

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus furare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE story is told of a boy at a Board School who on being asked to describe a hippopotamus said that a hippopotamus was an animal with a hide so thick that, however long it remained in the water, the water would not soak through. There is a certain parallel between the hippopotamus as described by the Board School boy and the representatives of ecclesiasticism recently met together at the annual Church Congress. These reverend gentlemen have found themselves recently confronted with a rapidly accumulating mass of evidence with regard to the existence and character of the future life that awaits us all. The evidence has come from sources innumerable, and has created a profound impression on the public mind. But the average exponent of orthodox Christianity will have none of it. He has a skin so thick that though he is submerged by evidence of the most convincing character, it fails entirely to soak in. The learned and scholarly Dean of St. Paul's is, for all his scholarship and

learning, no better than the rest of them. Some two or three years ago, speaking of the future life, he confessed in a sermon which I had the pleasure to parody, that "we know nothing about it at all." I will not suggest that in the case of this worthy church dignitary it is a matter of "where ignorance is bliss," but one may fairly ask on what authority he occupies the position that he does, if the future in store for us is to him a closed door. His predecessors preached a heaven and hell which, if they did not carry conviction, were at least vivid and realistic. He admits frankly that their graphic descriptions had no basis in fact; but though he has discarded "divine revelation," he will have nothing to do with scientific evidence. He has nothing to offer either for hope or consolation to the starving souls to whom he is called upon to minister. He is, in short, a pure agnostic.

DEAN INGE'S
AGNOSTICISM. With regard to the communications which have been received in such numbers by bereaved parents and relatives during the recent war, he describes them as "a pitiable revival of necromancy in which many desolate and bleeding hearts have sought a spurious satisfaction." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle retorts by asking him if it was a spurious consolation when he saw his son eleven months after his death with six witnesses in the room, when he had a conversation with him about matters personal to themselves, when his boy with his own voice told him that he was happy. "If," continued Dean Inge, "this kind of life were true [that is, the kind of future life to which recent psychical evidence has pointed], it would indeed be a melancholy postponement or negation of all that they hoped and believed about their blessed dead." If, however, the evidence with regard to the nature of the future life is not to Dean Inge's liking, it does not therefore follow that it is untrue. If those who have passed over are more like their natural selves than they are to the saints in the stained-glass windows of the churches, it does not follow from this that Dean Inge is justified in rejecting the evidence.

The Reverend J. A. V. Magee was another member of the church militant to take up a bold attitude in denouncing modern psychical research. This little man with the big stentorian voice, who earned for himself by his eloquence as an Oxford undergraduate at the Union Debating Society the sobriquet of "the bijou Boanerges," was a veritable tower of strength to the ecclesiastical Sadducees. He challenged Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to deny, if he dared, that this thing involved peril to manly, moral and spiritual life. Sir

Arthur was prompt to reply : " Is it likely that I would spend my life promulgating a doctrine if I thought it would have such an effect ? For two thousand years Christianity has been running the world. What has been the outcome of it ? The most terrible catastrophe that has ever befallen the human race. If Christianity had not been lacking in something which was needful, we should never have had that terrible experience. Christianity should be in sackcloth and ashes and not judging men, but judging itself." It was said that spiritualism drove people mad, but Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was able to refer to an investigation carried on in the lunatic asylums of New England, a part of America where spiritualism was especially rife, by which it appeared that out of 14,500 cases among the inmates of these asylums twenty-two were clergymen and four spiritualists.

The orthodox church that half a century ago fought and lost the battle with Darwinism is now preparing once again to fight another losing battle—the battle with spiritualism.

ANOTHER LOSING BATTLE FOR THE CHURCH. It is not difficult to appreciate the first revolt of conservative ecclesiasticism against the then novel conceptions of life championed by Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, and one can in some sense sympathise with men like the late Dean Burgon, who exclaimed in the height of the conflict : " They are welcome to keep their ancestors in the zoological gardens if they will but leave us ours in paradise." But in this second struggle we actually have a conflict between the self-styled champions of a spiritual interpretation of the universe and the foremost upholders of this interpretation, a conflict in which the church is found attacking the very basis of its own faith, if faith indeed it still has. One may well ask, in view of this amazing spectacle, if the Church of England as at present established is not best described by Disraeli's celebrated phrase, " an organised hypocrisy." Its foremost representatives have lost faith in the truth of revelation, while, on the other hand, they will have nothing to say to scientific evidence, because presumably the nature of the after-life to which it points is not in accordance with their traditional prepossessions. What, then, do they stand for ? What is the justification for their existence ? Their speeches at the Church Congress are an admission of intellectual bankruptcy. " Ephraim feedeth on wind and followeth after the east wind." Surely this verse offers a fair description of the sterile state of the ecclesiasticism of to-day.

THE LAMENT OF THE CLERGY IN CONGRESS.

ALACK, for Orthodoxy gone to pot!
 We preach—or strive to preach—we know not what.
 The congregation dozes in its pews,
 All that is left of it—a sorry lot!

When "revelation" was in vogue, we said
 "This is the true authentic heavenly bread."
 But times are changed; now Science points the way.
 We fear her evidence; our faith is dead.

We are Agnostics all; one thing we trow,
 That what we know not, no one else can know.
 If Science proves some other future life
 Than what we vouch for, then let Science go.

We will not have her facts at any price,
 They are not true—at least they are not nice!
 A rival's proofs are tainted at the source,
 And truth unorthodox is worse than vice.

We are found out! The learning of the day
 Has swept our threadbare sophistries away.
 We stand forth naked, but not unashamed!
 Oh, for a Deity to whom to pray,

Some God of loaves and fishes in the stead
 Of gods once worshipped, but now long since dead;
 Some champion of the old established church
 To tend the corpse from whence the spirit's fled.

Mrs. Violet Tweedale has written a book of reminiscences, published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins,* which will certainly prove fascinating reading to all lovers of the occult. She entitles the book "Ghosts I Have Seen"; but the volume is much more than a collection of ghost stories. It is a chatty record of much of her own life history; her early family associations; her friendships—most of them with people of note in the psychic or intellectual world; and her various and strange adventures. One may perhaps suspect the writer of being somewhat too credulous; but one cannot dispute the strange and eerie charm of her narrative. Mrs. Tweedale is the daughter of the late Robert Chambers, of the well-known publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, of Edinburgh. Robert Chambers was evidently a very versatile character.

* *Ghosts I have Seen*. By Violet Tweedale. London: Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., 3 York Street, St. James's, S.W. 1.

He was [says his daughter] a very keen sportsman, who fortunately did not require much practice to keep up his game. He held championships in golf and bowling. He was too ardent a naturalist and ornithologist to care for shooting, but he was an expert angler. He was also a born actor and mimic, and used to keep a green-room in roars by taking off any of the profession called for, and I never heard a better ventriloquist. He adored music and played the flute well. As a platform speaker he was extremely fluent, and perfectly at ease.

He was also not a little interested in psychic matters, and would take every available opportunity of running a ghost to earth. His daughter was his inseparable companion, so that she was early initiated into the mysteries of the psychic world. The father was not merely interested in matters psychic, but also possessed some clairvoyant power of his own. His daughter tells us how on one occasion he had a curious telepathic intuition with regard to the occurrence of a great tragedy, of which the papers next day were full.

On the night of the 28th December [she says] we were all assembled in the library. Most of us were reading, and a violent wind storm was howling round the house. Suddenly my father laid down the proof sheets he was correcting, and took out his watch. Then he turned to us and said, 'At this moment, 7.15, on Sunday the 28th December 1879, something terrible has happened. I think a bridge must be down.' The next day we learned that the Tay Bridge had been blown down at that very hour, and the train and its occupants hurled to death in the waters below.

Among other of her numerous friendships with people far older than herself was one which she valued particularly highly, with Robert Browning. "I rejoiced in him exceedingly [she says] as a born mystic of a high order." She tells a curious story in this connection. Browning dropped in one night to see her after dining at her house where Millais the painter had been one of the guests.

A STORY OF
ROBERT
BROWNING.

Johnny Millais told me an odd thing to-night [he said]. He is constantly seeing figures appearing and disappearing on the face of the canvas he is working upon.

"What sort of figures?" I asked.

Browning shot out his cuff. "Here they are. I knew you would be interested, so I took them down for you. Better write them down for yourself; but do not mention the subject to him or any of his family."

I fetched a piece of paper and copied from Browning's cuff: 13.
1.8.9.6.

"The figures do not always come in that order [he said], but more often than not they do. The 13 always comes up as 13, but he has seen 9.6.1.8. What do you make of it?"

"At the present, nothing; but the future may throw light on the phenomenon," I answered.

Mrs. Tweedale states that she forgot all about the incident till some years after Millais's death, when she came upon her notes in an old box. She then realised that the great painter had been looking upon the date of his own death. He died on August 13, 1896.

Among other of her friendships was one with the well-known Countess of Caithness, whose séances in her magnificent house in Paris attained such celebrity in the psychic world.

THE
COUNTESS OF
CAITHNESS. Lady Caithness's mediums were frequently a source of considerable embarrassment to her. At one of these séances at which Mrs. Tweedale was present there was a South American medium whose "controls" became very noisy and troublesome. The medium could not be roused out of her trance, and the only thing was to put an end to the séance and to remove her to another room. The difficulty in connection with this appeared to be that she was a heavy woman and that the task might prove rather a trying one. The point was put to Lady Caithness. She replied with a smile: "Try! You will probably find her very light indeed." "I did try," says Mrs. Tweedale, "and this was the only time in my life that I had the opportunity of proving to myself how tremendously a medium loses in weight whilst genuine manifestations are in progress. I found it quite easy to lift this woman who, in ordinary circumstances, must have weighed at least twelve or thirteen stone."

Another of Mrs. Tweedale's friendships was with the celebrated Madame Blavatsky. "I shall never forget," she writes,

MADAME
BLAVATSKY. "that first interview with a much maligned woman, whom I ultimately came to know intimately and love dearly. She was seated in a great arm-chair with a table by her side on which lay tobacco and cigarette paper. Whilst she spoke her exquisite taper fingers automatically rolled cigarettes. She was dressed in a loose black robe, and on her crinkly grey hair she wore a black shawl. Her face was pure Kalmuk, and a network of fine wrinkles covered it. Her eyes, large and pale green, dominated the countenance. Wonderful eyes, in their arresting dreamy mysticism."

Madame Blavatsky made Mrs. Tweedale a convert to reincarnation, and like many other converts to this belief, she became an enthusiast on what she came to regard as the only true solution to the riddle of the Sphinx. "I have often heard Blavatsky [she says] called a charlatan, and I am bound to say that her impish behaviour often gave grounds for this description. She

was foolishly intolerant of the many smart West End ladies who arrived in flocks, demanding to see spooks, masters, elementals—anything, in fact, in the way of phenomena." Our author gives an account of one of the interviews with a batch of these society ladies who had been drawn by pure curiosity to see the marvellous woman, about whom all London was then talking. "I was sitting alone with her one afternoon [says Mrs. Tweedale] when the card of Jessica, Lady Sykes, the late Duchess of Montrose, and the Hon. Mrs. S., were brought in to her. She said she would receive the ladies at once, and they were accordingly ushered in. They explained that they had heard of her new religion and her marvellous occult powers. They hoped she would afford them a little exhibition of what she could do. H.P.B. was all amiability, suggested that her callers were not specially interested in 'the old faith which the young West called new,' but what they really wanted was to see the phenomena. The ladies pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment, and wanted to know if Madame ever gave racing tips, etc. H.P.B. shook her head, but suggested that the ladies should propose something that they would like done. Lady Sykes produced a pack of cards from her pocket and held them out to Madame Blavatsky, who shook her head. 'Just remove the marked cards,' she said. Lady Sykes laughed and replied, 'Which are they?' Madame Blavatsky told her without a second's hesitation. This charmed the ladies. It seemed a good beginning. 'Make the basket of tobacco jump about,' suggested one of them. The next moment the basket had vanished. I do not know where it went, I only know it disappeared by trickery, and that the ladies looked for it everywhere, even under Madame Blavatsky's ample skirts, and that suddenly it reappeared upon its usual table. A little more jugglery followed, and some psychometry, which was excellent, then the ladies departed, apparently well satisfied with the entertainment."

When the callers had left, Mrs. Tweedale asked H.P.B. if all she had done was pure trickery. "Not all, but most of it," she replied; "but now I will give you something lovely and real." "For a moment or two [says our author] she was silent, covering her eyes with her hand. Then a sound caught my ear.

ASTRAL MUSIC. I can only describe what I heard as fairy music, exquisitely dainty and original. It seemed to proceed from somewhere just between the floor and the ceiling, and it moved about to different corners of the room.

There was a crystal innocence in the music which suggested the dance of joyous children at play." After this there followed a performance which Madame Blavatsky called "the music of life."

Some one was singing. Distant melody was creeping nearer. Yet I was aware that it had never been distant. It was only becoming louder. I suddenly felt afraid of myself. The air about me was ringing with vibrations of weird, unearthly music, seemingly as much around me as it was above and behind me. As I listened my whole body quivered with wild elation and the sensation of the unforeseen. Who was the player, and what was his instrument? It called me suddenly away to green Sicilian hills where the pipes of unseen players echoed down the mountain sides, as the pipes of Pan once echoed through the rugged gorges and purple vales of Hellas and Thrace.

Suddenly Mrs. Tweedale came to herself. From her visionary world she was back once more in H.P.B.'s room "with the creeping twilight and the far-off hoarse roar of London stealing in at the open window." Madame herself had sunk down in her chair and lay huddled up in a deep trance. Between her fingers she held a small Russian cross. Her visitor left her and walked quietly out of the house into the streets of London.

On another occasion Mrs. Tweedale caught Madame Blavatsky conversing in Hindustani with a guest who she was convinced had never entered the room by any normal means.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. "As I looked at him in astonishment [she observes] he salaamed to Madame Blavatsky, and replied to her in the same language in which she had addressed him." "Do not mention this," said H.P.B. to her as she rose to leave the room where her hostess and the mysterious stranger were left still conversing. "I found out," she continues, "that evening, that none of the general staff were aware of his arrival, and I saw him no more."

