

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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

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

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

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

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

VOL. XXXI.

FEBRUARY 1920

No. 2

NOTES OF THE MONTH

WHAT is it like to die in battle? We receive of course many accounts which tell us of the earth side of this experience, from those who have been severely wounded, and yet come back to life, and perhaps health, in the end. But what is it from the point of view of those who have actually passed over in the midst of battle? What, in short, is the other side of the experience?

THE OTHER
SIDE OF
DEATH IN
BATTLE.

The coming to on another plane of being? This is one of the points on which J. S. M. Ward's new book, *A Subaltern in Spirit Land*,* throws a good many curious side lights, and they all tend to confirm the oft-repeated statement received through numerous mediums and clairvoyants, that those who pass over, especially under conditions of great excitement, fail entirely at first to realize the fact that they have left the physical plane. This is how the Subaltern himself narrates the story of his own death:—

"We had been shelled for some time, and gradually the bombardment increased in intensity. Then, as you know, they battered in the trenches

* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 6s. net.

near us on either side, and finally rushed them. However, we drove them back, and barricaded the ends of our trenches. Then the Boche seemed to get mad, and rained heavy stuff on us. I don't know how long this went on, but our parapets went all to pieces. Suddenly I felt an awful blow, and seemed to be falling, falling, falling. I found myself in utter darkness, and my first thought was that the dug-out had been blown in and I was entombed alive. I found, however, that I could move about, and soon realized that there was something strange in the matter, for I seemed to be able to go about much farther than I could have in a dug-out.

"It did not occur to me that I was dead, but I felt dazed and as if everything around me were unreal. I thought, perhaps, I was wounded, and felt all over my body, but could find no damage. All the while I heard the roar and crash of the guns. I groped around, and then began to call. No one came. I thought, 'Of course, they can't get here during the bombardment, they will have to wait till it's over.'

"Then I thought 'I'll have a smoke,' but, somehow, could not find my things. All the while I felt strangely dazed. Time seemed to drag slowly along. By degrees I began to distinguish new sounds and to perceive things in the darkness.

"I heard voices, and called, but got no answer. Then I distinctly heard German spoken, and kept jolly quiet. I thought perhaps the trenches had been taken at last.

"Soon I heard a savage shout, and it was in English. Then a whirling mass of struggling men, dark and shadowy, swept past me. Then more and more. To and fro the conflict rolled.

"Next moment the tide of battle rolled up and engulfed me. I fired my revolver full into the face of a German, but it seemed to make not the slightest difference.

"A Boche drove his bayonet into my chest, and I felt the pain for a moment, but still went on fighting, and forgot all about it. I seized a man by the throat and he seized me, and we rolled to the ground together and were separated by the press of the battle."

So the struggle continued to rage, the struggle on the astral plane which was the duplicate of the battle on earth, around the combatants pitch dark night, moonless and starless. It seemed to go on interminably, and time had no longer any meaning. In the midst of this the Subaltern heard the words of his own burial service, as of voices in the far distance, and the sounds of spades and digging, but he associated no meaning with them.

At last he called to the German with whom he had been fighting: "Why the devil don't you die? I have shot you dead three times." The German laughed. "You fool," he cried, "how can I? Don't you realize that we are all dead here? Yes, and are in Hell, and for ever must go on fighting without rest, for ever and ever!" "Lies!"

exclaimed the Subaltern. The German sprang towards him and

THE SUBAL-
TERN OVER-
HEARS HIS
OWN
BURIAL
SERVICE.

drove his bayonet through his body. "If you are alive, why don't you die now?" he asked. And the Subaltern knew that he spoke the truth. Finally, after fighting through endless crowds of struggling spirits, he found his way to a stony knoll and sat down, and then first heard his brother's voice calling him through the black night.

"I saw you" (he narrates), "faintly in an unfamiliar room, and heard you ask me for a sign, and after struggling desperately for some time, I seemed to write something, telling you I was there. Then you faded away, and once more I was surrounded by a raging host of fiercely fighting men, and broke from them and fled; fled wildly across endless stony wastes, over sand dunes, across sodden, muddy, heavy fields, stumbled and fell into pools and quagmires, and sank down at last by the wayside."

At length he tried to collect his scattered senses and piece the situation together. Where was he? he asked himself, and what was this wild, chaotic nightmare land? Was it Hell, as the Boche had said, or was it the Astral Plane? For had not his brother talked to him about this in days when they were together on earth? At last the brother reappeared in one of his trance visits.

"I was aware" (says the Subaltern) "of a friendly presence stealing slowly through the darkness. How slowly it seemed to come! Then, at length, I saw you. You seemed different from the others; less substantial in some ways, or was it more substantial? I cannot say. One thing I noticed, that from you there trailed away a silver cord thin as a hair, but going clean out of sight. None of the others I had seen had that."

Later on the Subaltern (Rex) had] to do his share of the work in coming to the rescue of those who had met with a like experience to himself. Under the charge of "the Officer" a band of rescuers, himself among them, descended to the battlefield near Ypres.

"I could see" (he says) "the shadowy still-living leap from their trenches as the barrage lifted, and charge over No-man's-land towards the Germans. One after another men toppled over. Some lay groaning, but from others a brighter and more substantial form emerged, and with rifle in hand—mark that!—followed in the direction the living had gone! Fresh bodies of still living men surged over No-man's-land, pressing around through the newly dead. The latter paid but little heed to them, but flew at the throats of the astral Germans and fought like furies."

It was the Subaltern's business to draw these astral fighters out of the *mêlée*, stop them in their useless task, and make them understand that they were dead. He caught hold of the arm of one with this object. The man turned round and cursed him roundly, calling him a coward.

" 'I am your superior officer,' I replied. 'Come with me.'

