

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT came as a great surprise to the world at large to find in the brilliant creator of Sherlock Holmes an ardent new champion of the cause of spiritualism. The public had been in the habit of considering such investigations as evidence of an unbalanced judgment, or, in the case of several notable men of science, of a streak of eccentricity and an inability to weigh evidence outside their own particular department. Here was a man of the world, whose sanity and common sense was not open to any question, and whose literary ability had earned him world-wide fame, maintaining in the boldest manner the authenticity of messages from the unseen world.

Another writer of a very different stamp, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, has since joined the Church Militant of the Communion of saints.* For some time past a believer of a more or less cautious kind in the possibility of spirit communication, she had exacted from her husband an assurance that if he died first he would if possible communicate with her from the other side, and had given a similar promise in her turn. His death after many years

* *The Worlds and I*, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. London: Gay & Hancock. New York: Geo. H. Doran Company. 18s. net.

of very happy married life left a blank in her existence which nothing could fill, and only her hope that he would fulfil his undertaking to communicate with her rendered life bearable. But as month followed month and no message reached her, her hopes gradually gave way to despair, and unsympathetic friends who regarded her desire to bridge the gulf as evidence of rebellion against the divine dispensation, or at best of a bitter bereavement finding its outlet in a species of illusion which it was well to discourage from the outset, added to her mental distress. Here, as in certain other cases, the apparently simple and despised medium of the ouija board came to her rescue. That communications of a strongly evidential character can be received through this means has been shown in no book so conclusively as in one recently noticed in these Notes of the Month—Mrs. Travers-Smith's *Voices from the Void*. If Mrs. Wilcox did not approach this method of experimentation in the same coldly scientific spirit as Mrs. Travers-Smith, the tragic bereavement which was the cause of her attempt is sufficient explanation of her different standpoint. The results which she obtained, however, are not a little remarkable. It was not until sixteen months after

her husband's death that she met with any success in her endeavours. Mrs. B——, a New Haven friend, came to call. Mrs. Wilcox had purchased a ouija board of her own and asked her caller if she had ever experimented with it. The idea appealed to her friend, who, however, certainly did not approach the experiment in a very serious mood.

THE OUIJA BOARD AGAIN.

In one moment [says Mrs. Wilcox] the heavens opened. Both my caller and I were shaken by a power which beggars description; it was like an electric shock. The board seemed to be a thing alive; it moved with such force that we could not follow it. I called to Mrs. Randall, who was in an adjoining room, to come to our assistance. She came and gave her whole attention to the letters; neither my friend nor I were able to read them, so great was the speed of the pointer. When the table rested, she read these sentences: "Brave one, keep up your courage. Love is all there is. I am with you always. I await your arrival."

"This was the beginning," says Mrs. Wilcox, "of a series of most remarkable conversations with a freed soul in the worlds beyond." Various tests were applied to prove the identity of the communicator. On one occasion when Mrs. B——'s husband came in, Mrs. Wilcox asked through the ouija board, "Robert, can you tell me who just entered the room?" Mrs. R. was acting as scribe, and the reply suggested no meaning to her mind, or to that of Mrs. Wilcox. It ran as follows: "Quinnipiag

Club, our last game." The explanation, however, was subsequently supplied by Mrs. B——'s husband, a practical business man.

A STRIKING TEST. He observed: "The last time your husband ever appeared at the Quinpiac Club I was his partner at auction." Mrs. Wilcox then asked: "Robert,

have you a message for your friend?" The reply came promptly, "Better try some other game. V.W.B. quitter." Mr. B——again supplied the explanation of the cryptic message. "That night," he said, "I played with your husband until after midnight, when I said I must go home. He replied, 'You are a quitter. You had better try some other game.'" These communications appear to me to be just as evidential as the cross-correspondence carried out with the spirit of Frederick Myers by the Society for Psychical Research, and much more convincing in their character to the general public. The fact that their object was to offer conclusive proof of the identity of the communicator is beyond question, and he seems to have supplied just that sort of evidence which would recommend itself to a shrewd practical man of the world.

"Our next meeting," says Mrs. Wilcox, "was at the home of my friend. The room in which we sat had recently been done over in a most effective Oriental fashion. No sooner were we seated with our hands on the board than it wrote: 'Arabian Nights room, Scheherazade.'" As a matter of fact, during his last winter on earth Mr. Wilcox had loaned this friend a valuable edition of the Arabian Nights Tales, and they had discussed them together frequently. On another occasion Mrs. Wilcox asked her husband by means of the board, "Can you give me the name of a distinguished guest we have here?" (referring to Mr. Robert

FURTHER EVIDENCES. Walton, of California.). The answer given was, "Mine": "Robert," of course, being the name of Mrs. Wilcox's husband. On a further occasion they were barely seated at the ouija board, when there was a telephone call for Mrs. Wilcox. She returned to the sitting and said, "Robert, a man you met on earth is on his way up to my room. Tell me if you know who he is." Instantly the answer came: "It is a dark man from the Far East. From Benares, the land of Krishna." It was in fact the eminent Hindu philosopher and scholar, Dr. Shastri, who had entertained Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox when at Benares. Dr. Shastri had heard of Mrs. Wilcox's experiences on the ouija board and had asked leave to be present with a mutual American friend.

Mrs. Wilcox recalled her time of terrible suffering in California, after her husband's death, and before she had found means of

getting into communication with him. Where was he, she asked, during this period? And why did he not come to relieve her suffering? "I had to awaken," he replied. "You know I liked the things of earth and of flesh. I had to learn, and your sorrow made a heavy burden for me to bear. It hung a veil between us." A number of the communications referred to experiences on the other side. Mr. Wilcox is asked, "How long after your soul left your body was it before you woke on the astral plane?" and the answer is, "Seven days." His wife inquires again, "Tell me what your life is like now," and the reply is, "The same life, only used more intelligently." When asked what his special work is, he says, "Meeting souls shot into eternity. That is why I left you."

In defence of her use of the ouija board, which many people would stigmatize as an instrument for a trivial and frivolous pastime, our author says: "There is nothing more unreasonable and absurd in the use of a ouija board, a table, a planchette, or a trained clairvoyant, to afford our disembodied friends the power to transmit their messages, than in the use of the wires and operators on earth. Upon etheric and vibratory conditions the possibility of transmitting messages from the astral to the physical world depends." And again in reply to the oft repeated theological criticism that such occupations are prying into forbidden secrets, she continues, "God has no secrets he does not intend to share freely with human beings who are adventurous enough, reverent enough, and patient enough to seek the way of knowledge." The trouble perhaps is that the spirit of adventure and the spirit of reverence go too rarely together.

Mrs. Wilcox believes in evolution in the spiritual as in the physical world, and in an endless hierarchy of powers reaching step by step from mankind to the highest threshold of the divine. She quotes approvingly Alfred Russel Wallace in saying, "I think we have got to recognize that between man and God there is an almost infinite multitude of beings working in the universe at large at tasks as definite and important as any we have to perform. I imagine the universe is peopled with spirits, intelligent beings, with duties and powers vaster than our own. I think there is a spiritual ascent from man upward and onward." A belief in reincarnation is part of Mrs. Wilcox's religion. Her husband communicates to her from the other side a vision of a past life in which they lived and loved and perished together in the Golden City of Atlantis. We

A BELIEVER
IN
HIERARCHIES
AND
REINCARNA-
TION.

can take this as romance or fact as we please. It obviously is not on the same evidential level as other communications. In this curious revelation the husband writes :—

Viavasate Manu permitted me to see unrolled the whole picture, I saw myself and you, and all the multitude in the Golden City of Atlantis, and our daily lives, our friends, our bridal couch, the pathetic sacrifice of Rhada, High Priestess of the Sun, who gave herself for love of her sister Isis, the temple dancer, beloved and branded by Eiram-Hon, Crown Prince, and only son of Emperor Milidh and Scota. You were the lovely Princess Hia, and I was Pan, General of the Emperor's army. You were the star far above my head. I saw the hosts of Arhinan, Lord of Evil, ruler of the nether world, advancing upon the city. I saw us die, murdered on our bridal couch. One blow severed our two heads, so tightly were we clasped together. I saw the incomparable Isis dragged from the temple crypt, and torn to bits before the eyes of Eiram-Hon. I saw the rod of the four Kumaras raised to destroy all this evil. Floods, earthquakes, storms, electricity, volcanic eruptions, convulsed the earth, until with one fearful shudder it was swallowed up in the oblivion of the sea. Holocaust of the Kumaras. This is the truth.

One is inclined, perhaps, to be a little sceptical at the frequency with which Egypt and Atlantis figure in these records of Reincarnation. In another sitting a message came saying : "Scota [who figures in the Atlantis record] says, 'Miriam [i.e., Mrs. French, who was helping to operate the ouija board] was a priestess in the temple of Rameses in the Egyptian period. Scota was then a handmaiden in the temple. She has never incarnated since.'"

At another sitting a curious observation is made by Robert (Mr. Wilcox) clearly of an evidential character. An old friend, Lida Melhuish, had come in during the sitting. Mrs. Wilcox asked for an idea regarding the poem her husband wanted her to write. Suddenly there came the words : "You might write on the birth of two souls, a few lines to the twins." Mrs. Melhuish exclaimed in astonishment : "Why ! my niece gave birth to twin girls yesterday. Do you suppose Robert means that ?"

Another curious communication had reference to Jacob Boehme, of whom my readers will be astonished to learn none of the circle had ever heard. On December 11, 1917, the pointer wrote as follows : "Ella, listen ! Heaven is open to me. I am moving in the circle of Divine Essence, in the transcendent source of all being. God is infinite love and His manifestation infinite Wisdom. Nature rises out of Him and we sink into Him. Scota has brought me to Jacob Boehme, a great soul who has given messages."

The curious sequel to this was that the party looked out Jacob Boehme in the Encyclopedia and found in the summary

given of his philosophy the following words: "Nature rises out of God and we sink into Him." How, one may ask, did this particular phrase from the Encyclopedia find itself transferred to the lips of the supposed Robert Wilcox? Did it emanate from him at all, or from the sub-conscious self of one of the sitters? It may be remembered that some of the messages purporting to come from the Mahatmas were discovered in a similar way, word for word in a printed book. Certainly the communication of information unaccountably acquired was one of the most noteworthy features of these séances. In one instance, the conversation turned on Buddha, when this message was suddenly communicated: "Ask Miriam to show you the small Buddha in her handbag." Miriam (i.e., Mrs. French), who had been sitting with closed eyes during the coming of these messages, started up in surprise and took from her handbag a small silver Buddha, no larger than a pea. "Ask her to open it," communicated the indefatigable Robert. When opened, it disclosed five small dice. Robert commented, "I wanted you to know I could look into handbags."

Mrs. Wilcox is fully satisfied that she is in actual communication with her departed husband, and a great deal of the evidence which she supplies is strongly corroborative of this view. Sometimes, however, one is inclined to suspect that the knowledge communicated through the ouija board, evidential in a sense as it is, does not necessarily emanate from Robert Wilcox,

WAS IT
ROBERT
WILCOX?

but is perhaps communicated through the sub-conscious personalities of the sitters. It is difficult to arrive at any certain conclusion, especially when one gets quotations from an encyclopedia mixed up with the alleged experiences of the communicator on another plane. The meeting with Jacob Boehme does not somehow carry conviction as an authentic fact, and the phraseology employed in narrating it reads in rather strange contrast to that employed by Robert Wilcox on other occasions. In any case Mrs. Wilcox is to be congratulated on adding another and curiously interesting chapter to the records of communications with the other side. Perhaps I should add that the matter dealt with in this notice is but a small portion of the interesting volume entitled *The Worlds and I*, in which the distinguished authoress narrates the fascinating story of her career.

Various striking instances of the phenomena of repercussion have appeared from time to time in the correspondence columns

(and elsewhere) of the OCCULT REVIEW. Two further interesting cases have been sent me by Mr. Brodie-Innes to add to this curious collection. The records of mediæval witchcraft abound in similar instances, and modern hypnotism has many remarkable parallels. The occult theory as stated by REPER-
CUSSION. Paracelsus is as follows: "You have a visible and material body, but there is another man with an invisible, ethereal (astral) body within you, and that inner man is yourself too. Each act performed by your external body is performed and caused by the invisible man. The one acts in a visible and the other in an invisible manner. If an injury is inflicted upon the invisible man, it will be reproduced on his visible body."

In one of Mr. Brodie-Innes' instances a patient suffering from insomnia owing to a persistent drumming in his room ascribed the noise to an enemy of his who was deliberately annoying him by the use of occult powers. He was advised by a medium whenever the noise occurred to lash about vigorously with a dog-whip in the direction in which it was heard. The AN ASTRAL
FLOGGING. patient acted accordingly, and it was found immediately afterwards that the enemy whom he suspected was covered with long weals and scars, as though he had been severely beaten. Akin to such cases are those of stigmata produced by the religious enthusiasm of the devotee on the physical body, doubtless through the medium of the astral body, by the force of a strong emotion. So also are the injuries inflicted by sorcery through the force of evil imagination and the transference of wounds inflicted on wax images to the body of the person it is sought to injure.

Cases of imagination in dreams producing a physical effect on the body are not uncommon, and there was a rather amusing instance recorded in the press some years ago of a person who claimed that after dreaming that he had spent a week at the seaside he woke up the next morning with a sunburnt complexion as the result of his imaginary vacation! Many curious stories are narrated of the detection of witches through the shooting of the animals whose form they were supposed to have assumed, the witch being subsequently discovered in bed bleeding from the corresponding portion of her body to that of the animal which was shot. Such records lack adequate corroboration, but in view of the natural law which has been established by numerous recent hypnotic experiments in which the sensi-

WITCHES
IN ANIMAL
FORM.

bility of the subject has been transferred to a glass of water, or to the body of another person in the room, they are not by any means intrinsically improbable, provided one can assume the possibility of the assumption by the astral body of the form of an animal.

The realization of the physical conditions of a diseased person by a medium or psychometrist produces similar symptoms in the medium to those experienced by the sufferer, and indeed the medium by constantly putting herself *en rapport* with such a patient is in danger of contracting the illness from which the said patient is suffering. Subjoined are Mr. Brodie-Innes' two curious records, to which the above remarks may serve as an introduction.

In my experience [says Mr. Brodie-Innes] this phenomenon is rare, and even the seemingly well-established cases are so persistently ascribed to other causes that it is difficult to get evidence.

Two fairly good instances have come under my personal notice. The first occurred long ago when I was living in Germany. I had a close friend, an American, and a young Hungarian Count was a friend of us both. But these two quarrelled over a girl, and the American believed himself to be unforgivably insulted by the Count, whom he accordingly challenged to a duel. This was common enough among students, and little was thought of it. But the Count having the choice of weapons chose cavalry sabres, which was always understood to mean a duel to the death. The American asked me to be his second, but knowing little or nothing of German duelling customs, I declined. He was a good swordsman, and went to a school of arms and practised diligently at the sabre. About a week before the time appointed I was hurriedly called to my American friend's rooms. I found him in bed with a livid red wheal across his face from the forehead to the point of the ear, as though a cut from a whip had been laid across his cheek. He told me he had dreamed he was fighting the duel, and had killed the Count, but had received a cut that laid his cheek open. As a fact the skin was not broken, and the mark disappeared in a few days. Curiously enough the Count the same night had also dreamed of the duel, and was found in the morning insensible. He said that he had been warned in the dream that he was entirely in the wrong, and that if he persisted he would inevitably be killed, and would suffer grievously in the next world. He had a severe illness but recovered, and tendered a handsome apology, which the American accepted. The doctor who attended my friend maintained that he must somehow have injured his face in sleep, possibly in a fit of somnambulism, and that the injury had caused the dream. But this seemed to be far-fetched, and practically impossible, and moreover nothing but the long arm of coincidence would account for the Count's simultaneous

illness. My own view was, and is, that they actually met and fought astrally, and that the weal on my friend's face was an instance of repercussion.

