

OCCULT REVIEW

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

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"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE struggle between the forces of good and evil is a favourite subject of discussion amongst the seriously minded, but few take the trouble to analyse the meaning conveyed by these vague words. What, after all, in their essence, are the real forces which are struggling for the mastery in the world we live in? What are the influences which are making for the betterment of mankind, and what are the influences which are making for its deterioration? A magistrate will sometimes get up and say that the source of almost all the crimes in his court is to be attributed to drunkenness. If so, we shall doubtless shortly find in America the most moral nation on the earth. But we

THE GREAT
CONTEST. may ask ourselves: Is the evil in the world to be so simply explained? And even in the case of drunkenness, is not this rather an effect of a deeper

cause which will merely show itself in some other form if we deprive its victim of the opportunity to drink? The truth is, I think, that the influences which make for evil in this world are to be almost entirely at their root attributed to some form or other of selfishness; while the influences that make for betterment

are due with equal universality to the antithesis of selfishness—that quality which is expressed in the authorised version of the Bible in St. Paul's Epistles by the somewhat inadequate word "charity," and in the revised version by the word "love." What was at bottom the cause of the recent great war, but the self-seeking of one nation, and the selfish ambition of the man at its head?

The average man is certainly not attracted by evil for evil's sake. He does not say, like Satan, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, "Evil, be thou my good." On the contrary, he is after certain practical advantages in which he thinks he can find some definite benefit which will accrue for himself and, if he is unscrupulous, he sacrifices the welfare of his neighbours for the attainment of these selfish ends. What is there outside the law of the land and his fear of

ALTRUISM
AND THE
LAW.

the consequences arising from its breach that deters him, for example, from ruining others in order that he may himself become rich? Simply, it seems to me, that sense of his duty to his neighbour,

the mainspring of which St. Paul alluded to in his Epistle, and which we nowadays characterise by the term "altruism." Now you can protect a man from being injured by his neighbour up to a certain point by legal enactments, but you cannot plant the love of his fellow-man in his heart by any amount of legislation, and it seems to me that it is alone in this love of man for man that the betterment of mankind is to be sought and found. In our own curriculum of education we think a great deal too much of the head and a great deal too little of the heart. The heart requires educating no less.

Solomon was right when he prayed for a wise and understanding heart instead of merely requesting a superior type of brain-piece. The Great Master said that the two great commandments were "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbour as thyself," and that these two commandments were one. That is to say, the former was implicit in the latter. On these two commandments, he told his hearers, hung all the law and the prophets. They were thus to be taken as comprising the whole duty of man. It is remarkable how little we hear in the discourses of Jesus about intellectual capacities, a sound judgment, or even a knowledge of religious truth. It is the man who loves his neighbour—loves him, that is, in a practical sense, as is illustrated in the Parable of the Good Samaritan—who meets with his approval; and the people who are endowed with worldly knowledge, yet are lacking in the love of humanity, are those

who are so unsparingly condemned. The higher we go in the social scale to-day the more we find the head predominating at the expense of the heart. The State has always

FAILURE
OF CHURCH
AND STATE.

aimed at educating the mind and has left the conscience of the citizen to educate itself. The cause of this is doubtless the revolt of democracy against religious education, but owing to the monopoly claimed by religion in the inculcation of moral obligations, in rejecting the teaching of religion the State has forgotten that it is its prime duty to instruct its members in the responsibilities that devolve upon the good citizen. Each individual church has claimed for itself a monopoly in the moral code, and has then all too frequently substituted an outward observance of religion for the teachings of Jesus and the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. Thus the inculcation of the duty of man to man has been sacrificed by the State through its hostility to religious bigotry and by the Church through its love of dogma and ceremonial. The State has forgotten that it is its obligation first and foremost to teach each citizen to be a good citizen, and the Church has remembered only that it is its business to teach every member of its congregations to be a good Churchman. Between the two, the precept of the Master that "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," has fallen to the ground, or has been relegated to

THE GOOD
SAMARITANS.

the care of the free-lances—those Shaftesburys, Barnardos, Peabodys, and Nightingales, who have proved the unauthorised exponents of the teachings of the Master to whom the Church is content to do lip service, and the State to leave coldly alone. How true this is we shall realise when we seek to count up the number of statesmen whose hearts, like Lincoln's (and possibly Gladstone's), are as great as their heads, or of great ecclesiastics who have sacrificed themselves for the benefit of their fellow-men, in preference to living in the odour of sanctity uncontaminated by the vulgar herd.

When the schemes and all the systems,
Kingdoms and republics fall

we may at length tumble to the fact that there is something more vital to the good of the State than any special system or scheme of government, and that this lies in the realisation by each individual citizen of his duty to every other member of the community, a duty which must not merely be grounded in the realisation of ultimate self-interest, but based on the fact that

His love is passionate and grand
For all the stricken human race.

Till this bedrock truth is realised and acted upon, each scheme and system of government, whether monarchical, republican, socialistic, or bolshevik, will alike prove a failure; for the ultimate strength of the State lies always and everywhere in the good will of every citizen towards every other.

"The chief drawback of marriage," observed Oscar Wilde in a burst of cynical candour, "lies in the fact that it makes you so unselfish."

THE DUTY OF SERVICE. It might truthfully be said that only the unselfish man can discharge adequately his duties as a citizen, and that the true object of every relation or vocation in life is to teach unselfishness. "He that is first among you let him be your servant," said the Master; and the fact that service is the only true credential for office or position is evidenced by the title of Prime Minister, or first Servant of the State, which is borne by the virtual ruler of the British Empire.

The family is the first and most proper school in which every member can learn the duty of mutual service to every other, but it only too often happens that through our defective system of education the heads of the family, whose obvious duty it is to teach and set an example of service, have been so ill taught themselves in the duty of unselfishness that they are totally unfit to educate their own families, and in fact in certain of the worst cases their most useful office proves to be that of an object lesson to their children in the evils resulting from lack of self-control and of consideration for others, and from those many other poisonous plants which grow up in the spoilt child's unweeded garden, and blossom later in the home life, where they inevitably prove a curse to all members of the family alike.

The gospel teaching emphasised the fact that all men were brethren. The Heavenly Father was Father to all alike, and the interest of one was the interest of all. So similarly from the standpoint of occultism selfishness is the great illusion. The man who injures his neighbour is unconsciously injuring himself.

"He," says Franz Hartmann, "in whom humanity has become conscious, sees in every man and woman not only his brother and sister, but his own self. A person who injures another injures himself, for each man constitutes a power which acts upon all the elements constituting humanity, and the good or evil he does will return to himself; because whatever takes place within humanity takes place within his own nature. For his true nature is that of humanity, and the body of humanity belongs to it as a whole."

The first lesson of the science of life is how to free oneself from

“ The sin of self,” who in the universe
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,
And crying-I would have the world say ‘ I ’
And all things perish so if she endure.”*

The demands of the lower self grow in proportion to the attempt to satisfy them, and, if left unchecked, end by throttling the divine spark which alone constitutes the real man. The man who seeks his own salvation is as selfish in his own otherworldly way as the man who has set his heart upon the accumulation of material wealth and is pursuing a form of happiness which, however spiritual he may deem it, is no less illusory than the other. All true love, as being the antithesis of selfishness necessarily implies self-sacrifice. This is even the case where, as in the case of lovers, each lover appears to be seeking first his own happiness in the enjoyment of the other's presence. As the poet says of the lovers in *Locksley Hall* :—

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

In truth the lover learns in the sacrifice of self for the sake of his beloved that lesson of self-denial for one which, if he would attain “ the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ,” he must end by practising for the sake of all humanity. Nature may delude him by visions of happiness unattainable in this world, but her object is to lead him on by slow steps to practise a form of self-sacrifice in the married state both for wife and children which shall qualify him for the higher duties and privileges of citizenship. Thus he learns that the greatest joys of life are ever blent with the completest sacrifice of self, and as he learns to realise his higher self in that self-sacrifice, he comes to see that it is indeed in the sacrifice on the altar of love that the only real happiness is to be found.

Says Allen Clarke, the Lancashire author, in his fascinating biographical record, *The Eternal Question* † : “ The learned people in the next world are not concerned about philosophy and science. The knowledge of continued life and spiritual development is the great thing. The important things of this world—business,

* *Light of Asia*.

† *The Eternal Question*. By Allen Clarke. London : J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

commerce, projects for capturing or increasing trade, are trivialities and absurdities to the enlightened spirits." This is the conclusion of one who has had numerous and very curious dealings with the psychic side of life, who started as a rather pronounced agnostic and ended, as the result of his own and his wife's personal experiences, in becoming a convinced upholder of the spiritualistic hypothesis. The beginning of Mr. Clarke's psychic experiences came about through the death of his first wife, after barely four months of married life. In the first instance he admits that the bereavement had no subduing effect upon him, but the contrary. "I rebelled," he says, "against the power that made life and death. If there were a God, I said in my mind, that he was cruel, for thus severing my sweetheart wife and me. If there were a God, I wanted to argue the matter out with him. Perhaps he could explain. Perhaps he had good reasons for slaying my bride, but I doubted it. I could not see how God could justify himself."

Time, however, by degrees brought its usual healing influence to bear. "By and by," says Mr. Clarke, "I began to be interested in a certain young lady acquaintance largely influenced by her resemblance in look and ways to the bride I had lost." The lady in question had never seen his first wife, but of course knew the story of the tragic ending of his marriage. At this time our author began to have a feeling that his first wife was present, unseen, when he and the lady in question were walking out together. "I had," he says, "an impression that Vinnie [his first wife] had somehow directed me to Elsa [the lady in question]." This he admits may all have been poetic fancy, but one night he found to his surprise in the course of conversation that Elsa also had the same impression, and though not frightened she felt awed. The subsequent story seems to afford ground for the belief that there was more than mere fancy in these impressions. Mr. Clarke's second wife cherished the memory of his first as much as he did himself, and thought of her as a sister.

About this time Mrs. Clarke took to falling into trances, the first occurring when Mr. Clarke's grandfather died. "Without warning [he says] her head would fall back and she was like one who had fainted." At first he concluded that she had actually done

so, and sprinkled water on her face, and shook her to get her out of the faint or fit as quickly as possible. But he noted that these seizures were not like ordinary fainting fits. His wife sometimes talked or tried to

ELSA'S
TRANCES.

talk in them, but he was always so alarmed and in such a hurry to get her round again that he paid no attention to her words. "One night," he says, "Elsa suddenly sat up in bed, the gas being turned low, and began to talk as if to some one in the room. I heard her say the name of my first wife, Vinnie. I thought Elsa was merely talking in her sleep, but on turning the gas full on was surprised to find that to all intents and purposes she was awake, except that she did not hear me when I spoke and paid no heed to me. Her eyes were open. Not understanding, I shook her till she came to herself and asked her if she had been dreaming." She had no recollection of a dream. Mr. Clarke asked his wife's mother if the girl had had any such experiences before her marriage. "No," said her mother, "she was all right before she wed you!"

For some time after this Mrs. Clarke had no more trances. A daughter was born, and then a boy, and the family were happily absorbed in their domestic concerns, paying no attention to questions relating to the other world. One curious incident, however, occurred during this period. The mother was taking her baby girl upstairs when she twice heard a voice say "Don't!"

**A SPIRIT
WARNING.**

and felt that something was forcing her back. Mrs. Clarke took the baby downstairs again, and had only sat down a few minutes when the child commenced to twitch and turned black in the face. It was one of the convulsions caused by teething. Mr. Clarke says: "My opinion is that if Elsa had put the child to bed as she intended, and left it there, it would have died in a fit." After an interval of over two years (March 21, 1896) Mrs. Clarke had another of her trances. Mr. Clarke was alone downstairs reading a novel, when he heard in the bedroom overhead the sound of a falling body. Hurrying upstairs he found his wife on the floor apparently unconscious. Raising her up he saw that her eyes were wide

**THE RETURN
OF VINNIE.**

open. She remained in this condition for over half an hour. In the middle of this period she suddenly started, sat up, and looked with staring eyes at one corner of the room nearest the window. Then she spoke in an awed whisper saying, "She is there, see!" Mr. Clarke asked who it was, and she murmured, still gazing at the unseen presence, "It's Vinnie." On a further inquiry as to what she wanted, Elsa replied, "She is going to little Vinnie's bed. (Vinnie was the daughter, aged five, named after his first wife.) See, she is bending over her. She is going away with her. . . . She has gone now and taken little Vinnie." And she burst into

tears. Finally Mrs. Clarke came to and declared that she had had a dream, describing the scene as her husband had gathered it from the words she spoke in trance.