" 'Superior officer be d—d,' he replied. 'You're not of my regiment, and may be a German dressed up in our togs. I'm not coming out of the fight at your orders. Let go, or I'll put my bayonet into you.' He was mad with excitement, of course. 'Let go, blast you! I knows my duty. It's to take them trenches. All right, you can have it.' So saying, he rammed the butt of his rifle into my face. It hurt, I can tell you, mental pain, of course, but it felt confoundedly physical at the time. I didn't let go, though.

" 'Look here,' I said, 'you are dead, and I am dead, and all these men are dead. You are not helping to win any trench at all. I'll prove it to you. Drive your bayonet right through my heart, and if I don't die as I should, it will prove it to you.'

" 'Look here, sir,' he said, almost kindly, 'you're balmy. Had a whack on the head, I expect. You run along to one of the dressing-stations, there's a sensible chap. Sorry I gave you that biff, but didn't know you were wrong in the head at the time.'

OTHER SIDE. " 'But I want to prove to you that I am dead,' I replied, 'so stab away; it won't do me any permanent injury.'

" 'No, sir, I'm not going to murder one of our officers just 'cause he's light-headed. Just let me get on with my job—killing Germans, that's my job, not Englishmen.'

" 'I held out my left hand. 'Stick it through that, then,' I cried.

" 'My! You're a brainy one. Want to get home to Blighty. It wouldn't be right if you were not off your chump, though. Still, I reckon it's the best place for you just now. It'll hurt, though, I'll give you five seconds, 'cause I want to be after the others.'

" 'Hurry up,' I said, 'only you've got to see the result.'

" 'Righto! but don't cuss me when it hurts.'

It did hurt, too, for about a minute. He pulled out his bayonet and grinned at me. Slowly the grin faded from his face, and a look of blank amazement came instead.

" 'My Gawd! it's healing up.'

" 'Slowly the gaping wound closed up. You could see the severed edges drawing together. At length not even a scar remained.

" 'Are you satisfied?' I inquired.

" 'I am dotty, I think,' he murmured.

" 'No, you're not; you're dead. Come a little way out of the scrimmage and you'll be able to prove it.' "

Finally the Subaltern was able to satisfy his comrade that he was really dead. They stood on one side and watched a bayonet fight between an Englishman and a German. First one was stabbed to the heart and then the other, but it made no difference. They started fighting again just the same.

" 'Damn it,' said Whiting (the man whom the Subaltern had rescued), 'the Hun's been killed twice, and our fellow once already, and there they are at it again.'

The man was convinced at last, but remarked that he had

thought it was a much harder job to die than it proved to be. What troubled him was not his own death, but leaving behind the wife and kids.

There was plenty of rescue work to be done on the battlefields of earth by those who had passed over to the Astral Plane.

"On the Astral Plane," said Rex, "we are still subject to earth influences. It is usual to speak as if earth influences are all to the bad, but this is not so. Here you can redeem past failings by doing good on the earth plane and cleanse your spirit of earthly lusts and faults, but also, of course, you can hanker after forbidden earthly pleasures, and in a dim mockery of a way can enjoy them, but to your bane."

Both the two preceding records are of deaths on the battlefield. There is another curious account of the death of a certain Captain B., who died of wounds shortly after. He came to, fainted, and came to again. Then finally he became unconscious, after which his first recollection was that he was in complete darkness. He groped round and could find no familiar object, but realized that he no longer felt weak and tired.

"I moved my legs" (he says), "rose to my feet, and tried to walk about, but soon found myself held as if by a rope. I hunted for this rope and found it was attached in some mysterious way to my head. I caught hold of it and tugged, but could not loosen it, so I ran my hand backwards till I came to the place where it ended—in nothing! This puzzled me a good deal, and I sat down to think things over. After a while I began to get used to the darkness, which resembled a dense fog, and perceived amid it darker shadows, some of which floated to and fro, while others lay still. Suddenly I heard voices close by, even recognized one of them as that of my batman, so I called out to him. He said:

"'I am sure I can hear the Captain's voice.'

"I shouted louder than ever. The shadow moved nearer.

"'Look out!' I cried, and it walked clean through me. It knelt down near a shadowy heap which lay close beside me, and another man knelt also near this heap, and seemed to be doing something to it. I was tremendously puzzled, and thought:

"'I am evidently delirious, but they have found me. I doubt, however, if they are in time.'

"The other man suddenly cried out:

"'He's gone, poor fellow!'

"My batman replied:

"'But, sir, I heard him call.'

"'Imagination, my man, or perhaps some other poor fellow. In fact, I can hear some one even now.'

"'But, sir, I know his voice.'

"'Rubbish! The man has been dead for two or three hours.'"

They agreed to take the Captain's body back. As Captain B. narrates :

"The shadowy form was lifted by the two other shadows, and as it began to move away, I felt myself dragged in the same direction."

Again, as in previous instances, the Captain heard the words of the burial service. As the man turned to go for the last time, he heard his batman remark :

"'It is strange, Harry, but I could swear it was his voice, and what is more, I have heard it several times since.'

"I heard no more," the Captain continued. "I was dead, and yet living. What did it all mean? I passed my hands over my body and face. I had a body and yet they had buried something. Why could I not get away? I gave a desperate tug. I nearly skipped with joy. I could move. I was free."

He wandered away into the fog, which gradually became less dense, and presently saw further fighting going on. He reflected.

"These men also are dead, for I see them run through and through, and yet they rise and fight again."

At this point a private consulted him.

"'Excuse me,' he said, 'but am I dead or alive?'"

The Captain replied that he thought he was dead, but was not quite sure. The private agreed that he was probably right, as his leg had been blown off by a bomb, but now he found it safe and sound as before.

"'Made a fair mess of me, it did, but not a mark now, so I must have gone West.'"

They compared notes about the fighting they had witnessed.

"'The combatants,' said the Tommy, 'make a fair row when the bayonet sticks into them.'

"'Yes, so I noticed,' said the Captain, 'but it doesn't stop their fighting as it would on earth.'