The second case was told me by an Edinburgh doctor. He had a patient who suffered badly from insomnia. He said he was constantly kept awake by a persistent drumming in his room; he ascribed this to an enemy who, he said, was continually trying to annoy him, and who had occult or hypnotic powers. The doctor thought it was merely a case of excessive blood pressure in the head, and the throbbing of an artery producing the illusion of drumming. However, all his remedies proved of no avail, and the patient consulted a medium, who advised him to provide himself with a strong dog-whip, and when the drumming began to lay about him vigorously in the direction of the sound. This he did, and the doctor ascertained that the enemy whom his patient had named had been taken seriously ill, and that his body was covered with long weals and scars, as though he had been severely beaten. The doctor was very unwilling to admit the theory of repercussion, but was unable to produce any other theory that accounted for the facts. In any case, he said, there was no doubt that from that time the drumming ceased, and the patient was no longer troubled with insomnia.

The Highlands are full of stories of keepers who have shot at a hare or fox, and have found an old woman in bed with a broken arm, or the like, but none of these will stand investigation, and are mostly variants of traditional stories handed down through generations. But there is no doubt that the idea of repercussion is firmly believed in the Celtic West, though not now very often talked about. The Celt has learned the wisdom of keeping his superstitions to himself.

THE FAMILIAR: ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN

BY LEWIS SPENCE

A THOUSAND tales describe to us the several shapes and guises in which the class of elemental spirits known to occult science as "familiars" visit the witch and the magician. It is comparatively easy to trace the direct origin of this belief to the conception of fetishism. But it is not such a simple matter to account for the constancy of its phenomena, and the frequent appearance of familiars in animal form might well be quoted as evidence that the idea concerning them had its roots in totemism rather than in the cult of the fetish. I am convinced that it is intertwined with both of these primitive human conceptions, but I would urge with Lang that "the savage theory of the soul may be based, at least in part, on experiences which cannot at present be made to fit into any purely materialistic system of the universe."

Familiar spirits are of three classes: (1) Those of the genius type, who attach themselves to a human individual and usually appear in the shapes of men, demons or angels; (2) those which are imprisoned in some specific object, from which they emerge at command of the magician: these are supposed to reside in rings, lockets or other trinkets, which the sorcerer usually wears or carries about with him; (3) those which appear to the witch or magician in animal or semi-animal form. Let us examine these types separately, in an attempt to arrive at the genesis of the conception of each, afterwards scrutinizing the evidence for the reality, or otherwise, of the familiar.

Perhaps familiars of the first class are less numerous than those of the other two species, but the legends concerning them have certainly enjoyed a greater celebrity. In this account I shall attempt, so far as is possible, to depart from the beaten track in the examples I present to the reader, in order that he may not be wearied by the perusal of matter which he must have encountered very frequently already. Perhaps the best-known instance of a familiar of the angel-demon type was that which attached itself to Doctor Torralva, a Spanish physician of the sixteenth century,

who came safely through the fearsome ordeal of the Inquisition of his day. This being is described as "an angel of the order of good spirits," who was so gifted in his knowledge of the future and of hidden things, that he was without peer in the spiritual world, and of such a peculiar temperament, that he disdained to make any bargain with those he served. He is described as having the appearance of a fair young man with light hair, and dressed in a flesh-coloured habit and black surtout. He was called Zequiel, and his services were put at the disposal of Torralva by a Dominican monk, who seems to have had no further occasion for them. He visited the doctor at every change of the moon, or as often as the physician required his advice, accompanying him on his travels, which were usually accelerated by some magical device suggested by the obliging Zequiel. He even accompanied Torralva to church, said nothing contrary to Christianity and never counselled his patron to evil. When the doctor exacted exorbitant fees from his patients Zequiel rebuked him, telling him that since he had received his knowledge for nothing he ought to impart it gratuitously, and whenever Torralva was in want of money he found a supply in his chamber which he knew had been furnished by this beneficent spirit. Through acting on the counsel of Zequiel the physician achieved considerable fame and fortune, but as he made no secret of his intercourse with his supernatural assistant, he shortly incurred the attentions of the Inquisition, which, however, set him at liberty upon receiving his assurance that he repented of his suspicious conduct and renounced all magical practices.

We have at least two instances of poltergeists which became familiars. Delrio tells us of a certain man living at Trapani in Sicily in the year 1585, whose house was greatly disturbed by a spirit typical of this species. It threw huge stones about and juggled with crockery and kitchenware in the manner peculiar to these tricky sprites. If one played the lute the spirit accompanied the music with songs of the most questionable description, and even accompanied the master of the house when he travelled abroad on business. The unfortunate recipient of these attentions resolved, at all costs, to rid himself of such an incubus, and this he succeeded in doing by the aid of priestly exorcism. A similar instance is that of the Lord of Corasse, a castle situated about twenty miles from Orthes, who having about 1365 unjustly deprived a clerk of Catalonia of certain tithes, was subjected by his victim to the usual poltergeist annoyances. Arriving one night at the castle, says Froissart, this spirit began to hurl and

fling about all the movables capable of being treated in such a manner. When the invisible mischief-maker was challenged by the Lord of Corasse as to his identity, he replied that his name was Orton and that he had been dispatched by the said clerk to torment the tyrannous lord who had kept him from the enjoyment of his revenues. The Seigneur scoffed at the idea that a spirit of such powers should attach himself to a mere clerk, and suggested that Orton should enter his service. Orton accepted the position and became inseparable from the Lord of Corasse, much to the annoyance of his wife, who was terrified at the spirit's manifestations. He would wake his master in the watches of the night to acquaint him with notable happenings in England, Germany or Hungary, giving him good advice as regards his private affairs until shortly before his death.

Examples of the familiar in anthropomorphic shape who comes and goes almost at will, and who is not in any way confined to the immediate neighbourhood of his master, might readily be multiplied, but for the purposes of the present article he is not so important as those of the remaining two classes. The best general description we have of the imprisoned familiar is that of Le Loyer in his work *Des Spectres*, who states that spirits of this class were well-known to the magicians of the schools of Salamanca and Toledo. These were, he avouches, of several varieties, Mercurials, Jovials, Saturnines, Martials and Aphrodi iacs, who appeared in various forms and who might be either benign or cruel in disposition. In some instances they exercised a definite influence upon their patron's character and disposition. Heywood in his "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels" states that many familiar spirits are kept in rings, in phials, boxes and caskets. He provides many instances of magicians who had imprisoned familiars in rings, among others Apollonius of Tyana and Johannes Rosa of Cortacensia, who by the aid of his famulus "was not only acquainted with all newes as well forrein as domesticke, but learned the cure and remedy for all griefs and diseases; insomuch that he had the reputation of a learned and excellent physition. At length being accused of sortilege or enchantment at Arnham in Guelderland, he was proscribed, and in the year 1548 the Chancellor caused his ring in the public market to be layd upon an anvil, and with an iron hammer beaten to pieces." He further quotes Mengius to the effect that in a town near Venice a certain magician possessed a ring inhabited by a familiar which he had bound to his service, and repenting of his sorceries, betook himself to a priest for advice. The holy man advised him to have the

trinket destroyed, "at which word the familiars were heard (as it were) to mourn and lament in the ring, and to desire that no such violence might be offered unto them, but rather than so, that it would please him to accept the ring and keepe it, promising to do him all service and vassallage." But the churchman was sufficiently strong-minded to reject the offer, and being zealously enraged, seized a great hammer and broke the ring almost to dust.

Paracelsus was believed to carry about with him a familiar in the hilt of his sword, Naudé tells us that he never laid this weapon aside even when he went to bed, that he often got up in the night and struck it violently against the floor, and that, frequently, when overnight he was without a penny, he would show a purseful of gold in the morning. Naudé, who was nothing if not a materialist, formed the opinion that the pommel of Paracelsus' weapon contained nothing but two or three doses of laudanum, with which the master effected many strange cures. Kelly, Dr. Dee's rascally assistant, is said to have possessed a beryl ring, in the stone of which familiars were wont to appear, and the rings of Gyges and Hieronymus of Mediolanum will occur to every student of the occult as well-known examples of jewels in which familiars were imprisoned. The staff of Major Weir, the Scottish sorcerer, affords another instance of the familiar resident in a material object. This staff was wont to behave in an almost rational manner, it is said, moving and walking of itself, and at the trial of its master plentiful evidence was adduced that it frequently acted as if gifted with reason.

As has been said, the imprisoned familiar can readily enough be traced to fetishistic practice. The fetish is, generally speaking, an inanimate object which appears to the savage as the residence of a spirit. Thus a carved doll, a necklace of teeth, a flint stone or other object into which a shaman or medicine-man has succeeded in coaxing a spirit to reside, is regarded by the savage as a fetish. The fetish is usually an object peculiar in shape or material, for this is considered by the witch-doctor as being more likely to attract a wandering spirit than any ordinary substance. Thus we find as fetishes peculiarly-shaped stones and freakish objects which can easily be worn or carried about. Such oddities of nature are often regarded as being under the power of some spell or potent enchantment. Again, in the barbarian view, the wandering spirit was not likely to fare much better, materially speaking, than a wandering savage. It would suffer the inconveniences of hunger and cold, and would be only too pleased to be at rest for a while where it would be treated with every defer-

ence and properly attended to. For this purpose a shaman will either manufacture or search for a fitting residence for his familiar, attempting by various rites to coax it to take up its home therein. The whole ritual of this process, especially as practised among the Siberian tribes, is well-known to students of anthropology. The fetish spirit is nourished by being painted with blood or wrapped up in a cloth saturated with blood, and its oracular nature is admitted by all authorities. From this conception to that of the spirit enclosed in a ring or other trinket is but a step, and there is abundant evidence that if the belief in such trinkets has long died out among the more civilized races, the custom of wearing them still survives. The mascot worn on the bangle or the watch-chain is the modern survival of the fetish object, and even the idol-fetish or carven semblance of the spirit is surely represented by the billikin, the gazeka and the "lucky imp," so commonly to be seen in jewellers' windows, or even attached to some part of the gear of the modern motor-car. I do not think I am incorrect in venturing the opinion that the regimental mascot is nothing else than a survival of the "beast comrade," in whom savage people saw the materialized familiar. Thus does modern man unconsciously retain the outward semblance of beliefs which he fondly imagines he has long since dispensed with.

Regarding the beast-familiar we are in possession of an amount of material embarrassing in its richness. Defining this class of familiar, Le Loyer quotes Grillandus as saying that every magician and witch after they have done their homage to the Devil has a familiar spirit given to attend them, whom they call Magistellus, Magister, Martinnettus, or Martinellus, and these are sometimes visible to men in the shape of a dog, a rat, and so forth. Oft-times the witch's familiar took a semi-animal shape, half-imp, half-beast, and these are described at length in the standard works on witchcraft in Scot, Glanvil, Sprenger and the like. The literature concerning this class of familiar is so well known, that there is little necessity to expatiate upon it in this place. These animal familiars attached to the witch either came at call, or visited her at stated intervals, usually in the morning or evening and the nature of the practices which took place on these occasions leads me to infer that they were in some measure the survivals of a primitive vampirism and perhaps cannibalism. It was the practice of the familiar to suck the blood of the witch, who usually developed a description of teat for this purpose, authorities differing as to whether this organ supplied nourishment to the fiend in the shape of blood or milk. In a recent notable paper

in *Man*, written in support of a remarkable thesis that witchcraft was in reality the remnant of an ancient nature religion, Miss M. A. Murray, the well-known lecturer on Egyptology in University College, London, shows that Polythelia, or supernumerary nipples, are constantly recorded by modern medical observers in about 7 per cent. of individuals. She further quotes many instances in which witches dead and alive were shown to have had nipples of this description which had obviously functioned, and although she comes to no definite conclusion regarding their employment, the mass of scientific and trustworthy evidence she has brought to bear upon the subject must leave the open-minded reader with no alternative to the belief that these organs had been used to supply nourishment in some manner.

I must dwell very briefly upon a link which I am convinced connects the phenomena of witchcraft with those of totemism. I allude to the system of Nagualism, as practised in secret by the natives of Mexico and Central America. This has as its foundation a belief in animal familiars or genii who are attached at baptism to the native child, remaining with him throughout his earthly career. The child is called after the animal with which it is connected by the medicine-man or parent, which frequently appears to it, advising it and admonishing it at times of danger or difficulty. In fact the *nagual* is nothing else than the personal totem or beast-guardian, but on the other hand it is undoubtedly of the nature of a familiar, foretelling the future and discovering hidden treasures. The ceremony, too, by which the *nagual* is conferred upon the infant is almost identical with that in which the familiar is dedicated to the witch, and the individual who thus accepts it has, on occasion, the power of transforming himself into its animal shape. The *nagual* is one or other of those animals which are represented on the painted calendars of the natives of Central America, so that it is probable that the nature of the cult was originally a seasonal one, in which I believe it to resemble the primal form of European witchcraft. The witchcraft of Central America, indeed, so strongly resembles that of Europe, that there is no circumstance of the one which cannot be paralleled in the other. An intensive study of the sorcery of ancient Mexico has led me to the discovery of a magical system which embraced the use of unguents for the purpose of levitation, the practice of vampirism in its phase of absorption by extraordinary secretory organs and the common use of the broomstick as a means of magical transportation. Nagualism, therefore, in my view, partakes of the nature of a proven link between the systems known

as totemism and witchcraft, especially that phase of the latter in which the familiar is prominent.

As regards the reality of the existence of the familiar, proof is steadily accumulating. Personally, I am of opinion that it is for the most part (and especially as regards the last two forms of which I have spoken) recruited from elemental spirits which have their abode in the lower strata of the astral plane. This is, of course, no new theory. The older writers on witchcraft believed this to be the case and considered that such spirits were reinforced by the souls of the wicked and the earth-bound. This may be so, but I believe the familiar to belong to that species of spiritual organism which is usually classed as non-human, although in some measure it partakes of human intelligence and human desires. We are so far in woeful ignorance regarding the inhabitants of that plane which in a measure abuts upon and interpenetrates our own, but the phenomena of recent spiritualism have in some measure assisted us in the estimation of the nature and qualities of its lower denizens. I believe the generality of genuine spiritualistic manifestations to be almost entirely due to the activities of such spirits as I speak of. Their protean nature and their facility in transformation render it easy for them to assume such likenesses as they choose. They are for ever on the outlook for an opportunity for materialization, and mystics of standing have, times without number, warned the rash and the inexperienced not only of the danger they incur in trafficking with elementals of this class, but of the absurdity of regarding their deliverances with any degree of seriousness. All this surely goes to prove that the most rigorous tests of spirit-identity should be insisted upon, not only at initial sittings, but at every subsequent séance where a certain spirit or spirits are in the practice of holding converse with one or other of the sitters.

