculine element of nature, viz., courage and strength.

Next in order we come to the planets. These, of course, were essentially astronomical, and consisted of :

1. Nebo.
2. Istar.
3. Nergal.
4. Marduk.
5. Nindar.

The minor god Meridug, or the Biblical equivalent Merodach, is perhaps the most noteworthy, as he represented the idea which five thousand years later became one of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith, the doctrine that imagines a Son of God to act the part of mediator and friend of the human race. Merodach was the son of Ea and Damhina—Ea representing heaven, Damhina representing earth. He was considered to be an emanation from the Supreme Being. He is portrayed upon clay cylinders as applying to his father, Ea, for aid and advice so as to enable him to assist humanity to overcome the trials and burdens of life by the help of spells which would drive away the demons who were imagined to be the direct cause of all illness and misfortune. We thus find that Meridug and Istar, the lovely goddess, were the favoured deities, and occupied identically the same position that Jesus and the Virgin Mary hold in present-day Catholicism. The

other gods were, at best, but local deities, and were attached to separate cities where their respective temples were situated; they occupied a similar position to that of the patron saints which were the boast of nearly every town and cathedral in early times.

We find that the Chaldæans had a collection of psalms analogous to those found in the Todtenbuch or Book of the Dead of the Egyptians. These psalms incorporate the confession of sins, pleadings of ignorance, and petitions for mercy in practically the same words as those used by the "sweet singer of Israel," thus showing a distinct line of similarity between the Chaldæan Psalter and the Hebrew Psalter. One hymn taken from the Penitential Psalms may be defined as a litany: the penitent one spoke five double lines in each, the priest supporting his prayer by adding a couple of lines, thus:

Penitent: "I, thy servant, full of sighs, call thee whosoever is beset with sin, his ardent supplication thou acceptest. If thou lookest on a man with pity, that man liveth. Ruler of all, mistress of mankind, merciful one to whom it is good to turn, who dost receive sighs."

Priest: "When his god and his goddess are wroth with him, he calls on thee. Thy countenance turn on him, take hold of his hand."

Another of the Penitential Psalms was called, "The complaint of the Repentant Heart." In it we find such verses as the following:

1. O my God, my transgressions are very great, very great are my sins. The Lord in his wrath has overwhelmed me with confusion.
2. My God, who knowest that I sinned in ignorance, be merciful to me. My Goddess, who knowest that I sinned in ignorance, be merciful.
3. I eat the food of wrath and drink the waters of anguish.
4. I lie on the ground and none reacheth a hand to me. I am silent and in tears and none taketh me by the hand. I cry out and there is none who heareth me.
5. God, who knowest that I sinned in ignorance in the midst of the stormy waters, take me by the hand; my sins are seven times seven: forgive my sins.

The above beautiful thoughts clearly demonstrate that the fundamental principles of right and wrong do not depend upon the evidence that the decalogue was imprinted upon stone by God's own finger, or upon the fact that the "Sermon on the Mount" has been accurately reported by the synoptists; but all these theological ideas surrounding good and evil are but the

MYTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT CHALDÆA 101

evolvement of the natural instincts of the human mind. Thus we find that all civilized communities who have reached a point of culture have possessed their decalogues and "Sermons on the Mount," and it is impossible for any dispassionate observer to study them without concluding that in substance they are identical, whether their source of origin be from the Chaldæan Penitential Psalms, the Egyptian Todtenbuch, or the Christian Bible.

Again, the Chaldæan creation theory is replete with interest: let us take a glimpse of it. It was slightly different from that of Genesis, and it does not require much perspicuity for us to see a distinct line of analogy between it and the account given in Genesis. The Chaldæan legend opens in a manner similar to that of Genesis. It starts with: "An earth without form or void, and darkness upon the chaotic deep." In each legend the spirit of God—Absu, in the Chaldæan dialect—moves on the face of the waters, and they are gathered together and separated from the land. At this juncture there is a distinct line of demarcation, as in the original legend the great gods were then made: the gods Lakman and Lakmana caused themselves to come forth; the gods Assur and Kesar were made; the gods Anu, Bel and Hea were born. Thus we can follow the manner in which the old Chaldæan myth surrounding the world has been plagiarized in the much later Jewish version of it in Genesis so as to adapt it to monotheistic views.

The appearance of the gods Lakman and Lakmana was a primitive mode of expressing the same idea as that of Genesis by stating that God created the firmament, separating the heaven above and the earth beneath. The gods Assur and Kesar inculcate the same idea as the hosts of heaven and the earth; the god Bel represents the sun; Anu represents the earth; and Hea or Ea represents the underworld.

Lastly, the myth of an infant god born of a virgin mother holds a prominent place in the religious system of ancient Chaldæa, and tends to give some interesting data to work upon in our study of the various religious mythologies.

The manner of its origin dates from the earliest times when the sun rose in the constellation of Pisces; and the constellation of Virgo, the virgin, was to be witnessed with upraised arms, denoted by five stars in the north-west. A beautiful Chaldæan legend surrounds Istar, the favourite goddess, the goddess of love and war. Although she was considered a great goddess in her own right, she was alleged to have wooed and won a youthful lover

Tammuz, and when he died she descended to the underworld in order to bring him back. The worship of Istar and Tammuz spread throughout Western Asia.*

The return of Istar and Tammuz was the symbolical expression of the advent of spring.

* This beautiful myth is similar to that in which Demeter descends into the realms of Pluto in search of Persephone.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING

By TERESA HOOLEY

I HAVE no fear of Death ; Life cannot die,
 Being all life, and so eternally
 I live, passing through death to life again ;
 Till, perfected by strife, made pure by pain,
 I reach the summit of my destiny.