On being questioned Mrs. Clarke said that she had often been startled by strange noises in the house, and felt invisible presences about her. On one occasion she fell on the floor, evidently in a trance, and saw the spirit form of Mr. Clarke's first wife come into the bedroom, go to the bed where the children were asleep, and bend over and kiss them. After this another daughter was born, who only lived four months, dying in cruel

convulsions. On the night of the child's death
 A SPIRIT'S KISS. Mrs. Clarke again had one of her trances. After a long outburst of weeping she fell into a doze, then suddenly she sat up, eyes open, and said, "I saw Vinnie." "All right," her husband replied. "And she has baby May in her arms, and is kissing her. She says she will take her with her. Don't cry, don't, little May is all right. Vinnie has her. She is going now. She is carrying her away." In the morning Mr. Clarke asked his wife concerning the vision, but she remembered nothing of it, and found it difficult to believe what had actually taken place. Later on she again went into a similar trance, three friends of the family being present at the time. They showed considerable alarm, thinking that Mrs. Clarke was in a serious faint. Her husband, however, reassured them.

"Elsa" sat in her chair in this trance, talking to somebody or something that none of us could see; evidently, as before, the spirit of Vinnie. Elsa said pleadingly, 'Oh, there is little baby May, let me hold her. Oh, do let me hold her. Why cannot I take her? Oh, do let me hold her just once.' And she stretched out her arms longingly. But evidently the spirit in charge of the child would not, for some reason or other, allow Elsa to take her."

In a quarter of an hour's time, Mrs. Clarke came to, with only a vague recollection of what had happened. It is worth noting that Mr. Clarke kept a diary and carefully recorded all details of these experiences at the time, so that there should be no risk of his memory or imagination playing him tricks later on. Some five weeks later a further trance occurred after husband and wife had returned from a cycle ride to Lytham, and on this occasion his husband took advantage of the trance to cross-question the first wife through the medium of his second. The following is the account of this curious dialogue, as narrated by Mr. Clarke.

"As soon as Elsa sat up staring she said 'There's Vinnie,' and then she said, addressing the spirit, 'Is baby May all right?' I understood

the spirit to answer yes, judging from Elsa's look, though of course I could hear nothing. After some more talk about baby May, I said, 'Ask Vinnie if she can tell you something that she and I know, but that you do not know, so as to prove the existence of spirits.'

"Elsa repeated what I had said (she obeyed me automatically, unconsciously). Then, from Elsa's look, I gathered that the spirit was amused at my question; amused that any one should doubt; just as a man would be amused if somebody were to ask him to prove that he was alive. However, Vinnie answered, for Elsa said, 'She says—left situation—left—suddenly—water—water—left situation and thought of crossing water.'

"Elsa gave the preceding speech slowly, broken as I have written it; and I saw that she was all astrain to catch the spirit-voice; the exertion seemed to tire and exhaust her. I was astonished at the reply, and a gladness rose within me. For as Vinnie knew (for the thing she had mentioned happened just before Vinnie and I had commenced courting, and I told Vinnie of it) I had thrown up a situation abruptly, and talked of going to America. Of this incident I had never told Elsa anything."

The husband proceeded to put further test questions. He asked if his first wife's brother F. was there, with her. She replied, "Yes, and he plays with our baby." He then inquired, "Ask her how her brother died." Elsa put the question and got this answer. "Fell—great height—in water." This was true. He had been sent aloft in a gale and fallen overboard. Once more Mr. Clarke changed the subject. "Ask Vinnie," he said, "if she knew when she was dying." The answer was "No." He then inquired what it was she was trying to say when she looked at him just before she died. "I had reason," he says, "for putting this question. My wife died as she was speaking to me, her last words being 'I shall. . . .' Here her breath failed, and the sentence was never finished. Elsa answered, "She was saying, 'I shall soon be better.'" This reply was very remarkable, as the husband had finished the sentence for himself in a totally different manner, and it appeared afterwards that during the last hour of her life while her sister was attending her, her husband having gone for the doctor, that she had used these words several times over, thinking no doubt that she was not seriously ill. The husband had had no knowledge whatever of this fact.

Elsa's next trance was of a far more unpleasant character. She was taken ill, having caught a very bad cold while travelling on a visit to her parents' home. On that Friday night she was suffering considerable pain, but after a time fell asleep. In the midst of her sleep she suddenly started up in a trance condition, but this time her eyes were wide open with terror, and she trembled pitifully. Mr. Clarke got some water, moistened her lips, and

bathed her forehead. He then asked what was the matter. "A lot of big dogs, strange beasts," she said, panting in the most awful way. "Oh," and she trembled awfully, clinging to him, "they are coming towards me. Drive them away." With clutching and twitching hands Elsa implored her husband to drive the dogs away. "I could see nothing [he says] of course, but the sight she saw must have been terrible, to judge from her desperate aspect." Mr. Clarke was at his wits' end to know what to do. Finally a lucky inspiration occurred to him, and he said to Elsa, "Call Vinnie, and she will drive the dogs away." "No, how can she?" cried Elsa in a voice of terror. "Call Vinnie," repeated the husband, "call her quick." Then Elsa obeyed, and said, "Vinnie, come to me, come! Oh, do come!" And almost instantly added with the look of one saved from a great peril, "She is coming." Then Elsa said, "Drive them away, those dogs" . . . and after a pause . . . "They are going. Vinnie has driven the dogs away." And on Elsa's face came a look of wonderful relief. Vinnie told her that she would be recovered in two days, but the same experience was once again repeated before this took place. Again she called Vinnie, and again the dogs were driven off. Elsa thereupon sank into a sweet and sound sleep, and after sleeping nearly three hours awoke greatly refreshed.

It is noteworthy that though Mrs. Clarke frequently fell down in these trances she never suffered any injury in consequence, and this her husband attributed to spirit protection. Finally Mrs. Clarke fell into a trance when there were visitors waiting, and Vinnie, who appeared to her, was pressed to go away, as it was awkward her stopping under the circumstances. One of the visitors remarked bluntly, "Tell her never to come again." And for months after this no further trances took place.

The next record in this curious psychical biography is a tragedy of neglected warnings. Whether through association with his mediumistic wife, or through a natural tendency in that direction, the husband began to develop psychic powers. Our author had an invitation from a friend to go to Berlin. The invitation had been sent and declined twice over, and though Mr. Clarke was reluctant to go he did not like to reject the third offer. He wished something would turn up to make his visit impossible, and felt strangely uneasy during the intervening fortnight. His principal apprehensions were centred on his little boy, Allen. After he had said his last good-

A TERRIFYING
EXPERIENCE.

NEGLECTED
WARNINGS.

byes to him, he found himself saying: "I shall never see him again"; but could find no justification for his forebodings. Finally he and his friend reached Hamburg where he received a letter from his wife telling him that all was well.

"On the Saturday afternoon [he says] I wrote a long letter home. When I finished the letter there was a space left sufficient for a few more lines; and all at once I had a thought to add a note to my wife telling her not to let Allen go fishing in any of the ponds about our home till I returned, when I would bring him a fishing rod and go with him myself. But as my friend, hat on and all ready, was impatiently waiting for me to go out with him, I sealed up the letter without adding the warning note; saying to myself that it did not matter.

"But I know now that it mattered very much.

"Ah, how blindly I disregarded all the hints I got!

"All my holiday I must have been silent and abstracted, for my German friend said chaffingly, yet puzzled, on the Sunday, in the Berlin Zoological Gardens, 'Are you deaf, old chap? I've spoken to you several times and you've taken no notice. What's to do with you? You didn't use to be like this.'

"I apologised and felt ashamed of my unpardonable apathy. But I could not help it. Some uncommon influence was upon me; I was perpetually thinking of home. Oddly enough, I had no fear of my daughter Vinnie; I felt that she was all right; my fear was first about my wife Elsa and the lad Allen; and then about the lad Allen only.

After this our author's sleep was troubled by dreams.

"In an ordinary way [he says] I never dream at all. . . . But in one of these dreams I was at a big open-air meeting of some sort; and yet, though the meeting was in the open-air, it seemed to me as if it were in a great roofless room, parts of the wall being hidden by mountains and trees. What was the object or cause of the meeting I did not know, but there was a tremendous gathering of people. Presently I saw Vinnie, my first wife, but she did not speak to me; she was silent and very serious. Then, suddenly, I was lifted bodily up by some unseen force, high over the heads of the throng, and as I rose, I called out to a very sceptical friend of mine whom I saw below, 'There is something more than science knows, after all. We shall see our "dead" child again.'

"The rest of this scene of the dream was vague to me. In the next scene—the change of scene taking place in an instant—I beheld in a pretty country lane a black cat bearing away in its mouth a young bird it had just caught."

When the friends got back to their apartments on the following Monday there was a telegram from Mrs. Clarke saying that all was well, and that he could stay a few days longer. Only an hour after his wife had dispatched the telegram his little boy had fallen into the water when fishing, and had been drowned. The last words the child had written in his school exercise book

on the very day of the fatal accident were, "Your soul or spirit is the breath of God."

The death of their little son weighed very heavily both on husband and wife, but on the wife especially, who sank into a state of morbid despondency. In her conditions of deepest depression, she felt an almost irresistible impulse to commit suicide. In the spring of 1900 the family moved to a new home, and the change benefited Elsa. Business affairs, however, took the husband away more than usual from his home, and his wife began again to relapse into a state of intense melancholy.

"One evening [he says]—an evening I had arranged to be away all the next day from early morning—on going to my desk and taking out my diary, I was surprised to see an entry in what I supposed to be Elsa's handwriting. Horror-stricken I read the following :

" 'C's* going away again. I feel all right when he is with me, but as soon as he is gone I sink as if to the ground. Oh what must I do? I know he has a razor. Shall I? If he goes away, I feel I must. Oh, I hope to God he doesn't go . . . I want my lad, I want Allen, and I must go to him. Oh, *don't* leave me alone again, C——.' "

Mr. Clarke on reading these lines in his diary took for granted that his wife had written them for him to read instead of merely asking him to stop at home. He said nothing to her, thinking that it would be better to wait before speaking until her mind grew more tranquil, but he proceeded to postpone his intended journey. As she made no observations on the subject of her communication, in the evening, after the children had gone to bed, he asked her what she had been writing in his diary. She looked up in surprise and replied, "I have not seen your diary."

"Were you not in my room yesterday, and did not you take out my diary and write in it?" he asked. "I never went into your room till yesterday," was her reply. The husband thereupon fetched the diary and showed it to her. Her amazement was great, but she maintained that she had not written the communication. At the same time she admitted her depression and her strong impulse to suicide. Mr. Clarke's explanation of the matter is that the spirit of his first wife took possession of his second and caused her to make the entry in his diary. "This theory," he says, "is supported by the fact that though the handwriting is Elsa's it is curiously like the handwriting of

* "C." is one of my Christian names—the one my wife uses when addressing me.

Vinnie, with which I have compared it; it is really a mixture of the two." Mr. Clarke adds that no one was inclined to be more sceptical of her own experiences in trance than his wife. "If," he says, "I had not faithfully diaried the incidents at the time, I am afraid that she would never have believed them."

Mr. Clarke is a believer in the hypothesis of reincarnation, and cites one or two stories of his children reminiscent of past lives, in corroboration of this fascinating theory. He also narrates two experiences of his which will be appreciated by those who are believers in cosmic consciousness. Like a good many other people he has experimented in telepathy, and when he has wished to see people has willed them to come and call on him, with remarkably successful results. He narrates how once when he was unexpectedly detained for the night away from home and was not able to give his wife warning, fearing she would be anxious

A
TELEPATHIC
MESSAGE.

about him, he went to bed just before midnight and concentrated all his thoughts on his home, conjuring up in his mind a vision of it, and saying to his absent wife, "I am all right, go to bed and go to sleep." When he got home the next day he asked her how long she had waited up for him, and whether she was alarmed. She replied: "I wondered what had happened and was anxious, but just before midnight I went and stood at the door to hear or see anything of you if coming, and then all at once I had a strong impression that you were saying to me, 'I am all right, go to bed.' I felt quite content then, locked up the house, went to bed, and fell asleep."

The above summary will, I think, convey to the reader a not inadequate idea of the part which psychic intimations and manifestations have played in the life of this original and gifted author. Such records as are quoted are necessarily abbreviated; and one, namely, that dealing with the warnings preceding the death by drowning of his son, Allen, loses not a little of its force by the inevitable condensation. Many who have begun their lives as agnostics have ended by force of sheer contact with convincing evidence in abandoning their materialistic or sceptical standpoint; but few, I suppose—if any—after commencing life with such a decided bias towards scepticism, have found their subsequent careers so completely interblended and interpenetrated by the forces of the other plane. Mr. Clarke's philosophy of life has been to a great extent built up from his own experiences. He questions if happiness in the ordinary acceptation of the term is the purpose or object of life, nor does he believe that it is ever

really attained except in a very modified and inadequate form. The object of life, he holds, in all its conditions and stages, is development. He would doubtless quote Longfellow with approval :

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

"The only sort of happiness in the attainment of which our author believes is that gained by seeking to make others happy. The object of life, in short, as stated in an earlier part of these notes, is Service.