"'Talking of earth, sir, what are we on now?' His question flummuxed me, and I told him so."

Captain B. carried no counterpart of his earthly weapons, for his slow death from wounds enabled him to realize that he was dead, and the consequent futility of continuing the battle. The rope in the captain's case was of course the magnetic cord by which the astral counterpart is attached to the physical form. The curious point to note is that the captain could feel the cord but not the body to which it was attached—or perhaps it had but recently become separated from the physical frame.

Another interesting record of death on the battlefield is that of Private Dowding.*

"I have (he writes) a perfectly clear memory of the whole incident. I was waiting at the corner of a traverse to go on guard. It was a fine evening. I had no special intimation of danger until I heard a whizz of a shell. Then followed an explosion. I crouched involuntarily, but was too late. Something struck, hard, hard, against my neck. This is the only unpleasant incident that I can remember. I fell, and as I did so, without passing through any apparent interval of unconsciousness, I found myself outside myself. . . . Death for me was a simple experience, no horror, no long-drawn suffering, no conflict. . . . I lost consciousness and slept soundly. . . . When I woke my body had disappeared. How I hunted and hunted! It began to dawn upon me that something strange had happened, although I felt that I was in a dream, and should soon awake. My body had been buried or burnt, I never knew which. Then the shock came. It came without any warning, suddenly. I had been killed by a German shell. I was dead! . . . I simply felt free and light. My being seemed to expand. These are mere words. I can only tell you just this, that death is nothing unseemly or shocking. So simple is the passing on experience that it beggars description."

Private Dowding when he died did not find himself, as in previously recorded instances was the case, among the combatants. He was no longer carrying on the battle on the astral plane. Probably this was because his interest in the fighting was less than that of the average combatant. When he came to, everything to him was "distant, minute, misty, unreal." Guns were being fired, but they might have been millions of miles away. Only as in innumerable other cases in the early hours after death, "the sense of loneliness deepened." He did not understand how it came about that he was dictating to his amanuensis, but he realized that the amanuensis was setting down just what he impressed upon him. "I cannot [he said] see your pen, but I see my ideas as they are caught up and whirled into form in your mind."

Somewhat similar is another record of a soldier killed in battle. He narrates it as follows, on coming back to communicate to a friend on the earth plane:

"Darkness came over me. I felt the earth strike hard against me. I had fallen. When or how I was wounded I could not tell. I was in no pain, but I could not move. . . . Then I heard the hoarse voices of fierce combatants. They made a stand directly over where I lay. One was aiming his piece directly over me, when he was struck dead. He fell across me. I endeavoured to move so as to shake off the dreadful pres-

* *Private Dowding*. London: J. M. Watkins. 2s. 6d. net.

sure on my chest, but I was too weak. The artillery came up at a run towards me. . . . The iron-hoofed horses were on me almost—but no—they passed me. But now the dreadful wheels approached. I saw them coming. One was directly over my eyes. That was the last I remember. Then all was perfect silence. . . . When I awoke I was well, peaceful, happy. John was standing by me apparently in perfect health. 'You here?' I cried in astonishment, 'I thought you were dead.' 'So I am,' he replied. 'So are you.' I failed to realize it. It took me hours to realize that I was really dead, free from the horrors of war."*

Some (it is clear) go on fighting after they have passed out of the body, while others pass quickly on into a more peaceful atmosphere. This is all according to circumstances and temperament. But the experience of death and the return in consciousness to another life seems to be much about the same to all. All have a difficulty in recognizing at the first that they are really dead. "You see," says Private Dowding, "what a small thing is death, even the violent death of war. I had dreamed that something had knocked me down. Now I was dreaming that I was outside my body. . . . If there be a shock it is not the shock of physical death. Shock comes later when comprehension dawns."

Here again there is unanimity in the experiences. The shock in all cases seems to come later—not at the time of death, but when the consciousness realizes its condition, and what death actually means, the cutting off of the individual from all that it clung to in life, and the commencement of a new existence under unfamiliar conditions. Then what he has left behind, what he has left undone in life, and what is before him, troubles the new-born spirit. As for death itself, that is a mere trifle—the moment of transition between one life and another—experienced before its meaning is realized. "Where is my body? Surely I am not dead?" That is the first thought that the new condition arouses when the shock is over and time for reflection has been allowed.

"It was again," says Private Dowding, "as if I had been running hard until, hot and breathless, I had thrown my overcoat away. The coat was my body, and if I had not thrown it away I should have suffocated. I cannot describe the experience in any better way."

Mankind is haunted by the fear of death. But if there is anything of truth in the records we receive from the other side, there is nothing really to be feared in death. "My friends,"

*See article, "Spirit World over a Battlefield," *O.R.*; June, 1915.

says Judge X, "there is nothing to fear in death. It is not harder than a trip to a foreign country—the first trip—to one who has grown oldish and settled in the habits of his own more or less narrow corner of the world. When a man comes out here the strangers whom he meets seem no more strange than the foreign peoples seem to one who first goes among them." The man in short, who passes out into the other world, is, to judge by these

THE NEWLY
DEAD LIKE
THE NEW
BOY AT
SCHOOL.

almost unanimous records, very much like the new boy when he first goes to school. He feels like a fish out of water. He is among strange and unfamiliar faces, and he has not yet attuned himself to the new customs and modes of life under which it is his destiny to live. But after all the human

beings with whom he consorts are very much like those with whom he has associated hitherto. He feels a sense of strangeness, but no real sense of inability to adapt himself to the new conditions when once he gets used to them. It is a temporary sense of embarrassment rather than any consciousness of transformation or total change. Even the new body seems not unlike the old. So Private Dowding writes :

"I am still evidently in a body of some sort, but I can tell you very little about it. It is convenient. Does not ache or tire, and seems similar in formation to my old body. There is a subtle difference, but I cannot attempt analysis."