The pangs of death are but the throes of birth—
 A new world given for an old world's dearth ;
 After a passing darkness, more of light,
 After the wrong and sorrow, more of right :
 There is no death at all upon the earth.

Love, Life and God for ever in the Whole,
 Unchanging while the changing æons roll,
 Deathless and birthless Three that yet are One,
 Watching and waiting till the night be done—
 The soul of man and Maker of the soul.

THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE

BY LILIAN WHITING

AS a matter of absolute truth, there is no death in the sense of any interruption with the continuity of life, for the law of evolutionary progress is as universal in its action as is the law of gravitation. There are temporary exceptions to the unbroken continuity of consciousness in this physical part of life, as when from illness, or accident, the brain does not function, and this same experience may invest the period of passing out from the body in some cases. But the normal process would involve no break in consciousness. When death is normal the individual usually perceives friends in the ethereal world, and something of the conditions on which he is about to enter, before withdrawing from the physical tenement. As the spiritual being is gradually more and more released from the physical mechanism, the spiritual senses are developed to the dawning recognition of the next environment. This change we call death is simply the withdrawal of the real man from the temporary physical body that has been his instrument to relate him to the physical world—*withdrawing, as one withdraws his hand from a glove.* Where is he, then? Not in another *place*, but in another *condition*. Any careful reader of Sir Oliver Lodge's little book entitled "The Ether of Space," cannot but see how this (although written from the standpoint of the physicist) provides the explanation for the next succeeding order of environment. The nature of the ether, as described by Sir Oliver, reveals a rational and reasonable basis on which to formulate this new environment to which man goes after withdrawing from the physical. Sir Oliver tells us that the ether is the most substantial thing in the universe; compared with which gold and platinum are but tenuous; "I am now able to advocate a view of the ether which makes it not only present and all-pervading, but also massive and substantial beyond all conception," continues the great physicist: "It is turning out to be by far the most substantial thing—perhaps the *only* substantial thing—in the material universe," he adds. So it may well be that in the ether of space we seek the actual conditions under which they who have passed through death, are living. In this ethereal realm are houses,

cities, scenery, inventions ; there are seas and lakes and rivers ; there are mountains and valleys ; trees and flowers ; there are, in short, all the conditions for life as we know it, only just on a higher and more ethereal plane, because dealing more exclusively with ethereal forces. But with what but ethereal forces do we deal here ? What is electricity, radium ? What is magnetic force ? As a matter of fact the ethereal realm, in this next succeeding state of environment, does not differ so much from our present environment as the England of to-day differs from the England of Alfred the Great. Even to contemplate changes easily within the memory of any man thirty years old, what a contrast to the England of Queen Victoria is the England of King George ! As a matter of fact humanity is constantly advancing to that which we formerly regarded as both the unknown and the unknowable. The two were held to be pretty much synonymous. *Now* the unknown is simply uncharted territory for research and discovery. It is not viewed with any sense of negation or despair. The horizon line of that which is unknown is simply constantly receding.

There is a good deal of absolutely authentic testimony. We are already in possession of more authentic knowledge regarding the ethereal world than we are of the region around the North Pole. What really evidential knowledge have we ? may be asked. First and last there is a large and an increasing volume of it. And I will confine my instances to those which I think may be fairly claimed as evidential. One of these instances is from an apparent communication from the late William T. Stead ; and my reason for feeling it is entitled to be considered evidential lies in the fact that it came before any one knew whether Mr. Stead had gone down with the *Titanic*, or was among those saved by the *Carpathia*. The *Titanic* went down on Sunday night, April 15, 1912. The *Carpathia* did not reach New York until Friday, April 20, and until she did, no authoritative tidings reached any one. Now on Wednesday, the 18th, two days before the *Carpathia* reached New York, a personal friend of mine, Mme. Sophie Radford de Meissner (a daughter of Admiral Radford, U.S.A.), whose hand is not unfrequently controlled for automatic writings, was (apparently) used that day by Mr. Stead, who wrote that he found himself on a green hillside, talking with his son ; then, suddenly realizing that his son had died some time before, he exclaimed to him : " It is very strange that I should be speaking this way with you." " Why, no," replied the son ; " you know you are over here now ; you are

what they call 'dead'"; Mr. Stead resumed: "I looked down at myself; I looked as I always do, and I said, 'This cannot be true.'" But his son convinced him that it was true, and he went on to say that he then went among the many passengers (who had "died") and said to them: "My friends, we have passed the change we call death. We are in what we have called 'the other world'"; and the people who did not know they were "dead," reproached him for speaking as he did, and said to him: "Death is too serious a subject to jest about, Mr. Stead." That this should be written through the hand of a lady who had never met Mr. Stead (although she had corresponded with him); when neither she, nor any one knew his fate; that two days later should reveal that he *had* died—this seems to me fairly evidential proof that it was Mr. Stead writing.

After the death of Kate Field I had been told by friends with her that at the very last she opened her eyes and smiled at Mrs. McGrew, the wife of the physician in whose home (in Honolulu) she passed away. I accepted it as probably true, and as a pleasant assurance, and read aloud to one or two mutual friends the letter in which this was stated; but soon after going to Mrs. Piper for a *séance*, Miss Field came and wrote: "It was not at Mrs. McGrew that I smiled; it was at my mother!" The letter had been read in the privacy of my own room, and only to one or two friends who had no knowledge at all of the medium, Mrs. Piper. The presumption seemed to be that Miss Field herself heard me read the letter aloud, and took this means of telling me what actually occurred. I begged her to take up the story from the time she felt herself withdrawn from the physical world. She wrote:

"There was a little period of unconsciousness and I found myself standing on the floor of the room; they had laid my body on a table; my mother was with me, and she said: 'Kate, my child, have no fear; come with me.' And she took me to the house where were my father and brother . . ."