The book is so full of weird experiences that one hesitates which to quote. There is, for instance, the vision of Prince Valori's familiar, who followed the prince about and would leave him no peace. People said that he became attached to the prince while he was attending a witches' sabbath in the Vosges, and that he could never after get rid of him. It was at Nice, and she thought at first that it was a living human being masquerading—a man in fancy dress. "A very thin man with long thin legs and dressed in chocolate brown. A sort of close-fitting cowl was drawn over his head, and his curious long impish face alone was sufficient to attract attention. He strutted on tiptoes with a curious jerk with every step he made. Those who remember Henry Irving's

THE PRINCE'S FAMILIAR.

peculiar walk may form some idea of the satyr's movements. They were Irving's immensely exaggerated."

Then there is the interview with the medium, an old man whose fee was 2s. 6d. for a quarter of an hour. Certainly, judging by her account, Mrs. Tweedale got her money's worth. Then, for variety, there is the account of the drunken ghost, "Poor Angus," who drank himself to death and who still haunted his manorial castle in a state of astral intoxication—a more dangerous ghost than most of them, apparently, to judge by the encounter which one of the guests at the castle had with him.

Mrs. Tweedale and her husband were very fond of racing, and attended all the meetings at Newmarket. One day she drove by appointment to the house of a neighbour, who asked her to meet Miss Katherine Bates, author of *Seen and Unseen* and other books on psychic subjects. Perhaps it was the atmosphere of the place. In any case they seem to have entirely misjudged their new acquaintance's tastes and interests. Her

A STRAIGHT
TIP.

husband suggested to Mrs. Tweedale that she should ask the lady what horse was going to win the Cambridgeshire. The question certainly presents a very comic picture for those who have the pleasure of Miss Bates's acquaintance. Just as they were parting company Mrs. Tweedale recalled her husband's request. As they drove off she called out: "Tell me what is going to win the Cambridgeshire." The answer came prompt and clear, "Marco to win,— for a place." (Our author regrets that she cannot recall the name of the second horse.) The horses were duly backed and came in first and second as predicted. Mrs. Tweedale thereupon wrote to Miss Bates thanking her for the good turn she had done them. Her reply was astonishing. She began by saying she had not heard her put any question to her regarding the winner of the Cambridgeshire, and she went on to say that she knew nothing about racing

VOICES FROM
THE UNSEEN.

and knew none of the horse's names. Therefore it was impossible she could have given them the tip. The problem where the voice came from was never solved. Where, indeed, do such voices come from generally? Are they some suggestion from an unseen intelligence, or merely an intimation from our subconscious selves rising to the surface? I have had them myself in times past, a good many years ago, when I used occasionally to play roulette. Twice over during the game I heard the actual number that was about to turn up whispered into my ear. Each time I backed it on the strength

of the tip. People might say this was accident, but if so why did I never have the wrong number whispered to me? Certainly I never did; nor, indeed, did I feel any doubt on either occasion that the number which I heard would duly turn up.

The late Mr. Edward Maitland, collaborator with Anna Kingsford in *The Perfect Way* and other books, told a story once to a friend, of how, while he sat in his arm-chair in his study, he suddenly looked up to see a gnome or some such freakish creature from another world turning over the pages of one of his manuscripts, while he looked on in blank astonishment. A somewhat similar story is told by Mrs. Tweedale, though in her case whatever it was that turned over the pages of her book remained invisible to the physical sight. She was reading Sir Oliver Lodge's *Man and The Universe* and at last put the book down on the table by her side. It lay on its back open, the pages

A LITERARY GHOST. uppermost just where she had stopped reading, her mind dwelling on the last paragraph which she had read. She remained musing in this way for some ten minutes, when her attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of paper leaves being rustled. She turned her head and looked at the book she had been reading. Unseen hands were turning over the pages. "A thrill of intense excitement ran through me," she says, "and I stared at the book in breathless interest. The hands seemed to be searching for some particular passage. The number of the page upon which the passage was printed was not apparently known to the searcher." The pages were turned backwards and forwards quite methodically, as if by a human hand in the search.

At length there came a pause longer than usual. The book lay flat on its back wide open. There was now no quiver of the leaves. The invisible entity had found what he wanted and gone. . . . There was still enough light to read by and the leaves were open at pages 172-173. I had only read as far as p. 137. I scanned them eagerly and at once discovered that a mark had been made on the margin of p. 172. A long cross had been placed against a paragraph. The mark was such as might have been made by a sharp finger nail. The words marked were "I want to make the distinct assertion that a really existing thing never perishes, but only changes its form."

From a story like this to one of an invisible guest who rings bells all about the house and on one occasion is watched—if the phrase can be allowed under the circumstances—pulling back the handle of the bell in the act of ringing it, is hardly a far cry. In this case the maids, after numerous fruitless journeys, had to be warned not to trouble to answer the bells when they rang. "It is

only mice," they were told, "crossing the wires." Fortunately for the peace of the household the trouble only lasted a few months, and stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

Between the covers of one book I do not think I have ever read such a varied assortment of uncanny stories. The reader may find his powers of belief somewhat strained at times, but no lover of the weird and mysterious will willingly miss reading this extraordinary volume.

A sceptical correspondent who treats the OCCULT REVIEW as comic reading, though he admits enjoyment of its perusal, criticises an observation I made in alluding to the Prime Minister as the first servant of the State. "You are wrong," he tells me, "the Prime Minister was originally the king's lackey." I am afraid my anonymous correspondent's knowledge of history is as deficient as his acquaintance with occultism. When THE "PRIME MINISTER," the office of Prime Minister became a recognised part of the British Constitution, its holder was already a far more important and powerful person than the British sovereign. The office indeed came into being through the fact that the Hanoverian sovereigns, owing to their ignorance of the English language and English political conditions, practically abrogated their duties and privileges as British kings. Till the arrival of the Georges it was the custom for the king to preside at all cabinet councils. The Georges discontinued this practice, and hence gradually arose the predominance of one powerful minister over all the others. The first real Prime Minister of England was Sir Robert Walpole, though whether the term, now so familiar to us, was actually applied in his case I am not quite sure.

The decision of Mr. Ralph Bankes, K.C., the London magistrate, in a recent case, has created considerable interest in psychic circles. Mr. Bankes refused to convict a woman charged with fortune-telling on the ground that the law under which she could be convicted necessitated a proof of an attempt to deceive, and he was himself satisfied that the person in question was perfectly sincere in her faith in her own psychic powers. That this is the true interpretation of the Act there can be no doubt on the part of those who have studied its wording carefully, but the average London magistrate in his anxiety to secure convictions for fortune-telling, has cared little or nothing about the legality of his decisions, or the clearly

MR. RALPH
BANKES'S
DECISION.

expressed intent of the law of the land. It is refreshing to meet with a magistrate who has the courage of his convictions.

The Delphic Club, which has been founded under the ægis of Lieut.-Col. W. J. Roskell, at 22A Regent Street, London, S.W.1, on the break-up of the International Club for Psychical Research, has started under better auspices than its predecessor. Colonel Roskell is himself a keen student of occultism and psychical phenomena, and he has inaugurated a series of lectures on the club premises every Wednesday and Friday at five o'clock. I understand that the new club has a somewhat larger Theosophic element than the old, but that the Spiritualist membership still preponderates. It is proposed to form a club Circle for Psychical Research, as well as classes for the study of various phases of occultism. It is to be hoped that the Delphic Club's sphere of utility will be increased by making its present small collection of books on occult subjects the nucleus for that great desideratum of every student, a really first-class comprehensive library covering all branches of occult and psychic research. For terms of membership, etc., inquirers should apply to Lieut.-Col. Roskell at the above-named address.

If there is one subject more than another of interest to Western students of occultism, it is the closely guarded secret of the psycho-spiritual power of *Kundalini*. Investigators, therefore, will welcome the appearance, after a delay of some five years, of Mr. Arthur Avalon's long-promised work on *The Serpent Power*, as he calls it in the title of his book, which has just been published by Messrs. Luzac & Co. Mr. Avalon's intimate acquaintance at first hand with Tantric doctrine and practice is perhaps second to none in the Western world, and his translation and commentary on the Tantric works are to be looked upon as authoritative and valuable in the first degree. It is to be borne in mind, however, by the merely curious investigator, that the difficulties surrounding anything like a practical investigation of the subject are almost insurmountable, owing to the fact that the practices of the Tantrists with a view to arousing Kundalini are held to be fitting only for the most spiritually advanced.

THE LADY FAUSTINE

BY J. W. BRODIE-INNES

THE Lady Faustine lies dying now,
Cold the death damp on the pallid brow,
Glazed are the eyes, and the labouring breath
Is drawn with a harsh dry rattle of death.
Up the marble stair from the halls below
Comes faintly borne a note of woe—
Oh ! Wulla-la-loe ! *

She strains her ears and she strives to see,
She cannot tell what the sound may be ;
Through the palace no soul can hear her moan,
For the Lady Faustine lies dying alone.
On the velvet carpet is no footfall,
Yet a something stands by the pictured wall—
Oh ! Wulla-la-loe !

It is there by her side, no word it saith,
Yet a curdling horror thickens her breath--
Ah God ! 'tis the wraith of that handsome boy
Who ages ago was a season's toy.
She had drawn him with smiles and held him a day,
She had taken his life and cast it away,
And now he had come from the grave again
With the bullet that crashed through the boyish brain--
Oh ! Wulla-la-loe !

But a second spectre there stands behind,
And waves like a leaf in the winter wind.
'Tis the man whom she loved years back, I wis,
Whose mouth she was so fain to kiss.
But she stirred in his heart the longing ache
Till he wrecked his life for her love's sweet sake,
And passed in his pain to the silent shore,
But his wraith shall haunt her for evermore—
Oh ! Wulla-la-loe !

* The burden is an old Celtic keening cry.

One after one up the stairs they came,
With bony fingers and eyes of flame,
The ghost of many a goodly man
The dying wanton's soul to ban.
They had loved her body passing well,
But now they will harry her soul in hell—
Oh ! Wulla-la-loe !

Oh woe ! the Lady Faustine is dead.
The body lies there, but the soul is fled ;
Bitten and stung with the fierce desire
For the kisses that brand like wine or fire.
But the bodiless spirit longs in vain
For the joys it never may know again.
Adrift on that ocean without a shore,
In unsatisfied longing for evermore—
Oh ! Wulla-la-loe !

On a mad March night, when the sleet and rain
Like ghost hands beat on the window pane,
When every window and door is fast,
That cry goes down the pitiless blast,
And the children shiver and shrink aghast,
As the soul of the Lady Faustine drifts past—
Oh ! Wulla-la-loe !

THROUGH THE IVORY GATE

BY IRENE HAY

"Dreams out of the Ivory Gate and Visions before Midnight."

Sir Thomas Browne.

THE ordinary human experience of dreaming cannot be satisfactorily explained without a definite understanding as to what part of us it is that dreams. This appears to be the portion of our consciousness which is temporarily driven out or made torpid under anæsthetics and totally driven out at death. When the body is completely inactive in sleep this part can no longer use its ordinary channels, and acts in various ways.

With many people it weaves symbolic or realistic fantasies largely derived from the fleeting impressions collected in the brain during the day, dormant from past years, or temporarily developed from some state of health or mind at the time of dreaming. These it re-impresses on the brain, which, on waking, remembers a crowd of disorderly fantastic incidents of little value or interest. If the body is extremely exhausted, the brain is too weary either to take or receive impressions, and memory is a blank on waking. Often, too, when the body is not exhausted, the consciousness focusses nowhere in sleep, and the person does not dream at all.

All this is logically explained by the more progressive psychological theories of to-day. These, however, do not appear to account for what may be called "clear dreams." The only explanation of the latter is that an ordered activity of consciousness can exist during sleep.

With people who have clear dreams the consciousness would seem occasionally to be loosened from the body—although the latter may be in perfect health—so much that the person feels aware of the loosening; in these cases the consciousness is not only active, but capable of consecutive thought and action. It may go an actual journey and see actual places. It can meet people whom it knows to be dead, or others whose consciousness, like itself, is presumably loosened from the body. It may be aware of extended vision or hearing, thus having a species of "second sight," which in some way sees the shadow of the future.

This is not meant to suggest that the clear dreamer never

has any dreams that arise from ordinarily explainable causes, such as indigestion, the thoughts uppermost in the brain, etc. He certainly has these too, but has no difficulty in discriminating between them and the others. To him, therefore, the idea of dreaming assumes its normal proportions as a natural faculty, which is as obvious and habitual as sight or hearing, but which is better "kept quiet about."

Even in "clear dreams" there is much symbolism. The continual recurrence of a certain symbol or symbols before a certain type of event—when this is unexpected—leads, naturally enough, to a definite connection of event and symbol.

The latter appear to vary with each dreamer and to filter through the channels of class, custom and individual psychology. Race and tradition also influence dream symbolism. For instance, all over the Continent vermin is looked upon as a sign of money, but in Great Britain of sickness. It is also considered unlucky in the folk-superstition of all races to dream of a baby or of anything scarlet.

As to the reason why the future should be seen in symbols, or seen at all in dreams, one can, of course, only speculate.

It is probable that many other primitive instincts, besides the much reiterated one of sex, can wake into activity during sleep.

Symbolism was deeply rooted in the earliest races, and its ancient use was to connect the mind more easily with an idea which was too diffuse to grasp otherwise. Besides this, the lost animal sense, called "scent," has often shown curious phenomena among primitive peoples of to-day, and may have, like other things, some metaphysical counterpart.

The following are some examples of "clear dreams" collected from private sources. They are divided into three groups, which might be classed as symbolic, realistic and transcendental. It is not claimed for this collection that it proves any point, but to the unbiassed examiner it seems to suggest a more definite focussing of consciousness during sleep than is officially admitted.

SYMBOLIC DREAMS.

Death and Trouble.

I.

The dreamer twice dreamed that a friend, who was at the time in excellent health, had a leg amputated. A year later this friend was operated upon for appendicitis and died within the same week.