Some of us are so constituted that we are peculiarly conscious of the presence of this class of elemental spirit. The temptation to proceed further in the investigation of its life-history holds out great temptations to certain persons of peculiar temperament, but I have no hesitation in saying that these should be put aside in the most definite manner, as they constitute one of the gravest dangers to personal and psychic health to which humanity is exposed. In his well-known work *The Making of Religion*, the late Andrew Lang adopted the hypothesis that the belief in spirits had been greatly fostered in the human mind by the activities, real or supposed, of the poltergeist and the fetish spirit, and he adduces a large body of proof, to which, as I have

already overrun the limits of my space, I must refer the interested reader. But the trend of my remarks will, I hope, rather deter him from personal contact with a degrading and dangerous influence, than stimulate him to anything else than the merely academic consideration of this abomination of the abyss. It is, of course, fitting and proper that we should know the dangers to which the human spirit is exposed, but knowledge of the psychology of an enemy surely does not infer the necessity of closer traffic with him, as we have recently learned to our cost in circumstances which I have not the slightest intention of alluding to in this place.

THE MASTER TILLER

By W. P. RYAN

LOVE is a Master-Tiller of the Soil,
The subtle Soil that he can sacred make,
Till even our earth-nature is a shrine.
Oh, not for this one life alone he tills,
But for far lustrous lives and mystic planes
Our souls shall live and know on the great Path
By which, through æons, we to godhood rise.
Yea, in these days of struggle, cloud and gleam,
As toiling in the West I dream of thee,
Love seems a Tiller, Seer and Hierophant,
And I partaker in a Mystery
Sacred as Egypt saw, or Samothrace;
And at the feasts and hostings of the Gael
The old gods now have meanings for the soul,
And Angus, god of love, is nearest me.
They were our Higher Selves in our old lives,
Sons of the cosmic Christos and the One,
And now they come anew as we awake
And till the Untilled Fields without, within.
Oh, we who work with love have cast out fear;
Our souls have risen from the dead at dawn:
The gods are in the gardens of the Gael!

A HAUNTED CHURCH IN MUNICH

By J. W. BRODIE-INNES

MY chief object in writing down the following experience is the hope that perhaps some reader of the OCCULT REVIEW, who is familiar with Munich, may be able to throw some light upon it, or may have had similar experiences. The whole subject of places accursed, for some reason or other, is extremely interesting, but there is always a difficulty in getting accurate details. There is little doubt that there are many places in this country of which grisly tales might be told, but the owners are naturally reluctant that these should become public property, and stories that are told are, for the most part, veiled by initials; and also the temptation to the narrator to touch up and make a good yarn seems wellnigh irresistible when the means of verification are excluded. I have, therefore, endeavoured to give a plain and unvarnished account of my own experience, of a place that anyone can find and visit for himself, and those who have the opportunity can examine the history of. The chief importance of the story appears to me to lie in the fact that I stumbled on it by pure chance, knowing nothing of its history, or of anyone else's experiences.

It is, of course, well known that the mediæval formula of consecration included a curse upon whomsoever should violate, or turn to secular uses, ground or buildings which were solemnly dedicated to the service of God, and Joyce's *Doom of Sacrilege*, continuing and expanding the little work by Sir Henry Spelman entitled *Churches not to be Violated*, contains many instances of the fulfilment of this anathema. But the history of the Munich church seems to go farther and deeper, and to be more akin to the curses invoked on the violators of certain Egyptian mummies. It is certain that experiences of this kind often arise from suggestion. An imaginative or sensitive person, going to a place that has an evil repute, or about which grim tales are told, will feel or perhaps see things that they expect to see and feel. Or, even if there be no known stories, the mere aspect of a gloomy haunted-looking place will predispose to the sensation of horror, and perhaps to the visions of ghosts that are imperceptible to ordinary mortals. But these predisposing causes were entirely excluded in this case.

It was about ten years ago that I was in Munich, on the way to the last Passion Play at Oberammergau. I knew Munich superficially, but by no means intimately, and on the first evening that I was there I strolled out, somewhat aimlessly, to explore. The Hans Platz is well known, with the picturesque gateway flanked by two towers with clocks leading to the Neu Hause Strasse. A few hundred yards along this street on the left hand side is the show church of St. Michael. This, however, did not attract me. I knew it of old, and considered it not much more than a museum of some fine pictures and carving. But a short distance beyond was a long bare wall, rising sheer from the pavement, and bearing some torn affiches. A garden wall, I thought. But for some unaccountable reason it gave me a sensation of something horrible and uncanny. I looked up and found that it was of a great height, bare and blank, rising high above the tops of the houses right and left of it. I stepped out into the street to try and see what it could be, and then I saw that it was surmounted by a roof sloping backwards at a vast height from the street. High up were remains of arched windows bricked or boarded up. But beyond the narrow roof rose another wall pierced with gothic windows, their tracery broken and destroyed, some of them boarded, some partially glazed, and above this a high-pitched roof. Clearly it was a vast church, but how it came into that condition there was nothing to show, nor was there any apparent way in. But, as I looked at it, the feeling of horror increased, amounting almost to physical fear, such I have never before felt of anything. The enormous size of it, the desolation, gave it an air of menace, as though it were some great brooding demon threatening the town. I found then that, without a word spoken, my companion had precisely the same feeling. It was an evil place, and we hurried past it as quickly as possible, and felt greatly relieved to be again among the ordinary sights and sounds of Munich.

I was naturally very greatly interested in this building, which I had never noticed before, and on my return to the Hotel Belle Vue where I was staying, I studied maps of the city, and the usually accurate and exhaustive Baedeker, and several other guide books, but could find no notice of this church. The hall porter, generally a mine of information concerning everything of note in the town, was equally unresponsive. No one seemed to know anything about it. There was a Customs warehouse somewhere in that neighbourhood. This was all the information I could get. Next morning I set out again, determined to find an

entrance somehow. This time I went alone, and experienced the same sensation of brooding evil, of a vast sinister presence. The entrance, if there were one, must be on the other side away from the Neu Hause Strasse. I skirted round, and finally, after several vain attempts, found the way by narrow by-lanes to the wall of the church, on the other side, and here there was a door. Apparently it was a private way. The place was not open to the public, and I was trespassing. But as it chanced no one challenged me, and I went straight up to the door and went in. Very reluctantly, for I felt a strange force as it were pushing me back, and warning me. Never so far as I remember have I felt such reluctance to enter any building, and it was only by a great effort that I conquered the feeling sufficiently to go in. It was quite obvious what the building was. A huge church had been entirely gutted of its contents, and transformed into a warehouse. Many workmen were employed moving heavy bales of goods, wheeling trolleys, etc., and I could not help being struck with the heavy depressed look of them in the dim light. They might well have stood for the spirits in purgatory, labouring ceaselessly at eternal and profitless tasks. The enormous size and height of the building was even more apparent here than from the outside. The lower windows had been built up, and the walls to the height of some dozen or eighteen feet had once been whitewashed, but now, stained with damp and coated with the dirt of many years, were scrawled over with ribald inscriptions, and blasphemous drawings. Above this the old painting had been left, and some of the religious emblems might still be traced. The upper windows were mostly broken, some boarded up, and their tracery, that might once have been beautiful, was broken and ruined. Whether it were fancy or not I cannot say, but to me the whole place seemed filled with a ghastly emanation, oozing from the floor and the walls as of a charnel house. But above all, the one definite sensation was that of acute physical fear. Without claiming to possess any greater courage or strength of nerve than the ordinary man, I can say truthfully that this is a sensation I very rarely experience, and I was correspondingly annoyed and ashamed, but there it was. No sooner had I walked half a dozen yards into that building, than the very fear of death came over me irresistibly, and a feeling of sudden weakness and collapse, so that I wondered if I should have strength to gain the door again, and the workmen appeared like shadowy fiends rather than solid, material, beer-drinking Germans. It was a distinct effort to gain the door again, and I was right glad to be

in the open air, where in a very few minutes all the unpleasant effects disappeared, but I felt the evil influence of that church all the time I was in Munich.

I tried in vain to learn anything of the history of that building. Some people apparently knew something about it which they would not tell, there was a distinct reluctance to speak of it, and all professed ignorance of anything beyond the fact that it had been acquired by the Government for a Customs warehouse. Obviously then there could be nothing of suggestion in my sensations, of which, to tell the truth, I was heartily ashamed, but which I was totally unable to banish.

On my return to London I inquired of a friend who knew Munich well, and who told me at once that he had experienced precisely the same sensations, and, as in my own case, utterly without any previous knowledge of the place. He had been on his way to deliver a lecture, and on passing the church was so overcome by an utterly unreasoning terror, that he had to take a cab to his destination, and could only pull himself together to give his lecture after a stiff glass of brandy. The feeling was much less afterwards, but never wholly left him. He often walked a long way round rather than pass the church. He had noticed also that the passers-by usually went to the other side of the road instinctively, though on inquiry they did not know why. He, however, had found the history of the place in the municipal archives, and elsewhere. According to his researches it had been originally the site of a temple of some very corrupt heathen rites before the Roman times, where human sacrifices had taken place. Afterwards, under the Romans, it had been the scene of the later and very depraved Mithraic worship, and of various abominations of the corrupt later Empire. After Constantine a Christian church was built there, but it was recorded that no proper exorcisms had ever been performed, and some of the Fathers of the Church were greatly perturbed in mind concerning it. The history, however, was a blank till the Middle Ages, when it became a headquarters of the Inquisition, with gruesome stories of torture chambers underneath. It was said that some of the instruments of torture in the Nuremberg collection were brought from there. After this various orders held the great church, but scandals grew and multiplied. Nothing seemed to prosper with the building, and at last it was purchased by the Government for a Customs warehouse. Since that time, my friend told me that statistics proved that among the workmen employed there more cases occurred of insanity and suicide than in any

other establishment of the same size in any part of Germany.

So far went my friend's testimony, which I had the fullest intention of attempting to verify by a search in the municipal records of Munich on my next visit, but that visit never came off. Other holiday expeditions intervened, and then the war put an end to all travel in Germany indefinitely. Possibly, however, this brief account may meet the eye of some one more conversant than I am with the history of Munich, who may throw some light on the story of this old church, which apart from anything else is itself sufficiently remarkable from its vast size, and strange desolate appearance, to rouse curiosity.

Later I found that my experience was by no means unique. In the following year, passing through Paris on the way to Brittany, I told the story of my experiences to a friend now dead, who was a mine of quaint stories of the supernatural and occult, in the hope that he might throw some light on it. Of the history of the church he knew nothing, but of its sinister repute he was well aware.

"Have you ever heard," he said, "of the painter Jules Renaud, who died there?"

I had not.

"I'm not surprised," he said. "He was of small account as a painter, and was better known as a blackguard, and the story of his death made a small sensation at the time, but was carefully hushed up. He was chronically hard up, from vice and incompetence, and reduced to most disreputable shifts to get a living, and he had a creature, a poor old Jew, whom he had got into his power by threats of exposure of some misdemeanour, I know not what, nor does it matter. This Jew he forced to act as catspaw in various rascalities. It was said that the old man made many attempts to get free, but was never able to shake off the bonds of his tyrant. At last there came a time when Renaud got a commission to copy some pictures in the Pinakothek at Munich, and was engaged in some blackmailing scheme in which, as usual, he employed the Jew as go-between. The Jew's hour of vengeance had come. Renaud, it seems, had been more than ordinarily offensive. The Jew by some means had obtained possession of the key of this building, and he induced Renaud to accompany him, on the promise that he would meet a man who would pay him some large sums. My friend had seen a jotting book belonging to the Jew, containing notes of his accomplished vengeance. Apparently he knew something of the Inquisition history of the place, for his entries began with prayers to the God of Israel to

avenge the cruelties and tortures that had been practised on His chosen people by the Christians in this place, and invocations of the spirits of murdered Jews to rise and torment this Christian, whom he would deliver to them, even as the Christians had tormented them; wild rhapsodies, and quotations from the minatory psalms, mixed with Hebrew curses, were scrawled seemingly at random, without any coherence or logical sequence. Then a triumphant entry, that God had heard his prayer, and had delivered his enemy into his power. Cupidity had prevailed over caution, and Renaud had consented to accompany him, knowing not whither he was going.

The succeeding notes were written later, and told very briefly what had occurred. They bore all the evidence of the satisfaction of a man whose prayers have been answered, and his desires fulfilled. Renaud had gone with him through the dark and squalid by-streets, growing continually more apprehensive with every step, and it needed all the lure of gold to restrain him from turning round and fleeing, before ever they reached the door. Fear and avarice waged an almost equal battle in his mind, as the Jew unlocked the door and bade him enter, to meet the man who was to give him large sums, the reward of some nefarious transaction. But scarcely were his feet over the threshold than the heavy door swung to with a crash behind him, and he found himself alone in that awful vastness, or so he imagined, for in fact the Jew had slipped aside into some hiding-place known to himself, to gloat over the torments of his tyrant. He narrated how Renaud strove in vain to open the door, how he beat on the heavy nail-studded panels, and shrieked for help. A dim light came through the upper windows, but all the floor of the church was wrapt in darkness. He felt his way a short distance along the wall, then terror-stricken rushed back to beat again on the door. Then he seemed to fancy there were some people inside who were laughing at him, and he raved, threatened, entreated, promising anything they might ask of him, if only they would come to his aid, but there was no answer. Then he seemed to see great shadowy forms in the dim spaces of the roof, and he cried to them, thinking they were gods or demons that might hear him, and besought them to take away the terrible eyes that were glaring at him, or to save him from the deadly damp oozing from the floor and walls. But there was no answer from any, and he shrieked and writhed on the floor in abject terror, and the Jew from his hiding-place gloated over his agony. At last he crouched against the door, forcing himself into the corner

between the door and the stone jambs, and stood there paralysed, as if seeing something yet more horrible, and visible to himself alone, and lurched forward, dead. My friend told me that he had never read such a ghastly account of a death from sheer terror as was described in gloating detail in the Jew's pocket-book. He dragged the body out into the street, where he left it, after carefully locking the door, and there in the morning it was found.

At the time, the death was one of the undiscovered mysteries. It was only long after that the pocket-book came to light, and by that time the Jew had disappeared, leaving no trace. Of course the story entirely depends on the evidence of this pocket-book. Still it may yet be verified. Some may possibly still remember, or be able to discover, some trace of Jules Renaud the painter. At all events it seems to go to prove, even though there be no truth in it, the sinister reputation of the old church, and that its story was known some forty or fifty years ago; which, so far as I can gather, was about the date of Jules Renaud. This Munich church may be taken as a rather definite and well-marked example of a place cursed or haunted, and susceptible of comparatively easy investigation. But the subject is a wide one, and there are many types of hauntings. In the eastern tales, particularly in the *Arabian Nights*, we read of various kinds of djinn inhabiting particular localities, especially old religious buildings and burial grounds and affecting in some way or other those who come within their influence, and of these the commonest, and in some ways the most terrible, are those that produce fear, paralysing their victims. Other kinds of djinn may be resisted or overcome by counter-spells, by fraud, or cunning, or by prayers to Allah the All-Compassionate. But the demons of fear can no man deal with, and of these demons the Munich church is an outstanding example.

Many of the waters of Germany are haunted by water elementals, but these are mostly of a kindly character.