Later I verified the fact that it had been on a table that they placed her body, which I did not know at the time of this writing. At one time I had sittings with Mrs. Piper on two consecutive days; and on the last one I said: "Now tell me, in a simple, natural way, just what you have been doing since our talk yesterday."

(The "talk" being oral on my part, and written, through Mrs. Piper's hand, on hers.)

"Yes," she said, "I understand. I was tired yesterday after having been here so long, and I walked in the garden to refresh myself. Then I attended a great scientific meeting. Oh, Lilian," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "I wish you had been here to hear it!"

"I wish so, indeed," I returned; "what was the subject?" "The relation of light to colour," she wrote; "and after the lecture it was discussed by many scientific men. Then I went home and sat around awhile, and finally said to my mother: 'I must look into the earth-world and see what Lilian is about.'" "Did you see?" I asked. "Yes; you were sitting by a window sorting out my letters."

This was quite true, and being only the night before it was fresh in my memory. I was then preparing to write her biography, and was assorting many letters of hers into those wanted and those not wanted.

My own experience has included many fragmentary picturings of the life in the ethereal, and the literature of Spiritualism offers a volume of these descriptions, some of which are under quite evidential circumstances. One of these (in my own experience) has seemed to me very striking. Among those who went down on the *Titanic* was Frank D. Millett, the well-known artist, whose home had, for many years, been at Broadway, England. A sister of his, Mrs. Sylvester Baxter, of Boston, passed suddenly to the Unseen on New Year's Day of 1917. Mrs. Baxter was talking and laughing, when she exclaimed to her husband, "Oh, I cannot breathe!" and was gone. A few days later she wrote to me through the hand of a lady who never even heard her name (I was in a distant city), saying: "Lilian, I was never so surprised in my life! I could not think what had happened to me, till Brother Frank came and took me right in his arms."

Mrs. Baxter had three brothers, the two others being always "Joe" and "Charley" to her; but this elder brother she always spoke of—not as "Frank," but as "*Brother Frank*." This phrasing, through the hand of a stranger, seemed to me somewhat evidential in character.

"With what body do they come?" With the ethereal body, which is simply a finer replica of the physical form. It is not a body acquired by death, but, instead, the real body in which we are clothed, now and here, and then clothed upon, again, temporarily, by the physical body. This is the "substantial" body to which St. Paul alludes. In the interests of health,

food should be more or less adapted to the ethereal rather than to the physical body. Man's mental states modify this body day by day; one man lives in it far more than in the physical organism; another, less spiritually developed, lives more in the physical body. Of what is this ethereal body composed? Of luminiferous ether. It has every power, sight, hearing, and all, that the physical body possesses, only in a far higher and finer degree. The spiritual sight, the spiritual hearing, register vibrations far beyond those that can be registered by the physical senses. To learn how to increasingly detach one's self from the physical rather than to wholly identify himself with it; to increasingly live in the spiritual atmosphere and in the consciousness of the ethereal body, is in fact to transpose life to another plane. It is to find serenities and joyous acceptances where before were annoyances, anxieties, irritations. Incorporating this truth into one's consciousness, life becomes transformed. It is placed on a new centre. One learns to close the door on unlovely thoughts. One grasps the exceedingly practical advice of the apostle that if there be things just, true, pure, lovely—one should *think* on these things! No one who has the faintest regard for his spiritual life will do it such violence as to entertain hostile and unworthy thought. For thought is so creative that a man determines his quality, and even to a great extent the events that happen to him, by this very force of the thought that constitutes his inner life. "Through and beyond the semi-physical mystery, a world of spiritual activity opens upon us," said Canon Scott-Holland. We may enter now and here into constant communion with that higher activity that goes on around us in the ethereal, and we may lay increasing hold on the ethereal forces.

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.*]

MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I hope to find in the OCCULT REVIEW, of which you are the Editor, some explanation of an experience which for about twelve years has puzzled me very much. I first noticed it about twelve years ago (I am now eighty-three, but intellect perfectly clear). It consists of a brisk strong knocking at my bedroom door, as of strong hard knuckles, four or five consecutive knocks, never repeated. At first I used to call out "Come in." Then I went to the door and opened it and found—*nothing*. I slept alone on that floor, servants two stories up, and no one in the least likely to be about at the hours the raps occurred, between two and four in the mornings, twice or thrice a week, and sometimes only once—sometimes not at all for several weeks, but usually pretty regularly. The last knock I heard was on June 30—four raps at about 2.30 a.m. on a door leading to my dressing room, which was empty and locked on the inside. I never hear it when any one else is in the room with me. I changed house about four years ago. The knocks ceased, and I thought I had lost my visitors, but in about a month they recommenced. I shall be very much obliged if you could give me any explanation, if you think there is any to be given.

Yours faithfully,
A. W.

PHENOMENA OF MATERIALIZATIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The light you have thrown on the recent continental researches must convince the least instructed of us as to their vast importance in the domain of biology, spiritism, and psychic research. Once again too, as you point out, the derided occult teachings receive striking confirmation. Now occultism makes very definite statements as to the nature of mediumship, and the psycho-physical "make-up" of the medium. It defines his powers and limitations, the risks,

dangers, and the many and subtle sources of error that surround this form of research. I write merely as a groping student, but it seems to me curious that the exponents of spiritualism, and these continental researchers, almost entirely ignore the light that occultism throws on such difficult problems.