"By serving others," says Mr. Clarke, "in accord with a mysterious law which beautifully makes the sacrifice of self the salvation of self, we serve ourselves most of all. He who does best for others really does

best for himself. He who gives all gains all. Paradoxical as these assertions seem, fantastic and impracticable as PHILOSOPHY they appear as rules of conduct, they are undoubtedly OF LIFE. part of the eternal principle of the universe. . . . The object of life is the development of our higher nature, the spiritual nature, that part of us which has a dream of divine ideals towards which it is ever striving, in the belief that somehow, sometime, it will reach the goal which at present it can only vaguely and imperfectly conceive. We can only develop our higher nature by helping others to develop theirs. We can best learn by teaching others. Briefly, then, the object of life should be 'Do your best to help others to be their best.'"

EXPLORING THE MIND

A NOTE ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

BY H. ERNEST HUNT, Author of "Self-Training,"
"Nerve Control," etc.

IT has been said that the study of mind has made more progress in the last thirty years than in the previous three thousand. Certain it is that, commencing with the antics of Mesmer, which veiled, but could not conceal, his epoch-marking discoveries, a new era in the exploration of the human mind was dawning. Subsequent investigation and experiment on the part of reputable observers lent a quasi-respectability to the subject, and Science became gradually aware of a region of mind vastly transcending in scope and extent anything of which it had previously been cognizant. A window was opened and some of the hidden secrets of human nature were laid bare. To-day, the study of Psycho-analysis is carrying the investigation of these obscure depths many stages farther, and the resultant knowledge is throwing light upon problems whose solution has hitherto eluded us; and though the subject is as yet in its infancy and none too sure of its footing, nevertheless very sound and practical results have already been achieved.

Hypnosis, in making clear the existence of a realm of subconscious mind, performed a most valuable service. It showed that the prime outstanding characteristic of this department of mind was its absolute and perfect memory which forgot nothing, which acted as a veritable Recording Angel and inscribed everything—even to the fleeting thought and the unvoiced aspiration—upon the Judgment Book of the Self's own mind. But Psycho-analysis claims to pursue its exploration farther still and to show that the subconscious mind, apart from recorded experiences of our own, contains elemental forces frequently at work to our undoing, forces which are apt to make men and women their playthings until the conscious self awakens and determines upon its rightful dominance. The human embryo traces roughly and in miniature during the months preceding birth the evolution of the race. In our bodies to-day we carry vestigial traces of outgrown functions; the power to move the ears still remains

with some, the vermiform appendix seems to fulfil no useful purpose save to offer scope for the operating knife, and we still possess rudimentary tails. In some similar way we may imagine that the mind has run in epitome through the scale of development, and at birth—apart from all questions of more immediate heredity—we seem to come into the world with a store of instincts which play no small part in our subsequent performances. These elementary and primary instincts come for the most part with the psycho-analysts under the head of sex, but it should be noted that the word denotes in this special connection a much wider range of meanings than in its everyday usage ; it more or less corresponds to the whole " urge " of life, the impulse not merely to procreation but to the perpetual creation of work, life, love, and general endeavour. The point to emphasize is that these instincts are present in all of us, they are our dower and heritage whether we like them or know about them, or not.

But man is a gregarious animal : one has only to visit a popular seaside resort in the height of the season to see that he takes his pleasures most readily in the mass, and rejoices but sadly when alone. Living together, whether in tents or townships, families or communities, entails obligations ; experience shows that some things are desirable for the common good and others harmful, consequently a code of written or unwritten laws grows by a natural process, and social ordinances stand revealed. They are, however, strictly utilitarian, and merely represent what we might term the codified experience of the individuals of the community ; they follow behind, like the rudder of a ship, and at the same time exercise a large measure of control over direction and progress. If the experience of the community be insufficient or faulty, then it is likely that its social ordinances will show the same defects ; and in point of fact the standards under which we live are often considerably out of alignment with truth and show a wide divergence from the path of evolution. Yet whatever the standards that prevail may be, whether they are good or bad, the new-comer is born, educated, dragooned, and compressed by force of circumstances into them ; while deep down in the mind of the individual, even though he knows it not, are Nature's forces often enough in flat rebellion. Thus is nearly always going on what has been not inaptly termed " man's unconscious conflict."

One of the modern-day standards thus out of alignment with truth is the idea that anything and everything connected with the function of sex is necessarily unclean. It need not

concern us to inquire how this misconception arose and has been fostered and encouraged, it is sufficient for us to realize that it exists, and that unconsciously we are educated and suggested into it and at length accept it unquestioningly as the truth, which it emphatically is not. But when the person who has so accepted it feels the stirring of sex, which Nature intends that he shall feel, then he comes right in conflict with his acquired standards, and if they have been sufficiently strongly impressed he decides that any manifestation of sex is wrong and promptly determines to repress it. At once his mind becomes a battle-ground; Nature says Ex-press, and current standards say Re-press, and so he drives the subject out of his consciousness into his subconscious. It is for the time being out of sight and therefore he deems it out of mind, but, alas, it is nothing of the sort; as with Prohibition in the drink question, the manifestation is merely driven underground. The conflict still persists in the undermind. To take another example, the child of an inquiring turn of mind is perpetually asking questions in his unconscious thirst for knowledge, it is always "Why this, that, or the other?" Finally father's patience gives way and the child is forbidden to ask questions, and expression is met by repression. Or again, youngsters are told that "Children should be seen and not heard." In a similar way repression is at work with adults; perhaps one person expresses the exuberance of his spirits in a general remark in a full railway carriage, while the other occupants look politely amused or glare or sniff, according to their individual temperaments, and finally the exuberant one is successfully repressed and apparently extinguished. "It isn't done" is generally sufficient to quell the spirit of high adventure in the well-schooled mind of to-day.

Repression, in the realm of mind, is a ghastly failure. It is possible, of course, to shut down the safety valve and sit on it, but this is not considered a policy of wisdom by the enlightened engineer. If the natural forces and instincts do not find a normal outlet they will find an abnormal one. We cannot repress hunger for a protracted period by any act of will in the ordinary way, neither can one suppress the instinct of self-preservation; if the starving man cannot get food he will chew boot leather, if another aims a blow at him he will instinctively draw back or dodge. These primary instincts were in existence ages before we were, and they possess the accumulated force of a thousand generations. So when we repress some instinct and censor its natural expression at the bidding of the current opinion of the

day, it will in all probability find some way of outwitting the censor and getting its message through in some other manner ; it will secure its expression in some perverted or even possibly disastrous form.

One of Nature's safety valves is that of the dream, which is so often the working out of an unfulfilled wish. What more natural than that the child, balked of an expected party, should have that party by dream at night, and so work off the nervous shock of the disappointment ? And why should not the boy entering for the examination on the morrow dream over-night that he has passed ? These are simple examples, but many of our dreams are in a similar way the safety valve for our emotions. The symbols, it is true, are often disguised and changed or even distorted, but this is only the device of the subconscious to outwit the censorious self. Were the dreams presented undisguised, expression would still be denied them, so the subconscious plays this trick ; it has the dream and its expression about some one else, secures its vicarious enjoyment or relief, and drives a coach-and-four through the censor's proclamation. Sometimes the form of expression taken in the waking state may be that of exaggeration, as when a repressed sexual instinct assumes the guise of excessive modesty, or an exaggerated measure of prudery, or salaciousness ; or it may even convert a comparatively normal individual into one of those " prudes on the prowl " who are always poking their noses into other people's business in the hope that it will prove to be unsavoury. Again an outlet may be secured by transference, as when the natural expression of mother-love, not being attained, is lavished on pet dogs, cats, or even monkeys. The idea of the uncleanness of sex, or of some moral taint, has also been known to find its outlet in continual washing and an abnormal regard for cleanliness. So also may doubts as to an individual's integrity, repressed in accordance with the current obligations of morality, cause him to be most rigorous and particular as to the complete honesty and reliability of all with whom he comes into business relations ; as a result of his own suppressed dishonesty he may become insanely suspicious of others.

It will be observed that these cases are taking us to the verge of the abnormal, and indeed these perversions of expression may take almost any form, mental, emotional, or physical. Just as repression may upset the workings of the mind, so also it may completely throw the physical health out of gear ; mind and body are conjoined in so intimate a fashion that there is an immediate reflex of the one upon the other, whether in health

or disease. Functional paralysis, disturbances of the digestion or circulation, with all the complications that ensue upon these, may easily be the result of mental conflicts of this description. We know how worry kills, but it scarcely seems to be recognized that we can worry without knowing anything about it, and that a thing may be apparently completely forgotten and yet be a source of trouble, because the occasion of the trouble has merely been covered over and dismissed into the subconscious mind without being removed. It is easy to say "I won't worry over this any more," but it is another thing to be able to do it; it certainly cannot be achieved by dismissing the matter from the mind in any airy manner; probably then the dreams will mirror the problems in some symbolical fashion. The difficulty should be met and fought out before being dismissed from the mind. Thus any degree of abnormality of mind, from mere queerness to obvious insanity, may be produced by the agency of repressed ideas; forgetfulness, stammering, irritability, loss of memory, neurasthenia and countless other difficulties can also arise therefrom; while the results may equally well be spread over a wide range of physical troubles that would not seem to have even the remotest connection with mind.

Psychö-analysis, however, is not so much concerned with the actual symptoms that arise, but, since the cause of innumerable troubles is located in mind, it becomes the primary problem to arrive at the source of the difficulty by the exploration of mind. Once the source of the trouble is tapped, and the discomfiting idea "discharged," the symptoms tend to right themselves. There are various methods of reaching the fundamental cause, but all alike are confronted with the initial difficulty of the diffidence on the part of the patient in having his mind analysed. This is natural enough for most of us, but until the patient possesses sufficient confidence in the analyser to transfer to him his thoughts, and with them the source of the trouble, progress is slow. One method of procedure is simply to allow the patient to talk and give himself away to the trained observation of the analyst by what he says; this alone often gives the patient relief and, with the sage counsel tendered to him, suffices to get rid of the trouble. He is "talked out of it." Of course this merely amounts to the following of the Biblical advice to confess sins one to another, but we all know of our own experience that the mere telling of our woes seems to lighten them. Another way is by the analysis of the patient's dreams and the interpretation of the symbolism and imagery in which they are wrapped;

the run of the nightly thoughts pictured in dream will not seldom give a clue to the workings of the subconscious thoughts, which probably hover round and recur to the source of any trouble that may exist. The patient with his limited experience confined to his own dreams is unable to do his own interpreting, but to the onlooking analyst, who sees most of the game and is familiar with the general run of dreams, the interpretation does not offer the same difficulties. A person does not become a skilled musician by the study of one work, but by the general principles deduced from the study of many.

A third method is by making use of hypnoid states in the patient, that is to say he is requested to allow himself to relax all mental effort and to sink into a quiescent state something short of the sleep stage of hypnosis. In this condition he is induced to talk, answer questions, or follow up trains of thought that suggest themselves. Sometimes as he begins to touch upon the thought complex which is doing the active damage he will suddenly stop short, or make some abrupt change in the line of association; for this the alert analyst is fully prepared, and the attempted concealment speaks very plainly to him of the direction in which he may most surely follow up the clue. Yet another way of arriving at the hidden content of the mind is by what is known as the word-association test. Here again the patient is asked to be as placid and non-resistant as possible and to utter the first word that comes into his head in response to the test word, given apparently at random by the analyst. Really the list of test words is carefully contrived so as to include all those most likely to touch upon the usual complexes that cause trouble. The time that the patient takes to respond to each word is taken to the fifth of a second by a stop-watch; as soon as the test word suggests something connected with the troublesome complex, the subconscious strives to conceal it by giving some innocuous or misleading word instead of the obvious one which might betray it. But this selecting and rejecting takes time, and the reaction instead of being perhaps a second and a half at once springs to three seconds or more. The analyst then gives a series of neutral words and the response comes after the usual short interval. But as soon as another word comes that bears upon the complex then the reaction time lengthens once more, and the analyst thus obtains further confirmation that he is on the track of the difficulty. The subconscious thus over-reaches itself, and while striving to conceal the difficulty makes it nevertheless plain and obvious. This method has been utilized in dealing

with suspected criminals, and as a writer says, "There is hardly a criminal so brazen and so self-confident who will not hesitate for at least a fifth of a second when he hears a word associated with his crime."

The process of Psycho-analysis in its essentials offers an interesting parallel to the practice of the Confessional in the Church; there is the same unearthing of suppressed emotion, the dissolving of detail, and the same exploding of the harmful complex, combined with the effect of the positive suggestion of being freed henceforth from the burden. We know as a matter of fact that the bringing of the disturbing element of thought into the open, and the explanation of the way in which it has been at work wreaking disaster, will frequently prove amply sufficient to produce mental and physical changes and relief that is little short of marvellous. Thus we are able to see that from a scientific standpoint the practice of Confession does fill a need in the economy of many folk, and therefore to that extent it justifies itself in its results. But "confession is good for the soul," not only of the religiously minded but also of the irreligious, and quite apart from any element of sanctity. On much the same scientific basis we might even go far to justify swearing, inasmuch as it provides a means of escape for emotions that are better out than in. No doubt also a bout of fisticuffs acts to a certain extent as a therapeutic agent when it offers a means of working off resentment that might conceivably fester in the subconscious and produce a mental sore. But we are now straying a little way from the strict consideration of our subject.