Not far from Munich the loveliest of all the Bavarian lakes, the Badersee, lies like a living jewel among the mountains, said by the peasants to be the trysting place of the souls of dead lovers. They tell a story there of a young woodcutter somewhere near Innsbruck, whose betrothed died only a week before their wedding, and he declared that she could never rest in her grave in the cemetery, and that she had gone to the Badersee, and rowed there every night by the moonlight. They put him under restraint, but he escaped, and made his way, walking by

night and hiding by day, to the lake, and there the peasants say they still see the pair by moonlight rowing a small boat across, attended by a swarm of fireflies. And they say that if any youth will bring his sweetheart there by moonlight, and they see the phantom lovers, that their union will be specially blessed. This is a kindly haunting. But at the Laacher-see, near Andernach, the elementals bring death to all who rashly trespass on a certain corner of the lake. I was told there that even birds flying over would fall dead. Only it was said that when the Jesuit Fathers were there the evil was kept in abeyance, Another death haunting close by was at the castle of Lahneck, on the Rhine, opposite to Stolzenfels, and the story of this was told me by a former owner of the castle.

Long ago, when it was an open ruin, tradition said that owing to some mediæval curse it claimed a life every year (some said every five years) and the ruins were dreaded by all the country folk. The castle was bought by a Mr. Moriarty, an Irish barrister, who restored the castle and furnished it in exquisite taste. In my own student days I knew him, and remember many pleasant whist parties in the old castle, so I heard the story of what he declared was the last victim claimed by the old tower. It was a mere shell at that time, the floor of one of the upper rooms of the tower had fallen, and brought down with it the winding stair that had led to the roof. Long years after this, workmen came to repair the tower, I think for Mr. Moriarty after his purchase. At all events he knew all about it, and vouched for the truth of the story. At the top of the tower, when they reached it by scaffolding, there lay a mouldering skeleton, crouched against an angle of the battlements, and beside it hidden in a niche and protected from weather partly by the stones, and partly by some fragments still remaining of a dress, or cloak, was a manuscript book barely legible, but legible enough to make out the tragic story. A girl had trysted her lover to meet at Lahneck, and meaning to play a trick on him had run up to the top of the tower, when the stairway had fallen behind her. She saw her lover approaching, and shrieked to him, but he heard not, and she saw him go away, and days passed and she called continuously from the top of the tower, but none ever heard. She had a notebook and kept a sort of diary, as long as she had strength to write; she records how she tied messages to stones, and threw them over, but none were found; in fact all round the base of the tower was wild ground where none ever came, and probably if her cries were heard they were ascribed to the evil spirits that haunted the

castle. She wanted to jump and end all, but courage failed her, and she kept on hoping for a rescue, till she was too weak to move, and could write no more. Mr. Moriarty told me that he had verified the story to the extent of identifying the girl who had mysteriously disappeared, after trysting her lover to meet her at Lahneck. The castle had been solemnly exorcised, and I was assured that the 'evil spirit, or whatever it was, had been wholly banished, and no victim had been claimed since. What has chanced to Lahneck since the war I know not. I have been told that most, if not all, of the Rhine castles were requisitioned by the Government for fortresses, and probably many of the old traditions are lost. Still there may possibly be some in the neighbourhood who remember the old story of the castle.

The idea that a bridge claimed its toll of victims from its builders recurs in almost every land, and seems to be as old as the building of bridges, and is still as prevalent as ever. When the Forth Bridge was built there were naturally some accidents among the workmen, despite the greatest possible care. I lived in Edinburgh at the time and often went over to watch the progress of the work. The Highland workmen expected a given percentage of deaths, and, so to say, ticked off each fatal accident as a payment on account of the toll due, and lessening the danger to those left. Towards the close of the work one of the officials said to me, "The men are growing very careless now. They say the tale of deaths is full, and there can be no more. There is no need to take care." There were in fact no more fatal accidents after this. I have heard the same story about the building of many large bridges. I once pointed out to a Highlander that a bridge had been built across a canal in the west without any fatal result—"Ach!" he said. "Ye ken they'll no kill a man for a wee bit brig like yon. But Sandy got his foot crushed whatever."

One wonders how far the old mythological stories, of which the Minotaur of Thebes is typical, of a virgin tribute that had to be paid periodically, may have arisen from observation of the periodic toll of victims exacted by a building. The great Palace of Cnossus may have had the same fatal influence, vastly greater in proportion to its size, as was ascribed to the castle of Lahneck. We know that human sacrifices have been offered at bridges to appease the elementals, who would otherwise take toll of the passers over the bridge. After the Tay Bridge disaster an old Highland woman said to me: "There was naebody killed at the biggin' o't (building of it) an' that's why." Whether in fact nobody was killed, I know not. But many believed it.

Other types of curses there are on places. On the Spey near to Craigellachie there is a wood that seemed to have a terror for animals, horses passing through it for the first time would shy, and sometimes bolt, dogs would cower to their masters' heels. I have seen both of these phenomena frequently, and my father was very familiar with them, but no explanation was ever forthcoming. There was a vague unauthenticated story of a murder, but no one that I ever heard of had ever seen anything there, though some sensitive persons have told me they would rather walk a couple of miles round than go through that wood. The animals after a time got used to it, and seemed not to mind it.

On the shore of Loch Freesa there is a stone circle on a trackless moor which bears a very sinister reputation. To go there, or even to see the stones, however accidentally from a distance, is to invite misfortune at certain seasons of the moon; even cattle have been found dead who have strayed there at these times, so the natives say. Though as to this last the laird was sceptical, but he told me that beyond doubt misfortune had come to some men who had rashly gone there at the forbidden times. This circle is almost unknown, for not even a pathway leads to it, and it is out of sight of any road, but those who fish in Loch Freesa can easily find it. It has a remarkable peculiarity, for the great stone, locally called "the king stone," has unmistakable phallic carvings on it. I sent photographs and sketches of this stone to several experts on stone circles, and one and all declared that it was unique, so far as their experience went, and probably pointed to two different faiths occupying the same sacred place, for no trace of phallicism has been found among the remains of the stone circle builders.

Instances of places accursed might be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*, but cases where the history and the legends can be identified and traced are well worth careful investigation. There are family curses, which seem to be lifted if a new family comes into possession, and others again that haunt every possessor of the land; of the latter class are stolen Church lands, concerning which there are many authentic stories. In some cases the alleged curse is no more than an earth-bound astral, but the publication thereof may ground an action for libel, so caution is necessary. But enough are known to indicate that there are some subtle forces operating behind the veil of matter on material planes, to form a very fascinating field for investigation by the student of the occult.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S PALM

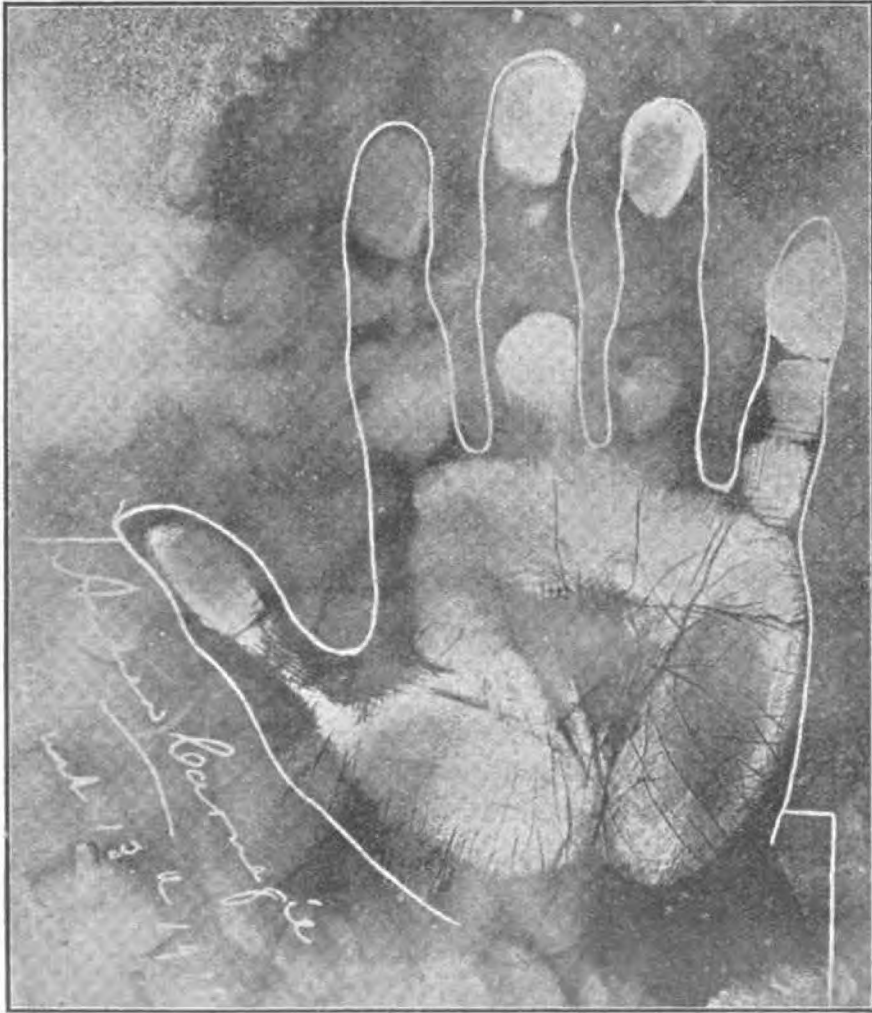
BY C. W. CHILD

NINE years have passed since one of my ambitions was realized. For many years while making a close study of hands and chasing celebrities throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles, I was anxious to get in close personal touch with the late Andrew Carnegie. The fact that he enjoyed the reputation of being the wealthiest man in the British Empire further fired my ambition and stimulated effort to accomplish my purpose. I felt that if I could only examine his hands and secure impressions of them I could satisfy myself as to his integrity or otherwise. Adopting the well-known maxim, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again," I persisted in writing to Mr. Carnegie every summer when I knew him to be at home. At last my request was granted and I had the satisfaction of receiving an invitation to Skibo Castle. I shall never forget my first impressions on his coming forward to shake hands. He had just returned from the grounds, and invited me to follow him to his study. On arriving there I took advantage of my opportunity and made a very close examination of his hand.

The first striking peculiarity was its unusual smallness, and after the examination of many thousands of hands I have to confess that I have never encountered a person of advanced years with one so small. Now, speaking generally, a small hand is more indicative of an impressionable and imitative nature than an original and imperturbable one. But in Mr. Carnegie's case this is explainable. For instance, the thumb is a very heavy one for the hand, and in itself proclaims tremendous will-power and dogged perseverance. The hand is also remarkably broad for its size, while the fingers are set evenly on the palm and are almost the same length as the latter. Here we have evidence of energy, serenity, and worldly wisdom. This again is still further emphasized by the excessive length of the centre line crossing the palm, known as the line of mentality, affirming the possession of a vigorous, practical, resourceful and masterful brain. The fingers and their placing call for special attention. It will be seen that they are broad and twisted, with blunted tips. These features reveal a lack of idealism and considerateness. In other words, one who refuses to be *thin-skinned*. It is illuminating to note that men who rise from humble circumstances and experience severe struggles at the outset, are characterized by the possession of a very short first (index) finger, whereas the aristocrat invariably has it long. Another striking fact is brought to light by the excessive length of the little finger so noticeable in Mr.

Carnegie's hand. In the hands of Jews and self-made persons this finger is always strong and well-developed, and I have noted that it coincides with a naturally industrious, prompt, active, wide-awake person, possessing also rare command of language and marked capacity to read, select, and handle men. I have also been impressed to find that in the hands of keen speculators their third (ring finger) is always longer than the first, and nearly as long as the second finger.

Now to come to the lines. It will be seen that the centre line, to



ANDREW CARNEGIE'S HAND.

which attention has already been drawn, is slightly separated from the line encircling the thumb (line of life). This increases the speculative tendencies and bespeaks lofty self-confidence and mental independence. The many lines ascending the hand show numerous successful enterprises and great material prosperity. The most remarkable line on

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the hand is the line running to the base of the little digit, designated the line of Mercury. This in itself is always prophetic of longevity and shows that the individual knows how to live scientifically.

Taking the hand as a whole, it testifies to a very masterful man of affairs, devoid of sentiment, whose only weakness has been his strength.

LIFE

By A. E. LLOYD MAUNSELL

SEE how the years pluck with a tireless hand
At that thin veil the Gods have hung between
Those things we scarce do know though they are seen,
And those, unseen, we faintly understand.

The things unseen that Fate does hold in store
Beyond the tide of years, to make complete
The view of all which now our eyes do greet,
We yet foretaste in part, in part explore.

Dimly we feel that tide which on its way
Bears all the multitude of living things ;
Feel past us stir, as though on eager wings,
Vague shapes of life, each greater than life's day.

We guess at shadows that have voice and speech,
Not for our ears, but for infinity ;
We feel the years plunge to eternity
As rivers hurry to some further reach.

Strange longings rise beneath the oft-seen stars ;
Vague notes vibrate where no sound moves at all :
A pulse beats to us like a distant call,
And our hearts answer faintly through life's bars.

And still the years pluck with a tireless hand
At that thin veil the Gods have placed between
All which we feel and yet have never seen,
And all we feel, yet do not understand.

MYSTICAL REALISATION

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE testimony to mystical experience has been borne in the modern world, in the main on the faith of the records, and under the Christian ægis—through all the Christian centuries—it has been borne at first hand by those who have attained therein some part at least of that which awaits the souls of men in the fruition of Divine Union. The annals of old sanctity and the commentaries of expert theology constitute together an exceedingly large literature, over and above which there is a yet larger testimony going back into remote ages and concerned with the same experience under the denominations of other religions in the sacred world of the East. Yet it seems to me that in what has been called the “general and popular world” of thoughtful and literate people there is still only a very slight and imperfect understanding of the whole subject. There is, I think, none on which statements are looser and fundamental misconceptions more frequent. The terms *Mysticism* and *Mystical* are still used to characterise the dealings of “occult science” and as synonyms for the scheme of things which are usually connoted by the title of “new thought.” They are labels in common used indifferently by friends and enemies of both. Those who affirm that there are no occult sciences, though there are many grades of self-induced hallucination, are apt to term them mystical as a by-word of reproach. Those in whose view the literary ventures which carry the mark of new thought are goods that are labelled falsely, regard it as the last word of condemnation to describe them as mystical. On the other hand, both literatures belong, in the opinion of many defenders, to the realm of mysticism, which they understand to mean higher thought. The point of union between the two parties resides in the fact that they are indifferently misusing words.

It happens that mysticism is the world-old science of the soul's return to God and that those who apply it to (1) any form of conventional metaphysics, (2) any branch of mental philosophy, (3) any reveries high or low, are no less mistaken than those who use it as a term of scorn. I care nothing in this connection for the etymological significance of the word, as denoting what is secret

and withdrawn. It has come in the course of the years to have one meaning only in the accurate use thereof, and we must abide by this and no other—for the sake of ordered thought—unless and until the keepers of mystical science shall agree between themselves on another and more definite term as an expression of the whole subject.

I have been speaking of the outer circles, from whom it seems idle at present to expect accuracy; but there is a more extraordinary want of understanding on the part of some whom we should expect to be capable at least of thinking rightly within the elementary measures of mysticism. Here it is no longer a question concerning the mere word, or the use of denominations in the sense of the mystical path when they belong more properly to the end, after all the travellings are over. I refer especially at the moment to misapprehensions respecting the place of the science in the life of modern man and woman, and this involves a consideration of the now recurring question whether that science can be acquired by practice in the daily life of the world. There can be no expectation of presenting in a brief space any views that will differ materially from those which I have expressed already in much longer studies; but it may be possible to offer something simply, for understanding on the part of those who cannot examine the subject in ordered and lengthy books. The question is, therefore, whether those excellent people are right who seem to think that the principles of mystical science may be so put forward that they can be taken into the heart, not indeed of the men in the street—though no one wishes to exclude them—but of men and women everywhere who have turned already to God, or are disposed in that direction. Alternatively, is it—shall I say?—a science which is reserved to experts only? We know that it is not possible to become acquainted readily and easily with the higher mathematics, with chemistry or biology. There are certain natural qualifications in virtue of which the poet is born, as well as made subsequently; there is also the scientific mind, which presupposes gift and faculty, as well as opportunity and application. In the science of the mystics, in their peculiar art of life, are there certain essential qualifications to be postulated in every case, and is there a long apprenticeship? Before attempting to answer, let us see what is being said and how far it exhibits any adequate acquaintance with the problems belonging to the debate.