To the theosophist and occultist the *ordinary* medium of the Cardiff type is an abnormal who exhibits the psycho-physical make-up of an early humanity, and whose chief peculiarity consists in the very loose attachment existing between the etheric and dense bodies. This peculiarity he shares with most animals. This etheric double is made up of four ethers, belongs entirely to the physical plane, and after the death of its dense partner disintegrates and returns thereto. The tenuous forms of materializing entities are largely built up from it. As to "seeing," such a medium possesses the mirror-like faculty of the later Lemurians. He cannot see at will, and only that which comes his way: hence he has his "off times." And between him and the true and *trained* occultist a wide gulf exists, which no "sitting for development" will enable him to cross.

If I have stated the occult teachings accurately, the interesting question arises: How far does this primordial, ideo-plastic material, so plentifully exuded by Eva C., correspond to the etheric double of the theosophist? The descriptions and uncanny photographs suggest considerable physical differences.

Mrs. Besant states that the etheric double of the materializing medium can be moulded into forms—face of the beloved, etc.—by the intense longing or will of a sitter, just as astral matter is plastic to the creative power of thought. If this be true then even Eva's "operative mind" may not be responsible for all the weird creations so graphically described and photographed. Many other questions arise, such as the varying reaction to light vibrations, and as to the manner in which these two substances leave and re-enter the dense body.

In short, these scrappy remarks are but an appeal for "more light" from those best qualified to give it.

J. SCOTT BATTAMS.

10 ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, N.W. I.

AN UNCANNY GIFT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am venturing to present one or two of my problems in the hope that you or some of your readers may be able to solve them satisfactorily for me.

In appearance my eyes are quite ordinary looking, a mixture of grey green and blue, but they have rather an uncanny power which some people describe as mesmeric, and others call drawing power. Directly I look at anybody, even quite a fleeting glance, it may be only at the person's head, hands, feet or back, and though we may be quite a

long way distant from each other, that person feels the sensation at once and looks back in my direction. Some people don't mind, but others get quite annoyed, they seem to think I am being rude to them or am trying to influence them in some way, so for this reason I am very careful never to stare at anybody. This peculiar power or faculty is quite beyond my control; all I can do in the matter is to keep my eyes off people. One day recently a girl friend and I were walking in the street, and a cart was being driven along in the same direction. When it had got a few hundred yards past us the tail-board of the cart fell out on to the street, also a filled sack. The driver didn't notice his loss, nobody drew his attention to the matter, and he continued on his way. My friend and I exchanged some remarks on the subject of heedless people, then I suddenly thought I would try the effect of my eyes on the driver. He had by that time crossed a bridge to the left of us and was continuing along up the next street, but I could still see the back of his head and shoulders in the distance. I fixed my eyes on his head, and, in a second he turned quickly round, as if he had been struck from behind, and looked in my direction. I beckoned to him, and he returned and retrieved his belongings. Passers-by can locate at once which window of a house I may happen to be looking out of, even though I stand far back in the room and only see them through the lace curtains and the glass. But, to my mind, the most extraordinary part of it all is, that some of the passers-by who have only felt my gaze, it may be once only or on several occasions, but have *not* seen me, and are quite unaware of my identity, yet have recognized me when they happened to meet me out of doors. I am by nature very reserved, and do not make friends quickly, but my eyes seem to give strangers the impression that I am quite a friendly individual. When I was a child of six, a friend of my father, an Indian army doctor just retired from the service, stayed a short time at my home. I sometimes wonder if, with knowledge gained in the East, he might, all unknown to me, have conferred this uncanny gift on my eyes. Do you, I wonder, or any of your readers know if such a thing is possible? Our friend died suddenly, I believe, about a year after his retirement. A friend has suggested to me the wearing of spectacles fitted with special lens in order to minimize the effect of my eyes. Much as I dislike spectacles, still I would willingly wear them, provided I could procure such as would have the desired effect, so as to make things pleasanter for myself when mixing with strangers. What is this peculiar faculty? Is it mesmerism, or magnetism, or what? Surely it ought to be capable of development, so as to be of some practical use, if one only knew the right lines to go upon. Can anybody offer advice? or help with suggestions? I was born early in October, under the sign *Libra*.

Yours faithfully,

M. E.

THE CREATION LEGEND.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

It is my extreme reverence for THE CREATOR, WHO IS ALL, that causes me to write this essay, as I consider the creation myth a sacrilege on HIS HOLY NAME.

The myth is, as is well known, founded on a mixture of the Babylonian legend, where the word "Elohim" (the Gods) is used, and a later monotheistic form.

Genesis, chapter i, verses 1 to 5, describe how light was created on the *first* day. Verses 16 to 19, however, say the sun and moon were created on the *fourth* day. I wonder what caused the light on the first three days; the stars did not shine, as we are told that they were "also" created, the stellar system of course being merely a minor detail, as compared to the moon.

Verses 27 to 31 (and also verses 1 and 2 of chapter v.) tell us Adam and Eve were created at the same time, but chapter ii. tells us man was created first, and verses 21 to 23 that woman was afterwards created out of the man's rib.

One or other of these statements must be wrong.

Verses 8 and 9, chapter ii., tell us that *both* the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge grew in the Garden of Eden.