II.

The same dreamer dreamed that an acquaintance, who was then suffering from nervous breakdown, had a leg which was rotting and which finally became completely severed from the body. This acquaintance, for whom there was no reason to expect a near death, had a relapse and died within four days.

In neither case had either the dreamer or those dreamed of anything the matter with the member in question.

III.

The dreamer dreamed that a certain looking-glass, habitually used by his mother, cracked. The mother unexpectedly died within the year.

IV.

The same dreamer dreamed that a large mirror, which hung in a friend's house, cracked. The friend's wife, who was then quite well, died within a week from an operation which was suddenly found necessary.

V.

The same dreamer dreamed that a mirror, belonging to some cousins, was cracked. Their aunt died unexpectedly.

The same dream happened to this dreamer on two other occasions before the death of friends.

VI.

The dreamer saw an acquaintance in a perfectly empty room. Though in good health at the time, the acquaintance shortly died.

VII.

The dreamer, a Protestant by courtesy but far from interested in any religious questions, dreamed that she was in a small room, which was bare of any furniture except one chair on which was a cardinal's hat. Suddenly some dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church appeared. The dreamer told herself in the dream that he must be an archbishop, as he wore the same robes in which she had once seen the Archbishop of Westminster. She wondered why a cardinal's hat should be on the chair, for the vision wore no garment suggestive of a cardinal. Knowing that it was the custom with Catholics to kneel and kiss an archbishop's ring, she was conscious of making herself kneel preparatory to doing this as the figure passed her. He paused for an instant, did not give her his ring to kiss, but raised one hand over

her in blessing, and swept with extraordinary swiftness to the opposite corner of the room, where he vanished.

Two days later the daily paper announced that Monsignor S—, Archbishop of T—, had died suddenly in Rome on the morning preceding the night of the dream. The paper stated that it had been expected he would have been made a cardinal shortly. The dreamer had not heard of Monsignor S— before.

VIII.

The dreamer invariably dreamed of rats before hearing of certain attacks of slander from unexpected quarters.

IX.

Two sisters—of Scotch descent, but born and habitually living in England—found that they dreamed of tartan when trouble of any sort was impending, and particularly before the death of relatives and friends, who always appeared as dressed in tartan.

Apart from these occasions, one of the sisters dreamed that she saw the King wearing a strip of the Duff tartan—she recognized it as that in the dream—round his arm, like a mourning band. Two months later the Duke of Fife died.

The other sister dreamed before a time of great family poverty and disaster, of a field or plain near a large house. It was night, and hundreds of highlanders were camped on the plain. There were bonfires and much drinking, jesting and cursing. Something, it was not clear what, appeared about to happen.

Some time later these dreams were confided to an elderly relative whom the dreamers barely knew. This lady said that she herself had dreamed of tartan before her father's death. She also related the following account :—

As a small child she had apparently been much impressed by the tales of an aged great-aunt who remembered the Jacobite rising of 1745. This great-aunt lived near Prestonpans and had seen the highland camp on the eve of battle. Her husband had been a "neutral," and had helped to carry Colonel Gardiner off the field. Some of her relations had been Jacobites. Three had been hanged from the gables of their own house, and they had all been deprived of their property. The general horror of the time was still strong in her mind when years later she communicated the tale to the child.

It is easily understood that the elder dreamer could have been lastingly impressed with such details, but how could the

impression have reached a younger member of the family before she had heard the story?

Good Fortune.

X.

The dreamer—English—dreamed of some sacred Indian white bulls with silver chains round their necks. He was unexpectedly offered the secretaryship to a certain philosophical society whose headquarters were in India.

XI.

The dreamer dreamed of five friends, who afterwards got married, as being dressed in rose-colour and surrounded by pink roses.

The same dreamer dreamed of a certain lady as wearing artificial pink roses and a soiled pink dress. This lady married unexpectedly. The marriage proved to have been entirely for money, and turned out exceptionally badly.

XII.

On two occasions before receiving a legacy the dreamer dreamed of living Egyptian scarabs to the number of pounds inherited.

XIII.

The following dream appears partly symbolic and partly realistic.

The dreamer dreamed that a friend, then abroad, produced from a brown paper parcel three pictures which he said had been painted by Oſcar Wilde. The main points of these pictures, though not all their very intricate detail, were strongly impressed upon the dreamer.

They each seemed like parts of a design rather than a picture in the ordinary sense. The first showed blue balloons rising into a blue sky with a gleam of satin somewhere and of a white butterfly and the moon. The second was rather a blur, but was carried out in different shades of yellow, for there appeared to be a thick yellow fog in it, besides a load of hay, an omnibus and a bridge. The third was of a pale, dark-haired, very slender girl. She stood under a rose-tree and pulled the petals, yet she seemed also to have a lute. She was dressed in yellow satin.

The dreamer could not think what this dream meant. The only work of Wilde's she had read at the time was *Intentions*. The man who showed her the pictures in the dream was familiar

with all his writings, but had not discussed them with her. She wrote down the dream and asked several people, who could throw no light on the subject. Some time later she read for the first time some of Wilde's poems, and suddenly came upon three which vividly recalled the dream.

Here are the titles and some of the verses :—

LE PANNEAU.

Under the rose-tree's dancing shade
 There stands a little ivory girl
 Pulling the leaves of pink and pearl
 With pale green nails of polished jade.
 The white leaves float upon the air,
 The red leaves flutter idly down.
 Some fall upon her yellow gown
 And some upon her raven hair.
 She takes an amber lute and sings, etc.

LES BALLONS.

Against these turbid turquoise skies
 The light and luminous balloons
 Dip and drift like satin moons,
 Drift like silken butterflies.

SYMPHONY IN YELLOW.

An omnibus across the bridge
 Crawls like a yellow butterfly.
 And, here and there, a passer-by
 Shows like a little restless midge.
 Big barges full of yellow hay
 Are moored against the shadowy wharf,
 And, like a yellow silken scarf,
 The thick fog hangs along the quay.

REALISTIC DREAMS.

Among many examples of this type of dream, the following have been chosen as being perhaps the most representative. The word "realistic" is used approximately, as describing dreams which see a scene not symbolically but as it might literally happen.

I.

In the afternoon before the dream the dreamer had been to see some married friends. It was May, and they were discussing where they would go for the summer, rather thinking of Dorking. That night the dreamer dreamed of seeing these friends with a lady whom the dreamer also knew, having coffee after dinner in a small bungalow. The dreamer noticed that the house had

a veranda, and that the friends were having coffee in a curiously-shaped space, which was near the entrance to the front door, and which might be used either as a room or as a hall.

Leaving the bungalow, the dreamer went into the garden and discovered that this was a small plot with a little square lawn. At the foot of the lawn was a wall with a door in it and a narrow flower-bed edged with blue flowers. The dreamer went through the door in the wall and out into the road, which was straight and bare for some way, till a block of three red brick cottages was reached. Past them was a hill, at the top of which was a church. The dreamer felt sure by the smell of the air that the sea must be near, but could not see it. The dreamer went up the hill and from a certain angle of it discovered that the sea and sands actually stretched out below.

Some weeks later the dreamer described this dream minutely to the friends. They declared it could not be accurate, as they had no intention of going near the sea. No more was heard of the matter for some time.

In August the dreamer had a letter from these friends, who were amazed to find the dream accurate in all its details. They had gone to Whitby on business, and whilst going for a walk in the neighbourhood found a bungalow to let with which they were so charmed that it was at once decided to take it for the summer, and all arrangements were settled in a few days. The bungalow had a veranda and a curiously-shaped space—half hall and half room—inside the front door. In this they usually had coffee. The lady seen in the dream was staying with them in the house. The garden was small, with a little square lawn, terminated by a narrow flower bed edged with lobelia and a wall with a door in it. The latter led into the road, which was bleak and bare for some distance. Farther along was a small block of red brick cottages, just before the hill, at the top of which was a church. At a certain angle of the hill the sea and sands could be seen beneath.

II.

The dreamer, then in Germany, dreamed of a house in England. It was in the country. Going into one of the rooms downstairs, the dreamer noticed the position of the furniture, particularly of a sofa, a book-rest and a window. The dreamer had the impression that some man, who was an invalid, lay on the sofa habitually. Through the window were some clear spaces of garden and some shrubs. The dreamer went out of this room and proceeded

upstairs to a bedroom which seemed immediately above the first room. Here a man was lying, dead, on the bed. The dreamer felt that it was W. E. Henley, the poet, and was conscious that he had been the man who had habitually used the sofa in the room downstairs.

The dreamer was impressed with the dream, and on waking made a rough plan of the position of the furniture, etc., in the rooms, showing them to a friend. The English papers which arrived two days late—pre-war days, needless to say—in Leipzig, announced the death of Henley on the day preceding the date of the dream. Some time after the *Bookman* published an account of Henley, illustrated with photographs of his study. Both the dreamer and the friend agreed that it corresponded exactly with the former's plan of the room downstairs and its furniture. The account stated that the poet had been an invalid. The dreamer did not previously know any personal details about Henley.

III.

The person who had the following dream was English, but living in Italy.

The floor of his apartment happened to be covered with curious tiles, some of which had, by way of a pattern, numbers on them that were not arranged in any order.

By the door was a square of tiles of this sort composed of four rows of mixed numbers. The dreamer dreamed three times that if he used the numbers as they fell in the top row of this square, he would win in the weekly lottery—a municipal system of lotteries much used by the Italian peasants. The dreamer thought it would be amusing to try his luck in the lottery, but on impulse, instead of choosing the numbers in their consecutive order as in the dream, changed them and inserted a different number as well.

The lottery for that week proved to have in their exact succession the numbers on the square tiles by the door. Had the dreamer gone exactly by the dream he would have "broken the bank."

IV.

The dreamer was abroad, undergoing an operation under chloroform at about eleven in the morning.

She was conscious of going to the house of some distant relatives in Leicestershire. She saw one of them, a lady, with

her eyes bandaged, lying on a bed in a certain bedroom. There were two doctors. The dreamer heard the words "Graves' disease" in connection with the lady, and had the impression that the latter had gone blind.

Outside this lady's room another much older woman was waiting for the result of the operation, and sitting on the stairs crying. The dreamer recognized the latter as the aunt who had brought the patient up, and with whom she had always lived. The dreamer remembered this dream after "coming to," but could not understand it, as the relatives in question, as far as the dreamer knew, were well. The dreamer was not in correspondence with that side of the family. The dreamer had not then heard of the expression "Graves' disease," and thought it must have been a wrong name. Some time later the dreamer returned to England and went to stay with these relations for the first time after many years.

It transpired that the lady seen with her eyes bandaged had had Graves' disease and had gone totally blind. She had had two doctors present during the operation, which had been performed in the room dreamed of, outside the door of which the patient's aunt had sat on the stairs awaiting results and crying. The operation had been performed near the date of the dreamer's own, but not, as far as can be ascertained, on the actual day.

TRANSCENDENTAL DREAMS.

This term is used, for want of a better, to classify a collection of dreams dealing with more abstract aspects of consciousness. Whether or not the list is symbolic or realistic cannot, of course, be argued here, but it may possibly be of speculative interest.

In anticipation of the theory which bases all dreams on conscious or sub-conscious thoughts, I ought to say that all the examples which hold religious suggestion were the dreams of people who were completely indifferent to and uninterested in all religious practices and doctrines. In all these cases of "transcendental" dreams the shock of waking up has been great, so much so as to affect the physical health, and especially the heart, for two or three days later.

I.

A vision of a colossal dark blue figure which seemed as if the night sky had taken shape into a form something like the human embryo on a gigantic scale. It clasped its arms around the house, bending its face above the roof. At the same instant the dreamer awoke at the noise of sharp firing, to discover a Zeppelin immedi-

ately overhead, which was, however, subsequently brought down without its doing any damage to the neighbourhood.

II.

A rambler-rose in a pot was for some unknown reason rapidly dying, though every care had been taken of it. The dreamer dreamed that a thin green shape, rather like a living geometrical figure, had become disconnected with the rose and was running aimlessly about. The dreamer willed the shape back again into the plant. The next morning the rose was found to be very much revived, and in two days was as healthy as ever.

III.

A primitive stone temple in the midst of forests and streams. It was entirely bare of altar, idols or any object. The dreamer joined the crowd of worshippers who, dressed in skins and of savage appearance, were kneeling and facing one way. The whole congregation, including the dreamer, joined in a mysterious chant which grew in volume and intensity till its rhythm became visible in ascending spirals of air which gradually formed into a pattern and filled the whole building like a design of smoke. The force of the rhythm finally became stronger, till the dreamer felt it was expanding his form and would soon split it into fragments. He awoke in a cold perspiration and felt extremely ill and "gone to pieces" physically for the whole of the next day.

IV.

A strong south wind had been blowing the whole night. The dreamer dreamed that she left her physical body upon the bed and went over to the open window. Looking out she saw the wind, which appeared like ribbed strands of colourless air streaming from some hidden central point. Some of these strands swept into the room and caught her up in them as if she had been a leaf, taking her some way above the earth and depositing her on a cloud. During the passage she did not feel frightened, but dazed and, the wind completely enveloping her, she could see nothing of how or where she went, but felt she had touched no physical thing of such indescribable softness. On the cloud she regained self-possession and found that she was not really at a great height above the earth, but the stars looked nearer and brighter. Presently a man came to her who asked her how she had got to the cloud. She replied that she "had come in the wind," and described what it had felt and looked like. The

man said it was an interesting experience, but that she had better go back, as if she woke up too suddenly so far away from her body she would probably feel a terrible shock. She then felt that he willed her in some way, and that she grew drowsy and inert and drifted into a mass of wind-loops which touched the cloud at the moment. She came down on the bed. This woke her suddenly just as a strong gust swirled round the room and out at the window.

V.

The dreamer, suffering from scarlet fever, was in hospital. It was midday in winter, and the windows were open at the bottom. It seemed to her that three dark beings, half ape and half man, indescribably revolting in appearance, entered through the nearest window, seized her and took her with them the way they came. She was conscious of a great feeling of fear and loathing, also of seeing her own form asleep upon the bed, while some other part of her, borne by them, passed through the window high into the air.