It has been suggested recently that religion is at work revising institutions and theology, that reconstruction is in the air every-

where and that mysticism needs reconstruction as much as anything else. In the face of this statement a certain caution is necessary lest we begin to talk foolishly. It appears, however, that the remark applies rather to notions, theories and systems, to "the spell of mediæval mysticism" and to the reconstruction of these. Yet the tendency is to regard mysticism as a mode of thought, an attitude—if you like—towards the universal, so that we can have done with archaic forms and devise others which are modern. It is, however, as I have said, a science, the end of which is attained in the following of certain methods. One does not change sciences—as, for example, mathematics—but we can reconstruct and, it may be, improve our way of acquiring them. Mediæval mysticism is the same as modern mysticism—if any—but there may be other ways of reaching it, in respect of the externals, than were known and practised in convents. Fundamentally speaking, however, the ways are one—whether in the East or West, for those who follow *Vedanta* and those to whom the *Imitation* is a source in chief of leading. The only change that we can make is by taking out of the way that which is unnecessary thereto. As I tried to show some four or five years since, in *The Way of Divine Union*, there is no question that the end of mysticism was reached by the ascetic path during many past centuries of Christendom, but it belonged to the accidents of the quest; and other ways are possible, which I tried also to indicate.

The alleged reconstruction of religion is taking place only in a subsidiary sense, within narrow measures, or here and there in the corners. The great Latin Church is revising nothing, while the Greek—I suppose—is stewing in the waters of its own incapacity. But if they were both at the work of remaking and at one in their activity with the sects and the Anglican Church, the case of the mystics would still differ, because pure mysticism has no institutions to revise and no conventional or official theology to expand, reduce, or vary. It is a path of advancement towards a certain end, and the path is one: the variations are found only in the modes of travelling. Having in this manner cleared the issues, there must be something said of the end and the way thereto.

There is a great experiment possible in this life and there is a great crown of the experiment, but in the nature of things it is not to be bought cheaply, for it demands the whole man. It has been said that the life of the mystic is one of awareness of God, and as to this we must remember that we are dealing with a question of life and a life-problem. But what is awareness

of God? It is a certain inward realisation, a consciousness of the Divine—not only without us but within. The word awareness is therefore good and true, but it is one of those intimations which—as I have suggested already—are of the path and not of the end. It is of the learner and not of the scientist. The proof can be put in a nutshell by an appeal to the perfect analogy of that experience which is human love. Can we say to the human over that an awareness of the beloved must content him here and now? But that which he seeks is possession, after the manner of all in all—possession which is reciprocal and mutual. In Divine Things the word is realisation, and mystical realisation is the state of being possessed and possessing. Otherwise, it is God in us and we in God: O state of the ineffable, beyond all words and thoughts, deeper than tears of the heart and higher than all its raptures. The science of the mystic is that of the peculiar life-cultus, life-practice, or quest of life which leads to this state. In respect both of path and state the word is love. The kind of loving is summarised in the grand old counsel: "With all thy heart and with all thy soul." The rewards of love are not those which can be earned by divided allegiance. There is also another saying—about the desire of a certain house having eaten one up. There is no eye on two worlds in this and no Sabbath dedication except in the long Sabbath of undivided life. Here, too, is no art of making the best of both worlds and especially of this one, as if with one eye on the dollars and another on God. In this kind of dedication the world goes by and the pageants of all its temples: there are no half-measures respecting it. The motto of the path is *sub specie aeternitatis*, and it connotes the awakening and subsequent activity of a particular inward faculty. We know well enough by experience the power of a ruling passion, and it may happen to be one that is lawful. The man who is ruled thereby is living *sub specie illa*; it colours all his ways and days: it is the very motive of his life. Now, if we postulate in certain persons a ruling passion for God, it is then *sub illa specie aeternitatis* that they live and move and have their being.

As regards this state and as regards its gifts and fruits, even at the early stages, I testify that the Divine in the universe answers to the Divine in man. There does take place that which maintains and feeds the passion. A life which is turned to the keynote of the eternal mode knows of the things that are eternal. It knows very soon that it is not on a false quest: that God is and that He recompenses those who seek Him out is verified by valid

experience. It grows from more to more, an ever-expanding equipment in highest sanity of mind. Two things are certain : (1) apart from this high passion there can be no practical mystic ; but (2) no one can teach another how to acquire it. Once it has been kindled in the heart, the secret of the path is its maintenance, and many devices have been tried—among others those of the ascetics. The only excellent way is that of love in its activity towards all in God and God in all. This is the sense of St. Augustine's: Love and do what you will. Hatred is a canker in the heart and eats up this passion. Universal love maintains the passion for God till that time when God enters and takes over the work : it is then the beginning of the end, and that end is the still activity of union in the Eternal Centre. It is inevitable that vocation must be postulated, but this signifies an inward possibility of response to an ever-recurring call. It is thus that the divine passion is kindled which—as I have said—no one can communicate to another. There is something in the individual fount by which some are poets and some are called to the priesthood. For the same inscrutable reason there are some who receive and answer the call to mystic life. It may be a consequence of antecedent lives or of hidden leading from spiritual spheres : I do not know. It follows that the mystic life is reserved to those who can lead it, but unlike all other sciences the only technique connected with it is the technique of love ; the apprenticeship is that of love ; the science is love ; and the end is love's guerdon. All this being so, I am sure that there are more true mystics than we can dream, and yet they are few enough. They will grow from more to more, for love always conquers. But as to when this science of love can appeal to all classes I make no pretence of knowing ; it is for those who are able to acquire it ; and so are the questions answered.

THE CHARMS, SPELLS AND DIVINATIONS OF AFGHANISTAN

BY IKBAL ALI SHAH, M.R.A.S.

A STUDY of the Charms, Spells and Divinations of Afghanistan seems to show that they are to a great extent the outcome of the religious traditions and beliefs of the country, though, as is only to be expected, a large number are exotic and can be traced to Indian and Persian ideas. In the provinces of Herat, for instance, it is noticeable that the charms have a distinctly Shiatic character : in the north they bear marks of a Kirghis origin, while in the east and south they have a strong Hindoo and Bluch colouring. Kabul itself seems to be the meeting place for the ideas and traditions of all these races. As in the case of superstitions, the women have borne by far the greater share in the perpetuation of the charms and spells.

The charms have, in most cases, been written by Mullahs or Faqeers, and the people place an unquestioning belief and unflinching trust in them. The majority of them which are called "Taweez," are passages from the Koran, though a few are invocations in the names of saints or pious leaders of sects whose lives are regarded as offering noble examples to their fellow beings.

In certain parts of the country the writing of charms and spells is taken up by some Mullahs as their profession, and indeed in the regions of Badakhsan and the country adjoining to Swat and Bonair in the north-east, this is their only vocation in life. In other districts, however, they add to their other qualifications a knowledge of medicine and take the place of the village doctor.

Only those disciples of the Mullahs who win their favour by their obedience and by the proof they give in their lives that they are worthy to be entrusted with the secret art are initiated into its mysteries. In order to acquire the necessary knowledge they must subject themselves to a course of self-discipline and abnegation during which they must go through special forms of prayer, known as Chillas, and observe certain rules of fasting. These rules vary considerably ; in some cases the aspirants are forbidden to eat meat or eggs, in others they may eat lamb, but no fish or eggs. During this period, which is called the "Wazeefa,"

the aspirants must retire from contact with their fellow beings to a cell, where, in addition to the prayers already mentioned, they must recite, a certain number of times, such passages from the Koran or other holy writings as may be given them for the purpose by their peer (the spiritual leader).

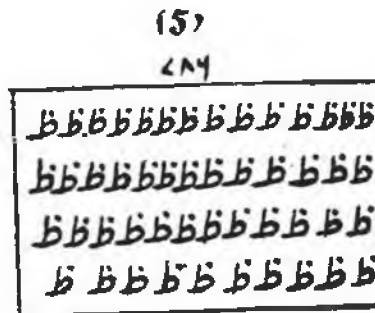
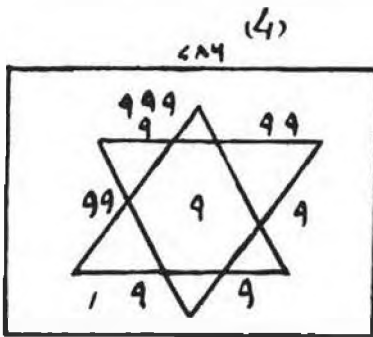
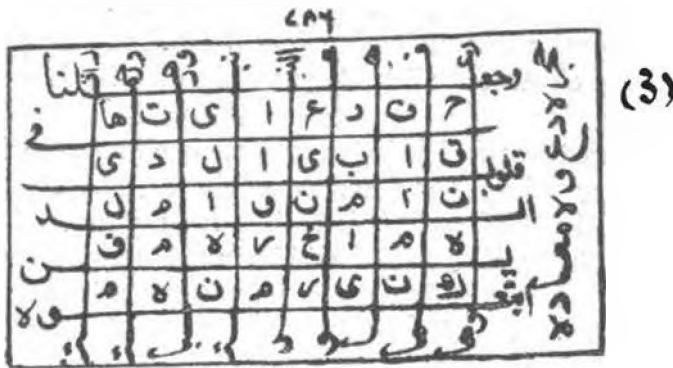
As the days pass the result of this self-discipline is manifested in the appearance of forms and apparitions, some in the shape of animals, others like ethereal beings that vanish in an instant. These forms mock at the student and try to frighten him, but he sits with closed eyes on his prayer carpet, and draws round him a circle called "Diara." So long as he remains within his "Diara" no harm can touch him, but the minute he puts his foot outside the circle he will be torn to pieces. Such, at least, is the belief.

The efforts of these evil beings reach their climax on the day preceding that on which the "Wazeefa" is to end. Assuming, therefore, that the "Wazeefa" is to last for a period of eleven days, on the tenth day the student will be in a state of the greatest terror, for all the spirits of Jinnii which he is to subjugate will be seated close to him, though outside the safety circle, in the most hideous form of giants, lions, serpents and other wild creatures, which it is possible to conceive. On the last night of the "Wazeefa" their craft and cunning will know no bounds; and they will leave no form of horror untried in order to frighten the man into abandoning the safety of his circle. If, however, he succeeds in resisting the temptation, and provided that he has faithfully fulfilled all the other conditions, these same fearsome forms will, at the end of the eleven days, kneel down before him with folded hands to receive his commands.

Each charm has a certain number of beings subservient to it. The severity and duration of "Wazeefa" vary according to the power of the Jinn, for the more powerful the being is, the harder is the task of overcoming him, and the greater the command of the art required. In some cases, the Mullahs can send these Jinns or spirits as their servants to perform tasks for their clients; in others they write a charm which is possessed of a curative value with regard to certain diseases; while in yet others the same power may be employed to bring harm to an enemy by causing his house to be burned, or bringing some severe or fatal disease, or even insanity, upon him. Many a good lady has invoked the aid of the charms to subdue her master (husband) or to cause the return of the husband who has deserted her.

The Wazeefas are divisible into two principal branches, the

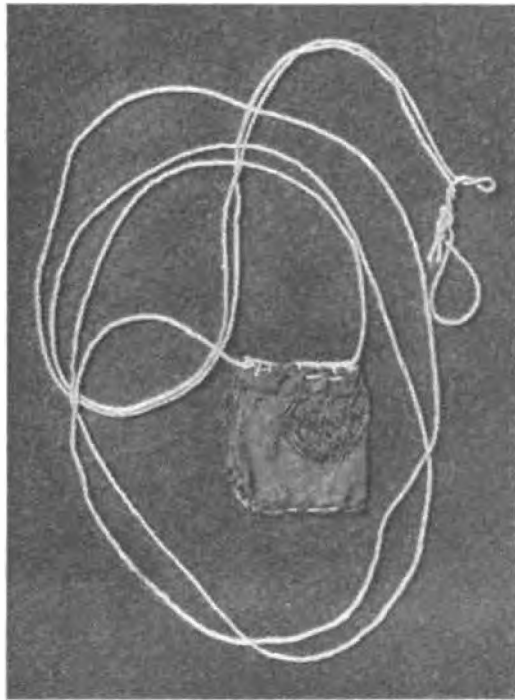
“Jamalee” and “Jalallee.” The Jamalee pertains to ethereal or celestial light and is consequently a mild form ; its control is not difficult and no real danger threatens the learner. Jalallee, on the other hand, is connected with wrath, anger and severity, and is a much more violent phase of the Wazeefas. Those, therefore, who wish to take it up, must have great strength of mind, for the beings will make so many attacks that unless the student can offer an exceptionally powerful resistance, he will either be killed or driven insane. All the more important Jinns and spirits are under the control of Jalallee.



How far these people do actually perform what they profess to do is a matter which perplexes the mind of one who has been born and bred in this bed of charms and divination. One fact at any rate is undeniable—that is, that they are always on the look-out to take advantage of circumstances which may enhance their reputation ; whether they have ever killed a man by the mere force of a charm or turned a husband into the romantic lover of the wife whom he hated, is very questionable.

Nevertheless, an unquestioning belief in the charms written by pious masters of art is pretty general in both sexes. Charm No. 3 is for protection against disease, particularly colic, numbers

4 and 5 are for protection against evil eye, and are generally worn by children. They are all enclosed in silk cloth capsules as shown in photograph No. 1. *Men tie them round their right arm to safeguard themselves against ILL-HEALTH, THE EVIL EYE, or some prevalent epidemic, or wear them on a string round their waist as a cure for affections of the kidney or colic pains.* Wrestlers fasten them in a capsule of silver on the left wrist, in the belief that their power will carry them victoriously through all their contests. See photograph No. 1 ; No. 2 photograph was enclosed in the capsule



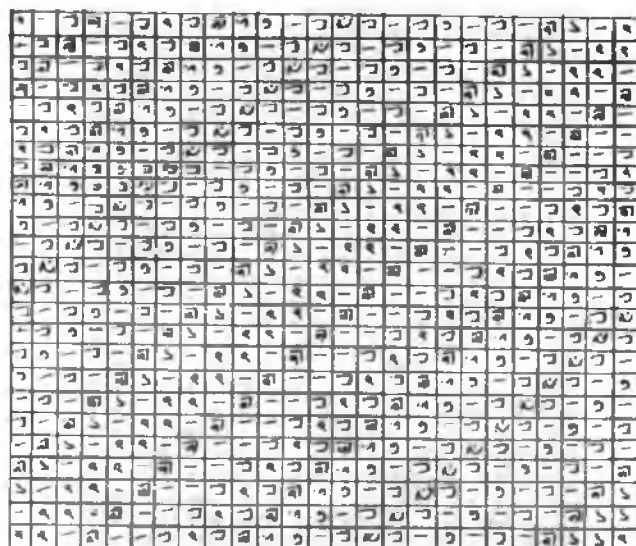
No. 1

CAPSULE IN WHICH WAS ENCLOSED THE CHARM AS SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 2.

of the pendant. The belief is that the charm protects a man from bullet wounds. *Others cover them in an embroidered silk case and wear them round their necks, or pin them into their turbans, by which means they hope to obtain the favour of an official or of the Ameer himself.* Women frequently sew them into their husbands' garments when they go forth to fight ; this is, in fact, their most popular use, for the possession of such a charm is a sure protection against wounds. An oft-related story from the Memoirs of the late Ameer Abdur Rahman Khan may be recalled. The Ameer writes that once when he was reviewing his troops a

soldier deliberately fired at him. The bullet passed through the back of his chair and killed a page boy who was standing behind him. "I used not to believe in charms," said the Ameer, "but I owe my life to a charm which a Mullah had given me and which I was wearing at the time. I tested the efficacy of it by tying it round the neck of a goat and firing several shots at him, none of which hit him."