In Chapter iii., verses 2 to 5, the serpent advises Adam and Eve to eat of the Tree of Eternal Life as it will make them godlike, but in verses 6 and 7 we read that they ate of the other tree, The tree of Knowledge.

Verses 22 to 24 say that as the Gods found that man would "become as one of us to know good from evil," if he also ate of the Tree of Eternal Life, they had him turned out of the Garden of Eden and put a cherubim to guard the Tree of Life so as to prevent any man eating of it.

Man was driven out because the Gods feared he would become too powerful, just as Prometheus was chained to the rock by Jupiter because he got to know the use of fire.

Chapter vi., verses 1 to 4, the Gods interbred with the human race and produced giants and mighty men, and the Gods, not wanting to have to "strive continually" to keep them down, cut down human life from the 1,000 years it reached at that period to 120 years.

Chapter xi., verse 1, all men spoke the same language.

Verse 4, men determined to climb to Heaven, and built a tower to reach there.

Verse 6, the Gods got anxious and went down to see how the work was progressing.

Verse 6, the Gods said "the people are united and of one language, so they can do anything they want."

Verse 7, the Gods decided to make men unable to understand each other so that they could not combine against the Gods.

This idea of the Gods first creating man and then fearing he would

become too powerful and overthrow them, is the basic idea in all creation myths, and curiously it has been misunderstood by the clergy in the Bible version and man is said to have been punished for disobedience.

Yours faithfully,
WALTER WINANS.

A PSYCHIC DOG.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In reading over the May number of your interesting REVIEW, one of your correspondents relates his belief that a dog he possessed was "psychic."

My experience is that dogs in general, and most animals *are* psychic.

Some years ago, I stayed with friends in Halstead, Essex, and used daily to ride on horseback, accompanied by a groom, and one of my dogs.

Every time I went up a certain road (if I remember rightly, called Hill Road) which was well kept, and smooth, without a tree, or bush on it; as I passed a certain spot, going up the hill, or coming down, my horse would shy, and jump unexpectedly right across the road, and the groom's horse, a quiet old beast, would snort and move away; the dog that followed, before coming to that particular spot, would walk on the opposite side, until the place was passed, when he would rejoin me, and walk behind my horse. I asked the groom if he could see anything to cause the horses to shy at it, but he answered that he could see nothing different from the rest of the road. On mentioning it to my friends, we decided to walk there, and examine the place. The local milkman passing there at the time, and seeing us examine the place, volunteered to tell us, that a woman had been found murdered at the very place we were standing on, and that it happened some years previously.

It is evident that the horses and dog saw something that we did not see, and which alarmed them considerably.

Very faithfully yours,
NITA O'SULLIVAN-BEARE.

THE HYDRO,
RICHMOND, SURREY.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

MR. G. R. S. MEAD opens the debate in the new issue of *The Quest* with a paper on Regenerative Reconstruction, which is written from the standpoint that "unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," or—in his own words—that neither building nor re-building can stand unless it is based on "the foundation of spiritual truth and reality." Here is therefore his key-note or touch-stone for any scheme of world-reconstruction. He does not on this occasion offer his own understanding of reality and truth in the spiritual order, but proceeds to the question of survival. If reasonable evidence can convince man that "the human personality subsists after bodily death"; if it is no longer a matter of faith but one of knowledge; his personal and present relation to the hereafter before him will be of new and vital import. If he is convinced by the same evidence that the future of his soul is "conditioned by his deeds good and bad" in the physical body of this life; that love and unselfishness are the basis of one's own future well-being; then it is reasonable to hope that (1) conversion of the will, (2) deepening of higher feelings and (3) "realization of individual and corporate responsibility" can be brought about in the general conscience. In this manner will the reconstruction of human society be grounded on the "perduring reality" of spiritual life, on "the immediate knowledge of that perfecting spirit, which transforms all hearts and remakes all things." . . . Professor Canney give us a somewhat laboured study on the Language of the Prophets and offers many quotations from writers of the moment to show that the prominent features of prophecy are ecstasy, inspired speech and rhythmic language. Neither here nor in a lengthy restatement which follows does one seem to make much progress. . . . Miss Maud Joynt contributes a sympathetic criticism on the works of Thomas Traherne. It must be agreed that there is an unsorted mass of important but confused material in his *Centuries of Meditation* and that it seems so far not much less entombed since it was printed by Bertram Dobell than when it lay between the covers of a single manuscript. The burden of repetition is very heavy upon them, but a discerning selection from the *Centuries* and from Traherne's poems would most certainly be worth doing, for there is gold in both. . . . What is termed the Later Mysticism of Mrs. Atwood is the subject of a long article by Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst. A third of the entire space has been occupied by expressions of opinion concerning the deceased lady before we get to the first of those passages which it has been thought worth while to extract from her notebooks; and taken altogether they do not aid us to recognize anything of great consequence in her views. Being at times only moderately

intelligible in her serpentine length of sentences, her editor does not err in thinking that she calls for elucidation, and this is his province. It seems to us that Mrs. Atwood gathers a great cloud of words about the simple and obvious truth that every experience is ineffable to those who have not shared it ; that the self-centre is a dangerous thing in healing as in all activities ; and that the beginning of spiritual progress is in the redirection of the will. We find otherwise that the doctrine of reincarnation did not interest Mrs. Atwood, though she held to it in a certain manner ; that spirits in her opinion are "nothing" apart from regeneration—whatever "nothing" may mean ; that "Christian science is the science of believing a lie" ; that so-called "new thought" is not new ; that neither the Church of Israel nor the Church of Christ have accomplished the Divine Purpose fully. It appears that there is more to follow, but if it remains at the same level one is likely to be left puzzled at the enthusiasm of Mrs. Atwood's editor and at the patience of the editor of *The Quest*. . . . Among other articles in this issue, Professor Burch tells us how Helen of Troy became Gnostic as Ennoia and Sophia in the early days of Gnosticism ; and Mr. D. T. Jones discusses Mysteries—apart from those of an instituted kind—with considerable freshness of thought. Many of his sentences have the air of an intentional challenge, as for example : "The criterion of existence is not noumena or phenomena, but necessity, to which it might be answered as wilfully—in the sense of a counter-challenge—that he who appeals to necessity appeals to that which is noemnal : and then the lists would open."