It is often asked how long it takes to analyse the mind of a patient, and whether results can be assured in advance. No precise answer can be given to either of these questions. An analysis sometimes reaches the source of trouble almost at once; some cases take weeks, months, or even years. No two minds offer exactly the same problems, and therefore each case stands by itself; some analysts are more skilful than others and reach their results almost by intuition instead of having to go the long way round; some problems necessitate much thought, and others are plain even before the patient has started on any explanation at all. Results cannot be guaranteed in advance with any degree of certainty, but the mental origin of many difficulties has in the past been generally overlooked, with the consequence that the trouble has not proved amenable to treatment; such cases as these frequently show gratifying results. But Psycho-analysis is of no use for a broken leg; neither is

it usually possible to explode thought-complexes that have grown into cast-iron habits of mind.

Valuable, however, as the process is to the individual, it has a far wider and greater value in shedding light on the workings of our mental life in general. It is of comparatively little interest to Tom that Dick and Harry should have their minds analysed and be shown how they are sowing the seeds of future trouble by their present line of thought or action, but it is extremely valuable to all of us to learn something of the evolution of mind and of the working processes that are always in operation in the unseen realm of mind. For instance, we each of us think ourselves as beyond all doubt the most reasonable of individuals; a little analysis will tell us that we are nothing of the sort, and that in place of our judgments being dictated by pure reason they are frequently determined by bias and unsuspected prejudice. Most likely we shall not believe it. By the process known as Rationalization we shall probably produce all-sufficient reasons to convince ourselves that *we*, at any rate, are quite free from any bias or prejudice at all, and that we are simply and solely animated by logic in all our decisions. That is exactly what Rationalization means—the ability to delude the self into believing anything it wants to believe and to provide logical arguments in dozens AFTER THE EVENT to justify the belief. We see exactly the same thing in the way in which a hypnotic subject will give any number of reasons for carrying out a post-hypnotic suggestion after he has been awakened; he feels the impulse to do the thing suggested by the operator, but, being in ignorance of the command given to him, he does the thing first and then invents the reason to explain why he did it. His reasons are of course never the true ones, neither are the reasons given for our various decisions by any means always real and correct; they are inevitably coloured by the trend of our subconscious thinking, and only analysis as a rule reveals that colouration to ourselves.

The point of providing an outlet for repressed emotions, which under the social ordinances of the day may not find legitimate scope, is one that perplexes every thinker. The only solution seems to be the one of sublimation, the transforming of the lower impulse into a higher manifestation. The sexual impulse in essence is a creative faculty, but frequently it cannot be employed in the service of the race; the lesson of Psychoanalysis seems to be that this creative energy must be worked off in some sphere that offers scope to the faculty of creation, in the way of building, construction, decoration, painting, and kin-

dred pursuits. The impulse to selfishness transformed into unselfish service finds its own salvation thus and helps the world. Simple suppression, and life on the " don't do this " principle is not only an error in tactics but wholly ineffectual. The study of Psycho-analysis should lead to the understanding that one of the most pressing problems of life is how to direct expression into channels that sublimate and ennoble the individual ; how, for instance, to educate the young so that innate divinity is unfolded as a flower unfolds in the sunlight, instead of repressing, depressing, suppressing and compressing boys and girls in a mistaken endeavour to make them fit the educational machine ; and how again to deal with our own individual difficulties and reach that poise of mind and body which shall enable us to give the world better service with heart and hand. Light is also shed upon the comparatively little understood point of alternating personalities, and matters of much concern arise with reference to the understanding and treatment of insanity. The implications of Psycho-analysis are many and varied, and it is impossible to do more than hint at them in the scope of the present article, but the study is at once one of the most modern, the most promising, and the most interesting with which we may be occupied.

THE LONE HOUSE IN THE MIDST OF THE CORN

BY C. L. RYLEY

FAR round the house the golden cornfields spread ;
Bright through their gold the poppies glimmer red ;
And poppy blooms they are that wreath my head.

Spell-bound am I within this grey-walled close,
Nor may I leave it more than yonder rose
That swayeth slowly as the soft wind blows.

As in a day-dream, while the sun is high,
Listless I watch the fragrant hours steal by,
Till the soft twilight shows the darkness nigh.

Then, as awaking from a languid dream,
I feel new life throughout my being stream,
Kindling to rapture with the moon's first beam.

Truly I know full many a wondrous tale
Of all the marvels of this magic vale,
Made doubly mystic by the moonbeams pale.

—Words that soft voices whisper on the breeze,
Strange forms that darkling glide betwixt the trees,
Forms that in garish daylight no man sees.—

But when the moon is dead and soft stars glow,
Then, through the mystic shapes that come and go,
He comes at length, whose name I may not know.

His name I know not, but I feel his hand
Fall soft in mine, and wandering forth we stand
Amid the silent glory of the land.

His face I see not, but his voice I hear,
And the soft tones that show my loved one near,
To me, who love him so, are more than dear.

But when the dawn is breaking o'er the earth,
And the first lark soars upward in his mirth,
He parts, and leaves me to the long day's dearth.

Have I not prayed, e'en as he bade me pray?
Do I not dream of him the livelong day,
From flush of dawn to set of twilight grey?

Ah, would, ah, would the Saints might grant us grace
To cleave between our souls the interspace!
Ah, would that I might see and kiss his face!

THE VISITOR

By BART KENNEDY

THE sight of the man standing before him gave him a curious feeling. He seemed at once to know him and not to know him. There was something most familiar about him, and still he was a stranger.

And there was another thing that was odd too. It did not occur to him to ask him how he had come into the room. He accepted the fact of his standing there as being in the usual order of things. It did not cross his mind that there was anything in it that was at all out of the way.

"I seem to know you," he said. "Yes, I seem to know you quite well. And still—well, you are a stranger to me. But for all that I seem to know you very well indeed."

"Yes, you do," said the man who was standing before him. "Or, rather, to be exact, you knew me very well indeed once."

The man's voice awakened something within him. It was a clear, full voice, rather loud and positive. It was a voice that he knew. But he was unable to place it at the moment.

"Your voice is very familiar to me," he said. "I know it almost as well as I know my own voice. The whole thing is strange. I know you as well as can be, and still I haven't the faintest idea where we met. But that I knew you very well indeed a long time ago is certain."

"You are right," said the man, who was standing. "You did know me quite well a long time ago."

"How long ago was it?"

"Twenty years."

"Twenty years? That's a long time, isn't it? A great deal of water flows under the bridge in twenty years. A lot of things happen in that time. Twenty years ago! Why, twenty years ago I was hard up. I was poor. Things are different with me now. Quite different, of course. I was hard up, I tell you. But I was a fine young fellow for all that. Why, damn it, I was just such another fellow as you."

"You were."

"Just such another fellow. I remember the time quite well. Often I didn't know where to get a meal. But I didn't

have a bad time for all that. There are worse things than being hard up. Worse things than wanting a meal."

"There are."

"There are indeed. So we knew each other twenty years ago!"

"Yes, intimately."

"How did we come to part?"

"You went one way, and I went another. You were tired of being poor. And you determined to get money in whatever way you could. You were determined to get it by hook or crook. And we parted. I didn't agree with your point of view. I knew what you were going to do, and I left you."

The older man looked hard at him. But for some reason or another he was not offended. This was odd, for he was not one who allowed things to be said to him that he did not wish to hear. But this young fellow appealed to him strongly. He felt that he would be willing to put up with almost anything he said to him. He felt that there was some strong relationship between them. Some tie, the nature of which he could not define. This young fellow might have been his son. But he had never had a son. Yes, this young fellow, who was a stranger, was very near to him. Very near indeed. And there was another thing, too. A mysterious thing that he could not understand. He acknowledged to himself that this young fellow had the right to speak to him. The whole situation was most odd. But he had no wish to end it. He wanted to see it out.

"You became a millionaire," said the young fellow. "You know by what means. You followed consistently a line of treachery to every one, and to all things."

"There was no other way," said the older man. "If I had not followed that line I would never have achieved my purpose. If I had played what is called the straight game, I would never have got anywhere."

It had not occurred to him to deny the charge that the man had made against him. He felt that his soul was being read—that the one who stood before him was one who knew his innermost secrets.

"I had to take advantage of circumstances when I could," he continued. "There was no other way. And let me ask you this in turn. Do you think I could have managed to gain my object by following other methods than the methods I followed?"

"No."

"Well, then, why did you say what you have said?"

“ For this reason : No one has ever dared to face you with the evil you have done. Every one has been afraid of you. But I am not afraid of you.”

“ Evidently not. Why I listen to you I don't know. But I feel that I must listen to you.”

“ You must. For, though I have been parted from you for twenty years, I know you through and through. I know you to the very core of yourself. Your success has been a failure—a failure achieved from out the misery and the damnation of others. Man, you are an utter and absolute failure. You have grasped but the fruit of the Dead Sea. You have wrought misery to accomplish less than nothing. Compared with me, whom you knew twenty years ago, compared with——”

“ With you ! With you ! ” shouted the older man. “ Who are you who dares to come and say these things to me ? ” His arrogance had come back to him at once. “ What do you mean ? I will listen to you no more. How dare you say these things to me ? How—— But who are you ? Who are you ? ”

“ I am the one you parted with twenty years ago,” said the young man. “ Surely you know me. Surely you know who I am.”

“ I do——”

“ Yes, you know me. I am the self you parted with twenty years ago.”

The head of the older man sank down. And when he looked up again the visitor was gone.

THE "INTELLIGIBLE LIGHT" IN PLOTINOS

BY KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE

IT is to Plotinos that, in one form or another, most of our modern mysticism harks back ; only, it was transmitted in a sort of round-about, second-hand way, due to the difficulty of the text, the chaotic nature of its arrangement, and the lack of an index. These essentials now supplied, it becomes possible, for instance, to take up some idea, and study its origin in the mind of the last light of Greece, and the first of Christianity. One of the most important of the ideas of mysticism is the "intelligible light," of which we hear so much from Isaiah, St. John, and the Psalms, in the Bible, and among the modern Gnostics, as the "astral light." It is an idea that always attracted the writer, but recently has to him grown to be the central problem of initiation.

It will, therefore, pay us to follow Plotinos's argument, not as it arose in his mind, but in its most logical development. For simplicity, the references will be to pages of Dr. Guthrie's translation of the complete works.

I. THE LIGHT OF THE EYE.

We read (Luke xi. 34-36) : "The light of the body is the eye ; therefore, when thine eye is single, thy whole body is full of light ; but when thine eye is evil, thy body is also full of darkness. Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness. If thy whole body, therefore, be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light." Unfortunately, these words are too familiar to impress the average reader with the strange assumption that within the eye there is a light. Not till one reads Plotinos is one informed that this is no fancy, but the then accepted Platonic doctrine (334, 500, 586).

This compels a consideration of the theory of vision, such as proved the foundation of Berkeley's philosophical system, and it will later be seen that it thus also forms the logical foundation for Plotinos's views of the universe. As this latter is not our main object of study here, it will suffice to note that every act of sight is composed of twin elements, light and form (586), and that this light is finer than the air, being independent of it (524).

No doubt originally due to the crude physical experience that a blow on the eye produced the sight of "stars," and that when in the dark one closes the eyes he can see moving images, Plotinos explains it in a more systematic philosophic manner: every body which is active exteriorly actualizes a luminous emanation (527). This philosophic assertion agrees with the experiments of "magnetism," which describe luminous emanations from various hysterogenetic centres, senses and functions. All bodies to some extent emit some sort of light (296). The light emitted by the soul forms the animal nature (1198). The soul is explained as remaining within herself, while making use of the light (emanated from the eye) as a rod to reach the visible object (522). This objective illustration explains the more abstract statement that light is an "actualization," whether of the soul, or of the intelligible world (527), and as such is not exposed to wastage (826).

2. THE LIGHT AND RAY SIMILE.

Another fundamental experience which has underlain human thought universally, especially before the days of experimental science, is the light and ray simile. For instance, Athanasius depended on it chiefly for his arguments against the Arians, blissfully unconscious that the experiments and causation-theory of science would someday validate the arguments of his opponents. Athanasius's use of it was only a continuation of Plotinos's, who observed that it emanated from the sun (1112), and that it existed everywhere (295, 296). The sun's light is shed in a double manner, both by rays, and as present everywhere simultaneously. This also depends on a crude method of observation. As fire is lit from refraction, so is generation effected (376). Objective light does not transmit by relays (522). Plotinos here relies on the *prima facie* experience of the immediacy of light-transmission, a notion which, of course, has been altered by scientific experiment. So also he was loth to acknowledge that light, abandoned by its source, would perish; he decided "it was not there," an explanation which, nowadays, would seem an evasion.

3. MUTUAL RELATION OF BOTH LIGHTS.

Let us study the mutual relation of these two lights, that within and without.