A bullet which has passed through a human body or has lodged itself and been extracted from muscle substance is very highly prized. It is, they say, saturated in warm blood, and if worn



No. 2

CHARM ENCLOSED IN THE CAPSULE OF SILK CLOTH AS SHOWN IN NO. 1.
IT PROTECTS AGAINST BULLET WOUNDS.

in a pendant will act as a protection against all unforeseen troubles and mishaps.

While it is quite easy for anyone to read or even write a charm, it will have no effect unless written by one who has undergone the prescribed course of discipline, and who, in addition, has received permission from a Mullah or person of equal standing to write such charms. The paper on which they are written must be kept folded, otherwise the beneficial properties will escape.

Ladies often hire the services of a man versed in the art to devote himself to the exercise of spells and charms, in order, by thus propitiating God, to obtain the blessing of a child. The man engaged for the work will either sit in a Chilla in the cell of

a mosque, or go down to the banks of a river to read his charms, or in some cases, he may be allotted a room in his client's house, where he can shut himself up without fear of being disturbed. During this time the whole of his board and lodging, as well as clothing expenses, are paid by the lady employing him. Nor does the financial side of the transaction end there, for each week a number of goats must be provided to be thrown into the running stream as a sacrifice, while almost every day "Neyaz," or offerings of sweetmeats or fruits, must be made to the Saints. After a prayer has been said, these offerings are distributed amongst the members of the family and the priest who often retains more than half.

There is no doubt that these parasites influence the women folk very profoundly, and play upon their superstitious minds. If a Wazeefa fails to obtain the desired object, it must be repeated, so that it is no exaggeration to say that these Mullahs are more or less permanent dependents of any household which employs them.

A true copy of a charm given by a Mullah against the plague and other diseases is quoted below.

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یا اللہ بظیل خوراجہ مکر سر ہندی ما را از جلد
بلیات و امراض و باوہیقہ محفوظ بدار

THE CHARM

Translation :—

"With the name of Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate.
O God! for the sake of Khaja Mohammed... Sirhindee keep
us safe from the evil of Cholera and Plague."

It is worthy of note that Sirhind is in India. The charm was open and hence the paper in its present condition is devoid of all protective power against the diseases.

Another charm must be written with musk and rosewater and placed inside a new earthenware pot, which is put into a room into which no one but the priest is allowed to go. The mouth of the pot is closed, and for eleven days the priest must seat himself in the room after the last prayer of the day has been said and recite the charm one hundred and one times, or, better still, eleven hundred times. After each of these recitals he retires to bed, without speaking to anyone. When the eleven days are over, the lid of the pot is raised and seven silver coins are discovered

inside. Two of these are given to the poor, the rest the priest retains for his own use. This procedure may be repeated one hundred and one times, at the end of which the priest's fortune is made.

Should the "Umul," as this prayer is called, not achieve the desired effect, it is attributed to failure to adhere in some respect to the strict regulations regarding fasting and general behaviour to be observed while the Umul is performed, or to the fact that permission to use the Umul has not been obtained from the Mullah to whom it belongs. This last condition is essential to success. The charm here described is as follows :—

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الَّذِي أَنْشَأَ الْوَسْمُوكَ وَالْمِثْكَالَ وَالْمُحَلَّاتِ الْوَسْمُوكَ
 حَلْمَرَا لَيْكُونَ وَصَتَّ وَشَوْرُؤُومَا رَا فَرِزِي خَوَامِرُ مَعْدَل

Translation :—

"For the name of One who Created, Creates, and always will Create ;
 All that was, is, and will be : our earnings will be increased."

Charms are frequently given as a means of relieving pain ; in certain districts, in fact, they are the only treatment applied. When used for this purpose one charm is burned and the vapour inhaled by the patient, while another is rubbed in water which the patient is made to drink. To protect children from the evil eye a charm or two is placed in a pendant worn round the neck. On occasions of domestic discord a wife will often place a charm beneath a stone, when it is thought that the pressure of the stone on the paper will influence the husband's mind and render him obedient to his wife. When a man is setting forth on a journey charms are fastened to his arms as a sure means of protection. If the journey is through water and it is likely to be a long time before the traveller returns home, a large number of relations and friends come to bid him farewell ; they all tie charms or gold coins, wrapped in gorgeous silk, on his arms, while one of them holds the Koran in his hand, and as the traveller steps out of his house he passes under the Holy Book and kisses it.

When, as often happens, a grave charge is brought against a man in the civil or military courts, a member of his family takes a vow to pray, on the bank of a river, for the acquittal of his relation. Each morning he goes down to the river, taking with him some dough made of a mixture of milk and fine flour. After washing himself in the stream, he settles down to his prayers.

At the end of each prayer he picks out a small piece of the dough and, rolling it in his fingers like a pill, throws it into the stream. This procedure is followed every day until the heart of the judge, or of those upon whom the fate of his relation may depend, is so softened under the influence of a higher power, that they release the prisoner. In cases of fatal or lingering illness, too, this is a common form of procedure, for it is believed that, provided the prayers are performed in strict accordance with the laws governing these charms, the sick person can be completely cured.

Like Charms, Spells are of two kinds—"Nooree," and "Naree" (*Noor* in Arabic means Celestial Light, *Nar* means Fire). The terms have their origin in the belief that God created the angels from light, Adam from earth, and Satan from fire. Hence any spells which take the form of Koranic words or passages are Nooree, while any employed by the Jogeers, in which they seek the aid of Satan's followers, are called "Naree." It is believed to be wrong for a Mussulman to learn Naree, though he is at liberty to use Nooree for the gratification of his desires.

The exercise of spells is not, as in the case of charms, confined to the Mullahs or to those authorized by them, but may be practised by any one who is a believer in Allah and His Prophet Mohammed. They are chiefly passages from the Holy Book of the Moslems, and their uses are quite as numerous as those of the charms. Nervous women recite them in order to give themselves confidence; warriors read them before going into battle. They are recited, or rather muttered, over an invalid. Young children are never sent out without a spell being read over them by their fond mothers.

No dish of white pudding is ever eaten without Sora "La-ay-laf" being read and puffed over the dish. This is done to avert the evil eye of the servants or of anyone who may have looked at the food in such a way as to cause disease to those who eat it. If a party in a boat is overtaken in a storm, passages are read from the Koran to appease the fury of the water. On a dark night a woman who finds herself alone has only to mutter a passage from the Holy Book in order to shield herself from all evil, and with a sword in her hand and a Sora on her lips she can travel any distance without the slightest fear of being harmed.

Some people, in order to ensure the safety of their jewel casket, read a spell over it and then deposit it in a cupboard, where they leave it, in perfect confidence that it is proof against theft. Some women go so far as to claim that the fertility of their gardens is

due to the spells they puffed over each plant. Both charms and spells are tied into the hair as a cure for headache. Sora "Qul-howulla" is also read over the head of the patient while the forehead is massaged with the thumb and index finger, both fingers being brought together at a point in the middle of the forehead just above the nose, and the folds of skin thus gathered being pinched with a smart twitch.

Throughout the country there is a strong belief in Divination, and every province has its own particular Saint or local "Mazar" to whom the people turn in time of need. The graves of Faqeers who have lived a life of piety and self-mortification are believed to possess miraculous powers of granting the desires of those who honour and tend them. The most extraordinary stories are told of the graves of these Saints, and even the trees which overshadow them are regarded by the populace as having curative properties. If a childless mother drinks a decoction made from the leaves of such a tree, she is sure to be blessed with a child. In certain of the quadrangles of the tombs, masonry tanks are built, the water from which will relieve pain of almost any kind. Indeed faith-healing superstitions cling to everything connected with the graves of these pious men. Not infrequently women tie little bits of rag on the trees near the shrine and then wish for something, at the same time vowing that if their desire is granted they will cover the grave with a new blue dye called "Chader."

There are always a number of idlers who hang round these shrines, and earn their livelihood by fabricating stories regarding those who are buried there, investing them almost with the nature of a divinity, and extracting fees from pilgrims and others who come to visit them. Many of the tombs in the Hazara districts have no roof, though the walls are high and the structure is frequently of stone. It is explained that the roof was pulled down by the Saint himself, for during the first night it was intact, but on the second night, the Spirit of the Saint, wishing to ascend to Heaven and finding itself entombed, forced its way up through the roof so that the masonry fell. Since that time the passage has been left, and the Saint's soul flows up during the night and returns during the day. It is said of one of these shrines that it lengthens two inches during the night and shrinks to its normal size with the return of daylight, though if the day is cloudy or wet it retains its abnormal length until the sun shines again.

Pilgrims or other visitors to the graves are given "Taburruk" or sacred presents in the form of dates or other fruits or bread, or even some of the dust of the tomb or pieces of the masonry.

These presents, which are regarded as having protective qualities, are carried about the person of the pilgrim. Not a few Khashem-ree servants gather dust from the shrine of Mahmood of Ghuznee, which they sell by weight for a good price at Siree Nogar.

In Badakhsan is the grave of a man of unknown nationality who is believed by some to have been a Saint. It is said that he was fourteen feet in height and lived on the extreme edge of the earth. One night he dreamed that some people were digging a grave, and upon inquiry he was told that the grave was for him. The pious man ran to the other edge of the world, but once again he dreamed that his grave was being prepared. "How," asked the Saint, "am I going to meet my death?" In reply he was told that he would be stung by a scorpion. The Faqeer ran to the middle of the earth and then, in order to avoid putting his feet to the ground and so encountering a scorpion, rode on horseback until he reached the northern part of Afghanistan. Here he rested, and then, thinking to be safe from death's fatal fang, rode down the river in mid-stream. But his hour came, and a scorpion emerged from the hair of the horse's mane and stung him to death. Those who had heard his story and had observed his virtuous way of living buried him in Badakhsan, where his tomb affords relief to any who have been stung by a scorpion or bitten by snakes.

In certain districts faith in the efficacy of the graves is carried so far as to amount almost to grave worship. It is believed that it is only necessary to make a request at a "Durgah" (tomb of a reputed pious person) in order to obtain whatever one desires. At certain times of the year, usually during the winter, great ceremonial gatherings take place at the graves, called "Urs" or "Jaloos" (literally a procession, but in connection with the graves it means commemoration of the Saint's pious doings).

On the occasion of the "Urs," a large number of adherents of the sect to which the "Peer" (religious teacher) belongs, gather together and tents are pitched to accommodate the disciples for whom there is no room in the building. Religious songs are sung, and as the music reaches its climax the Durwaish work themselves into a state of frenzied ecstasy. The Mullahs and all those who know the real meaning of the Islamic teaching have placed a ban on the practice of Divination, which they call "Bidat" (an Arabic word meaning an "introduction of ceremonies and rites which did not exist during the time of Mohammed, and hence are not permissible"). Yet in the face of strong denunciation by the priestly class, the faith in the supernatural power of

the saints' graves remains unshaken, and men and women alike cling firmly to it. The cult is particularly common in the part of the country adjoining Persia, where the grave of practically anyone whose history is unknown or to whom a virtuous life is attributed is endowed with miraculous powers.

Many people will sit down in meditation before a grave, and, by holding their breath as long as possible, derive inspiration from the Saint. Superstitious women select a particular grave to which to make their offerings, and every Thursday night they either take, or send a female servant with an earthenware lamp, with a cotton thread as a wick, which they burn at the head of the grave. Often sweets or flowers are taken as offerings, or butter or roghun (ghee) is burnt in a lamp instead of oil; while some show their respect by having the grave sprayed with water during the summer months.

In wars between the clans the head of each clan visits the grave of a saint to obtain a blessing on the arms of his followers. Placing his rifle on the grave, he invokes the Saint's aid to victory, then taking it up again he leads his men to battle.

A curious idea prevails among the women with regard to the white pudding impression, or "Punja," as it is called. During the day of Shubbarat, a part of the floor is plastered with fine white clay and enclosed by curtains. A maiden lady makes a three-sided stage on which is placed a big pot with a wide mouth. A pudding of rice is prepared in this pot, and when it is ready the lid of the pot is coated with a thick dough, and the rice is allowed to cool. The lady of the house then presents the pudding as an offering to the Virgin Mary, and at the same time prays that she will grant the fulfilment of her request. During the ceremony no one of either sex is permitted to enter the room; if a man dared to step in he would be blinded by the smoke of the cooking. The pudding remains there, and if the woman's wish is granted, it is accepted by the Virgin. The acceptance is believed to be indicated by the Mother of Christ making an impression on the smooth surface of the pudding with her left hand, so that a "Punja" (impression of five fingers) appears. If the Punja is seen, messengers are at once dispatched to summon the woman's friends and female relations to take part in eating the pudding, for whosoever eats a portion of it will be regarded with favour by her husband. The ceremony of the Punja of Muryum (Virgin Mary) is confined exclusively to women.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

A PERFECT DEITY AND AN IMPERFECT CREATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I wonder if those of your readers who have studied Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, have been struck by the contents of that wonderful chapter, Section xxii, vol. iii., an excerpt from which I venture to give below.

The views therein advanced by Madame Blavatsky appear to be a logical and thoroughly reasonable explanation of the anomaly which has, no doubt, caused intense perturbation in the minds of thousands, viz. : How a Perfect God could create an *imperfect* world, and, moreover, could permit this *imperfection* to continue.

The following quotation throws light on this mystery :—

“ . . . we find that the real creator of the Kosmos, as of all visible Nature—if not of all the invisible hosts of Spirits not yet drawn into the ‘ Cycle of Necessity ’ or evolution—is ‘ the Lord—the Gods,’ or the ‘ Working Host,’ the ‘ Army ’ collectively taken, the ‘ One in many.’

“ The One is infinite and unconditioned. It cannot create, for It can have no relation to the finite and conditioned. If everything we see, from the glorious suns and planets down to the blades of grass and the specks of dust, had been created by the Absolute Perfection and were the direct work of even the *First* Energy that proceeded from It, then every such thing would have been perfect, eternal, and unconditioned, like its author. The millions upon millions of imperfect works found in Nature testify loudly that they are the products of finite, conditioned beings—though the latter were and are Dhyan Chohans, Archangels, or whatever else they may be named. In short, these imperfect works are the unfinished production of evolution, under the guidance of the imperfect Gods. . . .

“ Thus it is not the ‘ Principle,’ One and Unconditioned, nor even Its reflection that creates, but only the ‘ Seven Gods ’ who fashion the Universe out of the eternal Matter, vivified into objective life by the reflection into it of the One Reality.”

Yours truly,

VIOLET G. INGLIS.

MAGNETIC EYES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am very much interested in the problems discussed by M. E. in your August issue and would like to offer a few suggestions.