So, too, writes H.C. in an article which has already appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW :

"The soul becomes the body or vehicle of the spirit after death. This, however, is not the work of a moment. I have seen many of those whose bodies have been very badly shattered before death and watched the gradual process of reconstruction of the spiritual body on the other side. Just as our physical bodies are built up here by slow painful effort, so the spirit body which normally is perfect at death must be rebuilt slowly and carefully after death in those cases where it has been badly shocked before death. In all cases it finally forms and reunites."*

Frequently in the cases of death through shock from accident or in battle, the consciousness requires a comparatively protracted period for recovery, and in certain cases this involves a profound sleep before the spirit recovers the realization of its own identity ;

REMORSE
AFTER
DEATH.

but as soon a death comes pain ceases. The pains are the pains of life, and not of death. But after death in many cases there comes remorse for what has been done or left undone during the earth life ;

or grief for the conditions in which those that are loved have been

* "A Spirit World over a Battlefield."

left behind. If an evil life has been lived and the conscience is not atrophied there comes intense remorse for the sins that have been committed in the body. And this remorse finds its most acute form in that retrospect of the life on earth which comes to all when consciousness leaves the physical frame—that retrospect and rehearsal which is a critical review by each individual of his own earthly career, and in which he sees every episode of his life in succession as if it passed before him on a cinema screen.

Here, again, records are practically unanimous. If we can judge from these scripts from the other side, few, if any, escapes this terrible ordeal of self-criticism.

The experiences above narrated certainly give no support to orthodox traditions with regard to the other world, nor do they give colour to those inchoate and vapid metaphysical conceptions so dear to the hearts of churchmen like Dean Inge, and thinkers of the stamp of Mr. Sydney Klein. They are doubtless open to the criticism of those who contend that any resemblance between this plane and the next is an impossibility. But what such critics fail to intimate is what, in their view, the other world is actually like, and they certainly leave us under the impression

CRITICS
WHO ARE
CRITICS
ONLY.

that any possible description of it that might be forthcoming would be equally the subject of their satire and ridicule. They are, generally speaking, ready enough to admit that consciousness survives, but that it survives in any conceivable form they are equally prepared to deny. Surely this is a ludicrous position to adopt. It has, of course, the advantage from their point of view that having no positive belief to defend they render their own position immune from attack. Their strength, however, is merely the strength of Brer Rabbit, to "lay low and say nuffin." I have often thought that, in spite of the proverb, silence is not as golden as it is painted. A reputation for wisdom which is solely based on a capacity for holding one's tongue, has after all not much real value. The man who speculates may be wrong, but it is only by being prepared to make mistakes that the truth is ever arrived at. Here at least we obtain a singular uniformity of records, and the fact that they come from those who have so recently passed over adds, as it appears to me, to their weight. Where we get the greatest discrepancies in such communications is in matters of opinion rather than of fact—in matters, that is, on which the judgment of those who have passed over is presumably no sounder than that of those who still occupy their physical

bodies. Why, indeed, should it be so? Why, for instance, should the incident of death bring knowledge of such an abstruse problem as the question of reincarnation—a problem with which those who pass on to the astral plane are not, in all probability, brought into contact in any way. If reincarnation is a fact, surely the rebirth takes place from some far higher plane, which is only reached after a long sojourn in intermediate spheres. The opportunity for obtaining evidence on such a point there is probably far less than that available here for knowledge of life in the adjacent astral regions. The same argument obviously applies to many other questions relating to the after life, and its ultimate issues. Such evidence as we possess points to the fact that conditions on the adjoining spheres are transitional in character. "We have no abiding city here" is a text surely as applicable to the astral as to the earth plane. There, too, we may well be content to repeat the familiar lines of Cardinal Newman's famous hymn :

I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

NIGERIAN SUPERNATURALISM

By JOHN M. STUART-YOUNG

PART I

ALBEIT I am now a matter of fifteen years resident in Western Africa, it is no easy task for me to detach my instincts and predilections from the purely European view-point. Civilized intellectualities are very different from barbaric speculations. Until one can get "at the back of the black man's mind"—as Mr. Dennet has done so successfully that he cannot get at the front of his white readers' understanding!—one cannot, even remotely, pretend to pose as an authority on superstitious methods of nature worship, and *fetish* conditions of the religious life.

At the outset, the European student must give the Nigerian native credit for a high intelligence, a genuine and austere morality (polygamic in truth, but withal hygienic and inoffensive) a sincere knowledge of his environment, and an unaffected spiritual introspection.

The fact that the native of Nigeria in general, and Onitsha in particular, is uncommunicative by instinct, where his private and inherited beliefs are concerned—disinclined to part with knowledge (save to proven friends) and reticent, in a high degree, in the matter of his rites and their significance—has misled many sound observers into the assumption that he is dull and slow-witted. The average Englishman, with his own unlovable personality; his cold and calculating methods of investigation; his contempt for everything that is not "logical" or "reasonable," generally freezes what slight inclination the negro may have toward confidence. The Englishman's calmness and deliberation have certainly made him the finest colonizer of the tropics known to history. But what should continue to be a scheme of survey has now degenerated into a system of mere cataloguing—and the average Government official, the Trading Man, and I may not even except the Missionary!—is now, more or less, content to accept the sweeping generalization that the negro thinks on an infinitely lower plane than the white man—and thenceforward he is acquiescent to the condition which makes him a human machine for the extraction of statistics: data which the native,

cynically enough, seeks to render as misleading as possible in its ultimate value !