Visual light is then not a medium (522), as the exterior light extends between the eye and the object (520). Light itself is an unaffected medium; and as it is incorporeal (527), it needs

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no corporeal medium (521), and is independent of the air through which it filters (527). Such a medium would be no more than a hindrance (521).

Light then exists simultaneously within and without (295), and is a composite of the light in the eye, and that outside (334).

In studying this relation of inner and outer light we have really been studying the relations of the macrocosm and microcosm, the conclusion being that they interact, and that the truth is a conjunction of both. The significance of this we shall see presently.

4. THE INTELLIGIBLE LIGHT.

As visual light is the actualization of the soul, so the intelligible light is the actualization of the intelligible or celestial world. So the celestial flames interact with the earthly flames (825). The celestial light is then incorporeal (527), and in no way spatial (587). As the actualization of the celestial being, it is its very nature (528). It is as if an image was reflected in a mirror, without any wastage (528). The actualization dwells in the body as long as the soul does; and therefore, as the intelligible world inheres in the outer, so also does its light perpetually emanate.

5. CONCLUSIONS.

We are now ready to draw some conclusions. If every actualization of the soul is perceived as light on the intelligible plane, and if there is a continuous interaction between the inner and the outer, it is evident that every exertion of the soul implies a corresponding response from the intelligible world. If a soul is inactive, or lazy, she may save energy, but she also deprives herself of celestial interaction. It is a case of the finding of the bread cast on the waters, of the wisdom of self-sacrifice. Of course, there are all kinds of actualizations; physical would excite responses that are physical, and only the intelligent would draw an intelligible response. Then there are all sorts of physical actualizations, occasional, or regular: so physical motion would draw only occasional physical responses, while the continual one of breathing would excite uninterrupted responses, if intellectualized by prayerful desire. The ocean of intelligible light, therefore, is accessible to all souls, and they who lack intelligible light, warmth and intelligence, or wisdom, have none but themselves to thank; for the intelligible light is continuously streaming on the just and the unjust, and the gates are ever open to energetic actualization.

THE HAUNTINGS AT THE MUENCHHOF *

By PHILIP REDMOND

THERE are few phenomena more curious than that of the poltergeist (long *o*), which may be defined as loud noises and more or less violent manifestations (movements of furniture, etc.) produced by invisible means. They are found scattered throughout all history; and among all nations, savage or civilized; they appear at certain places, continue for a time, and cease—all without any cause apparent to human observers. They continue to occur at the present day; every now and then we read in the papers of mysterious and inexplicable phenomena that have happened at some village or farm-house. Knocks have been heard, household utensils have flown across the room in the presence of witnesses not less acute than their neighbours, showers of stones have fallen in the rooms of the house, and so on. Sometimes we hear nothing further of the matter. As a rule, however, a paragraph appears a day or two later, stating that the kitchen-maid has confessed to being the agent. † And most people accept this without any further investigation.

To the unprejudiced observer, carefully weighing the evidence in each case, it will probably seem that the so-called poltergeist manifestations may be divided into three classes. In the first class, there is simulation throughout. In the second, supernatural phenomena occur for a time, and are fraudulently simulated after they have ceased (the Cock Lane Ghost is probably a case in point). In the third, the phenomena are genuine throughout; and this is quite unaffected by any confession of fraud, for the simple reason that no human being could have produced the manifestations in the circumstances. The well-known "Stockwell Ghost" is a case of this kind. People are stupidly satisfied when some unscrupulous materialist tells them, or the alleged agent tells them, that the phenomena were produced by human agency—and they never dream of asking "How?"

The events about to be related seem to me to come under the

* As the events recorded in the following account took place more than a hundred years ago, they can hardly have anything to do with the late war, or with the state of feeling that it very naturally engendered here.

† This generally means that the local policeman has told the girl that unless she "confesses" she will be put in prison, and if she does, nothing shall happen to her. Strange to say, she generally does "confess."

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third of the classes mentioned above. They are taken from two accounts (one being supplementary), furnished by a Herr J. von Aschauer, teacher of Applied Mathematics at the Johanneum at Graetz. At the time with which his narrative deals, he was administrator at Kamach. In his account, he states that he is prepared at any time to swear to the truth of what he says he observed himself.

The scene of events was the Muenchhof, a farm situated about three miles from Voitsberg and nine from Graetz. It was then in the possession of one Obergemeiner, Aschauer's brother-in-law.

About October, 1818 (the first report is dated January 21, 1821), the people at the Muenchhof noticed that small objects, apparently stones, were thrown at the windows on the ground-floor on several occasions, in the afternoon and evening. Some panes of glass were broken. The throwing ceased when they put their work aside and went to bed. Obergemeiner at first believed it was school-children that did it, but he never could catch any one, let him watch as he might. Then there began loud knocking at the front and back doors—both locked. The yard-dog did not bark; but the farmer, suspecting that robbers were outside, trying to tempt him out of the house, would not open the doors.

The servants now began to grow frightened, and the farmer himself, being weary of the disturbance, determined to take the matter up seriously. So about the end of the month he went among the neighbouring farmers, and got two or three dozen of them, all armed, to accompany him to his house. He drew a cordon about it, bidding the men let no one either in or out, while he himself, with one Koppbauer and a few others, went into the house, called all the inmates together, that none might escape observation, and thoroughly searched the whole building. This was done about half-past four in the afternoon, the watchers outside drawing close to the house. Nothing suspicious was found, and neither man nor animal could have passed through the cordon of guards.

But while the search was going on, stones began to be thrown at the kitchen windows, more and more frequently. Koppbauer leant out of a window to look, the farmer and the others being in the kitchen behind him, when several panes were broken, from within, in that very window. Koppbauer was angry, thinking the others had played a trick on him; but Obergemeiner convinced him that this was not so. They now noticed that the throwing came from within the house. It went on till half-past six, and then suddenly stopped.

Meanwhile, the search proceeded, stoves, chimneys, every possible hiding-place being examined, with no result. The watch remained on guard all night, but nothing happened after half-past six. At eight o'clock in the morning the manifestations began again, in the presence of about sixty people, many having come there out of curiosity.

Along the kitchen wall, under the windows, were benches, and under these were ranged what are called "Sechtsteine," that is, stones weighing from a quarter of a pound up to fifteen pounds, and used for heating water by being dropped into it after having lain in the fire. These stones were now flying from under the benches, and then backwards through the panes, in the most inexplicable way. (Here the materialist will step in, to tell us that the kitchenmaid was doing it all with horsehairs. To me, I must admit, this explanation presents certain difficulties.)

Soon not only the stones, but all other movable things in the kitchen, dishes (full or empty), spoons, and so forth, were being thrown among the persons present, on to the floor, or through the windows, with "incredible velocity." Of the things that passed through the panes, some, in spite of their mass and the speed with which they flew, remained sticking midway in the glass; others merely touched a pane and then fell perpendicularly down within.* Persons who were struck by big stones found to their surprise that, in spite of the great momentum, the impact was very slight and the stones fell perpendicularly down from them.

People now tried to bring the "mad" saucepans and all other movables out of the kitchen, but these things were frequently struck from the hands that bore them, and even when placed on a table in the hall, they would be flung down, irrespective of weight, before the eyes of all the spectators. Nothing remained untouched but a picture of Christ on the Cross, which stood upon that table.

Within two hours, there was not a single whole pane of glass in the kitchen windows, and all the breakable utensils, even those that had been taken out, were in pieces, so that Obergemeiner and all his household had to cook and eat at a neighbour's that day.

Towards eleven o'clock the throwing ceased. The master of the house was sitting in his dining-room. On the table there

* This of course suggests that the objects were not thrown, but were carried through the air by some invisible agency, stopped, and allowed to fall.

was a bottle with a glass stopper in it. Suddenly the stopper slowly rose out of the bottle and fell beside it on the table. Obergemeiner put it back, and pressed it down hard. In two or three seconds it rose again, and fell out as before, and this occurred twice. After the third time, Obergemeiner locked the bottle up (for nothing happened to things that were thus protected).

The materialist will no doubt suggest that the kitchen-maid had tied a rope to the stopper, and was pulling it from a place of concealment, or else that she had cunningly placed some expansive gas within the bottle. The cheap and adipose-headed humorist (of whom we are mysteriously blest in this country with an extra large crop) will say, between his loud guffaws, that Obergemeiner had been drinking. It is perhaps necessary to state, that even if it were so, which we are not entitled to assume, drink does *not* produce illusions of this particular kind.

Next day things were fairly quiet, but it was found necessary to keep hold of the utensils, when cooking, and to put away breakable things as soon as they were done with.

Aschauer met his brother-in-law in the market-place at Voitsberg, and was told of the strange happenings. He begged that they would send for him if anything similar occurred again. Towards All Saints' Day he had a message, and at once hurried to the house. As he entered, he heard a loud crash, and found Koppbauer and the housewife in the kitchen, picking up the fragments of a large pot that had just been thrown down. While he was standing there, a large iron ladle came flying from the "spoon board," with incredible velocity, hit Koppbauer on the head, and fell perpendicularly to the floor. As the ladle weighed three-quarters of a pound, it should, considering the enormous speed with which it flew, have hurt Koppbauer seriously; but he said, when questioned, that he had felt only a mere touch.

Aschauer spent two days in the house, but saw nothing more till 4 p.m. on the second day, for his eyes were then very painful, and the smoke in the kitchen hurt them so, that he could not stop there long at a time; but while he was absent, things were frequently thrown at the windows, which had been repaired. He meanwhile examined the lightning-conductors and similar objects with an electrometer which he had brought with him for that purpose, but could nowhere find accumulations of electricity (which many people believe to be the cause of such phenomena), neither was there any flashing, noise, or odour perceived even during the most violent manifestations. Aschauer searched

his mind in vain for any possible natural solution. He states that the kitchen was so constructed as to put trickery out of the question (Obergemeiner had offered a reward of 1,000 florins to anybody who should discover the cause of the phenomena).

On the second day, towards four o'clock, Aschauer, who was beginning to grow sceptical of results, was standing in the kitchen; full in his sight was a large dresser, at which he happened to be fixedly looking; and now he saw a large copper soup-tureen, mounted with iron, and large enough for ten or twelve persons, move noiselessly from the dresser and fly towards him in an almost horizontal line, with astonishing velocity; it flew so close by his head that the wind of it stirred his hair, and it fell behind him with a loud crash, but without being damaged. There were many persons present, who had come to see these wonders.

Just after this, the maid, who was grating bread, turned to put back the bread and the grater, and as she did so, the platter moved horizontally, at a moderate rate, "close along by the fireplace, till it came to the edge," when it was hurled downwards, as if by a violent blow, so hard that it hopped several times on the floor, and the crumbs flew all about. Aschauer states that he is as certain that no mortal had a hand in this, as he is of his own existence.

About five o'clock, enter our friend the materialist, in the person of "a stranger," who suggested that the phenomena were being "worked" by some one hidden in the chimney (which was full of smoke). Somewhat annoyed at this ridiculous theory, Aschauer took the stranger to the other end of the kitchen, away from the chimney, where a copper dish stood, close by them, on a low shelf. "What would you think," said Aschauer, "if this dish, without our agency, should be flung across the room?" And immediately it was so. The crestfallen unbeliever held his peace.

Nothing very remarkable then occurred until about half-past nine.

When all the cooking was done, they determined to empty the kitchen completely of all movable objects, leaving only three things in well-marked places—a tin colander at the back window, an iron pot full of water on the hearth, and a wooden water-bucket, with two iron hoops, on the floor opposite the colander. The doors and the barred windows were then fastened as usual, and five persons, of whom Aschauer seems to have been one, remained in the kitchen.

Nothing happening for some time, the watchers, who had been

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up all the night before, began to think of bed. But, as they came to the door, the colander, flying horizontally, was thrown among them. They brought it back to its place and sat down again, and in about ten minutes the wooden bucket, weighing at least 15 lbs., suddenly fell perpendicularly, from the highest point of the vaulted kitchen, into their midst. Had it fallen but a little to one side, it must have struck one or other of them. Aschauer observes that at the point from which it fell there was nothing to hang anything to.

They then sat about the hearth, each with a light in his hand, so that if any one should touch the iron pot, he must be seen. But suddenly the pot began to tilt, till the last drop had run out of it. It did not fall, but was tilted slowly, as when one empties a vessel by degrees, and then it was set upright again.

After some time, nothing more occurring, four of them went outside, leaving the fifth locked up in the kitchen, visible to the others through an opening, as he sat with his light in his hand. And presently the lonely watcher began to be pelted with eggshells from all directions. Where the eggshells came from could not be imagined, for the kitchen, as before said, had been completely cleared. This went on, with slight intervals, for an hour. Then all ceased, and nothing more occurred that night or on the following days. Aschauer left the house next day.