The motion was of birds in flight, although the beings had no wings. After a considerable distance above the earth the air seemed to grow hotter each moment, and a clanging noise, not unlike that of hammer and anvil, sounded gradually nearer. The dreamer felt that she was going to Hell, and was surprised that it should be upwards instead of downwards. She approached a spot like an immense courtyard surrounded by a plain of sparse, withered grass. Here was situated a dark dome-shaped building, through the door of which the clanging sounded deafeningly and the heat drifted in unbearable currents. At the left of the doorway an unseen being, whose presence, however, could be tangibly felt, gave the dreamer the impression that unless she could get back to her bed in the hospital she would die and be forced to enter the terrible doors of the dome. She woke with a bad shock and with the sensation of being brought through the window, jerked on to the bed, and into her body again. The dream was so vivid that, though it happened many years ago, she still remembers all its details with horror.

VI.

The dreamer felt himself going upward through the ceiling for a considerable distance. He was shown an enormous picture of The Ascension, in front of which some spirits were rising into the air. Some rose for a few feet and then came down again ;

others could only rise a few inches, and wore, to help them, some inflated apparatus much like the bathing wings given to children. The dreamer tried to rise into the air himself, and found that after a time he could get an appreciable distance. The spirits told him that he was "practising levitation," a thing which all had to learn in some measure, and that the Ascension showed its accomplishment in the greatest and superhuman degree.

VII.

Shortly before the Armistice the dreamer dreamed of a large space filled with a soft, clear amber light, in which what might be called a flock of angels were kneeling in prayer. Others flew to join them from the distance, alighting in such numbers that the light was thick with wings. The angels appeared all of the same type or height, with rather child-like faces, and their hair, features and garments seemed full of a tangible radiance. The wings, which were the shape of a swallow's, were either white or else showed the feathers grouped in lines of colour, like a rainbow.

VIII.

The dreamer dreamed that one night he and certain of his friends were looking up at the stars, which seemed unusually bright and distinct. Suddenly six to eight cigar-shaped objects of light appeared in the sky, sailing overhead towards the party. The dreamer remarked at once: "We shall have a raid to-night." As the objects drew nearer, however, he perceived that they were not airships at all, but oblong emanations of light from some form hidden in their centres. One of the dreamer's friends gazed at them through field-glasses, but after a moment said: "We'd better not look." The dreamer noticed that an extraordinary expression of awe had come over the faces of his friends, for which neither he nor they could account. The dreamer then looked up himself, and for an instant only was aware of gigantic beings being directly overhead and entering certain of the planets. He noticed that they were nude, and that their bodies seemed of living flame. Their motion was not of flying but of swimming in the ether. The nearest of them, who was in the act of entering a star, had huge white wings which, outstretched, spread half across the sky. This being seemed like a boy, and carried in one hand the stem of some plant covered with small dark-green leaves. There was something stupendous and almost terrible in the beauty and youth of the face. The dreamer was conscious, in the second he looked at this being, that he was in the presence of something

unutterably holy, and that he had never realized the meaning of the word before. So strong was the feeling that it seemed he could not look on the being more than an instant and live. He felt that he fell down on the ground, struck with a sort of blindness which was yet unphysical and extended not only to the eyes but the whole being. After a while he regained consciousness and found that the sky was clear, and that the stars looked as they had done in the first part of the dream. His friends had disappeared, but a stranger helped him to his feet, saying : "Are you better now? You oughtn't to have looked. It is very seldom that **THEY** pass over. I myself have never seen them, but I can feel **THEM**, for **THEY** make the whole atmosphere quite different, and almost as if one were in church."

With this speech in his mind the dreamer woke up. The dream was so vivid that it made a lasting impression on him.

SPIRITISM AND THE FAITH

BY EDITH K. HARPER

"All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is Good."—*Whittier*.

ON the principle, perhaps, that honey catches more flies than vinegar, or—it may be—from a feeling of genuine charity and goodwill, the Rev. T. J. Hardy deals more courteously and gently with what he calls "Spiritism" than is usually the case on the part of orthodox opponents of that particular cult. He neither denounces it as a mass of fraud, nor does he declare it to be wholly the work of the Devil. So far so good. But he feels he has something to offer which can give far more than Spiritism does, in fact which makes Spiritism unnecessary. He states that his recent Lectures * are not so much a contrast "between Spiritism and the vague mass of opinion covered in these days by the word 'Christianity,' as between Spiritism and that portion of Christianity which has supplied us from Apostolic times with definite teaching and practices in regard to our holy faith."

But some of the "definite teaching" of which he speaks has been assailed by no less an authority than Archdeacon Wilberforce (surely no *vague* exponent of Christianity), notably that of the resurrection of the physical body, on which Mr. Hardy lays such stress. This belief in "the reconstitution of the flesh-body is," says the Archdeacon, "ingrained hereditary race-belief originating from the Egyptian religion. . . . Scripture nowhere tells us that our physical body shall rise again. Where texts appear to lend colour to this view, they are almost invariably mistranslated, either accidentally or purposely. Sometimes purposely." And as an example of such mistranslation he quotes the familiar words from the 19th chapter of Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." This distinctly implies physical resurrection, but "it has long been known that in the original language it is exactly the contrary." The correct translation is, "Though

* *Spiritism in the Light of the Faith: A Comparison and a Contrast*, by the Rev. T. J. Hardy, M.A., Author of *The Religious Instinct*, etc., etc. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; The Macmillan Co., London and New York. Price 3s. net.

after my skin this body be destroyed, yet *without my flesh* I shall see God." This passage is also quoted in his last book * by the Rev. Arthur Chambers, late Vicar of Brockenhurst, who adds: "Although the Church knows this she still reiterates the contrary to what he (Job) said."

It was Pope John XXII who promulgated, in the thirteenth century, the doctrine "that the saints at death fell asleep and did not enjoy the beatific vision till after the resurrection." One imagines that such a very unsaintly person as history declares this Pontiff to have been would prefer to sleep as long as possible "in the tomb" or anywhere else, rather than be forced to dwell in thought on the monstrous deeds of his earth-life. The former prospect might appeal to His Holiness as the lesser of two evils. The theological experts of his day denounced the doctrine as a "heresy" and called upon him to retract it, which he did with a bad grace, but his magnificent tomb at Avignon would suggest that "a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

Another item of "definite teaching" mentioned in Mr. Hardy's book relates to the doctrine of everlasting punishment, and again I must quote the Venerable Archdeacon of Westminster, who in reference to this "doom of hopeless damnation" emphatically denies that it is a doctrine of the Church of England, stating further that: "In 1864 the question was tried before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council whether endless torment was a doctrine of the Church of England or not. After argument on both sides by able counsel and after mature deliberation, the judgment was given that it was not a doctrine of the Church of England, and this verdict was given with the approval, or at any rate with the tacit consent, of the two archbishops who sat as assessors. . . ."

"It is more than likely that some are not aware that, after the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325, the manuscripts of the New Testament were considerably tampered with. Professor Nestle, in his Introduction to *The Textual Criticism of the Greek New Testament*, tells us that certain scholars called *correctores* were appointed by the ecclesiastical authorities, and actually commissioned to correct the text of Scripture in the interest of what the Church considered orthodoxy."

But we learn from the Rev. T. J. Hardy: "Our life *here* is our

* *Our Self after Death*. By Rev. A. Chambers. London: Charles Taylor. Price 1s. net.

† *After Death, What?* By the Venerable Archdeacon Wilberforce, D.D. London: Elliot Stock.

only opportunity for securing and *responding to* divine grace, according to God's appointed means." Of those who die unrepentant, it is the Church's teaching, he declares, "*that such remain in separation from God.*"* (Italics mine.)

Mr. Hardy seems to forget that "Before the Reformation, the Church, with merciful tenderness, always observed the day following the Festival of All Saints as All Souls' Day, a day on which to remember and to pray for the human failures, and the wanderers, who had passed out of life unawakened, unrepentant, with the 'mystic Christ' within them still unborn. After the Reformation, when the narrow-minded heresy obtained that physical death fixed for ever the condition of the individual, All Souls' Day was obliterated from the calendar. Thank God the thoughts of men are widening every day, and . . . now, every believer in the 'mystery of Christ,' which is St. Paul's definition of the Immanence of God, restores to his thoughts, if not to his calendar, All Souls' Day, and blends it with the commemoration of All Saints."*

If the Rev. T. J. Hardy's examples of the Church's "definite teaching" were to be preferred to the spiritual and rational interpretation by Archdeacon Wilberforce, the result in these days of heartbreak and sorrow could only be to empty the churches and fill the lunatic asylums. But there is room even for "Spiritists" on All Souls' Day!

* *After Death, What?* Ibid.

ON STELLAR INFLUENCES

BY LESLIE KEENE

" THERE is no such thing as chance," said Schiller, " and what seems to us merest accident springs from the deepest sources of Destiny." In all ages the forces influencing man's destiny have been the problem of the human mind. The world has always recognized the truth underlying the idea of fate ; and it was at an early period that the belief in the stars as rulers of men's fortunes crystallized into a definite system. The belief may always have suffered, as it unhappily suffers to-day, from the uneducated " soothsayer " whose votaries flood the bookstalls with wholly misleading literature ; but in recent times serious students have applied themselves to the refashioning of this ancient lore, and have brought it more into line with modern thought. At the same time it is greatly to be regretted that the study of Astrology should even now be so largely neglected and condemned both by professors of religion and students of science as superstition. It is true that the subject is an extremely difficult one, both in practice and interpretation. Many of its votaries find it difficult to explain their own belief. Ultimately the subject may be said to be as unexplainable as the fact that two bodies at a distance put each other into motion by force of attraction. Yet this law is accepted and proved, just as it is proved that waves of force pass through rocks in seismic disturbances, and certain forms of light through solid bodies. All that the astrologer does is to credit Nature with a corresponding unseen force for every part of her manifestation. And he postulates a psychic force sent out to us by the other planets exerting an influence upon our human life. As to the nature of this force there is much legitimate speculation. Perhaps the belief of the modern " esoteric " astrologers is the most in harmony with the thought of the present day. They believe that the planetary influences are embodied in actual intelligences from whom the vibrations come. They take these influences as manifestations of spiritual forces acting in accordance with the divine will for the evolution of each individual. Thus the central idea is shifted from the future and its events to the present and its preparation ; the emphasis is more upon human character than upon human

fate. But it is the object of the present article to leave theory aside and to put the case from a strictly practical standpoint. That the evidence for it is overwhelming every one can prove for themselves if they will give the necessary time and trouble. In a limited space only the merest indication of the study can be given, but it is profoundly true that the examination of these and other mysterious phenomena lead to the recognition of important and unsuspected laws.

The "horoscope" is based upon the time and place (latitude) of the individual's birth. At this moment a certain sign of the zodiac will be appearing upon the Eastern horizon.

Astronomically it coincides with the constellation of that name, but for the astrologer—and this again is one of the many problems which are still imperfectly understood—the influence must be considered independently. This sign is at any rate the rising sign or ascendant, and the planet which according to astrology governs that sign will be the lord of the ascendant and will exercise the strongest influence upon the native's life. The sun, moon and other planets will also, of course, be occupying their relative positions in the path of the zodiacal belt. Now after these—purely mathematical—calculations, the "over belief" of the astrologer comes largely into play. In the first place, the signs have various characteristics allotted to them; Aries—pioneer work, impulse, energy; Virgo—discriminating faculties; Libra—comparison and balance; Pisces—universal sympathy, and so on. The planet or ruler of each sign has certain definite qualities affecting the mind and fortune. Saturn gives justice; Mars, desire; Jupiter, religion; etc. Further the map is divided up into twelve sections called the mundane houses, each with its significance, but this time upon the *environment* of the native. The occupation is represented by the 10th house, money by the 2nd, partnerships by the 7th, and so on. And finally there is a network of mutual relationships to be considered, the planets in certain signs being trine or sextile (that is, favourable aspect) to each other, or contrariwise in square or opposition (evil aspects) each to each. And thus, as a physicist may gauge the cubic contents of a vessel, so (after much practice involving patient and careful calculations) the student may obtain the characteristics of each nativity, its strength and weakness, its limitations and powers.

Now of what practical use, says the sceptic, may this birth map be? Well, if the influences were stationary it would certainly have but a limited use. Obviously, however, this is not

so. From the moment of birth, all the planets move away in their appointed orbits : a new sign gradually rises on the ascendant, and a host of new relationships come into being year by year. This—the so-called progressed horoscope with its yearly and monthly changes—is *the native's opportunity*. Now we have arrived at the practical test of this ancient and stupendous system. It is open to every one to take two, twenty or fifty maps, examining particularly those of relatives and friends ; to take note of every single planetary influence upon the life or character, and then to ask himself whether in all seriousness the long arm of coincidence could be held responsible for the correspondences revealed. One thing at least must be conceded : that no one after such examination, has ever proved the falsity of the method ; and few are able to resist the conclusion that here is a chart of character and destiny the universal study of which would revolutionize the thought of mankind. A valuable aid to this study is afforded by a little book of 1,000 horoscopes published at the office of Modern Astrology, containing all sorts of useful material to work upon, including marked cases of disease, abnormal characteristics, etc. (Among the maps of notable people especially interesting by way of contrast are those of Gladstone and Disraeli.)

Now assuming at this point that there is sufficient ground for believing that the horoscope chart is a key to the main events of human life, let us examine its working in detail.