The American Section of the Theosophical Society, according to its official organ *The Messenger*, regards the Society's recently proposed reconstruction as part of the prevailing "fever of transformation," yet believes that it should be considered carefully, because a pioneer in the realms of thought must remain plastic and responsive to forces of evolution. But as to one or another suggested line of reconstruction the counsel is always caution. Meanwhile, we learn from *The Vahan* that a very new light on the subject has been cast at the recent convention in London, when it was pointed out that the Society was incorporated and that a change in the objects might signify an automatic renunciation of all the properties. In the primary sense such a question is therefore for lawyers. . . . *Theosophy in Scotland* has a page on Iona, described as "those isles of the Hebrides which belonged to the ancient Kingdom of Dalriada" and "a place of pilgrimage from the days of the early Christian Church even until now." It is indeed a hallowed soil, rich in the associations of the past, rich in pregnant tradition and in the peculiar sanctities attaching to the name of St. Columba. Of kingly associations, of Duncan and Macbeth, who both sleep in Iona, there should be no need to speak. . . . *Theosophy* of Los Angeles discusses occult practices, making a curious collection of notions and procedure, now

derived from folk-lore and now from Egyptian sources, the cult of familiar spirits, the Jewish school of the prophets, doings of Saint-Germain and Cagliostro, the lore of Rosicrucians and other "fire-philosophers." The practices of the Latin Church are said to be based on ancient magic, and in this manner we arrive at the familiar distinction between white and black adeptship, the Brethren of the Great White Lodge and those of the Left-Hand Path. It is all rather indiscriminate, but the question of mediumship is reached in the end, and it is recognized truly enough that the faculties which are covered by this broad and general term are at the root of the experience and attainments connoted by the idea of adeptship, as at that of the nondescript phenomena which characterize the séance-room. . . . *Theosophy in India* has been giving in its last issues some examples of Sufi teachings, and even the shortest excursion in this still unknown region never fails to repay the pains. From the Sufi standpoint, as we are told in the present case, the immanence of God in the universe is not a spatial presence. Presumably the Infinite Spirit is not understood as extension, and yet in the deeper comprehension that which is catholic is not in separation from any modes of being. Spinoza and Bergson would require to be heard on this subject. . . . *Divine Life*, which represents an independent theosophy, claiming to abide closely by the teaching of H. P. B., and yet apparently to speak from a loftier eminence than was attained by her, discusses the higher self in its manifestation. It is identified with "the Master or Christos"; and this is how the writer understands that saying of Krishna in the Gita: "Many are my past births, Arjuna: I know them all; but thou knowest them not." They were births in the souls of men, and of such is the incarnation of the Christ-Spirit in those who have opened their souls and received Him into the innermost sanctuary. . . . *The Papyrus* is comparatively a new venture in theosophical magazines, being now in its second year. It appears as the official organ of the Society in Egypt. About half of each issue is printed in English and the rest in French. We note articles on Spiritualism and Materialism, the priority of man over the ape and the Cinematograph of the Skies. The last is taking as a title. It reminds us that rays of light which started on their travels from the Pole-Star in 1875 have but recently reached this earth.

Vision is improving with each issue, the monthly survey by Mrs. Dorothy Grenside being written always with care and insight, as—for example—her notes on vision and psychism in the second number and—in the third—on reconstruction in the Church. A suggestive article by Miss Charlotte E. Woods affirms with great truth that Pentecost is eternal, as indeed are the birth in Bethlehem and the mystical death on Calvary. The great veridic experiences are not for an age but for all time, while their consequences are carried beyond this world of measures. The poem entitled *Le Rêve* by Helen Dom-

ville would consecrate any magazine, and that of Katharine Tynan in the current number shows a path from *Vanitas Vanitatum* to the firmament of the soul and her paradise. . . . An unsigned article in *The Islamic Review* is concerned with the Elixir of Life and opens with the amazing proposal that "the first and last desire in an average man" is "to merge in God." The debate which follows omits to account for the man's unawareness on this great need of his nature. It omits also to account for a title which appears remote from its subject. The latter is apparently an attempt to show (1) that God is attained by the development of a divine element within us, and (2) that mysticism in Islam is much better qualified to accomplish this work than anything which passes under the name in Europe. Such an affirmation stands at its value and is not part of our concern; but there is a difficulty in following the argument on its own side of the debate, for we are told (1) that our physical nature cannot be curbed, (2) that lower passions and carnal desires are indispensable, (3) that they must die, and (4) that they are consumed in fact by a fire which comes down and a fire which "flashes out of us." If this be Islamic mysticism it does not make for wisdom.