Now I must assume as my platform of thought that the moment we begin to regard the Supernatural as the merely " Natural," we are well on the way toward making it so ! All the terrors of non-knowledge are discounted ; a menace ceases to exist ; a torment no longer obsesses. The negro, having a heart (and a warm and kindly heart), besides a head (and a good and reliable head), is only afraid of the Supernatural in measure with his *ignorance* of its beneficent influences. Belief in the existence of the spirit is very secure—but lack of confidence in the ALL GOOD has resulted in a sort of perpetual panic when anything untoward occurs. To the Ighbos (Onitsha *hinterland*) and to the Onitshas the spirit—or the soul, for the words appear to be interchangeable—is peculiarly alive after death, and even when the body is at rest. There is absolutely nothing in the natural world that can impede the soul's freedom, if that freedom has been *earned*—and spirits are everywhere, always.

This may not be a comfortable sort of theory for a black night, in a lonely station. Yet everything depends, as I have already remarked, on the degree of confidence with which one views the supernatural world.

Let us, first, realize something of the external life of the native of Nigeria. In the delta, he has ever around him the paralysing monotony of the swamps. Nature has forgotten to smile there. She wears her dullest clothes. She has no votaries of bird or flower to beguile the dull hours. Here are the turgid and sluggish waters of the great Niger, waters that devitalize even the exuberance of the Atlantic for the sub-reaches of the nearer shores. Ooze and slime and mud ; malaria and insect pests and distressing smells ; reptile and saurian and simian life that is hideously repulsive—all these are linkings of the prehistoric past with the promising present. Despair seems to clasp, with rude insistence, the hands of Hope. Everything in earth, air and water seems to be robbed of its significance by the depressing memory of sorrows and sufferings that are as incomprehensible as they are infinite !

And, even when we leave the dismal swamps, and reach the mid-slopes of the Southern and Central Provinces, we are met by phenomena of a dismaying kind. Here are interminable forests, where lurk the python, the constrictor, the iguana ; the leopard, the fox and the wolf ; simians of a score and one varieties. Where the forest has had to retreat before the incur-

sions of the river are to be found miserable creeks, in which bask crafty crocodiles, and where swim puzzling manatees, slimy catfish, or where loathsome crabs keep company with ungainly hippos, and where the unfrightened mammoths of an earlier age plunge through the undergrowth. Withal, the insect life has increased, rather than diminished, in its harrying ubiquity. There is the dangerous mosquito, the presumptuous mangrove-fly, the skin-scarifying sandfly, the clumsy mantis, the lizard, the ant, the beetle.

Can one wonder, then, that the belief in supernaturalism does not add to the tranquility and dignity of such a troubled existence? The horrors of sacrifice become understandable, if we accept the primary postulate that only human blood can propitiate the malevolence of some excessively powerful nature spirit. If one seeks, in honesty of desire, to *understand* the clues of this degrading rite of sacrifice, one finds something worthy of respect in the average negro's belief in, and reverence for, the Unseen. The duty of Civilization is to wean them from their fear—but, in that laudable effort, do not let us exterminate what must be a healthy *belief* in the continuity of life beyond the grave. We must make, as I have tried to prove, every possible allowance for climate, food, health and training, in viewing these abused credulities.

The attention of the thinking white man or woman is held, mainly, by the workaday world—those constantly changing factors of material progress which enthrall us from the cradle to the coffin. "Live the present; work hard for the future; learn something of the world in which you exist; leave the unknown to wait its own good time!"—this would appear to be the sane philosophy of the civilized races of the world. But the negro has never had occasion to hold these engrossing cares on the material plane, and his step in the march of civilization is almost inaudible—hence it is that the Supernatural World has become to him an acutely genuine region of mental activity.

I have shown, in various of my articles on West African *fetish*, that there is nothing a native of Nigeria dreads more than witchcraft. A second terrible aversion is that of the enforced disembodiment of the soul. The "wandering spirit," without definite goal or ambition, is not merely an outcast from the peace which his relations have vainly sought to bestow, but he is, also, lost to all sympathetic communion with higher spirits and with willingly-impressionable mortals.

Although, as I have said, the words *soul* and *spirit* are capri-

ciously used, there are two distinct words in Ighbo (or Ibo) for the meaning conveyed to the educated mind—"Nkpulobe" being the soul, the essential being, while "Moa Moa" is the active consciousness, the force of character, the mentality, the individuality, while it is encased in an earthly frame.

When a native meets me on the road, and exclaims, "O'Dazi, Moa!" I realize that a subtle compliment is meant. The sense implied is held in the suggestion: "What a strong-spirited, hard-working sort of fellow you are, O'Dazi!"

Curiously enough, the belief in a spiritual force behind matter is carried right through the scheme of creation. Just as Cuku (Chookoo) *God* is higher than Madu (Mandoo) *Man*, and Man is higher than Anorfia (Ah'n'orfia) *Beast*, so *Beast* is higher than any member of the bird or vegetable kingdom. Yet, right down to the tiniest blade of grass, there is "Moa Moa." The carpenter, adjusting his spirit-level, and admiring the delicate precision with which the tiny vacuum in the glass tube aids the water in finding the "plumb," will exclaim in wonderment, "Mili, Moa!" (Water, what a clever little devil you are!)

"Moa," in this way, is fully equivalent to the French *Moi*—it certainly means: "I, the one who is now speaking to you, myself, *me!*"

There is, throughout one's investigations, the tremendous difficulty of native inarticularity. One cannot force knowledge. I have had many a quiet chuckle over Sir Harry Johnston's "lightning" methods of induction, and have marvelled to see our tame reviewers lauding his studies as "exhaustive—reliable—the result of laborious investigation." Were the West Coast negro so accessible to Culture, we should have made greater progress than we can now claim to have done! Could I re-live the last fifteen years (I came to the Coast before I attained my majority) I should devote myself whole-heartedly to winning the confidence of the native. But Fate has made of me a traderman, a palm-oil ruffian—and I am so engrossed in the degrading practice of "barter" that my art as a *littérateur* has sadly declined.