To every one, even to those of us most cognizant of divine guidance, there come certain moments at the cross roads when we have to ask ourselves " What shall I do ? " Moments when a choice or a proposal is put before us ; a new opening, a change, a journey ; and the needle of our compass is deflected by a doubt. It is here that the progressed horoscope is a sign-post. It does not—and this is important to remember—it does not with any certainty predict your " fortune " ; but it does show what influences or vibrations, good or evil, are at work. It shows you, as it were, the path of least resistance : you can deduce from it the time for certain kinds of action and the time when any particular action would be ill-advised. A great deal of human suffering and misfortune may unquestionably be averted by this means. But—it may be objected—if these " directions " are fate, in what way can we hope to escape them ? If a strong bad aspect shows a likelihood of disaster—a dangerous journey, treachery or loss—have we any choice in the matter at all ? To which simple query the philosopher might add a second and more

subtle objection, i.e., that many acts of so-called "free-will" apparently creative, are nevertheless due to obscure motives and to a definite causation along the links of the chain of life. The controversy is age-long, but both modern science and astrology lay stress upon the element of conscious choice.

"Life," says Professor Arthur Thomson, "is an automatism which can rebel." On the one side it is a mechanism bound to type; but on the other "a vision and a glory." And the Editor of *Modern Astrology* deals with the question thus:

"Every man weaves his own web of destiny. . . . This does not imply fatalism, as many suppose, for each human soul has a will, which decides his inner determination whether to work with the good law or against it. . . . Each man is a free agent to make his future destiny, but over the past weaving he has little and in some cases, no control. . . . The secret of fate and freewill lies in the motive, each soul having the freedom of choice so far as motive is concerned. . . ."

And again: "The study (of astrology) strengthens faith in a Divine Ruler and establishes the conviction that we suffer from ourselves. . . . It teaches us how best to acquire control over our lower nature. . . . It leads to a cultivation of a loyal obedience to the laws of love and harmony."

But to return to the practical working of the progressed horoscope, this may perhaps be most strikingly illustrated (in a restricted space) by some authentic examples. The following are all taken from actual cases known to and carefully studied by the author of this article. A native born with Mercury (the ruler of mental activities), weak and somewhat afflicted, had very few opportunities of education in her earlier years. At twenty-one Mercury came to a conjunction of the radical moon and a trine to the ascendant. In that year an offer of travelling was made to her, and with knowledge of these influences it was accepted. It resulted in a remarkable mental development; in the acquiring of foreign languages, and the making of valuable new friends. Another native had Saturn afflicted in the 2nd (money) house, but a trine to Venus counteracted the influence for a number of years. The progressed horoscope at thirty-one brought the sun in opposition to Saturn. In an evil moment the native was induced to embark upon a speculative enterprise, and was reduced to beggary; the influence of Saturn being binding and limiting, and absolutely inimical to speculation of all kinds.

An interesting instance of Neptune's influence may be added

here. Neptune to this generation is the astrologer's "dark horse," as its influences are not yet completely understood, and all possible evidences of its action are being collected. In the present instance, as in many other cases, a sextile of the sun and Neptune coincided in a marked way with the study of music. Opportunities hitherto lacking presented themselves, and were at first disregarded. Then the native began to use them, and the musical faculty developed to a remarkable extent. Another—perhaps the most subtle and convincing ever studied by the author—was a square of Uranus to the sun in a married friend's directions. The square affected two houses, the health house and the marriage house, and it lasted four years. Despite the fact that in the birth map the sun and Uranus were in good aspect, this progressed direction nevertheless brought an exceedingly trying time, in the course of which the couple who were devoted to each other became more or less estranged. One of the text-books says of Uranus in bad aspect, "It causes separations, reverses, lessening of power. The native is apt to show too much brusqueness and independence of manner and so bring trouble on himself. It causes also complicated complaints difficult to cure." All this subsequently happened. The native under the affliction seemed to have completely changed; and the change showing chiefly as arrogance and want of sympathy, caused the partner the greatest bewilderment and pain. An illness which persisted, and separation from friends, were added to the difficulties of this harassing epoch. It is not suggested that the influences at work could have been averted; but a knowledge of their nature would have considerably lightened the trouble. Also it might have been counteracted by the use of other vibrations. An immense number of influences come within the monthly, almost daily, scope of a progressed horoscope. In addition to the above-mentioned planetary movements there are revolutionary figures or "birthday maps" to be considered, while the movements actually in force at the time, such as eclipses and transits affecting positions in the horoscope, can all be utilized and should be taken note of by the student.

Brief and fragmentary as these remarks have necessarily been, perhaps they may have given some slight indication of the practical use of the horoscope. It is in truth an example of the old adage that "there is a time for everything"; and by knowledge of its energy may be conserved, and endless mistakes prevented.

More particularly should the study appeal to parents and guardians of children. A wise teacher, knowing the birth

influences, would be enabled to work with them. Time would no longer be wasted in putting the child to unsuitable pursuits, and the tendencies of the character for good or evil would be more sympathetically understood. The whole system of education would benefit to an unforeseen extent were this knowledge more universally applied.

"We are fated," says Alan Leo, "to the limit of our ignorance. To the astrologer the world is a great school into which every soul comes to learn the necessary lessons earth has to teach for the unfolding of the spiritual self. Every one has locked within them certain qualities which life and experience will draw out sooner or later. It is the special work of the astrologer to discover the temperament and know when the best influences are making for progress, the times when retarding influences are at work, and how to use fallow time to the best advantage."

Here then is the "apologia" for a practical observance of stellar influences. It teaches that fate is changing from day to day, and that the opportunities it brings will probably never be repeated. It shows us that only by the understanding of these laws can one become "master of one's fate and captain of one's soul." And, rightly understood, there is no doubt that the study leads to an unfolding of consciousness, to an increased understanding of self and improvement of character; and indirectly therefore inasmuch as no one liveth to himself and no one dieth to himself, to the ultimate benefit of the whole.

THE MOON IN MAGIC AND RELIGION

BY BERNARD FIELDING

VERY early in the history of the race, earlier, indeed, than the race *had* a history, the moon must have become associated with the supernatural in the mind of man. And not merely *associated*! The moon, in primitive thought, was, itself, a supernatural object; another and a better world, that lay within sight of these shores; a mysterious ship, that had its anchorage in the Infinite Sea.

Men could not but conjecture the differences existing between their own earth and that pale glimmering heavenly body. Must not the inhabitants of the moon be nearer, even within hail, of the Immortal Gods? Must they not, necessarily, breathe a purer air, possess a greater blessedness?

The first lunar myths of which we get record are crude and puerile enough; showing that "flat imagination" which Scott observed in the annals of witchcraft. Yet they contain the germ of an idea that has always occupied a great part of the highest religious speculations. They show that primitive man had already been struck with the "unreasonableness" of death; already had a conviction that it was not a necessary or universal fate. The phases he observed in the moon, its obvious wanings and waxings, disappearances and returns, had not failed to suggest to him some kind of immortality, of resurrection from darkness and death.

We can form a very fair notion of the "sacred allegory" he derived from these phases, by the lunar-folk tales of the "child races" of our own time.

The Hottentots have a story (re-told at his usual meticulous length by Sir James Frazer) to the effect that the moon, once wishing, apparently, to point its own moral, sent the hare,* with this message to the world of mortals: "As I die and come to life again, so shall you men die and again come to life." But the hare was an untrustworthy messenger, and carried the tidings in a truly "hare-brained" way. "As I die and do *not* come to

* *The Hare.* The connection of the moon with the hare is very ancient; the reason conjectural, but usually thought to derive from the great fertility of the animal.

life again, so shall you die and not come to life," was his version. This included a libel on the moon which a very little observation would, we should have thought, have disproved ; and brought the whole statement into discredit. But the words seem to have had a mystical importance ; and by their mere utterance to have made, like the patriarch's blessing, their fulfilment inevitable. Frazer records the fatalistic saying of the bushmen : " On account of the hare, the moon cursed us, so that we die altogether ! "

On the Congo,* the natives explain their own mortality as contrasted with the supposed deathlessness of the lunar men, by saying that when God called the moon-folk *they* were obedient and answered his summons. The inference, of course, is that the folk of our planet were less docile, and received, as a consequence, the inevitable wages of sin.

More wistful and suggestive still is a myth that comes from the Caroline Islands.† Men of former days died on the last day of the waning moon ; and, by the beneficent power of the moon, were raised up to life again when the moon itself was renewed. An evil spirit thwarted this plan. Men of to-day die ; and remain dead. Only the moon dies and lives again, eternally renewed from her " vacant interlunar cave."

The thought of the moon's immortality linked itself naturally to the thought of man's survival after death, to the escape of the soul from the evidently dead and buried body. If the soul reached the moon it might well be beyond the power of death. This idea appears sublimated in the faiths of the ancient civilizations. In the *Upanishad* we read how all who leave the world go directly to the moon. It is, at least, the gate into the higher heavens. Brahmanism gave an ethical element to the story : a mysterious " porter " at the gate asked of each soul some dread question it was bound to answer before pursuing its journey to the farther heights. Failing to answer, it was dismissed to the lower life again ; returned to the earth in the form of rain, and reincarnated as a lower animal.

Mediæval religious thought was also favourable to the notion of the moon as a kind of ante-room to Heaven. To the mediæval schoolman, the earth, as most of us know, was the centre of everything ; fixed in the middle of those ten concentric spheres that formed " heaven over heaven."

First, and nearest to its own body, was the lunar sphere—" the heaven of the moon " ; familiar to readers of Dante as

* Frazer: *The Golden Bough*.

† *Ibid*.

"the first heaven"—a place of modified beatitude for souls who have not been found worthy to enter into the fuller joy of the Beatific Vision. Dante peoples the moon-heaven with those who having, in their lives, made sacred vows, failed, through the tyranny of others or their own weakness, perfectly to keep them. Here he saw, in the pale atmosphere (that was like a dim-lit transparent sea in which the souls continually floated or sank), the shades of the ill-fated Piccarda and of the Empress Constance ; veiled nuns who had been forced to put aside their veils and return to the world's vanities. So after death they can but dwell in "the tardiest sphere" : farthest from God of all those who are near to Him !

Dante rather tactlessly asks Piccarda if she and her companions do not long for some promotion ; but Piccarda only answers that as the will of God is entirely their will, and as they all find their peace in it, no desire to be anywhere than where God has placed them can ever enter their hearts.

One of the most lovely lines of the *Divina Commedia*, the repeatedly quoted "In Sua Voluntade è la nostra pace !" is put into Piccarda's mouth. And there can hardly be anything less superstitious or more religious, in the real sense of the word, than this picture of the chastened yet beloved souls serenely enduring the penance that is part of the Divine Love.

But the conception of the moon as the lowest heaven gave rise to the popular notion of it as a place of banishment for the unworthy, a sinister retreat for unwanted men—in short, a kind of celestial St. Helena. Dante shows his acquaintance with these lunar superstitions and with the form they took, by his question to Beatrice about the dark markings on the moon, in which, he says, popular fancy had traced the figure of Cain ! Not only Cain, but Judas Iscariot also was fabled to have been banished to the moon, for his terrible offence. And the familiar story of the man in the moon, carrying that bundle of sticks which he had impiously gathered on a Sunday, most certainly dates from the time when the Sabbath-breaker was regarded as a specially great offender, unfit to dwell with ordinary men.

For the idea of the moon as an actual god or goddess, we must retrace our steps again to pre-Christian times, and to the great non-Christian civilizations. In Chaldea, the moon was deified very early. Its spectacular importance for a star-gazing people assured that. But it was not a deity of boundless power. An ancient Chaldean astrological document tells us how certain wicked spirits, seven in number, made disastrous war upon Aku,

the moon-god, and would have conquered him altogether but for the timely interference of Hea, the supreme deity, to whom prayer was made, and who had marked from his throne "the anguish of the noble Aku in the heavens." The whole story reads like a military romance ; but, of course, an eclipse is meant, and it is the retreat of the shadow that is regarded as the answer to prayer. We may note that the "anguish of Aku" had its counterpart on earth. An eclipse was taken to be an evil omen for kings and great ones ; and if, as seemingly it did in this case, it coincided with the illness of the monarch, the gloomiest view was adopted of the result. The recovery of Aku symbolized the recovery of the king ; and his faithful subjects took heart of grace in remembering how often the darkness *had* passed, how temporary had been the recurring power of those seven wicked spirits.

Egypt had many moon-gods ; or, at least, many deities who, in some one of their characteristics, represented lunar influences. Of such was the cat-headed Pasht, to whom all cats were sacred. The reverence of Ancient Egypt for the cat was, it is fairly certain, an expression of reverence for the moon, which, like the cat, could see in the dark ; roamed by night, and rested in the day. The cat, like the moon, had strange changing eyes, that were, now full and globed, now waned to crescent form. . . . No wonder that the cat-slayer brought vengeance on himself. He sinned, literally, against Heaven : against the mysterious Light-Bearer whose protégé and sacramental symbol the cat was.

Jewish moon-lore was very largely borrowed from the "house of bondage," Egypt ; and more largely still from Ur of the Chaldees, where the moon-god Aku or Sin was elaborately worshipped, and where was the cradle of the Hebrew race.

But Jewish moon-lore had also interesting features of its own : a characteristic melancholy, and a no less characteristic hope. Israel, in the desert of Sin, and the peninsula of Sinai,* was not, of course, any longer a moon-worshiper. He had travelled far, by then, upon his destined path of monotheism. But his vivid memories of the old lunar cult gave him a curious and lasting bias against sun-worship ; and if the fearless ascent of Moses up the mountain of Sinai may be regarded as an act of defiance to the moon-god whose sacred place that mountain was, it was also, we may believe, an attempt to embody into the new faith all that was best and worth saving in the old.

* Sacred, of course, as the name implies, to Sin, the moon deity.

The moon was always to appear holier in the eyes of the Hebrews than the sun. Their Sabbaths, we know, were originally landmarks of lunar changes. The fluctuations of light, the comings and goings of the moon, were to the Israelites a parable of their own fortunes as God's chosen folk, continually afflicted, yet continually returning to their unforfeitable estate.

Every new moon had its significant festival. The appearance of the first thin crescent in the evening sky was hailed as the promised sign, as an emblem of unearthly hope for the Jewish nation and the individual Jewish soul.

Very significant is the consecration-prayer recited at new moon: "Blessed be Thou, O Lord, Who renewest Israel and the moon!" It was popularly said that those who repeated devoutly the ritual prayers of the new moon were secure from death, till the return of the crescent.