We learn from *The Builder* that five American Grand Lodges now recognize the Grand Lodge of France and also the Grand Orient; that six others recognize the Grand Lodge of France only; that other seven permit their members to visit Lodges under the obedience of both Bodies without extending formal recognition to either; while four have licensed the practice only in respect of Lodges under the Grand Lodge of France. On the other hand, four American Grand Bodies have made a decided stand against any measure of recognition; eleven have considered the matter without taking definite action in either direction. Finally, there are thirteen, in which the subject does not appear to have been brought forward. We think that the present position is anomalous and in operation may prove difficult: there are other and higher considerations on which we regard it as not less than deplorable that recognition has been extended at all, until French Freemasonry has consented to revise its constitutions. Meanwhile we are glad to see that the Grand Master of Iowa is giving most careful consideration to the matter of mammoth Lodges under his jurisdiction, and while all judgment is at present suspended it is obvious that his counsel of perfection would restrict membership to two hundred in every case. We note also with satisfaction that *The Builder* is valiantly reprinting—with permission—an article on Freemasonry which appears in *The Catholic Encyclopædia*. The case of the Latin Church has been put forward therein with conspicuous care and it cannot be set before Masons under better auspices. It is not perhaps past all hope that it may lead to a better understanding on both sides. . . . *Azoth* continues its articles on Ancient Craft Masonry, and is dealing now with the zodiac in relation thereto.

REVIEWS

LAW: LEADING ARTICLES FROM "NEW INDIA." Edited by Annie Besant. 7½ in. × 4½ in., pp. 23.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE GREAT WAR. By the Right Rev. Bishop Wedgwood. 7½ in. × 4½ in., pp. 12.

London: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1 Upper Woburn Place, W.C. 1.

THESE are two interesting little pamphlets on rather diverse topics, recently issued by the T. P. H. Mrs. Besant's deals, in the first place, with various concepts of law, contrasting the laws of nature as discovered (or as I should prefer to say, invented) by science with those which are made by parliaments and kings. These latter, according to her point of view, should conform to the pattern of the former and be founded on and subordinate to the supreme law, *Dharma*. She then turns to a consideration of the pros and cons of passive resistance as an effective weapon to overthrow such laws as, being otherwise, are essentially unjust.

The Right Rev. Bishop Wedgwood briefly reviews the recent flood of automatic literature which seems to be one of the results of the recent war, dealing more especially with the objection to their veridicality based on the seeming triviality of many of these communications. He then deals briefly with various types of psychic phenomena, ending up with a little bibliography of Spiritualist and Theosophical literature. He regards "materialization" as the most convincing proof of survival, though I do not gather on what grounds, nor does it appear to me that this should be the case with critical minds.

H. S. REDGROVE.

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICAL SCIENCE. By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc., Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering, the Municipal Technical Institute, Belfast, etc., etc. London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road; E. P. Dutton & Company, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price 6s. net.

In this work of absorbing interest and scientific value Dr. Crawford deals with many problems connected with "the physical phenomena of spiritualism" with greater detail than in his earlier book, *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena*, which, as readers will remember, dealt with the remarkable mediumship of Miss Kathleen Goligher. The experiments now described are much more elaborate and far-reaching, as the author remarks; and they include tests carried out in connection with Levitation, "Contact," and the "Direct Voice." To these Dr. Crawford attaches much greater importance than to manifestations of the mental class; such as Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Trance-speaking, Automatic Writing, and so forth, in which he feels strongly that the mind of the medium has too often "far too much to do with results." In this connection all who have had much experience in psychic investigation will agree. In so-called Automatic Writing it is particularly so, though, of course, there are always the shining exceptions which prove the rule. But, as the Doctor says,

"It is difficult to see how the mind of the medium can lift a table weighing 50 lb. clear of the floor when it is placed a couple of feet in front of her, but it is not at all difficult to picture how her mind, in its subconscious aspect, may be responsible for the general inanities of trance speaking, or what passes nine times out of ten for clairvoyance." At the same time the author wishes it to be understood that he does not undervalue the interest and importance of genuine mental phenomena, only that he attaches far more importance, for instance, to the "Direct Voice" as a means of *proving scientifically* the existence of a psychic realm. At the same time I venture to suggest, having had hundreds of sittings with different Direct Voice mediums, that even this form of manifestation may be coloured by the mind of the psychic, sometimes to an extent which is surprising. How and why this happens opens up one of the most fruitful fields for inquiry. Dr. Crawford's own test sittings for the "Direct Voice" are intensely interesting. Many of us know "Mrs. Z," the medium in question, and can follow the proofs he obtained of the independent nature of the "Control's" voice, singing and speaking into a phonograph, seven feet away from the medium. The Doctor possesses several different records of these experiments. In conclusion the author reiterates his belief that the invisible controlling operators are really for the most part "discarnate human beings" who have passed on to another state of consciousness.

EDITH K. HARPER.

AN AMAZING SÉANCE AND AN EXPOSURE. By Sydney A. Moseley.
London and Edinburgh: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Price
3s. net.

MR. MOSELEY (of *Sunday Express* fame, and author of *The Fleet from Within*, *With Kitchener at Cairo*, and other severely practical works) sets forth in this, his latest book, his experiences of Spiritualism, including, of course, the part he played in the "*Sunday Express Séance*," which he himself (after the investigations into the spiritualistic revival in South Wales; made by him on behalf of his paper) arranged for the Brothers Thomas to hold in London, at the offices of the *Express*.