I live then among a people who have not yet risen to the height of caligraphy—who have not even a "picture" language. All their traditions are oral—all their history is speculative. Unless stirring events occur—a battle, a complete migration from one district to another, an invasion by an ultimate absorption of an unthinking belligerent army, a new dynasty of *fetish* exponents, or a change of the royal house—the records of one century have been almost the same or exactly the same as the

last . . . until we Europeans came ! And when it is confessed that the British Government has held the reins for only eighteen years, and that the first traders to "penetrate" the *hinterland* only date back to early Victorian days, it will be seen that events in the physical and spiritual evolution of the Nigerian native are difficult to comprehend with accuracy.

My travels through what used to be known as Southern Nigeria have convinced me that the religion of this huge tract of land is practically the same everywhere. The finer distinctions of "Moa Moa," or personality, cannot always be expounded by the native. But, in his own keen way, he can appraise the differences between the various stages of evolutionary growth.

I shall never forget the bright animation, nor the warm approval, that shone on Bosa's face (he is now twenty-three years of age) when I explained to him the different spiritual developments of vegetable, animal and human. He had asked me to show him how much of God there was in a stone.

I felt tempted to quote William Watson's fine exposition of the Unknown God :—

The God I wot of, I shall ne'er
 Know, though He dwells exceeding nigh !
 ' Raise thou the stone and find Me there ;
 Cleave thou the wood, and there am I !'
 Yea ! In my flesh His spirit doth flow,
 Too near—too far—for me to know !

I forebore. I tried to be a little simpler.

"God is in everything, Bosa-kins," I declared. "But he is not in a stone in the same degree that He is in a man. You see, a stone *is*. It exists—but it does not feel. A plant *is* also—but a plant *feels*. It can bleed. It has sap, which is very like your blood. There are plants, as you know, that shrink away from the touch. There are others that die at once, if they are cut so that they bleed. Then, let us take animals. Any sort of a beast *is*. It exists. It also *feels*, in the same way that the vegetable kingdom does. But in addition to existing and feeling, it *perceives*. You may see that fact demonstrated in the habits of the squirrel, the wolf or the leopard. When we reach the higher plane of domesticated animals, like the dog or the horse, for instance, we find that *something else* is added. A dog *knows*. Its perceptions have given it such a measure of knowledge that it has become the friend and companion of man. It *is* : it *feels* : it *perceives* : and—it *knows*. Now, man is

infinitely higher than them all—for he lives and feels and perceives and knows, *and he knows that he knows!*”

Bosa ejaculated his wonder, and I asked him to repeat the story of how God gave to white men the right to claim knowledge, and left the negro dependent upon agriculture for his existence. (This legend, by the way, exists in a score of forms, throughout the world; and is—in Nigeria—taught to every child by its parents.)

Once, God made a small place of mud and water, which was afterwards to become the earth. On this spot He brought forth a man and a woman.

The first inhabitants of the earth begat two sons. The elder was black, the younger white. One day, wishing to bless the offspring of the first man and woman, God let down to earth two bags. One was large and heavy. The other was smaller, and appeared of less value. The choice of these bags was to decide the destinies of the youths. Claiming the rights of seniority, the elder made the first selection. Deceived by the weight of the larger receptacle, and actuated by greed, he found himself in possession of a number of agricultural implements. The younger son, the white youth, opened his bag and found to his joy that it contained money and parchments. God had spoken: the black man had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, while the white man bargained and profited from his brother's labour.

According to Bosa's instruction, disembodied spirits are not constantly appearing. That they exist is more a matter of psychic perception than actual physical observation. Asked if he could describe the appearance of the soul and the spirit, in normal combination, during the life of a human being, he pointed to a large reading lamp on my work-table. In the heavy night air, this was diffusing two distinct circles of light. He compared the diffused outer circle of yellow radiance to the “N'pulobe,” or what we would probably call the subliminal self, while the inner circle of reddish-gold he likened to the normal consciousness, or the “Moa Moa.” It is an ingenious illustration, certainly, and it appeals to me—but whether it is his own inspiration, or based upon a native illustration, I am unable to say.

A violent death is, apparently, the surest avenue toward visitation of the living by the dead—for then the poor spirit has been deprived of its full burial rights. The rite of burial which takes place immediately after death is that of the body only, and a second burial has to take place, some months later,

which is of purely spiritual significance. This second burial marks the soul's passage into eternity. The survivors dare not offer the two complete burial ceremonies to a relation who has met a death that has caused any kind of physical mutilation.

This belief obtains among practically all the "pagan" tribes of Nigeria; and it would not be difficult to prove the blood affinity of the whole of the people. However diversified may be the external characteristics of the Jekri, Ijo, Ibibio, Efik, Igaboenin, Igara, Ibani, Ighbo and Kwa tribes, all are, indubitably, collateral branches of a huge family which must now number close on eight million units. That they ostensibly belong, in these days of "civilized" influence and culture, to separate nationalities; that they give us different dialects; and that there would appear to be nothing save despair in the effort to find the ROOT that shall definitely link their destinies, in no degree vitiates the evidence of the present-day unity of *instinctive* morality, religion, ambitions, limitations and general predilections.

Onitsha, with which district I have been most happily and intimately connected since 1905, has nothing of which one should be ashamed, in comparison with the sister great towns of the delta. Her people are, in truth, the parent tree from which have grown all the branches of the Ighbo people, who inhabit this side of the Niger.

The story goes that, about fifteen generations ago—shall we say, in West Coast calculation, about 300–350 years—Ado-n'Idu stood as the capital of a great and widely-influential kingdom. This central kingdom claimed the allegiance of all the surrounding districts, even down to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. There was an unanimous system of morality, one united religious outlook, one state policy, and one royal family. Oba was the supreme monarch. The Onitsha people were, at that time, merely an appanage state. But they were "free," in the sense that they had never been conquered in battle, and they were everywhere respected and admired.