At the festival of the new moon certain privileges were accorded to women, for which a curious reason was alleged. Women, it was said, had not shown the same eagerness as the men in the worship of the golden calf at the foot of Sinai! Here it is not hard to see the old bitterness, surviving from the days of moon-worship, against the rival cult of the sun. And here, too, we see traces of the widely-spread thought that the moon was specially a deity whom women could worship, whose rites could fitly be celebrated by them, whose characteristics might well make for the fulfilment of feminine wishes.

We are not so far now, it would seem, from Shelley's vision of the orbèd maiden, laden with white fire! The moon-god had so many feminine attributes that, as time went on, he was hailed by feminine names; was personified, as in Greece and Rome, as a virgin-goddess, who yet was maternal too, who influenced fertility, even while protecting chastity.*

The moon's fluctuations of light, her changes of aspect, must have made the idea of her "double soul" easy for early thought. Besides, divinities celebrated for chastity, and saints of ascetic life, like St. John Baptist and St. Catherine, have always been invoked for success in love and happiness in wedlock. Without fierce desires themselves, it is inferred that they will give freely and ungrudgingly to others less fortunate. The famous idyll of Theocritus shows us the deserted Sicilian woman pouring her libations to the full moon, and making her desperate prayers for the return of her false lover—

* In Egypt, also, the virgin-mother, Isis, was identified with the moon. Her "sacred ship" may well have been the crescent moon.

"O Artemis, thou hast power to move hell's adamantine gates, and everything else that is stubborn!"

Mr. Andrew Lang, commenting on this, suggested that love-sick girls may even now, at the full of the moon, practise similar incantations under the warm Sicilian skies. It is probable enough. But there is no need to go so far afield to find similar survivals. Until very recent years, the aid of the moon was invoked in love-charms by the country folk of our own islands. The folk-customs in all the shires have a certain monotony of repetition; but this, from Devonshire, shows a touch of freshness and ingenuity:

"When seeing the first moon of the year, take off one stocking and run across a field. Afterwards, when you look between the toes, you will find a hair, which will be the colour of that of your future husband's."

In Yorkshire, it is possible to count the years that will elapse before your marriage by looking into a mirror by moonlight, and counting the number of reflections of the moon that can be seen in it. The time of full moon, and especially of the harvest moon, when the light is at its clearest and richest, was considered the most propitious for divination.

In those illumined nights, the maid who put under her pillow a prayer-book open at the wedding-service and recited before sleep a couplet to "Luna, every woman's friend," might expect to see, in dreams, some "emblems of her destiny"—tokens of her lover-to-be.

Innumerable rural superstitions mark the impression made by the phases of the moon, and the association between them and the successes and failures of human life and human undertakings.

All that is wished to thrive must have the influence of an *increasing* moon to encourage it. No one must sow seeds or plants trees with the moon on the wane. It is even unlucky to be born between moons! The "dark of the moon" carries the sinister suggestion of the darkness of premature death.

On the other hand, things that have to be cut back and curbed—for example, heavy shrubberies, finger-nails, and the like!—should be trimmed when the moon wanes, to avoid loss of labour. A waning moon, too, is by the rule of sympathetic magic, good for riddance-charms; for the "rubbing away" of warts and so on. First of all (directs an Irish charm) you must fix your eye on the moon, and, while doing so, rub the wart with a piece of earth taken from under your left foot. After-

wards, as the moon decreases, the wart will gradually wear away.

Against such superstitions as these the Fathers launched their thunders. Christian converts were bidden not to be afraid that any particular phase of the moon could hinder the work begun beneath it. For God made the moon to govern the tides, and the seasons, and to measure time.

As a dethroned deity, however, the moon continued to be regarded with a certain fear. Some memory of a moon-Sabbath is perceptible in the old idea of Monday as an unlucky working day. They say in the Hebrides: "What is done on Monday must be undone!" And, again, more awesomely: "The world will come to an end on Monday!"

One of the accusations against witches was their supposed power over the moon. These hapless thralls of Satan were thought to control its comings and goings, and to direct its influences on the weather, the tides, the fate of mortals, and so forth.

As need hardly be said, there are many references to this belief in Shakespeare. Caliban's mother is described as a witch strong enough to control the moon; and Hecate, in *Macbeth*, is made to speak of a mysterious "vaporous drop," hanging on the moon; which she will catch, ere it falls, and distil for magic purposes.

The magical power of the moon was supposed also to reside, to a certain degree, in plants and flowers which bore a fancied resemblance to the moon, and were, by consequence, dedicated to her. Of such was the ox-eyed daisy, used in folk-medicine for the diseases of women; and the moonwort, a kind of fern with lunar-shaped fronds, which was credited with the power to turn quicksilver into silver, and the less amiable gift of making horses drop their iron shoes.

Most people are familiar with the old belief that the light of the full moon, imprudently gazed upon, or slept under, causes moon-stroke or madness. The word "lunacy," of course, is directly traceable to this. And no doubt this baleful influence of strong moonlight led to the idea that "the dark of the moon" was the most favourable time for making lunar amulets, to protect those who wore them against the terrible lunar power.

Such amulets would be made commonly in the shape of the crescent moon; and the material chosen for them would, naturally, be silver—the moon-like metal sacred to the moon, and governed by her. That the moon has an affinity, too, for pearls, and white and pallid stones, and will be friendly to their wearers,

is an axiom of talismanic jewellery. In astrology, the power of the moon is so much modified by, and mingled with, the powers of other heavenly bodies that it can hardly be considered along with general moon-lore ; and needs treatment apart. We may remember, however, that the usual characteristics of those in whose horoscopes the moon is the ruling planet, are given as melancholy, love of change, and dreams.

The heathen associations of the moon were so rank ; and the notorious Crescent (memorizing, according to a Turkish legend, the intervention of the moon-goddess on behalf of the Turks in an old-time battle with the Greeks !) was so long regarded as the very antithesis of the Cross, that Christian symbolism showed a certain reluctance to adopt the moon.

Once adopted, however, it could but take a high and gracious place in sacred allegory. It became a favourite type and accompanying attribute of the Virgin-Mother—that pure but fruitful Maiden ! And the enchanted boat of the seas of Heaven imaged, for devout eyes, the ark floating on the waste of waters—the ship of saved souls which was, itself, a symbol of the refuge afforded by baptism from the waves of the troublous world.

It is a curious paradox that the heavenly body nearest to the earth should seem, to popular thought, one of the most unearthly, the most suggestive of supernatural things.

Modern imagination has fed much on the weirdly suggestive fact that there is one face of the moon which she has never turned towards this earth, which no inhabitant of this world has ever seen. There have been many dreams, many fancies concerning the ever-hidden face. Modern science, too, has had its speculations of that further side ; where, it may be, the high lands and volcanic peaks do not, as on this, preclude air and the existence of life ; where, in some unglimped “ happy valley ” a race like (or unlike !) our own may draw breath, and feel love, and hate, hunger and satisfaction. We do not know. The hidden face remains hidden. It is not likely that we shall ever be visited by authentic tidings of that invisible half-world, with its “ silent silver lights and darks undreamed of.” But this cloak of mystery upon her is not the least supernatural thing about the moon. We are the richer for the thoughts to which it gives play ; for the possibilities of what may lie “ beyond the veil,” and beyond sight of the wistful human eyes that have watched for centuries the risings and settings, the deaths and resurrections, of “ the Light that rules the night.”

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.*]

TRANSMUTATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The transmutation of metals I look upon as an unnecessary and very costly proceeding, and the few cases of the transmutation of silver into gold which have been reported in the press of recent years have all ended in disaster. The better plan would be to transmute the raw material into the metal ore. The ore of each metal requires, or did require, a different material for its make-up. Take, for instance, gold; this the world over has been made from quartz, and no doubt will always be made from quartz. On the other hand silver requires a different material to be made from, and the same can be said of all metals, but the problem in this matter is to find out how nature transmutes the non-metal material into a metal material or ore. Even nature has found it a difficult task, as out of a ton of pulverized gold quartz there is found only as much gold dust as can be easily placed on a teaspoon. I am inclined to think that lightning had a lot to do with the making of the metal ores and diamonds, and quite possibly in the not distant future electricity may be so improved as to transmute all kinds of metals from non-metal materials. It is one of the problems of the future, and is not so impossible as most people imagine it to be.

Yours faithfully,

Cardiff.

GEO. ESHELBY.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I do not wish to prolong the controversy with Mr. Charles W. J. Tennant on the subject of Mr. Lyman P. Powell's book *Christian Science: The Faith and its Founder*. But some of the statements in his letter printed in your October number must appear so provocative to all lovers of truth and intellectual honesty that a reply seems inevitable.

I should like to ask Mr. Tennant why it is that adverse critics of his sect are invariably accused by the faithful of having "formed a false concept" of Christian Science? Can it be that Christian Scientists dread open discussion of their peculiar dogmas, and therefore

advance this argument to apply the closure to debate? Apparently it is only possible to evince a "true concept" of Christian Science by giving unqualified assent to everything uttered by Mary Baker Eddy. In face of such an attitude there is really nothing to be said—except that one feels deeply sorry for the bigotry and narrow-mindedness which can be satisfied with such arguments.

"Christian Science can only be understood through *spiritual discernment*, and without this discernment it is impossible for any one to accurately state the case." The italics are mine. The split infinitive is Mr. Tennant's. If Christian Scientists alone possess sufficient "spiritual discernment" to decide whether their doctrine be true, how, I should like to ask; does it fare with converts? Before becoming Christian Scientists their spiritual discernment cannot be sufficiently deep to be trusted. That is to say, they become Christian Scientists before they are in possession of that "spiritual discernment" which is the hall-mark of the orthodox Christian Scientist. In other words, they subscribe to doctrines at a time when it is impossible for them to determine whether those doctrines are true or false.

If Christian Scientists are going to claim a monopoly of this quality of "spiritual discernment," as well as a monopoly of a true understanding of the Bible, it would be little short of a miracle if they did not speedily develop an ailment which even Christian Science must allow to exist—i.e. megalomania.

I have no quarrel with Mr. Tennant or the sect to which he has the honour to belong. I love them as I love the Millenarians and all who afford relief, whether serious or comic. But I would humbly urge them, in the interests of that spiritual discernment which they claim, to study the works of a religious teacher of an earlier age, François Marie Arouet, who wrote:—

"To worship God: to leave to every man freedom to serve Him according to his own ideas; to love one's neighbours; to regard as immaterial, questions which would never have given trouble if no importance had been attached to them: this is my religion, which is worth all your systems and all your symbols."

I venture to think that profession of faith is the finest in the world.

Yours faithfully,
R. B. INCE.

ELEMENTALS AND OTHERS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I was interested in an article which appeared in the September number of your magazine, and hope that the writer (Mr. Lewis Spence) will continue the subject in a future number.

In the first place he tells his readers much to interest them, but unfortunately he does not satisfy their curiosity as to *how* one could

persuade a "familiar" to take up his residence "in your ring, locket, or trinket," nor does he give any indication as to whom one could apply for a more intimate knowledge of the subject, and for assistance in obtaining this much-desired class of phenomena.

The instances he quotes took place so very long ago: Doctor Torralva's case in the sixteenth century, and another (that of the Lord of Corasse) about the year 1365!

Has no phenomenon of this kind been obtained in recent times?

It would be more appreciated if one could get evidences in more modern times, that could be tested, not merely traditions.

Also like so many other people, he hints darkly at the dangers likely to overcome the student who dabbles in this form of occultism.

Mr. Spence need not be unduly concerned. He may rest assured no one is in the least likely to achieve the difficult problem of capturing a familiar and imprisoning him in a trinket!

He also observes that "certain kinds of elemental spirits are ever on the outlook for an opportunity for materialization."

I am afraid my experiences in this line have made me decidedly pessimistic. I have given them several opportunities, but they refuse to come! I am told that it is the most difficult phenomenon to get. I have attended séances in the hope of getting knowledge on this subject, but I have always remained uninterested and unconvinced. Nothing that I saw was genuine. Although I have asked so many people where I could see such a happening for myself, they have always given me very vague answers, such as, "Mr. So-and-So used to be a very famous materializing medium, but he has given up that sort of thing long ago"; or I am earnestly advised "not to go in for such a thing, as it's so dangerous."

I have quite an open mind on the subject—still every one must admit that before one can implicitly believe in such a marvellous phenomenon one wants to *see for oneself*. Being a person of a very materialistic temperament, it should be easy for me to draw one of these elementals who are so anxious to materialize. I am not particular who manages the trick—let it be hog, dog, or devil. Will not some kind-hearted materialist help me to satisfy my curiosity?

B. FORD.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Reading Mr. G. W. Butterworth's translation into English of the writings of Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 150) from the original Greek, one can see how modern Christianity differs from that of the Early Fathers.

It appears to me that the (so called) Apocalyptical books were discredited because they did not comply with what one section of the

Christians (the ones who have now got the upper hand) wished to teach.

Clement was obviously what we should now call a Unitarian or Deist ; he never says a word about *salvation by believing in Christ*, he looks on him as a teacher, as he also quotes Homer, Virgil, Socrates and all the Greek philosophers, equally with the Hebrew prophets, and the Sibylline oracles. It is a pity these last were destroyed, as the quotations he gives are as fine as passages from Isaiah and are strictly monotheistic.

The words in the Burial Service which quote from Paul, i.e., "delivered over to corruption," Clement takes to mean not bodily but spiritual corruption, that one must not take heed of earthly things which can be destroyed ; he does NOT mean that the body rises again or as an argument for the gross idea of a physical resurrection (which is the sense Paul and later Christians use it in).

The weak point in Clement is his tirade against sculpture. Because some people had not sense enough to know the difference between worshipping God by modelling and painting the beauties of Nature (worshipping God by their work) and actually praying to the sculpture when made, Clement hates art. This spirit destroyed the world masterpieces.

There are a few mistakes in this translation, on page 197 for instance, in which the translator uses the word a "stubborn" horse as an illustration, instead of a "bolting" horse.