Besides Aschauer's accounts, there is an official record of the affair. The District Administration at Ober-Greifeneck sent a report, dated November 7, 1818, to the Central Office at Graetz. This account corresponds in essentials with the above, mentions the presence, and competence as observers, of von Aschauer and Herr Hoetzel, a clergyman, and records the fact that the authorities had sent an electrician to investigate, who seems to have discovered nothing. The Central Office were of opinion that all the manifestations had been produced by some one hidden in the chimney. Nevertheless, three professors of the Johanneum were instructed to go and investigate, but declined, as it would not be consistent with their dignity. A member of the police force was sent, and failed ignominiously.

So the matter rests. To the present writer it seems a singularly well-attested case of poltergeist. And if any sceptic, by means of ropes, wires, horsehair, cobbler's wax and so forth, will carry out, under similar conditions, a similar series of manifestations, without being detected, the author would very much like to be present at the demonstration.

THE DANCE OF THE ENTERING IN OF LIFE

BY L.

I DREAMED that there was an Egyptian Exhibition at Hammer-smith, on the lines of the former Exhibitions at Earls' Court. I visited this Exhibition, and went into a hall where a performance of Egyptian dances was being given. As I watched one of the dances I began to remember being taught ages ago, by an Egyptian priestess, the real magical dance of which this that I was observing was a dim reminiscence, handed down by tradition, but corrupted and emptied of its power and meaning. I gradually recalled the whole facts.

The real dance was called "The Dance of the Entering in of Life." It was intended to symbolise, and to develop, a certain force in the body which produced occult powers. So vividly did I remember the circumstances of my instruction that I felt I could again carry it into effect; and could hardly wait for the performance to be concluded, in my eagerness to return home and make the experiment.

The dance was deliberate and stately. It must be danced without clothing, but with certain ornaments, which must be either green or blue, and should preferably be of a peculiar shade of blue-green. There was a symbolic head-dress with large metal wings.

The measure was very slow, and some of the postures were of such a nature that they could not be sustained without the aid of levitation; which was one of the powers that the successful practice of the dance was intended to evolve. In one figure, the dancer assumed a horizontal position, not touching the floor; the hands were folded in a particular way on the breast: the feet were brought up over the head, there was a sidewise diving movement, the body was turned over and floated up. This figure (though the description sounds grotesque) was, if properly performed, exceedingly graceful and striking. It developed the force in the heart.

In learning the dance, until full power was gained, the student was directed to precede each practice by lying on the back,

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unclothed, for three hours without moving. This must be in a boat on a river, in full sunlight. (While visiting the Exhibition, before I had seen the display of dancing, I had fallen into talk with one of the officials. He told me that the Egyptian dancers, who were brought specially from Egypt to give their performance, were "a very lazy lot. They passed half their time in lying about in boats on the river." I wondered if this were an unconscious echo of the preparation for the real dance.)

I went home, and began to attempt the dance as I had formerly learned it. As I proceeded I recalled more and more, and eventually I could go through it with complete effect, including the neutralization of gravitation. There was a full length mirror in my room. Each time that I passed the mirror in the various figures I could see my face and body changing in appearance: when the dance was successfully accomplished I had become thoroughly Egyptian, especially about the eyes.

Then I awoke. And I could remember no more than I have written.

A CASE OF MULTIPLE PREMONITION

By HENRY SPROULL

IT is usually sufficient to dispose of premonition stories by the simple and final word "coincidence." The facts which I am going to recount as plainly as I can are not quite so easily disposed of, as they present a case of multiple premonition of a kind that cannot be accounted for in a word. I do not propose myself to consider the metaphysics of the events, but just to put the case on record.

Some years ago I was holidaying with my wife in an out-of-the-way seaside place. At the same time a Miss Coyne was holidaying on an island some two miles from the mainland. She had preceded my wife and myself in the house where we were staying, and had shifted to the island for further adventure. She invited us to visit her for an afternoon. The distance to the starting place for the island was considerable, and we started out in the forenoon on cycles. The morning was very foggy, and my wife remarked that it was one of the kind of days that always brought her bad news. She had also been worried by apprehensive dreams for a week past. She did not, however, connect these premonitory signs with our journey or Miss Coyne.

When we got to the island it was to find the body of Miss Coyne in a boat just being brought to land. She had gone to bathe with an island girl whom she was teaching to swim. The girl had got into difficulties, and Miss Coyne in trying to save her had lost her life. An island boy also had been drowned in an attempt to save both young ladies. The island girl, however, was brought round.

We had to remain on the island all night, as I was the only person at hand who could undertake the last services to my dead friend. I learned during the night that the islanders had been disturbed by the appearance three days in succession of a ghost ship which sails out from a place where there is no pier, and moves not on but above the water, and is rigged in an ancient fashion. They had never for a moment thought that anything would happen to the young lady, but had looked for the death of some inhabitant of the island. In the house on the mainland in which she had stayed, I learned after I returned, a cat had been

seen entering her room, a cat that is only seen before a death, but as she had left the room some weeks before they did not connect the apparition with Miss Coyne, although the room she had occupied was then vacant.

There is another item, not of the nature of premonition, but having some subtle underground connection with the tragedy. For the first time for a long while a priest had gone off to the island on a holiday excursion, and was just in time to receive the body of Miss Coyne, and perform the last rites of her church, a matter which brought considerable comfort to her parents, who were devout Catholics.

In response to a wire from me Miss Coyne's parents came to the distant scene, and I learned from her mother the following incident. Miss Coyne had been given a typewriter by some friends in celebration of her securing a university prize, but she left the machine at home. Her mother, a woman of fine intelligence and initiative, had taken a fancy to learning the art of typewriting, and in order to do so had copied out a large portion of the Book of Job from the Bible. When she came to a specially striking passage she copied it out several times. Just as she had finished one such passage and closed the typewriter for the evening, my telegram arrived announcing the bathing accident (though not definitely stating that Miss Coyne was drowned) and asking her and the father to come quickly. The passage which she had last typewritten was, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." When she came and learned the worst, she accepted the passage as a message given to herself, and derived comfort from the realization that the events of life are guided to ends beyond our shortened knowledge.

When we all returned from the sad place to our homes I had to visit the bereaved parents and give them a complete account of the whole affair. In the course of the account I told of how I tried to restore Miss Coyne to life, and failing to open her bathing dress quickly enough, had taken my knife and ripped it in strips in my efforts to induce warmth and respiration. This item of my story brought out the following premonition from the mother.

When Miss Coyne was packing for her holiday she asked her mother to get her a new bathing dress. Her mother reminded her that she had got a new one just the previous season. Miss Coyne said that was so, but it was no use as it had got ripped up as if by a pen-knife. The new dress was procured. Then at the last moment Miss Coyne went to her mother and apologized for bother-

ing her about the bathing dress, as she had found the former one and it was perfect. She could not think how the idea that it was ripped with a knife had got into her mind. The mother now saw that in some mysterious way she had previsualized the circumstance I had recounted. This was all the more likely in view of another premonitory fact, namely, that in a dinner-table conversation the question had gone round as to what death each would prefer, and Miss Coyne had answered without a second's hesitation, "I would prefer to be drowned while saving another person's life."

And it was so. And the story of her heroic death while trying to succour an island girl sent a thrill through the country, and societies exist to-day bearing her real name because of the living power that was let loose through her death.

EVENING

By JESSIE E. P. FORELAND

"HUSH!" says the sea to the shore,
 And the shore to the sea says "Hush!"
 And the face of the Day, as she steals away,
 Is dyed with a crimson blush.

She has done with her blue and white,
 She has done with her white and blue;
 In the calm twilight, she robes for the night,
 In garments of quieter hue.

In a mantle of sober grey,
 Wrapped over a rosy vest,
 The weary Day creeps slowly away
 To the heart of the golden west.

And the heart of the west is deep,
 And the arms of the west are wide,
 And the Day lies down in her rosy gown,
 To sleep till the morning tide.

And the Night comes up from the sea,
 And the moon, in her ivory plush,
 And the sea, and the sky sing lullaby,
 And the wind and the stars say, "Hush!"

CORRESPONDENCE

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

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read the reply of Mr. Richard B. Ince to my letter in your June issue, and still hold that "a masterly exposition of the faith and practice of Christian Science" should be one which would convey to its reader such accurate and practical knowledge of the subject as would enable him to demonstrate it.

The careful study of the Christian Science text-book, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy, has enabled some millions of people to prove the teaching to be true. No amount of reading of Mr. Powell's book would enable any one to do so, for the whole trend of the book is to try and prove the teaching untrue.

Mr. Powell has formed a false concept of Christian Science, like so many other of its critics, and has written his book around this concept. Christian Science can only be understood through spiritual discernment, and without this discernment it is impossible for any one to accurately state the case. St. Paul made this quite plain when he said: "For the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

District Manager.

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

AN UNSEEN PRESENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have been somewhat disturbed this week by what seems to me a very curious incident, viz., three distinct times, not on the same day either, have I been aware of a sensation as of some one plucking at my garments as I walked in the bedroom in the daytime. Twice I was alone in the room, but the third time there was another occupant, to whom I confided the incident. Of course it may be nothing but fancy, although I do not feel it could have been. Then again the other night my husband and I were awakened by footsteps on the landing, but on going to look, found no one there. Perhaps some one could offer a solution.

Yours faithfully,

A. F.

DEMI-GODS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—“Z.A.S.’s” statement that it was the SONS of the gods and not the gods themselves who married human women is difficult to understand.

Does he mean that the gods and goddesses were originally created, and had sons in the usual way, from marriages between gods and goddesses?

Do these also intermarry and have children?

When a god married a human woman (as Jupiter married so many) the children were called demi-gods and never had any children when they themselves married (a similar thing happens in crosses between various species amongst animals).

Also when men (like Paris and Endymion) married goddesses, they also had no children (Artemis by the way acted like a spider does in killing poor Endymion immediately after their marriage). This idea of gods marrying human women is universal to all the old religions, and any man who showed exceptionally above his fellows in war or holiness, was at once called the son of a god.

The Pharaohs and Cæsars claimed a god as their father, but curiously enough none claimed to be the son of a goddess by a human father. I suppose they feared the anger of that goddess’s legitimate husband.

Can “Z.A.S.” kindly tell me where in the Old Testament I can find mention of a goddess likely to be the mother of these sons of the gods he says came down and married human women?

I find “Diana of the Ephesians” mentioned in the New Testament, but “Z.A.S.” surely cannot attribute to the “goddess of old maids” the scandal of having several children by different gods?

WALTER WINANS.

AN UNCANNY GIFT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested to see the letter under the above heading in your August number.

Only a few days before reading it I was discussing the power of making people look round by looking at them with a friend who was born in August. He stated he had often tried but never succeeded, while I who have similar coloured eyes to your correspondent and am born in the same period of the same month, have seldom had any difficulty in making any one I want look round. While possessing nothing like the power of M.E., I always have to be careful of not examining any stranger say in a restaurant, because they seem to become aware of my interest almost immediately.

Yours faithfully,

P. S.

THE CREATION STORY IN GENESIS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The letter, under the heading of "The Creation Story in Genesis" in the September number of the OCCULT REVIEW has deeply interested me. Personally I am only a humble seeker for spiritual knowledge, but I have long realized that in the true inner and fundamental teachings in Genesis is hidden the key to all further comprehension of the evolution of soul-life.

I wonder if you or "Z.A.S." would endorse the following interpretation of Genesis, i.e.—

That God first created man from a synthesis of the *Astral Animal* Creation, a dual hermaphrodite being, with a living mind or intellect, yet with the soul faculties still dormant. This being in outer form was masculine, with power to multiply or duplicate himself. Later on daughters were begotten, I understand by this, that hermaphrodite man also appeared in feminine aspect, and in this form were wedded to the sons of God or celestial beings. Then took place the second Creation, when God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul, and God saw that it was not good that man should be alone, and differentiated the mother soul principle from Adam. Later follows the temptation and fall of these first spiritual souls, under the dominion of the animal astral elements, out of which mankind was first created in hermaphrodite form. Through the "Fall" Adam and Eve lost their conscious touch with the divine spiritual world, and were driven out of Eden on to the animal plane of consciousness, and into the conditions of birth and death, yet with subconscious hope of working out their own salvation through their appointed cycles of incarnations, and in the end becoming again purely spiritual beings, reunited each to their own dual soul-companion, as in the beginning in the garden of Eden.

In the New Testament constant stress is laid on the danger of losing one's soul. Alas! how many human beings seem to be functioning alone through their astral animal souls, with keen mentalities, while the spiritual conscience or soul faculties are seemingly dormant or withdrawn. Were not the pre-Adamite men of this type of unawakened soul?

Yours truly,

AN EARNEST SEEKER.

THE CREATION STORY IN GENESIS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I think "Z.A.S." misunderstands my attitude as to the above; I quite agree with him that the Mosaic narrative embodies the ideas of the period, that the gods made man and then got frightened of him and tried to suppress him, but I do not agree with "Z.A.S." that this is what really happened.

Q

He asks me to give my idea of the Creation.