One day Asiye, the royal mother of the great monarch Oba, went out to gather sticks from the forest (!). She was seized and beaten by the owner of the farms, who complained that she was committing deliberate trespass. She returned to Benin, highly indignant. Benin was the royal city. Arrived in her son's presence she related the indignity she had suffered, and claimed the utmost measure of punishment to the offenders.

Immediately the king ordered this younger brother Gnumara—he was the chief of the state army—to inflict the limit of

revenge. A large army was mustered. The Onitsha people were invaded. The king of the Onitsha district put up a heavy defence. The battle lasted, fiercely, for a day and a half. The Onitshas suffered defeat.

But the king would not surrender. Rather than admit defeat the whole of the people migrated. Apparently they crossed the river. They named the various districts of their landing after their tribal name—Onitsha, Onitsha-Alona, Onitsha-Ubona, etc.

The present town of Onitsha is the *centre* which was chosen by the royal house, from whence was commenced the pacific penetration into the Ighbo interior. Others of the tribe drifted south, while maintaining their allegiance to the king—and Aboh, which is to-day superficially regarded as a different tribe, stands as witness that the great Onitsha people was sufficiently large to *occupy* some fifty square miles of territory.

Tsima (Cheema) was the first king to reign on the new territory. His two sons Ekensu and Oreze (with their families) supported the royal state. To-day the blood descendants of Cheema are the largest landowners of the district. But they have not the royal titles. Under the influence of Roman Catholicism the kingship is now more a matter of political wire-pulling than of blood right; and the present paramount chief is not regarded as the rightful monarch by the majority of his subjects.

In thus abandoning the royal city of Benin, the Onitshas practically identified their ideals with those of the immense Ighbo tribes. So it has come about that to-day it is Ighbo (Ibo) that the Onitshas speak—it is Ibo traditions that they have absorbed—it is Ibo religion toward which they incline.

Many people in Europe are familiar with the word "Ju-ju" without knowing how this slang description of superstition was evolved. The actual word is "Egugu." In Ibo it is a term used to describe an immense idol which contains a powerful spirit. This spirit acts the part of avenger, and makes his appearance forty days after the death of a chief, or of any person holding royal rank. The interested reader will find one of the poems of *The Seductive Coast* devoted to this idol.

The word "Egugu," however, is not pure Ibo. I was amazed to find that it is identical with the Yoruba (Lagos) word "Egugu." The meaning attached to this word by the Yorubas is convincing—that of the spirit of a dead man. When we recall the fact that Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, all bear witness to the wanderings of the Yorubas, after the emancipation of the

American slaves, and the abolition of West African slavery, the universality of the term " Ju-ju " becomes comprehensible. It is highly probable that the lisped word " Ejuju " was introduced to English notice by the first few drafts of freed slaves, that it seized on the imaginations of the sailors, and that it was carried to Europe and America in this way.

Although the Onitshas may sneer at the Bush people of the left bank of the Niger, and may regard them as mentally and physically inferior (which they are not, by the way !) the riverside people have set about the task of emancipation and enlightenment with great zeal. Prior to 1908, it was unusual for an " interior " native to reach the Niger. The Onitshas used to meet them eight to eighteen miles away, and carry on barter at these half-way markets. Government influence, backed by commercial acumen, opened the roads. It may be said that Onitsha commenced to grow in 1909 : and it is now expected that the Ibos will, themselves, journey to Onitsha and trade " on the spot." There is, however, one disquieting feature before the trading world of the middle Niger. The railway that is to penetrate to the Udi coal-fields will attract the produce of the belt on either side of the line, from the Niger river to the Niger delta. Should this happen seriously to diminish the Onitsha proportion of trade, there will be no alternative to constructing a branch line from Udi to Onitsha. In that event, Onitsha would cease to hold its immense interior. It would increase its population at the expense of its trading statistics, and deteriorate into a mere " depôt " for an increasingly active *hinterland*.

It is worthy of notice that the spirit of Cheema, the founder of the Onitsha people, is to be found in the tree which he planted, hundreds of years ago, with his own hand. The pilgrimages to this tree are religiously performed. The Niger Company, the largest trading concern on the river, is to be congratulated in that this tree rests on their land. It claims such spontaneous and grateful allegiance from the people that the attempts of the Government to remove the market place from Niger Company land to a spot farther south are likely to prove abortive.

(To be concluded.)

MODERN NUMEROLOGY

BY CLIFFORD CHEASLEY

THE development of the symbolism of numbers into a method of forecasting events, finding lost articles, and interpreting the character of names and dates is not a new one to the student of the occult, who has observed this development in various forms, injecting itself into the metaphysical studies of every age and almost every race.

At every period in which humanity has undergone great spiritual awakening, the science and philosophy of number symbolism has appeared in a new dress, together with all the other expressions of esoteric teaching which the occasion might call for. Thus we have clear fragments in our records of to-day of Chinese, Persian, Egyptian, Grecian and Hebrew systems all based upon the relation of numbers as symbols of human life.

In the present century this teaching has again appeared to take its part in the reconstruction of civilization along the higher lines following the cycle of lesser development to which the World War was necessarily a climax.

From a census of the teachers and students which the writer is in a position to obtain, it would seem that the Grecian system as developed by Pythagoras, the philosopher of Samos, 600 B.C., is gaining prominence as the form under which this ancient truth is being most generally revived, although here and there appears great local interest in the Chinese systems and the Kabbala.

The latter development, even with the increased interest now being shown in its teachings, could hardly be regarded in the light of a revival, because its basic teachings have really never been allowed to grow dim in the minds and records of occult students, whereas the Pythagorean teachings, like those of the Chinese systems, are almost entirely to be re-discovered.

Whereas the teachings of the Kabbala being founded on fundamental truth, are essentially occult and mystic in their development and could hardly be translated into anything different in any age; the nine fundamental units of Pythagoras with his well remembered "Law of Opposites" lend themselves far more easily to the need of the modern teacher and his students, who are living in an age that must demonstrate a closer and

more apparent unity between intellect and intuition, substance and force.