I am sure my translation is correct (bolting horse—headstrong, unmanageable, or out of hand), as "stubborn" means a horse which will not go on, i.e. a "jibber," and Clement expressly says "like a horse which tries to get free from the charioteer and rush to the precipice of destruction"; that is, it "gets out of hand," as we horsemen call it ; if a horse gets "stubborn" there can be as many precipices as you like all round, he will not endanger you over them, as he will stand still and refuse to move.

WALTER WINANS.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST :

THE ORIGIN OF IMPRESSIONS OF PRE-INCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The experience of Major Tudor Pole, O.B.E., at the Temple of Karnak is quite simple and obvious to explain, and yet it is accepted unhesitatingly as a wonderful revelation of pre-existence of the Major's very own self ! He evidently went into the temple in a wondering, open-mouthed *passive* condition, i.e. in a condition to be easily *obsessed* by one of the priestly spirits of the past who was simply re-enacting his former experiences for his amusement and benefit !

But this is the sort of tale that Re-incarnationists glibly catch hold of to try and justify their creed.

Now here are briefly similar experiences of my own, but of which I knew the *exact source and nature*.

A fiancée having died I became deeply anxious to communicate with her, and willingly allowed her to obsess me when in the requisite passive mood—and lo, and behold! I began to feel as she had felt *physically* to herself—facial resemblance, chignon, fringe, clothes—all reproduced, top and bottom, inside and out! Then on two occasions she took me to parts of London I was very unfamiliar with to show me former homes of hers. One I knew the number of, and as we entered the road she nodded to the portico, painted differently to its neighbours, and on coming up to it, it had the right number! On another occasion she took me to an earlier home of which she had *doubtfully* given me the number, and some distance off nodded to the upper part of it as the house,—the second from a corner,—though *shops had been built in front* since her young days. But on getting up to it I found she had given the number—backwards! Then she took me into a neighbouring church where she had worshipped as a child, and although I had never been in it before it seemed as familiar as if I had known it for years! Also she took me to some "Gardens" I hardly knew except by name, and individual trees and branches of trees and flower beds—she was an artist—all seemed as familiar as if I, too, had frequented them for years and as if they were near "home." Then on another occasion we went a railway journey I had never made before; and suddenly I felt she recognized the scenery. Hence I began to question her about it,—but she couldn't remember when she had seen it before until we *neared Aldershot*, and then she suddenly recollected she had on *one* occasion been there to see a review given for the Shah!

Knowing my mediumistic powers, on another occasion I allowed the spirit of a deceased clergyman to obsess me, or rather control me, and lo and behold, I felt as if I possessed his features, his clerical "choker" and flowing clerical attire, whilst he went up to a younger brother sitting at the table and committed (to me who knew him but a day or two) the unpardonable presumption of putting his arms round his stomach and playfully trying to squeeze the breath out of him! And he himself, and the cleric's son present, both admitted that that was *exactly* what he had been in the *habit* of doing to his younger brother even to the end of his days!

Temporary obsession when in a sufficiently *passive* condition, either voluntarily or involuntarily permitted, is the only explanation of all these assumptions of pre-existence but forgotten and suddenly remembered when in the right locality; and Major Tudor Pole's experience at the temple of Karnak is quite obviously only a case of this kind,—but he didn't know *how* it was produced!

PHYSICIAN.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE new issue of *The Quest* has several articles of importance and interest, apart from Mr. Algernon Blackwood's curious but not altogether convincing story, called *Wireless Confusion*. As it would serve no useful purpose to enumerate mere titles and authors, we must be satisfied with selecting one example of the contents, because it is especially debatable. The Rev. Richard de Bary has written at least two works of considerable moment, one of which—*The Spiritual Return of Christ*—may be within the memory of some of our readers. He has been always an exponent of what must be termed a doctrine of collective immortality—that life hereafter continues by virtue of integration in some body general of humanity—as, for example, that incorporation of believers of whom Christ is the head and vivifying principle. He does not depart from this ground in his contribution to the current issue of *The Quest* on “the interdependence of life and the after-life.” We must confess that Mr. de Bary's hypothesis has always seemed to us of an exceedingly arbitrary kind, and now that it is offered as a more acceptable substitute for the spiritistic explanation of the phenomena which take place at séances, it commends itself still less to our sympathy. It seems to misconceive the hypothesis of spiritism and to present an aspect of religion from which the essence of reality has removed. The spiritist does not hold that immortality is gained by any processes whatsoever, whether psychological or some “etheric alternative” to these. For him it is not less inherent in the soul's nature than it was for St. Thomas Aquinas: it is possessed and not earned. Beyond this, the thesis of spiritism is that disembodied souls can and do communicate under certain circumstances with persons still on earth. Mr. de Bary's alternative says that they do not and that spiritistic phenomena are explicable by supposing “a social perpetuity of the departed within each and all of their after-death remembrancers,” meaning of those who loved them. We do not believe for a moment that this thesis covers the field of apparitions immediately after death, and it does not apparently claim to account for the so-called higher phenomena—materialization and so forth. As regards religion, this has “private personal perpetuity” for its only “cosmic objective,” and it is actually the “mediator and integrator of true and unreduced human” survival by virtue of the “community-soul” and otherwise by the enrichment of the “private soul” in “self-forgetting love” of others. For ourselves—as for St. Thomas and the spiritists—the object of religion is not personal perpetuity, which we hold to be ensured by the soul's very nature, but it is the union between that soul and the Divine Being, through Which and so only it is joined to everlasting with humanity at large, as by a communion with all in God.

Vision is taking a foremost place among mystical periodicals, which is equivalent to saying that it has begun to fulfil the high promise of its title. There are warrants for this statement in several places of the current issue, more especially in Mrs. Grenside's contribution as editor, which is written in her best manner. It is called *The Life-Quest* and touches on those veils of allegory and symbolism under which the long story of humanity's spiritual search has been in part concealed but in part also adumbrated—and some secrets of the path delineated—in folk-lore, literature of alchemy, Jewish theosophy, the romance-cycle of the Holy Graal, and in the Rites and Grades of certain Secret Orders, like the Rosy Cross. The formula of the Quest is most frequently one of exit and return, the going forth usually connoting an idea of exile, as of the soul passing from a Spiritual City, led—as Mrs. Grenside suggests—by that spirit of adventure which she terms native to the soul, but perhaps more often in the symbolism as a penalty of trespass. There are two points which we should like to specify on our own part. A condition of the quest is indubitably that of remaining faithful unto death, but the life which has to be lost in order that life may be found is not physical in the allegories, even if on rare occasions it assumes this aspect: the affirmation concerning it portrays the uttermost degree of dedication, apart from all reserve. So also when it is said that the true adventurer upon Divine Quest "must be able to use . . . body, mind or emotion . . . for the purpose of spiritual gain," it has to be remembered that love fills all the measures of all parts of our personality, and under its continued impulse towards the Divine End of Desire those parts or aspects of our nature are used concurrently or alternately as the great impetus is best served thereby, rather than by rational choice of mind. Love chooses its own channels, and—whether mind or will—the part of these is obedience. Intervention on the part of anything but the motive force of love is arrestation in respect of the term. Mrs. Grenside's study is not the only evidence which warrants our view as to the place of *Vision* in our literature. The verses of D. G. on the Cross and on those conditions under which he who takes up the Cross—manifesting that great cosmic symbol in his own nature—will find the Rose at its centre, are in harmony with the real purpose of things, which is God's purpose in the world and the soul of man. It is to be regretted notwithstanding that the rebellious fashion of a time which has thrown art into the melting-pot with the other living values, has allowed the writer to discard the canons of literature, so that good thought finds expression in lines that are *male sonantes*. A word of praise should be added for Mr. Hubbard's straightforward account of our old friend Richard Rolle, of Hampole. . . . *The Shrine of Wisdom*, described as a quarterly devoted to philosophy, religion and mysticism, and otherwise as the official organ of an Order of Ancient Wisdom, makes its first appearance in an octavo of 36 pages. It is issued from a private

address at Altrincham, Cheshire, and is presumably distributed to subscribers from that centre. The headquarters of the Order itself are, however, at Manchester, and it is described (1) as a modern organization which continues "activities of a kindred nature that have existed in various lands since the earliest days of ancient Egypt"; (2) as an attempt to present the Ancient Wisdom "as a practical work and life adapted to modern needs and conditions"; (3) as concerned especially with Neoplatonic philosophy, which is said to be a "synthesis of the wisdom of the East and West"; and finally (4) as dedicated to "a fuller manifestation of the Divine Kingdom within." The last clause commands our fullest sympathy, but there is nothing at present to indicate a first-hand acquaintance with Greek thought, while a preliminary article on Hermetic Philosophy connects religion etymologically with the Latin verb *religare*, which has been abandoned long since. There is otherwise need to distinguish between the creditable spirit which inspires several articles and the claim implied by the official organ of an association which is said to have "re-opened" the schools of Neoplatonism "with the added knowledge and experience of the intervening centuries." It is perilous to put forward a plea of this kind in the absence of plenary authority in scholarship. Some articles also which would seem to be the work of the same hand are weakened by the recurring use of superlatives. A paper on prayer and meditation is perhaps the best thing in this initial issue which—it may be added—is well and clearly printed.

La Revue Spirite has been for some years past in the capable hands of M. Léon Denis as editor, and among other titles to consideration he has the merit of giving a particularly clear expression to views which he holds strongly. At the head of a journal which for sixty-two years has preached the doctrine of reincarnation as formulated by Allan Kardec, there is no need to say that he holds the theory of "successive lives," but as a writer of considerable individuality he understands and presents it after his own manner. We hear in a recent issue not only of souls re-embodied on this earth because the law of their previous existence was not fulfilled therein, but also of elect, predestined souls who return as missionaries for the promotion of truth and justice in the world. Moreover, reincarnation is neither a fatal necessity nor an apostolate which goes on for ever, though the exalted mission of souls continues somewhere in the works. Those spirits—pure and exalted—who have instructed and improved their kindred here on earth pass on to loftier spheres and in such wider fields of activity carry on their work of light and redemptive work of love. . . . *The Harbinger of Light* maintains that spiritualism stands for primitive Christianity in contradistinction to that which is termed traditional. The contrast is not very clear, as tradition connotes antiquity and genuine tradition is often primitive enough. Moreover, our contemporary produces a catalogue of theological doctrines which are traditional by its hypothesis and of some it might

be said that they look perilously near the primitive test of perfection. The thesis would have profited more if it had been less loosely worded. We are reminded, however, of a book which has almost passed out of memory among spiritualists, though it is one that might be worth reading even at this day: we refer to Dr. Eugène Crowell's *Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism*—an American publication in two volumes, circa 1870. . . . In *The International Psychic Gazette* Mr. W. H. Evans considers that "the reality of the life beyond" is brought close to us by "the homeliness" of those messages which come to us from friends therein. It connotes a "naturalness" on the other side of existence which was not dreamed of by Henry Drummond when he wrote *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. When Mr. Evans goes on to speak of the "hither hereafter" as "a real objective world, with real rocks, earth, grass," and so forth, we confess that we remain unconvinced, but he seems to realize that a remote and further hereafter may succeed that which is proximate and that it may not be exactly an idealized replica of our present material sphere. He commands our concurrence when he suggests that "all worlds and planes of existence" are sustained by "the fundamental Reality," which is the "Divine Consciousness."

A correspondent in *The Builder* suggests that the secrets of Masonry are those of its inner soul, and that the gates of this sanctuary are opened to few members—comparatively speaking at least. The secrets in question are many and belong to several planes, as—for example—those of the threshold, purely official in character and betrayed generations ago. There are those also which concern the mystery of its origin, the obscurity of its many developments and the real intention in the minds of people who devised the Craft Rituals as now used among us. From another point of view, the life of the Lodge is one of the chief secrets, and this is of course incommunicable outside the hallowed precincts. The working of the bond of brotherhood is not less inexplicable in its way, above which is the translation of Emblematic Masonry into life, or the change which it brings about in many natures that are otherwise quite ordinary. Beyond all these it is right to say that there is the undiscovered country of the Masonic oversoul. On this side it connects with the Ancient Mysteries: on this also it exceeds these and contains in the Higher Grades the precious intimations of the Christ-life. We have noted otherwise with interest and satisfaction that during recent months the essays of our friend, Mr. Dudley Wright, on the Eleusinian Mysteries have appeared in *The Builder* in a slightly extended form: our view concerning their importance is confirmed and extended. The official organ of the National Masonic Research Society continues otherwise to discharge its serious and important work in a manner which places it at the head of all Masonic periodicals, whether here or in America.

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REVIEWS

EMERSON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY. By J. Arthur Hill. Cr. 8vo, pp. 116. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

"To me, Emerson was the most inspired writer of the nineteenth century," says Mr. J. Arthur Hill in his preface to a very interesting book, which deserves well of all who are lovers of his subject. There are others within my knowledge who will bear the same testimony, both here and in America. For that additional section of possible readers who feel drawn towards Emerson without as yet knowing much of his writings, but who are willing to learn more of him and his teaching, I do not think that they can make a better beginning than under Mr. Hill's guidance. He has the spirit of the American mystic, as exhibited by various original reflections which find expression in his book. On certain occasions indeed their authentic Emersonian note is such that one has to look a second time and make sure that a given quotation close by has really come to an end before one is quite certain that it is Mr. Hill who is speaking and not his source of inspiration. I suppose that—apart as it is from any specific design and a simple record of fact—this is very high praise, but it is deserved on more than one count, not only by the sincere and discriminating devotion which appears in these pages, but by the merits of an ordered work which is a contribution of no little moment to the criticism of Emerson. There is just enough and no more of its various sections, concerning Emerson's simple and uneventful life, concerning his dispositions in literature, his place and claim as prophet, philosopher, poet, and even as critic. Mr. Hill's judgment on his author's style seems good and sound; with his estimate of Emerson's personal character I believe that all will agree; while the concluding chapter on the purport of his life and work is full of true insight. It is almost summed up in one of its own sentences: "Emerson gives us no new doctrine, but he communicates a spirit." That is true, and I speak as one who makes no claim to have entered at all fully into the appeal of that spirit or into the conviction which it has brought to some. May I say that perhaps I have been nourished on stronger meats? And yet it must be something to the praise of Emerson if I confess that—after Eckehart and Ruysbroeck—I find, as I do assuredly, that it is possible to listen to Emerson, to agree indeed with Mr. Hill that in his own manner this American apostle of light shows forth the way of spiritual salvation. He was a man of the clear heights and in their light he leads.