My idea is that nothing was ever created or will be destroyed, but that all has been and will exist from All Eternity to All Eternity ; that God is Infinite Love, Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Power, and that He never made a mistake or had to destroy men because they became wicked or had to save them, nor do I believe in the " Scheme of Salvation."

I believe man is as God meant him to be, and that nothing man can do will alter a tittle of what God meant him to do ; I believe that God is All and that man is nothing, and that man cannot make God angry, as man only does what God has placed him on earth to do. As to the fairy tale of Adam and Eve eating of one of the trees, they evidently got hold of the wrong fruit. If they had instead eaten of both trees, they could have defied the gods.

I did not deride the idea of a universal language, I merely mentioned it as part of the story, though I think it less silly and less archaic than some of the other statements in this fairy tale.

Cannot " Z.A.S." see that to force the " Creation myth " down the throats of people does NOT glorify God, but brings religion into ridicule, and drives thinking people out of the churches ?

One ought to weed out all such things from religion and only keep that which adores God ; not keep that which make him into a petty, purblind tyrant, with ungovernable fits of rage, like a workman who smashes what he fails in making properly.

I cannot supply Z.A.S. with an improved creation legend, as why, when, and how we came to be, is one of the mysteries of God ; which I do not believe we shall ever know, either during life or after we are dead, but I DO KNOW THAT ALL IS PERFECT LOVE, WHICH IS GOD.

WALTER WINANS.

THE SACRED HEART.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter of Bernard Fielding on the Heart as an object of mystic veneration has been to me intensely interesting. Perhaps you will publish my letter. I have already had one in your magazine telling of the extraordinary virtues of the Badge of the Sacred Heart, and how it preserved my nephews in the War.

I was in Egypt some years ago. I found that Ammon (or Keprab), the greatest or Supreme God of the Egyptians, is always represented as a man with two plumes on his head ; it is stated that " He made *Himself* out of matter which He *Himself* CREATED ! " 3,500 years ago there was a famous Queen of Egypt named Hatasu. She was daughter of Thotmes I, wife of Thotmes II. She seemed to have been very advanced and enlightened ; after her husband's death she reigned alone. She was the first to send out ships exploring, and in one voyage they went round the Cape of Good Hope. I was reading an

account of her life when I was quite amazed at seeing dimly shadowed the cult or devotion to the Heart. She says: "I built temples to my father Ammon for the *love* I have in *my heart for Him*," and also, "I am daughter of Ammon DWELLING IN HIS HEART." I saw a picture in some book (I forget the name of it now), of a beautiful perfect temple she built to Ammon. In visiting the Museum (then at the Gizeh Palace) I inquired were there any Heart amulets and I found that the amulet of Ammon *was a Heart*. I saw several in the Museum. I was at the consecration of Egypt to the Divine Heart of Jesus, and I cannot tell you how strange and appropriate it appeared to me, after making this discovery of Egypt, reviving to the *Great Christian God of Egypt* this devotion dimly foreshadowed in that land 3,500 years ago by Hatasu to the "Great Spirit God" Ammon.

F. H. FITZGERALD BEALE.

MOUNTMELLICK,
QUEEN'S COUNTY, IRELAND.

TRANSMUTATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Apart altogether from the difficulty of setting an atom disintegrating at all, the more or less categorical accounts given of alleged transmutation seem hopelessly vitiated by the consideration of the enormous amount of energy the passage from, say, lead to gold would set free.

If we neglect anything in the way of splitting off of Helium and consider the whole degradation of atomic weight to be due to the escape of electrons, we can very readily calculate what this is, and the results are portentous.

Let us assume we operate on one pound of lead. The atomic weight of lead being 206.9 and that of gold 197.2, the difference between these is 9.7, and the fraction of mass to be got rid of $\frac{97}{2069}$. Electrons escape at one-third the velocity of light; hence the kinetic energy

$$= \frac{1}{2} M.V.^2 = \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{32.2} \times \frac{97}{2069} \times 62,000 \times 62,000 \times 5,280 \times 5,280 \text{ foot-pounds} = 78 \times 10^{12} \text{ foot-pounds.}$$

A horse-power-hour amounts to 198×10^4 foot-pounds, and may be reckoned cheap at $\frac{1}{3}d.$; so the energy liberated by our transmutation (assuming of course we could harness it) would amount in value to no less than £123,000!

In comparison with this the value of the gold obtained, say £62 sterling, is almost negligible. It resembles the value of the ashes of a power-station as compared with that of the station's output.

If this energy were expended in one year it would suffice for the continuous supply of 4,500 horse-power; if it were liberated in a

fraction of a second there would be an excessively violent explosion : if in one-hundredth of a second work would be done at the rate of 142×10^{11} horse-power—in words, fourteen billion two hundred thousand million horse-power ! . . . No wonder Dr. Le Bon observes that the discoverer of the liberation of intra-atomic energy will probably not survive to witness the success of his experiment ; indeed, as Professor Rutherford remarked, such success might conceivably “ bump-off ” the whole earth itself and convert the present fermenting mass of rancour and evil passions into a writhing cloud of—what ? One wonders.

Sincerely yours,

J. J. HUNTER JOHNSTON.

MR. RAWSON AND PRAYER. ,

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Turner, who writes in your July issue under the heading of “ Good and Evil,” evidently has failed to grasp the principle of Mr. Rawson's work. He does not, as in the old method of prayer, work out what he thinks best and then try to worry God till he brings it about, but he tries to realize the highest good of which he is capable. This the religious man calls God and heaven, the metaphysician Mind and its ideas, the scientific man Cause and its manifestation. In any case it is an absolutely ideal mental world here around us now, but hidden by the mist of matter.

When praying in the way pointed out by Mr. Rawson, one never knows what is going to take place, but some of the evil is bound to disappear. We cannot tell what is good from appearances, because we do not know what is going on in heaven. When the mist of matter, *alias* evil, has disappeared, we see heaven more as it really is.

Recently in his paper “ Active Service,” Mr. Rawson gave details of the way he would work in order to help in the present difficult state of affairs. Speaking from memory, he would work chiefly for love, and justice ; against misunderstanding, greed, cruelty and the various troubles which every one will admit are evil.

I myself have been working now, as pointed out in his book *Life Understood*, for over three years, and find that it has been the greatest help to me both in getting out of my own troubles and in helping others. Any one who sincerely puts this method of prayer into practice, is bound to receive benefit from it.

Yours truly,

M. H. T.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S delicate and suggestive story—"The World-Dream of McAllister"—is the mainfeature of *Vision* and has an excellent shrine therein, over which it breathes a faint incense of very subtle spirituality. It is not an amazing story and the title may puzzle a careless reader; it is really a reflection from Browning's "all's right with the world." McAllister—a very ordinary person—beheld no cosmic pageant in an hour of sleep. "He had been with some one in an enchanted place," and not only realized the splendour of life but understood it as a whole. So much of the experience as he brought away into waking consciousness—and it was little more than a shadow—made him feel "blessed and comforted." It was doubtless a moment's immersion in pure bliss of being; it translated to him afterwards in this mode of emotion and in the recollection of an authentic voice, saying in allusion to Browning's words: "So, you see it is all right." He had known the rightness of the world in his hour of sleep. Hereof was the "world-dream," and the rest of Mr. Blackwood's narrative shows the effect on McAllister throughout the day following, and as far as the drab morning which ensued upon that day. It is purely a character-sketch, and it is this which deserves in our opinion the praise of subtle spirituality which has been given above. That which remained with McAllister when the dream itself had faded was a "seed of divine sympathy"; Mr. Blackwood means us to understand that the seed germinated. "He was aware of a faint and childlike hope that something new was stealing down into the world." The intimations of this little story are worth both those long Karmic tales of the same author which failed to convince us a year or more ago. We have been interested also in Mr. H. L. Hubbard's brief study of the English mediæval mystic, Walter Hilton, a Canon of Thurgarton, who wrote that memorable book of the soul on the way and attainment of God which is known and prized by many—The Scale of Perfection. No man knew better than Hilton that "we needs must love the highest when we see it," and in the mirror of his own soul he had assuredly beheld "the vision which is He." Mrs. Grenside discusses automatic writing, and we concur of course in her view that the quality of its record is out of all proportion to the vast output. She mentions a few exceptions, to which may be added *Christ Within You* and *I Awoke*, together with its companion volume. Our agreement is much more cordial when she recommends renunciation of all the lesser communions and devotion of the mind to the true sphere of union, "the plane of universal Mind."

We learn from *The New Church Weekly* that interest in Swedenborg's scientific and philosophical writings shows marked increase

in Sweden, as exemplified by a projected translation of his *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*. This appeared originally in Latin, at Dresden and Leipsic, in three folio volumes, under date of 1724. As Robert Fludd in England, so also Swedenborg found no market in his own country and therefore published abroad. Possibly our contemporary will tell us on another occasion how it fares in these days with the doctrines of the New Jerusalem in Sweden. . . . In an article on theosophy and modern thought *The Messenger* mentions the adoption of telepathy as a scientific explanation of psychic phenomena and says that the hypothesis in question postulates—almost of necessity—the existence of superphysical matter as a medium for the transmission of thought, in which case the superphysical is invoked according to one of its modes in order to escape from another—namely, superphysical states of intelligent existence. . . . *Theosophy* has a memorial notice of Mr. Robert Crosbie, who was a pupil of Madame Blavatsky, as well as a friend and companion of W. Q. Judge. Mr. Crosbie was the founder of *Theosophy*, which represents the United Lodge of Theosophists at Los Angeles, California, being apparently an independent and autonomous body. Our contemporary regards him as successor to Judge in the same sense and way that Judge succeeded Blavatsky, so far as America was concerned. . . . *The Progressive Thinker* regards spiritualism as “the evangel of resurrection in the spirit,” because it gives assurance of everlasting life to the soul. “The glory of going on and still to be” is of course and *per se* neither mystical resurrection nor eternal life in the spirit, for two very clear reasons: (1) that survival into a “hither hereafter” does not connote perpetuity of personal subsistence; and (2) that resurrection in the spirit, the connotation of which is indeed eternal life, is a mode of being in God. It is a high prize at the end of a long journey on the path of love in sanctity, and is quite outside the dreams and actualities of the Summer Land. It is a recurring characteristic of American spiritualism to confuse important issues after this manner, for the most part in consequence of loose and perfervid language. We regard what is termed the Summer Land as a very reasonable hypothesis concerning the earlier states and stages of post-mortem existence; but the mysteries of Divine Experience belong to other categories and modes: they are of that bourne from which the traveller does not return to testify. . . .

The Masonic Secretaries' Journal, which we have noticed on several occasions as the official organ of the important Fatres Calami Lodge, maintains the repute which was earned by its initial issue and may indeed be regarded as the most excellent Masonic periodical at the present time in Great Britain. Mr. George Rankin, who is the chief mouthpiece of the Emulation Lodge of Improvement and Senior Member of its Committee, contributes a note on its history from the date of foundation in 1823. The account is of considerable interest on the various matters of fact and has been written with commendable

caution, to avoid opening a debate which might become acrimonious. There are several "workings" in Craft Masonry and the exponents of these rival schools of ritual are jealous of their respective claims and not invariably tolerant as regards those of their rivals. Emulation "working" is the prevailing fashion in the Craft, while that which is called "Stability" appears to have few active representatives; it is, however, a great tradition of the past, and Mr. Rankin points out that in 1865 there was complete amity between its exponents and those of the alternative school. Other workings are those of the "West End" and Oxford. We are of opinion that there are good points in each and that something therefore remains to be said for a wise principle of selection. Outside all official workings, however, there is a spirit which is the life of Ritual and those only who possess it can communicate the message of Masonry, whatever their school of instruction, and even if they abide by none. We are glad to see in the same issue a suggestive and informing study of Mark Masonry by Mr. Covey-Crump, who has unusual knowledge of his subject on the side of antiquities. The lovers of this beautiful and spiritual Degree in Freemasonry—among whom we desire to be included—will value his careful collection of facts, by no means commonly in evidence, though he may not win their concurrence on every point of view. Mr. Dudley Wright gives a synopsis of several Masonic legends, some of which are from High Grade sources, while others have their place in old archives—as, for example, the Harleian collection. In this storehouse Mr. Wright has come across a Masonic MS., according to which Euclid was the pupil of Abraham, the founder of a Lodge, and also that Master "who gave Masonry the name of Geometry." According to another legend—the source of which is not stated—Solomon was arranging to marry the Queen of Sheba when he discovered that her affections had been transferred to his Master Builder, and in a fit of jealousy he initiated that conspiracy which caused the untimely death of his traditional architect. These reveries are among the idle and mischievous legends which have grown up about the memorable myth of the Master-Grade. . . . An editorial in *The Builder* proposes "a practical Masonry for a practical world" and foresees that the Order will be closely identified in the future with work of a national scope. That "Masonic Service Association" to which we have adverted previously is a move in this direction. The coming time is one of reconstruction and the Mason must prove that he is in truth a Builder by an active share therein. . . . Mr. F. O. Higgins continues his papers in *Azoth* on Ancient Craft Masonry and is still dealing with the zodiac in its alleged relation thereto. . . . Dr. Albert Churchward is also writing a long series of articles on Masonic vestiges, and is no doubt interesting many readers of *The Freemason*, even if he is confusing a few. In his opinion the origin and evolution of Freemasonry will be found in "the origin and evolution of the human race." If words mean anything, this