This well-known experiment and the circumstances attending it do not, however, form the whole subject-matter of the book, which, in spite of its title, deals not with one, but with very many, séances and also with matters outside those more formal questionings of the Unseen; with certain eerie happenings, that may be more correctly ranked as "ghost-stories," and that, obviously, helped on the decision at which Mr. Moseley has now arrived, and which he records at the end of the book. "My experiences in South Wales were healthy and instructive; my experiences in the West of England show me that there are dangerous and dark forces behind the study of occult science. . . . I think that the case for the continuation of consciousness is proved beyond a doubt; but . . . I am sure it were best to leave the probing of the veil of death to scientists, to whose province it belongs."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle contributes a brief introduction in which he commends the writer as an honest and sane observer, who came to the subject with an open mind, and has been convinced by the evidence. Sir Arthur, as might have been expected, is inclined to rank the psychic gifts of such mediums as Mrs. Britten (to whom Mr. Moseley devotes one of

his later chapters) as on a higher plane than the more physical manifestations of the Brothers Thomas ; but he admits the place of " loaves and fishes " in the popular success of the miraculous.

Also, he disclaims any personal experience of that darker aspect of Spiritualism, glimpsed by Mr. Moseley, but does not deny its probability. As on this side, so on the other ! It takes all sorts to make a world ! The book—which is clearly printed and light to hold—includes photographs of the principal mediums, among them, the Brothers Thomas, and the lady referred to as " the mysterious Mrs. B." The thrilling cover-design should attract the proper amount of attention on the bookstalls. We prophesy a big sale for Mr. Moseley's little record of things seen—and Unseen.
G. M. H.

THE MYSTERY KEEPERS. By Marion Fox. Pp. viii. + 315. Price 7s. net.

FROM a critic's standpoint this clever but rather artificial novel is " after " Algernon Blackwood. We have a specialist in psychic investigation and a demonstration of the effectiveness of an atmosphere of the weird without the objective presence of a ghost. The story concerns a series of mysterious tragedies following the eviction of a certain Abbess in the reign of Henry VIII, and the principal character, in order of merit, is a married lady whom a disappointed love has made malignant and hypocritical.

Reincarnationists who prattle of their past lives will find amusing satire at their expense in Miss Fox's novel and may console themselves by the reflection that she also requires an audience of uncommon receptiveness.

W. H. CHESSON.

JAMES HINTON : A SKETCH. By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. London : Stanley Paul & Co., 31 Essex Street, Strand. Price 10s. 6d.

THE present generation knows little of James Hinton, except perhaps that he was a London doctor who died over forty years ago, and who had queer ideas on marriage. Mrs. Ellis's excellent sketch of him will be very welcome to many who wish to know more about a man who was notable in many ways. It is sad that the author did not live to see her book appear ; she died soon after the completed MS. was placed in the publishers' hands.

James Hinton was a fearless thinker and a hater of shams. If articulate at all, such a man is bound to have wide influence for good ; lack of thought, courage and sincerity being three of the most deadly sins of omission. But, being busy with his aural practice during the day (a thing not altogether to be regretted, for it kept his impulsive and idealistic mind in touch with practical things) and dying at fifty-three, he had not time to cast his thought into a systematic philosophy of life. Indeed he was prophet rather than philosopher, and, as Mrs. Ellis neatly and truly says, he was mainly useful not as teacher in a direct way, but as " giving shocks to people full of preconceived ideas." His principal doctrine sounds at first harmless, but can furnish revolutionary deductions. Sin is living for self ; the line between right and wrong is between that which does good, and that which injures. Applying this to his second main preoccupation—the woman question—Hinton decided that much " goodness " is really badness, for it has bad effects. Virtue in the sense

of sexual restraint in man, is robbing some woman of what would be good for her and for society; and accordingly he advocates a spreading-out of love, and the introduction of a mild form of polygamy, which would at the same time reduce or abolish prostitution. He was greatly impressed by the polygyny of most married men (surely he exaggerates here) and somewhat overlooked the desirability of taxing bachelors—a step which would help his aims. Mrs. Ellis, however—and most married women will agree—thought that as human nature is at present, polygamy would not work, partly because of jealousy among the wives and partly because advantage would be taken of it by the worst men. But now that in consequence of the war the European preponderance of women is greater than ever, it can hardly be denied that there is something to be said for Hinton's doctrine. Certainly we have now got beyond the idea that asceticism—wilful thwarting of nature—is a virtue; we ought to find out how to *use* nature wisely, as we do with physical forces. And if we hold to Hinton's maxim that selfishness is wrong and unselfishness right, we shall not go far wrong, though various refinements have to be put upon all such broad generalities, to meet special cases. E.g., some care for self is right, for without it the self's social utility is impaired.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

GREEN WAYS. By Dorothy Grenside. London: Elkin Mathews, Cork Street. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THERE are some pretty fancies and delicate suggestions in *Green Ways*, but, to my mind, the prose-poems, which make up the greater part of this little volume, lack the note of conviction which is one of the signs of good art. I do not mean to imply that the writer is not sincere, but that she lacks the energy and depth of penetration, which are required to bring conviction to the reader. There is an anæmic quality, difficulty to define but none the less noticeable, present in a great part of her work. Dorothy Grenside seems to look at life through fairy spectacles which, while making clear the world of her imagination, have shut out the light of the super-sensible world, and it is from this latter region that the true strength of the soul is derived. Some of the short verses towards the end of *Green Ways* are more successful as works of art, and there is an exquisite little lyric entitled "I would that I had Pearls," from which I must quote these verses:—

" Beloved,
I would that I had songs to sing thee,
Yet songs at end are full of breaking,
And as heart-aching
Is a gift I would not fling thee,
No songs for thee I'll sing.

" Beloved,
All empty-handed is my greeting,
For thus more surely I'll enfold thee
And, songless, hold thee,
But my heart I'll lay at meeting
At thy feet."

MEREDITH STARR.