A. E. WAITE.

A SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD, AND OTHER VERSES. By Louis J. McQuilland. London: Heath Cranton, Ltd. Price 3s. net.

MR. MCQUILLAND seems to find most of his inspiration among the crypts and catacombs of the past. Hence it is not surprising to find that his work lacks the vitality and *essential* reality of true poetry. His verses savour more of the glamour of wine than of the ecstasy of the soul. He has become a prey to an illusive sentimentality; he has fallen in love with the shadows and shells of life, but the living spirit of life has escaped him.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE DOMINION OF HEALTH. By Helen Boulnois. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Pp. 77. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE twelfth volume in Messrs. Rider's well-known series of *Mind and Body Handbooks* seems likely to be one of the most popular. If only on account of Miss Boulnois' experiences among wounded soldiers, the book would be well worth reading, but it contains a great deal more than that. Few, however, will easily forget her account of the "incurables" gathered together in a French convent, and the almost miraculous healing of the gentle, patient Poitiers, who in civil life was—of all unexpected things—a butcher!

To bring about *The Dominion of Health* in place of that of pain and disease, was the task the authoress set herself, often with quite remarkable results, and from these pages it is possible to glean something of her methods. She is concerned, not only with the healing of others, but also with teaching the sick how to heal themselves, and two of her maxims are—

"Make a practice of being happy."

"Smile, if you don't feel like it, and in a very short while you will."

And a piece of good and wise advice is to "leave off doing, and take five minutes' complete rest at being." To *be*, to *live*, fully and joyously—not merely to exist—that is the gospel Miss Boulnois preaches, and the keynote of her cheerful and inspiring little book is well summed up in the words of the ancient Hindu priests quoted at the end—"Unite thee with life." Words worth noting and worth pondering, for their meaning is deeper than appears on the surface.

E. M. M.

WHERE IS HE? A One Act Play. By D. T. Davies. The Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-upon-Avon. Price, 1s. net.

THIS little play, which was acted by Miss Horniman's company at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, in September, 1916, is in the nature of a problem play. But it presents a problem of an unusual kind. A Welsh miner has been killed in a pit accident. His widow, a staunch adherent of the local chapel, is troubled because her husband was an agnostic. Of friends and neighbours she asks the question, "Where is he?" The Elder of the chapel, a dour man of inflexible orthodoxy, proposes that the customary prayer meeting shall be held in her cottage. To this, Marged—the widow—objects. Since her husband respected her views she is determined to respect his, and she feels he would have been averse to the prayer meeting. The Elder, whilst secretly believing that her husband, as an agnostic, is in the place of torment, cleverly evades a plain statement of opinion. He leaves without obtaining permission for the prayer meeting. The Minister then calls and fares no better. He wishes to speak a few words at the graveside. Marged begs him not to do so. He protests that decency demands a funeral address. While they are talking news comes that the comrade who was with her husband when the accident occurred, has regained consciousness and described events in detail. Marged's husband lost his life while trying to save his friend's. "Greater love hath no man than this," quotes the Minister. "There'll be no difficulty about a few words at the graveside."

To students of psychology an interesting problem is presented by the attitude of the Elder and the Minister. There is nothing to show that either is at all shaken in his dogmatic beliefs by the sudden challenge which common sense flings down. And herein lies the inward irony of the situation.

The play is capably written and should act well.

R. B. INCE.

EVERYDAY EFFICIENCY. By Forbes Lindsay. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 4s. 6d. net.

It has been well said that the world is tired of good *advice*, and craving for good *news*; for some definite prospect of better things that can, and will, be obtained, if a certain course is followed, and certain obstacles cleared away.

The attractive series, of which Mr. Lindsay's work forms the latest volume, was designed to satisfy this natural and, in these days, ever-increasing desire, and the countless appreciative readers of *The New Thought Library* will need no persuasion to read and appreciate *Everyday Efficiency*, or to add it to the goodly line of its predecessors on the bedside bookshelf.

Furthermore, Mr. Lindsay may well gain new readers, and excite interest in hitherto unmoved quarters. His is a subject of which no man or woman of us can say that it is not in *our* line! It concerns the genius no less than the practical person, and the average reader as much as the literary student.

As Mr. Lindsay himself tells us in his introductory chapter: "It is with the fundamental and general phase of Personal Efficiency that this course will deal." Workers of all kinds and classes can readily adapt its broad and flexible framework to their own case, and use it as a guide to "vocational efficiency"—the ability to do one's "own job" in the best possible way.

That part of the book which treats of *mental* efficiency, and discusses the treatment and cure of such diseases as fear and the worry habit is, as is fitting, the first and longest part. But the sections devoted to physical fitness, and to such strictly practical matters as time-management and record-keeping sufficiently show that the writer is not of that school of teachers who, on the principle that "matter does not matter," exhort their disciples to "mind only mind." Indeed, his insistence on the close alliance between flesh and spirit, and on the ease with which the sore affliction of the soul can often be reached and healed by some simple remedy applied to the body, is not the least comforting part of his doctrine. The nerve-racked and mentally fatigued reader is especially recommended to the chapter entitled "Rest." He will, emphatically, find there, not only good advice, but good tidings.

We are told in the Preface that the subject matter of the book first appeared in the form of a Correspondence Course. The book itself retains some of the best characteristics of that form—for example, an absence of "padding," and a steady onward movement from one gained point to the next. Each chapter is furnished with a little set of "Review Questions," by which the student, as he journeys, may test his own advance; and the answers to which he will find, duly set forth, in an illuminating Appendix.

The publishers, as is usual, are to be congratulated on the neat get-up and truly excellent type.

Altogether, a valuable little manual, and a worthy contribution to that New Thought which we expect and require from a world made new.

G. M. H.

THEOSOPHY AND RECONSTRUCTION. By C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. 7½ ins. × 4½ ins., pp. x. + 176. Adyar, Madras, India; London; Benares; and Krotona, U.S.A.: Theosophical Publishing House. Price Rs. 1-8 (or 2s. net).

I THINK that I should be inclined to criticize modern Theosophy generally as being at once too doctrinaire and too aloof from the actualities of ordinary life. But this fine and notable volume of essays and addresses by Mr. Jinarājadāsa, so far from laying itself open to any such criticism, exhibits the very opposite qualities in a most satisfactory degree. I can, in fact, write of the book only in very high terms of praise. It is the work of a man who has thought and studied deeply and to some purpose both the wisdom of the East and that of the West. It covers a very wide ground, which I can best describe by enumerating the various headings. These are—"Theosophy and World Reconstruction," "Old and New Ideals in Education," "Brotherhood and Religion," "Theosophy and the Modern Search for Truth," "War and Civilization," "Theosophy and Higher Civics," "The Future Ideals of Art," and "The Search for God." On each of these important topics the author has something of value to say, and he possesses a happy knack of apt illustration and the gift of originality. The lecture "Theosophy and Higher Civics" is especially fine. "One of the most profound changes," writes Mr. Jinarājadāsa, "is the thought that the State exists *for the individual*, and not the individual for the State." The ancients thought otherwise, but this new and "most revolutionary idea" (as our author calls it) "comes naturally from all the previous stages in our civilization." Mr. Jinarājadāsa, and I too, would that this idea were actualized, and the thought—the great thought—permeating this lecture, and, indeed, the whole of this book, is the thought of Brotherhood. That is the great ideal that will prove the world's Salvation—we must find God in our brother man, be he never so lonely.

As concerns modern education, Mr. Jinarājadāsa criticizes it, and I think he is right, in that it fails to enable its product—the educated man or woman—to take a synthetic view of life; and he lacks a synthesis, lacks a grasp of life. But I cannot deal here with one iota of the good things in this book. It is cheap enough in all conscience, in these days of inflated prices, and the reader of this review, whoever he may be, cannot do better than buy it and read it for himself.

H. S. REDGROVE.

CLAUDE'S SECOND BOOK. Edited by L. Kelway-Bamber, Editor of "Claude's Book." With an Introduction by Ellis Thomas Powell, LL.B., D.Sc. With a Portrait and Diagram. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, W.C. Price 6s. net.

READERS of Claude's first book—wherein a young airman, killed in the War, describes to his mother his initial impressions of life after death—will welcome this continuation of the records and will agree with Dr.

Ellis Powell that it is a marked advance upon the earlier ones, and that, to quote Dr. Powell's Introduction, "Claude is in nearer touch with the actualities of the other sphere. He is keenly anxious to explain its fundamental truths in terms of this life; and as he is now in closer contact with, and possesses a more incisive appreciation of, the conditions of the life beyond, he performs his task well." The phrase, "in terms of this life," is illuminating and valuable. Among the most interesting of the many themes and problems on which Claude dilates, the chapter "Ideal Sitters" contains a perfect mine of wealth. It would be good indeed were it studied carefully by all "sitters" and would-be investigators. Then might there be fewer thorns and tangles on the Psychic Way. Claude admirably remarks:—

"It is a purely arbitrary distinction to say that one form of communication is 'higher' than another, and that therefore 'trance' mediumship is preferable to sitting at a table, for instance; it is far less laborious and quicker for the sitters certainly, but not necessarily 'higher' in any sense. The beauty, dignity, and interest of anything received from the other side depends on the sitters. You might as well say it is 'higher' to receive a message from a friend through 'wireless' instead of through the good old-fashioned telegram. (It might be in point of altitude!) After all, it's the subject-matter, and not the method of transmission that is the main thing."

Also in the chapter "Spirit Helpers" there are many pearls of wisdom. Thus, on page 67 he says:—

"As a matter of mercy, spirits are allowed to return to give their friends the assurance of their continued existence, and so to assuage their grief; but communication is not permitted indefinitely, unless it is for their mutual spiritual benefit. After a time, sitters who go for purely material or selfish reasons find that the spirit-friends fail or have to leave them. A spirit realizes that, after a certain point, he can do no more for his earth-friend; he is not permitted to shoulder every burden, and so make life smooth or easy—even if he could."

Again and again I have received assurances to the same effect as the foregoing. The oftener it is reiterated the better.

Claude remains equally insistent on reincarnation. But he has discovered that it is a matter of individual choice, and is by no means compulsory. His explanation of "Dual Personality" is extremely ingenious, and the concluding chapter on "Prayer" is, as Dr. Ellis Powell remarks, "a perfect gem of exposition"; it is reasonable and helpful to a degree.

EDITH K. HARPER.

WHY DO WE DIE? An Essay in Thanatology. By Edward Mercer. D.D. (Oxon). 7½ ins. × 4½ ins., pp. viii + 202. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., 68-74 Carter Lane. E.C.4 (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Price 4s. 6d. net.

I SHOULD not like to be called upon to estimate off-hand the number of works purporting to solve the problem of what happens after death; but the correlated question, Why do we die? has received, comparatively speaking, scant attention. It is, however, a scarcely less important inquiry; and for this reason, if for no other, this cautiously-written book by the former Bishop of Tasmania is very welcome. A large portion of the work is in the nature of a survey: it is in the section entitled "Mona-

dology " that we come to grips with the problem, and Dr. Mercer tells us why, in his opinion, death comes to every organism. It is because the organism is not an individual, but a society, that it dies. The theory is mainly the Leibnitzian one, tintured slightly—so it seems to me—with the views of Metchnikoff. The organism is a grouping of monads, of primary will centres, co-operating together for the achievement of their own education and advancement. When the purpose of their co-operation is accomplished—when, that is to say, any particular grouping has become not a help but a hindrance to development—the society is broken up and the organism dies.

It is no doubt an interesting hypothesis ; but does it solve any problems ? If the universe is a vast collocation of monads, then, as Dr. Mercer says, there is no such thing as dead matter. Is that not tantamount to saying that death is not a fact ? and is it possible to explain a fact by denying it ? How do the monads function after the death of the organism which they constituted ? In one place Dr. Mercer writes as though they functioned as those forms of life that produce putrefaction. Is this an advance ? And suppose the organism is burnt, so that only inorganic matter is obtained ? (But, of course, no matter is inorganic.) And what of that monad which I call *me* ? That is the one I am most interested in. How do I function after death ? Dr. Mercer may rightly reply that such a question is beyond the confines of his book. Very well. Then I will ask, How do I function now ? If every cell is a society of monads, what particular cell is it for which I am responsible. It seems to me that on this question of the nature of the Ego the monadistic theory will be found wanting. But, as I have said, it is an interesting theory and Dr. Mercer has produced a very readable account and defence of it. The book is well worthy of the attention of all students, even if they—like myself—are unable to accept its conclusions *in toto*.
H. S. REDGROVE.

KRISHNA THE CHARIOTEER. By Mohini M. Dhar, M.A., B.S.
London: Theosophical Publishing House. Price 4s. 6d.

THIS is a second edition of a utilitarian and scholarly glossarial account of that Bible of Hindustan—the immortal Song Celestial or Bhagavad Gita. Such an interpretation of Krishna's mighty creed and code of exquisite ethics could not fail to be of value to the earnest student and inquirer. The stern devotion to duty which animates the spiritual East is especially stimulating after our recent catastrophic war, as Krishna's advice to Arjuna was given upon the field of battle.

The Bhagavad Gita stands alone in its subtle definitions of moods, emotions, perceptions and those inner, higher qualities of man for which European languages have no articulate expression. As Zangwill put it, " Language is a net which catches the fish but lets the ocean slip through." It is only in the tongues in which Krishna and Buddha taught, that this lingual net imprisons and presents to mortal sense a little of that everlasting and Immemorable Sea. It is the jewel in the lotus-heart—the "*Om mane padme hum*"—the dew-drop which slips into the shining deeps of changeless wisdom.

Shri Krishna's immortal message finds a lucid exponent in Mr. Mohini Mohan Dhar.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.