is equivalent to a reassertion of the old reverie that Masonry is coeval with man. The Masonic literati who used to declaim this thesis were content with Usher's chronology, but Dr. Churchward takes us back through ages innumerable and affirms that the "solar cult"—which is important to his subject—is at least 100,000 years old, while that of the stars has a superior antiquity of six times that number. The Eleusinian Mysteries are of yesterday in comparison with such figures, and they are said to have been originally Egyptian. *The Freemason* gave space recently to an exceedingly debatable "oration" on Higher Degrees in Bath, in the course of which it was affirmed that the Red Cross of Constantine "is one of the most ancient Orders of Chivalry," the orator presumably taking its "traditional history" at the fullest face value. The early minute-books—if they happen to be in evidence—of its "time immemorial" Premier Conclave might cast a weird light on the statement. . . . *The Freemasons' Chronicle* makes for our instruction by quoting from an American contemporary a summary of the case for so-called Stuart Masonry, according to which (1) the adherents of James II fabricated High Grades "to carry out the designs of their patron upon the English throne"; (2) these Grades ultimately "grew in number to twenty-five"—an allusion to the Rite of Perfection; (3) when "the Young Pretender" invaded Scotland in 1745 he was admitted into the Order of Knights Templar and installed as Grand Master at Holyrood; (4) in 1747 he is claimed to have established a Scottish Jacobite Chapter of Rose Croix at Arras. It is well to be reminded of these old myths and to know that they are still circulating, because it enables one to point out—if even for the hundredth time—that they are without any basis in fact, that the Young Pretender, according to his own statement, never became a Mason, and that the whole web of invention is of the same value as that other fiction which affirms that the legend of the Third Degree is an allegorical version of the murder of Charles I.

Mr. Arthur Avalon, who is the chief English authority on Tantra literature, contributes a study in the Mantra Shastra to *The Vedantia Kesari* and deals philosophically with "the two concepts of Changelessness and Change." Outside this important article there is one on the Quest of Salvation which pictures presumably an imaginary seeker for reality who is in search of a Master to lead him in the realization of God. He finds him at last, when Nature wears "her garb of evening prayer," and is welcomed as one who is known familiarly and has been expected long. He is put definitely on the quest in successive stages, to learn at first hand (1) that ritual religion cannot satisfy, (2) that the simple life of virtue does not fill the heart, (3) that philosophy will not allay the soul's hunger, (4) that the heaven of theism is not the all in all, nor is yet (5) the peace of a soul in still contemplation of mind. The secret is one of love, and love is that state in which the realization is the breath of life itself.

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- SPIRITUALISM AND SIR OLIVER LODGE. By Charles A. Mercier, M.D., some time Examiner in Psychology in the London University. 132 pp. Cloth. Price 2s. 6d. net.
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REVIEWS

LETTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE. Prefaced and edited by Henry Thibault, with a Foreword by W. F. Cobb, D.D. London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. Price 5s. net.

"To attach a name to messages from the Other Side when it is manifestly impossible to give other than internal and inferential evidence for that personality, would merely be to raise a useless controversy," says Mr. Henry Thibault in his Preface to this little book. It is offered on its own merits for the sake of such possible light and comfort as it may bring to a world whose outlook has been for ever changed by the war; and in an interesting Foreword, the Rev. Dr. Cobb, Vicar of St. Ethelburgha, guarantees "so far as he may, the *bona fides* of the writer" to whom, it is stated, the Communicating Spirit when on earth was known only by name. It is also understood that those who knew the communicator intimately before his transition can easily find in these messages traces of his vivid individuality. Hence, if for no other reason, the book has immense interest for his friends. It is in the form of questions and answers, the questions submitted by one known closely to the communicator, the "scribe" receiving and "consciously registering the ideas which were flashed with extraordinary vividness and rapidity through her brain, one part of which seemed to receive the thought, while the other almost automatically furnished the word-clothing." It is this curious blending of the two minds which constitutes the problem of such communications. What of Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," for which he did not claim a supernormal origin? He might, notwithstanding, be in mental touch with the souls of his *dramatis personae*. There is a curious haziness about some of the replies. For instance, when the question is asked: "Is the spirit of K. with you on the Other Side?" the long, rather "havering" answer leaves us no wiser: "K." is on the Other Side, very active and vigilant, and believes himself "dead," as does the communicator, but . . . "it is quite possible, as I have already hinted, that *invisible* bonds might still unite him with the body while yet his whole mental and spiritual activity could be centred on our plane." In other words, Lord Kitchener *may* be "dead," or he may not! Yet, a few pages farther back, the communicator states that when he himself passed over, he saw the friends of his youth, his little pet dog, and his mother, and then he "*knew* that the change called 'death' had supervened." Was there no one similarly to meet and explain to "K." that "the change called 'death' had supervened"? . . . Taken as a whole this book covers a field of thought as wide as was the outlook of the supposed communicator when on earth, and if on some points he may seem to have modified his views, nay, even altered them, who knows what any of us may do? . . . "Behold, we know not anything!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

LETTERS TO MY LOVE BEYOND THE VEIL. London: H. R. Allenson. Ltd., 7 Racquet Court, 114 Fleet Street, E.C. Price 9d. net.

. . . "Oh, if you could but come back, if only for an hour, to answer me; to tell me a little of the life beyond the veil: only a very little—just enough to give me courage to take up life again, and to face a future in which you have no part! . . . If you only could!"

Such is the heart cry running through these "Letters," a cry that is wrung to-day from innumerable thousands, and to which answer is assuredly made in varying ways, though apprehended only according to the degree of spiritual receptivity. The writer of the "Letters" is apparently resolved "to plough a lonely furrow" rather than to seek possible consolation through psychic means. Well, so let it be for all who feel as she does that it is "drawing back" the beloved spirit into earth conditions to its detriment. This is an argument very frequently used by the same type of mind that once condemned the use of chloroform as being contrary to the "will of God." In this instance the dawning light that breaks through the darkness of grief is very like that *resignation* defined by Thoreau as "confirmed desperation." Those good people who quote the Scriptures in support of their orthodox horror of any attempt to bridge the grave through finer faculties—God-given, however often misused—seem to forget the scriptural admonition to "Try the spirits, whether they be of God." If such intercommunication be inevitably detrimental, St. John's advice would appear to be superfluous.

EDITH K. HARPER.

TO THOSE WHO SUFFER. A Few Hints in Theosophical Teachings. By Aimée Blech. Translated from the French by Fred Rothwell. London: T.P.H.; also at Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

THIS is the second edition of a little work designed to offer comfort and help to all who are in sorrow and suffering, no matter from what cause. It will appeal more especially to Theosophists, for its keynote is Reincarnation, a conception the author considers to be "infinitely more reasonable, just, and satisfactory than any other orthodox or philosophical theory." At the same time, however, she wisely makes allowance for those who may not care as she does for that particular form of consolation, "who, sustained as they are by a robust faith, or by the religion they profess, have no need of it." To these she frankly says: "You do well to remain faithful to what you believe, if you do believe it sincerely; faithful to your faith if it suffices you and affords you peace and consolation. I have nothing more than that to offer you. . . ."

But Karma is not a mere theory which we may take or leave, it is the eternal law of Cause and Effect: "As a man soweth so shall he also reap."

EDITH K. HARPER.

A BOOK OF AUTO-SUGGESTIONS. By H. Ernest Hunt. London W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Pp. 63. Price 1s. net.

THIS little book is, in a sense, a continuation of the author's former works *Self-Training* and *Nerve Control*, and is meant to serve as a guide to self-treatment on the lines already laid down in them. The author claims that "auto-suggestion is one of the most potent forces at our

command, and yet one of the least understood," and his aim is to bring its benefits within reach of the average man and woman, so that they may learn by its use to train their minds, strengthen their virtues, and eliminate their weaknesses. The process, he admits, may be a slow one, but can be greatly accelerated by concentration and determination, and absolute faith in the method is unnecessary; its adherents are quite content for it to be judged by results. The book consists of specimen "suggestions" to meet various difficulties and to inculcate such qualities as Earnestness, Optimism, Perseverance, and so on. Its whole spirit is one of courage and good cheer, and the pages are enlivened by well-chosen quotations from various authors, of which this from Thoreau may be given as an example:—

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them." Or this humorous and heartening little verse by Ralph Waldo Trine:—

"The optimist fell ten stories,
And at each window bar
He shouted to his friends—
'All right so far.'"

E. M. M.

HEALING BY THE REALIZATION OF GOD, OR TRUE PRAYER FOR DOCTORS.

By F. L. Rawson, M.I.E.E., A.M.I.C.E. Author of "Life Understood," etc. London: The Crystal Press, Ltd., 91 Regent Street, W. I. 1s. net, postage 2d.

THIS very interesting little book is the outcome of a request recently made to its author by a medical woman that he would write on divine healing expressly for the Medical Profession, many members of which are deeply interested in the subject. This is a happy augury, for doctors above all other folk have supreme opportunity to give full expression to the spiritual side of healing, in conjunction with the trained knowledge of medical science. One is glad that Mr. Rawson emphasizes very strongly that his method is in no sense healing by the use of the human mind, in other words, it is not hypnotism, and he is at great pains to explain why "when apparent healing is done in this way" some other trouble always occurs later on, generally in "about three months' time." He argues that the only right method of working is "by the realization of God," explaining that this power of realization must come to each of us individually through our own spiritual apprehension, not by human suggestion. As the author phrases it: "Let God teach you how to work, not man." This realization of the conditions of an ideal world is, "the new-old method of prayer, taught by Jesus the Christ 1,900 years ago." "Prayer," says Mr. Rawson, "must not be *supplication*." But what of the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," etc., which even if symbolic is in the nature of supplication? Mr. Rawson gives three rules for the attainment of results. The first is that *one must not think of the patient or of the material world*. Does this mean simply that one must not think of the person as "ill"? Otherwise, without a personal focus, there is a sense of extreme vagueness. Did not Jesus definitely address Lazarus, even

by name, and the little daughter of Jairus also. . . . The author analyses the different ways of looking at the material world ; all we see being " something spiritual seen materially." A true saying. While endorsing medical aid when thought necessary, there is a subtle touch of humour in his allusion to the fate of Asa (2 Chron. xvi. 12-13) : " Yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians, *And Asa slept with his fathers.*"

EDITH K. HARPER.

SPIRITUALISM—THE INSIDE TRUTH. By Stuart Cumberland. 6½ ins. × 4½ ins., pp. 157. London: Oldham's Ltd., 39 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2. Price 2s. net.

As a serious contribution to the problem of the authenticity of spiritualistic phenomena, this book is devoid of value. The author very freely indulges in criticisms of the alleged shortcomings of a number of eminent men who, having investigated the subject, have come to conclusions different from his own, whilst exhibiting these defects himself in a very marked degree. His methods of investigation appear to have been exceedingly crude, and he is very stinting of detail. An alleged exposure of an unnamed medium on a date not specified in a town somewhere or other is not very convincing. I do not mean to imply that Mr. Cumberland has concocted incidents, but he lacks precision and the scientific sense. His book, in fact, compares very poorly in these respects say with Prof. Zollner's account of experiments with Slade, and if the latter is (as I think) unconvincing, so much more so is Mr. Cumberland's production. It would almost be an insult to mention in the same breath with it Crookes' *Experimental Researches in Spiritualism*, a work which it is difficult to believe Mr. Cumberland to have read, though he has much to say in deprecation of Crookes' conclusions.

I have said that *Spiritualism—The Inside Truth* is valueless as a serious book. Nor is it, I must confess, amusing ; though possibly its author intended it to be this. It has the defect of vulgarity and is written in an atrocious perversion of the English language that at times is almost painful to read. For example : " I have heard, too, of a séance of the ultra chic description where the gods of High Olympus were said to be the controlling guides of a specially favoured medium ; but of the good gods, called to earth by a commonplace twentieth-century charlatan, I had neither sight of nor speech with."

The only way in which the book is interesting is as a psychological phenomenon. Mr. Cumberland assures his readers on several occasions that he is a truth-seeker in the domain of Spiritualism. But in the first chapter he tells them that he has found this truth—and it is that there is nothing in Spiritualism, nothing, *i.e.*, beyond what is produced by purely human agency. But this is not all, for on p. 105, Mr. Cumberland asserts that " the absolute unlikeliness " of a departed spirit communicating through a medium unknown to him in life rather than directly with a friend " seems altogether unanswerable." So Mr. Cumberland knew what he was going to find before he commenced the quest. Could the student have a better example of the fact that what men so often seek in lieu of knowledge is the confirmation of their own prejudices ?

H. S. REDGROVE.