It is evident that the writer of the letter possesses, in a very marked

degree, and uses unconsciously, magnetic or mesmeric power which, under proper training, would be of much service to others as in Healing, for instance. The eyes, of course, are the readiest channels by which the magnetic or mesmeric power can escape, or be projected, and it matters not what colour they are. It is evident that in the present instance the power does not lie in the eyes themselves, as the owner is able to influence persons without being seen, as in the case of the van driver, or when looking through the curtain, thus being out of sight. The effects produced are the outcome of the flow of magnetism through the eyes. These facts prove that the use of spectacles would not in the least minimize the effects produced, and, moreover, might injure the eyesight, and the suggestion, I think, is not a good one. I would offer the following :

That M. E. become reconciled to the fact that she, or he, is in possession of a wonderful gift which can be put to good, practical purpose ; instead of wearing spectacles, to remember that the flow of magnetism can be regulated by the " Will," so that when looking at any one there should be a determination not to influence that person, unless desirable. By mentally "willing" that the person looked at shall not be influenced, thus withholding the flow of magnetism, the effects referred to would not be produced. Libra, of course, gives magnetic or mesmeric power.

With reference to the father's Indian friend, it is quite possible that the gift could have been conferred by him, but very likely it is a natural gift and nothing to be worried about.

Trusting that the above suggestions may prove useful,

I am, yours sincerely,

P. FRASER.

THE LEA, POPLAR GROVE,
New MALDEN.

MRS. EDDY AND DR. QUIMBY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In regard to Mr. Richard B. Ince's " Christian Science : A Rejoinder," in the REVIEW for July, may I add these data ? Mrs. Eddy was healed by, and afterward studied under Dr. Quimby. She had access to his Manuscripts and, with the devotion of a student, made notes from them and familiarized herself with his teachings. The teachings of Dr. Quimby, however, while very possibly intuitive and original with him, were not unprecedented. I should doubt if this primitive Maine healer (an uneducated man, as I have understood, but one with some exceptional natural endowments)—I should doubt if he had ever heard of Paracelsus ; yet more or less that he taught can be found in the lore of Paracelsus. Dr. Quimby must, indeed, have been a remarkable man. His theory was, I think, that the real person, the spiritual man, could not be ill, and when his patients had illness, toothache, ills of any kind, he calmly called for this spiritual

self and reasoned with him. His healing seems to have been of a remarkable order, and I suppose anyone would concede that he initiated it in this country.

Now Mrs. Eddy was a remarkable woman ; and while she may have ignited her torch at Dr. Quimby's, after the Greek fashion, while she had the order of mind and temperament that instantly recognized the truth in Dr. Quimby's theories, and assimilated it in her own mind, she, after lighting her torch, carried on the illumination to a higher and a far more universal degree. Franklin preceded Morse (of telegraph fame) in discovering the nature of electricity ; but this does not imply that Morse plagiarized the telegraph from Franklin. To look up the entire history of wireless telegraphy is to discover how large a number of men, aside from Marconi, discerned the principle and made greater or less developments in it, Sir Oliver Lodge being one of the earliest. Professor Moses Farmer, of Maine (U.S.A.) had his house entirely lighted by electricity in 1840. Not for permanent use ; but he made that demonstration. Now if Mrs. Eddy's remarkable work was kindled by a spark from Dr. Quimby, that is certainly nothing to the discredit of either. Mrs. Eddy developed the idea to a breadth of application that was entirely her own. She was a wonderful organizer ; she concentrated, and indeed she consecrated her whole being to this work. Christian Science, under her development, has become the world-wide force we all know, and no intelligent person can deny the immense good it has done in the substitution of a more idealistic philosophy. For myself, I am not a Christian Scientist ; I am a life-long communicant of the Church of England, and I hold no brief for Mrs. Eddy and her work beyond that of truth and justice. As for her various biographies, that is, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "another story." I am not concerning myself with their relative merits one way or the other. It was my happy fortune to know Mrs. Eddy personally. Beside her work in founding and organizing Christian Science, Mrs. Eddy was a good citizen. She was patriotic and philanthropic. When the great disaster of the earthquake at Messina occurred, Mrs. Eddy was the first citizen in Boston to subscribe, her five hundred dollars heading the list. No real suffering, no worthy work, ever appealed to her in vain. She had a "sweet reasonableness," a liberal spirit, a highly enlightened mind. One need not be enrolled in the cult of Christian Science to yet realize that it has done, and is doing, untold good. It is one form of idealism as opposed to materialism. Its principle is founded on the truth of the New Testament, and the only exception I would take to the cult, would be that spiritual truth is universal, and may be claimed by every sect to a greater or less degree. No one has a monopoly of it. Mr. James Moore Hickson, a layman of the Church of England, has been in Boston these past three weeks receiving large numbers of the sick and the disabled, in the Church of St. John the Evangelist (of the Cowley Fathers), in our cathedral church of St. Paul's, and in the Church of the Advent. Mr. Hickson has

accomplished, or at least initiated, a very great work. Space will not allow me to enter into details here. I do not see how his method of healing differs materially from that of Christian Science. Both look to the Divine aid as the source.

Mrs. Eddy was in some respects the Saint Teresa of the nineteenth century. She would have been the last to claim for herself any infallibility, and she may have had her defects as most teachers have, but it is not by the contemplation of our neighbours' defects, or sins, that we advance, it is by the recognition of their true aspirations and virtues. Not without the most practical significance does the apostle bid us: "Whatsoever things are just, pure, lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,"—think on these things.

LILIAN WHITING.

THE BRUNSWICK, BOSTON, U.S.A.

THE CREATION STORY IN GENESIS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In your last issue just to hand (August, 1919), there appears on page **XII** a communication from Mr. Walter Winans, which he terms an essay on the Christian legend. "He wonders what caused the light on the first three days," for he does not perceive that Light exists distinct and apart from the Sun, Moon, or other heavenly bodies. This knowledge is surely one of the first principles realized by all mystics. Again, Genesis i. 27-31 does *not* state that Adam and Eve were created at the same time. Further, if Mr. Winans were acquainted with the Hebrew, which in reality he is criticizing, he would have perceived that four different words are used in connection with the process of Creation; viz. *Bara*, to create; *Asah*, to make; *Yatzar*, to form; and *Banah*, to build. Not only are these words used in their proper sequence in the Genesis narrative, but also in their proper connection with the phases of creative work expressed.

Then again he seems to express surprise than Genesis ii. 8-9 states that *both* the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge grew in the Garden of Eden. Both these trees were "in the midst of the garden." The garden mentioned here is literally "the garden of the Gods"; in the Hebrew "*Gan-Elohim*," and thus it is termed elsewhere in the O.T. Further, Mr. Winans suggests that Genesis iii. 2-5 states that the Serpent advises Adam and Eve to partake of the Tree of Life; this is quite a novelty of translation. Perhaps your correspondent will explain how he arrives at this interesting conclusion; verse 5 of this chapter tells which tree the Serpent spoke of, by the phrase "knowing good and evil." Then again he deliberately mistranslates Genesis iii. 22-24 by saying that "the Gods found that man *would* become as one of us to know good from evil," whereas both the Hebrew and the Authorized versions read "Behold, man *is become* as one of us in the knowing of good and evil"; and to prevent man also becoming like Them in the

matter of eternal life, he was driven forth from Paradise lest he eat of the Tree of Life. Moreover, Mr. Winans is also wrong in stating that "a Cherubim was put to guard the Tree of Life." If he looks at the record again he will see that the Cherubim were placed *outside* the Garden of Eden, at the Eastern entrance, whereas "the flaming sword (the Cherubic wheel), which revolved, kept *the path* of the Tree of Life," and this Tree was *inside* Paradise.

Again in page 111 your correspondent says "the Gods interbred with the human race," whereas in both Hebrew and English it says "the *Sons of the Gods*"; these distinctions are important and are also made in the classics.

Chapter xi. 1, "All men spake the same language," this statement too he seems to deride, not realizing that fragments of an ancient universal language pervade even to-day all known tongues of earth; moreover, a close study of ancient languages definitely shows these to have arisen from one common origin. I would recommend Mr. Winans to study authors like Fry, Rawlinson, Forster, etc. etc., before he rashly criticizes statements like the above.

His version too of the early incidents at Babel is a misconception, and his choice of language regarding this portrays a previous prejudice, such remarks as "the Gods *got* anxious" and "the Gods decided to make men unable to understand each other, so that they could not combine against the Gods," point to this; phrases which are neither grammatical nor apt.

As Mr. Winans believes in a Creator (according to his opening statement), perhaps he will give us an idea of the method and procedure of the creative work; we shall then be the better able to choose between his narrative and that of the ancients.

I have purposely avoided taking "sides" in the question at issue, preferring rather to show your correspondent the weakness of his position, and that he is neither logical nor accurate.

If you, sir, open your columns to a debate on this subject, possibly I may be permitted to champion the cause of the Mosaic narrative from a student's point of view.

Yours very sincerely,
Z. A. S.

MR. RAWSON'S TREATMENT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to the letter of "Pro Bono Publico" in the June number of your most interesting REVIEW, I admit that the writer is quite right when he says that if the work of Mr. Rawson, and those who believe in his method of prayer, were directed to the evil which is now attacking the "unreflecting and passion-led masses, they would both render a very high and valuable service to their country at this time of its special need of sobriety and confidence,

and likewise set religion free from that practical impotence which is one of the most depressing features of the age." Evidently "Pro Bono Publico" has not taken the trouble to investigate the results obtained by Mr. Rawson, or else he would not ask for the proof of established facts. No secret is made by Mr. Rawson of his work or methods. I have always found him ready and willing to give me any information about the results that I have asked, the names and addresses of those persons who have been helped by him, and who are for the most part only too happy to bear testimony to the benefits they have received. Every morning between 11.30 and 1.30; on Mondays and Thursdays from 4.30 to 6.30; and on Tuesdays from 7 till 8 p.m., he gives audible treatments, and answers questions at his offices at 90 Regent Street. The only stipulation he makes is that those who attend these meetings should have read one or more of his books or listened to his lectures, so that they do not waste his time by asking questions which keep others present waiting while Mr. Rawson answers them, and to which they would easily have found the answers themselves had they previously read even one of his shorter books. Mr. Rawson never makes any charge for teaching, and since first starting his public work he must have taught some thousands, many of whom, unlike the ungrateful lepers of the Gospel, return to tell him how thankful they are for the knowledge obtained from him which has enabled them to free themselves from the attacks of evil in the shape of sickness, financial troubles, despair or sin, etc.

I have been acquainted with Mr. Rawson's work for nearly five years. In the first instance I became interested in his teachings through the almost miraculous healing of a friend of mine who, though in the medical profession, was unable to cure himself of a very painful disease. I called on Mr. Rawson at the time, and although my theological views were very different from his, he patiently explained the scientific reasons he had for believing that his method of prayer was the one taught and demonstrated by Jesus Christ. He further remarked that I need not believe one word of what he said, or credit one of his statements. All he asked was that I should experiment for myself, and thus test the truth and value of his teachings. I accordingly followed his advice and tried his method of treatment on three of the most serious and apparently hopeless "cases" I knew of. One was an apoplectic case of over two years' standing. The patient, an overgrown boy of fourteen, had been having five or six fits a day, and his mother being a poor charwoman could not give him the care and attention he needed. After the second week's treatment he never had another fit, and in a very short time all unfavourable symptoms and weakness disappeared. To-day he is a fine healthy lad who looks as if he had never known what sickness meant, and he works harder than most. A second case I took up as an experiment was a certified lunatic—a very interesting case. He after awhile recognized and admitted the great change that he felt

had taken place in his mental condition and outlook, but told me that I had better have left him unaware of his condition, because now, although he was cured of his delusions, he found it very difficult to convince the asylum doctors of the fact, and realized how much easier it is to gain admittance to an asylum than to obtain a discharge from it. The third case was that of a lady suffering from an internal tumour which a well-known physician had urged her to have removed by "operation" without delay. At the end of about two months' treatment she wrote and informed me that the growth had quite suddenly "dissolved"—that was how she explained it—and since that time her health has been all that could be desired. I only mention these facts to prove that Mr. Rawson's methods are worth studying and testing by experiment.

A large amount of testimony corroborating what I have stated above has been given of Mr. Rawson's work by public men. For instance, when Mr. W. T. Stead published his articles on the "Healers of the World" in *The Review of Reviews*, he devoted two pages to Mr. Rawson's methods and success. These pages are in my possession. I will only quote the last few lines of Mr. Stead's long article.

"The last enemy to be banished is death. Mr. Rawson is not without hope that even *this*, in time, may be accomplished. I have not had opportunity to collect and sift the evidence of those who have benefited by Mr. Rawson's treatment, but in 'cases' that *have* been under my own notice, I can vouch for the fact that he has done great good and has achieved results in cases which have baffled the efforts of the faculty of all friends who have been sought in order to relieve the sufferers both by the mediation of the medical pharmacopœia and by the conventional method of prayer."

I have heard from a reliable source lately that there have been two cases—one in Spain, one elsewhere—in which the patients were, it is reported, raised from the dead. The one in Spain was that of a woman whose death certificate had been given and her funeral was already being prepared. Further details and proofs of these reports can be obtained from Mr. Rawson himself at any time.

I differ on many points, in theory, from Mr. Rawson. Christian Scientists would hardly call me an orthodox Christian Scientist, but that does not prevent me from wishing the world to know that Mr. Rawson does understand and can make others understand what he teaches, and that the results obtained by those who study his teachings and experiment for themselves obtain the proofs they naturally seek of the validity and worth of his statements.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) B. O'CONNOR.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Kalpaka, familiar among us as an Indian Psychic Review, offers a consideration of "the central thought" of Hinduism in a suggestive paper, which develops clearly the characteristic pantheism of this oriental religion. In ultimate analysis its fundamental principle is reduced to the doctrine that man is God and that matter is but the expression of the spirit in time and space. This central thought is termed in the study "a meeting-place of the human and the Divine" and "the liberating part of India's message to mankind." It is expressed after various manners, as—for example—that "man is spirit, eternal as God Himself"; that man is "an integral part of the Eternal Spirit"; or otherwise that he is in some way "akin to the Deity" and "bound to Him in service." It will be observed that the last thesis is a distinct qualification and suggests that pantheism is not less liable to pass off in implied distinctions between God and the soul than mystical theology in the West is prone to express itself in terms which identify the soul and God. It is obviously a mistake to assume that this part of the Indian message is in any sense peculiar to India; it is found everywhere and belongs to the history of Christianity from the earliest periods, though chiefly as an element of contention. The counsel of the paper under notice is to spiritualize thought and life by the realization of the Spirit, the Divine Essence in Nature and man. It is the work of the mystic everywhere, when mysticism is translated into life, and the only postulate on which it depends is the old doctrine that God is within.

The current issue of *Vision* is excellent in every respect, alike in prose and verse: it is beginning in an efficient manner to justify its title. Mrs. Betts' account of the Coptic apocryphal gospel called *The Passing of Mary* may be described as a devotional synopsis of that very interesting and important document. It is perhaps most notable as the record of an early belief in the assumption of the body of the Virgin, which was not doctrinally certified by the Latin Rite until many centuries had elapsed. In this connexion a word on the date of the gospel according to scholarship would have been helpful to readers. Mrs. Grenside's editorial contrast of churchman and spiritualist makes several suggestive points, arising out of the consideration of a recent book, and distinguishes things that are wanting on both sides. As regards Roman Christianity, we fear that the preference of Gregory the Great and others in the annals of sanctity for spiritual miracles as against those of a corporate kind requires to be qualified by the procedure of Rome, as the process of canonization insists on corporate miracles. An article on Parsifal and the Mystic

Way is a contribution towards a deeper knowledge of Wagner and his spiritual insight into the legendary lore of the Grail. . . . Some Hindrances to Belief in Immortality are enumerated and discussed by Dr. McComb in the *Journal of the Society for Psychological Research*: they are (1) Failure of the belief in its traditional form; (2) Influence of Scientific Materialism; (3) Influence of Modern Socialism. As regards the failure, it is rooted in utter disbelief concerning "a static heaven and hell," an "artificial and unethical" purgatory, and resurrection of the physical body. Behind this lies the deeper root of that which must be termed the postulate of traditional theology—that death is a spiritual process instead of a biological event. The reasonable thesis of Dr. McComb is that the physical occurrence can have no power—as assumed—to work a magical "transformation in all man's spiritual relationships, in the very texture of the soul's life." The case is thus stated, fairly and with moderate fulness. The influence of scientific materialism has reference to an order of things which has collapsed much more than traditional belief. Tyndall and Huxley have passed, and so dead is their materialism that we remember no longer the very counts of its pleadings; Haeckel outlived his monism; but that in which we live is the aftermath of their career in thought. There has been no reconstruction of official religion and theology, and there is hence no banner of concrete faith under which we can return after leaving that of materialism. The scientific keynote is still one of agnosticism, while that of religion is apology. In respect of immortality it is in the melting-pot for the one and among shibboleths for the other class. The scientific attitude towards it is dealt with carefully by Dr. McComb and cannot be reproduced here; it must be sufficient to say that his appeal is from hypothesis to fact—meaning phenomena "tending to show that mind works independently of the physical organism." The appeal is therefore to psychical research and spiritism. For socialism one is scarcely prepared as a hindrance to faith in survival, and it proves on examination that a "materialistic" conception of history led Karl Marx to regard the doctrine of immortality as "merely a reflection of the economic situation of the people among whom it appears." Dr. McComb defines the position acutely when he says that for socialism "the life beyond the grave can offer no economic return." It is so much the worse for socialism; but the reaction of socialism on metaphysics is only of accidental importance, or so far as it may be capable of restricting those who adopt it within the measures of sense and material need. Finally, as our author points out, all socialists are not Marxians. . . . The *Medico-Legal Journal* of New York publishes a plea for more exactitude in Therapeutic Investigations under a title which may intimidate the layman—*Scientia et Pseudologia Phantastica Medicorum*. The writer is Dr. T. N. Schæfer, who offers certain refreshing preliminaries, in the course of which he scouts the "antiquated notion" that there are inherent virtues in almost every

weed and new synthetic product of chemical industry, contrasts this belief with the crudities of aboriginal medicine men, and is of opinion that "the period of constructive pharmacology has scarcely dawned." Passing on to his real subject, he affirms (1) That the world of true values—being that of the mind and the end and aim of all things—is imperishable; (2) that there exists a higher reality than matter; (3) that we shall never comprehend the origin of life, however far we may advance in the domain of biological investigation; (4) that we are led beyond the sphere of logical proof into a region of metaphysical contemplation; (5) that all assertions as to the ultimate structure of matter are and must be always hypothetical; (6) that the atomic or electron theory is a representative fiction, the only proof of which is its facility for expressing facts; (7) that no one knows whether the electron is really the smallest particle of matter; (8) that—according to Lotze—the great positive discoveries of exact physiology have an average life of about four years; (9) that the laws of experience are by no means so certain as supposed, "even when mathematically conceived"; (10) that all sciences based upon experience are uncertain and without logical foundation; (11) that in the world of biology we do not possess any definite and conclusive knowledge concerning the life-processes of the cell itself; and (12) that the common belief in the dynamic action of a drug savours of animism or fetishism. It should be observed that these statements—a few out of many—occur in an article addressed to the medical practitioner for the encouragement of a line of inquiry which may help to remove him from the conventional rut. Their validity or otherwise is a question beyond our province, but the fact that they are made and printed is not without its importance from our own standpoint, as representing other fields of thought and research. We see that the traditionalism of science is in no better case than theological tradition, that everything is in the melting-pot and that everything calls for reconstruction. Authorities are made void everywhere and the doors of the new colleges will be open to all claimants, for the circumference of truth seems nowhere and its centre may perhaps be anywhere. . . . However, in the universal disillusionment a few here and there seem able to thread their way, and a writer in *La Revue Spirite* has no hesitation in expressing *sa confiance au Grand Ordonnateur*. The ground of his faith does not get much further than the old argument from design, but in the course of it he raises one point which has always seemed to us not a little crucial in character. The intelligent mind of man has been produced within the cosmos, and how is this possible apart from mind therein? . . . Our contemporary has also a word on "the hither hereafter." As the result of communications received in spiritistic circles, it lays down once again the now familiar doctrine (1) that our works follow us, (2) that there is suffering for inferior souls till they have progressed sufficiently and so escaped from remorse into havens of tranquillity;

(3) but—speaking generally—the state of the disincarnate is more happy than it was in the flesh, with the path of ascent before them. So also said A. J. Davis in the early days of spiritism. . . . *The Papyrus* has at least one suggestive paper, which is a study of the Æolian Harp and a presentation of certain notions arising therefrom. We suppose that no one who has heard it can do otherwise than love its music, about which the poet Gray said in one of his letters, that there is nothing in the whole wide world “so like the voice of a spirit.” That is not an illustration of what is known by what is unknown, for we think that Gray knew the voice of the spirit—as the *Elegy* proves to us—and so knew other poets, the prophets and seers of old. Nor is it quite inaudible to some of us in our best moments. *The Papyrus* calls the music of the Wind-Harp “a strain of unearthly purity”: it is indeed “like the sound of a voice that is still.” To each of us who have ears beyond the ears of sense it brings individual messages—deeps below deeps of sadness and joy in the deeps of all: it is like “the practice of the Presence” finding expression in harmony. The lessons which are drawn by our contemporary belong to doctrinal theosophy and exceed our province.

The Freemason's Chronicle takes up the subject of reconstruction and notes that the zeal of the moment has not at the moment invaded either Lodges or Grand Lodges: our contemporary is disposed to conclude that the “faddist” and “reformer” find nothing to work upon. It notes, however, that the Craft has always matters before it which belong to the sphere of progress and at the present time especially. . . . *The Freemason* is publishing some important papers on the work of the Craft in Holland, concerning the spiritual and moral life of the Order and that which is done to maintain them in the Dutch Fatherland. As among us, so also there, the ethical conventions have tended to overcloud the spiritual essence of the Order, but within recent years “a pressure has been making itself felt more strongly . . . urging towards something other than the purely intellectual or the merely moral-æsthetic.” It is defined as “a renewed sense of the sacred, which has awakened in the world.” The Grand Directorate of the Order is said to regard the explanation of the spiritual side as a demand of the time, while one of the fundamental principles of Freemasonry is specified as “a firm confidence in the reality of a universal spiritual and moral force urging humanity onward.” . . . *The Builder* continues its work as the living organ of that Research Society in Iowa which has given so much evidence of vitality during its five years of existence. The last issue reports the progress of the Masonic Overseas Mission. The project suffered much from the methods of Washington, but the Mission triumphed in the end and did good work in France, Belgium, Flanders, Italy, and the occupied portion of Germany.

REVIEWS

PRAYER AS A SCIENCE. By W. Wybergh. The Theosophical Publishing Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price, Paper, six annas or sixpence.

A PERSON who should judge this booklet according to its insignificant appearance would be quite as mistaken as a man who, chancing to find a rough diamond, supposed it to be an ordinary pebble. *Prayer as a Science* is one of the most fascinating, suggestive, and valuable treatises on prayer it has been my good fortune to come across. Into the compass of sixty-six small pages W. Wybergh has concentrated the results of many years of spiritual experience. *Prayer as a Science* is not a product of mere head-learning but the fruit of the interior activities and achievements of the soul which journeys on the Path of Attainment and ultimately ascends the Mountain of Initiation.

Mr. Wybergh points out that there are different kinds of prayer corresponding to the various stages of spiritual development, and he emphasizes the dangers attendant on each particular level of attainment. He treats of prayer in the physical world; prayer which has for its object the building of the soul (the strengthening and purification of the subtle vehicles); and the prayer of the spirit. The transition stages between the different levels of development are also dealt with. Mr. Wybergh's method is scientific, impartial, and comprehensive; his aim is spiritual. Prayer is defined as "the attempt to escape from limitations of consciousness." The most difficult subjects—and the question of prayer abounds in difficult subjects—are handled with a marvellous lucidity: and this is undoubtedly due to the fact that the writer has himself experienced the processes and states whereof he treats.

It is impossible to do justice to *Prayer as a Science* in a mere review like this. It is a treatise unique of its kind. It will prove invaluable both to those who are repelled by the dogmas of conventional religion and to pilgrims on the Path of Attainment. To congratulate the author on his noble achievement in the service of humanity would be superfluous; he has his reward which springs from the joy of service itself.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE SECRET OF EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY. By H. B. Hannay. Cr. 8vo, pp. viii + 227. London: Sampson Low & Co., Ltd.

MR. HANNAY writes from Calcutta where he is an advocate of the High Court. He has shown himself a man of solid attainments previously by a grammar of the Tibetan language and a work on European race-origins. In the body of the text he frankly does honour to research which preceded his on the part of Mr. J. B. Dimpleby, who produced a chronological system which has been the basis of the author's own computations. The Key which constitutes the secret of Mr. Hannay's Egyptian chronology is (1) a conception of the Sothic cycle, based on the Heliacal rising of Sirius, which differs from that of Egyptologists; (2) a recognition of certain religious festivals in Egypt as celebrated at fixed periods, based on the above cycle and hence differing also from the periods

hitherto accepted; (3) a realization that while the datum of the Sothic rising in the seventh regnal year of Senwosri III postulates a Calendar progressing round a fixed clock, the data listed by Petrie regarding Risings in the reigns of Amenhotep I and four other kings are in the "terms of a Progressive Calendar represented as retrogressing." According to Budge there is no evidence that early dynastic Egyptians knew anything of the Sothic Period of 1460 Sothic years between two risings of Sothis Sirius with the sun; but Mr. Hannay claims that the Sothic Cycle of Egyptologists is one thing and that of Egyptians another. The result is to credit the latter with a knowledge of astronomy and geometry which may have been even greater than our own. According to Mr. Hannay, the religious festivals mentioned above were celebrated—as regards one class—on the completion of periods of exactly $30\frac{1}{2}$ years, and—as regards another—on the completion of exactly $121\frac{3}{4}$ years, both connected with the true Sothic Cycle. He maintains that the real epoch for the commencement of the Sothic Cycle was at the Autumnal Equinox, A.M. 0-1 (4th day), corresponding to B.C. 3996 (Sept. 22-23). The New Year progressed through the cycle and the Heliacal Rising of Sirius retrogressed till the cycle was completed, "when all dates came round again in the same order" and a new cycle started as before, also at the Autumnal Equinox. It is unfortunately impossible for me to set out the entire scheme, and heads like these cannot convey the thesis. They will, however, draw attention thereto, and this is my aim.

A. E. WAITE.

A ROMANCE OF TWO CENTURIES. By Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.
Crown 8vo, pp. 365. The Platonist Press, Alpine, N.J., U.S.A.
Price \$1.65 net.

DR. GUTHRIE enlists sympathy and interest on more than one count. There are some, I hope, in this country besides myself who remember Thomas M. Johnson of Osceola, Missouri, who founded *The Platonist* and carried it on valiantly for several years—I believe, under every kind of difficulty. He reminded me always in those days of one who may have been greater than himself, but not greater in zeal: I mean, Thomas Taylor. Johnson, like Taylor, might be called a born Platonist, and a complete file of his periodical—which he sent himself—is one of my precious possessions. The mantle of Johnson seems now to have fallen on Dr. Guthrie, who has revived *The Platonist*, doing homage at the same time to the work of its original editor and claiming the same object—the promotion of philosophic truth by increasing knowledge thereof. There should be many on this side of the world to welcome the enterprise, which seems to be a labour of love, like the former venture. It is said that each issue will contain "an original translation of some otherwise inaccessible Platonic text." More advertisement is needless, and as to Dr. Guthrie himself, he has translated the extant works of Plotinus and is author of studies on Numenius, Philo-Judæus and Zoroaster. On the present occasion he has tried the field of romance. I do not propose to outline the plot, by which we are transported from the world as it is to a material "hither hereafter," full of strange devices. Such tales of the time to come have attractions for many readers, to whom I commit it, without forestalling their pleasure by a summary of the circumstances under which the recorder of the story comes to life in a new age. It is a very new age indeed;

we make acquaintance successively with the North America to come and its modern city; with the future South and the coming World-Capital. It appears that Christianity survives but that the white race is doomed, that prohibition obtains everywhere and that everything is reformed. It seems to me that in the next century after, a single convention must govern the whole world. I am in a state of final impenitence, demanding a more lax observance in civil perfection, a file of *The Platonist* restored, and Dr. Guthrie's next translation. A. E. WAITE.

MISS FINGAL. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. Pp. iv + 312. Price 6s. net.

MRS. CLIFFORD is a fine literary artist, and, when direct sight and experience guide her, she can be trusted to produce truly satisfying fiction. She does not seem to us, however, to have much knowledge of the kind of belle who draws big salaries at the music-halls. At any rate there is an actress in the novel whose originality requires a footnote, such as "founded on fact," before it can pass into that story-teller's heaven whose name is "Reader's Credulity."

We are glad to say that Mrs. Clifford's title character is beautifully conceived and drawn. Miss Fingal is a generous girl who, after years of rather humdrum life as a poor gentlewoman, inherits a large income, whereupon she seems pathetically dependent on her charities for securing the interest of other people. Mrs. Clifford transfers a wronged wife's maternal love to this gentle spinster, by means which one may either describe as abnormal sympathy for a dead woman or as the influence of a discarnate woman's soul on a living medium. The erring husband (one of the numerous irresistible "Dicks" of fiction) helps to make this transference appear highly convenient, but Mrs. Clifford steers clear of a cheaply cheerful ending. We think that *Miss Fingal* will be read with pleasure by readers who enjoy spiritual fiction. W. H. CHESSON.

LA VIE DES AMES. By Madame Adam. Paris: Bernard Grasset. Pp. 268. Price 3 fcs. 50 + 30 per cent. temporary majoration.

THE most illustrious of French lady-journalists is in her eighty-third year, but Mme Adam's almost gastronomic appreciation of "la Revanche" gives an effect of youth to this slender volume. Partly composed of what may be called national portraits ("l'ame Tchèque," etc.), partly of souvenirs or illustrations of German arrogance and cruelty, the book has very much less "occult" interest than a hasty inference from its title would lead one to suppose. Still there is a chapter on "The Life of the Dead" in which death is defined as "a transformation of life." Mme Adam writes as a Christian, but, holding the belief that Jesus "does not pardon those who offend His Mother," her detestation of the German does not suffer any theological inconvenience. Perhaps the most artistic and memorable thing in her book is a beautiful little paper on the Storks of Alsace. It is true that memories of the Brothers Grimm favour the belief that in the German soul there is a winsome fancifulness which deserves that storks should continue to have Teutonic relations, but good art scores whether strictly fair or not, and we would rather read about Mme Adam's Alsatian storks than most war-narratives.

W. H. CHESSON.