It would be out of place in a short article to go into too many of the basic teachings, physical and metaphysical, upon which the modern system of numerology is based, because the very best arguments that can be offered for its up-to-date usefulness are a few simple demonstrations by which the reader may test the influence of its conclusions as related to himself. It should be clearly understood before I leave the subject, however, that the modern teachers of numerology realize that the numbers in themselves mean nothing; that they are simply symbols of spiritual force back of the form and expression to which they are related. In this way all thought of "bad" numbers, numbers the very use of which is to bring "bad luck," is taken out of the student's reckoning and affirmative union is automatically made with the one God-Good force, the spiritual reality of the universe itself which, although appearing in many phases of expression, is perfect on every plane.

In fact, it is proved that where an individual has supposedly come under the influence of an "evil" or "bad" number, the reality is that the current of energy represented by this number was in direct opposition, according to its physical and mental destinations, to the natural destinies of his own vibratory development and evolution, and that the position of the individual in question would be like that of a man in a row boat making his way upstream in the face of strong natural currents of physical energy headed in their right direction.

Perhaps one of the best practical demonstrations of this in-harmonious relationship is given by the signature force which in so many instances has proved to be important in interpreting the character of immediate conditions in the life of the individual, the success and failure of self-expression in any work which is undertaken.

To the average individual a signature simply means a convenience, a saver of extra pen strokes through the abbreviation of the full baptismal name, as something to be easily memorized but with no deeper significance. To the numerologist a signature represents a record of the stage of development to which its user has attained in relation with his objective life, and an opportunity to elevate the highest and best in the character and ability of an individual incorporating this as an active vehicle of constructive force in relation with associations and occupations.

Because of the average attitude towards signatures, many

individuals are surrendering themselves to row against the natural currents of forces in their character and lives which, if all were to flow uninterruptedly or properly directed and intensified, would work for ultimate success. These individuals might be said to have as their companions in all effort a kind of unseen malevolent influence which has always to be overcome if the natural ability is to be expressed. Truly a self-created and imposed "devil."

There are a few interesting cases upon record, and possibly many others may be known to the experience of the individual reader who is also an occult student. In these instances experiments have been tried with signatures signed to pictures, articles, books, letters, etc., of importance, with the result that distinct phases of human experience have been tabulated under the different changes and related easily with the numbers brought into action from time to time.

The method by which the number key to the signature is found is by placing a number under each letter of the name and adding until a single digit is produced. The division of the alphabet with the accompanying symbols is as follows:—

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	
	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	
	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z		

This is the realization agreed upon by all students and teachers of the present-day development of the Pythagorean fundamental principles.

It would be possible to give many pages of descriptive matter relative to the practical application of each of the nine numbers to the character of the circumstances attracted by their force; in fact this is successfully done in several books on the subject now on the market. It will suffice for the present illustration to say that signatures showing (1) as their final digit attract creative experiences and expressions; (2) rather negative conditions and associations with all classes of individuals; (3) improvement of the personality and opportunities for self-expression; (4) practical, technical, uninspirational conditions, the need for giving service and engaging in mental and physical effort; (5) experiences of rapid change and precariousness in practical conditions, the need of developing resourcefulness; (6) conditions of responsibility through the care of homes, individuals or institutions; (7) improvement of the subjective understanding; peace,

power and plenty through spiritual vision ; (8) perfection in forms, opportunities to lead, direct, control, manage physical and intellectual expressions ; (9) complete expression on all planes, development of emotion, intuition, impulse and broadness of human understanding.

An example might be made from the signature of Mr. David Lloyd George of how to find the signature number :—

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{L L O Y D G E O R G E} \\
 3+3+6+7+4 \quad 7+5+6+9+7+5 \\
 \quad 2+3 \quad \quad \quad 3+9 \\
 \quad \quad 5 \quad \quad \quad 1+2 \\
 \quad \quad \quad 5 \quad + \quad \quad 3 = 8 \text{ final digit.}
 \end{array}$$

Here is an 8-signature force, attracting name, place and power, direction and control of physical and intellectual conditions. Such a signature added to the natural characteristics of this statesman has materially assisted in the accomplishment of his success and ambitions.

Besides the points of interest which can be gained from the discovery of where our present signature number, belongs, there is practical guidance to be had by scientifically adopting a signature that from all points can assist the development of our abilities and opportunities.

The amateur numerologist is advised not to attempt the choosing of the signatures carelessly, because the very effect sought after can easily be reversed unless proper attention is paid to the intelligence of the individual desiring the signature, the requirements of the work being undertaken, the location of its operation, the associations with which it is to be expressed and the ultimate which the individual has mentally fixed as typifying its success. Providing, however, that one is called in who is competent to choose a signature from these points of analysis in addition to the consideration of the particular number chosen, it is the writer's experience that a practical and almost immediate impetus can be given to any phase of self-expression for which our individual characters fit us, whether in art, education or business.

PSYCHIC UNFOLDMENT: A FEW SUGGESTIONS

By EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "Stead: The Man,
etc., etc.

"Let us remember that if the instrument is out of tune the Great Musician cannot breathe His message through it."—F. FIELDING-OULD.

W. T. STEAD was wont to say that the atmosphere of convents was most favourable for psychical development; and he used often to lament the vast amount of "mediumistic" power held in solution within those cloistered retreats, but unavailable to the world at large. As an alternative, he suggested three months' in gaol. Gaols and convents, he maintained, were the only places where one could be sufficiently apart from the world to find one's own soul.

It is commonly accepted by all but materialists that we are threefold beings, alive on the spiritual, psychical, and physical planes, though not necessarily conscious on each, as we ought to be. A certain writer has finely said*: "The spirit, the innermost, is clothed upon by the soul. The (physical) body is the vehicle for manifestation. . . . Hearing, seeing, touch, and the power to communicate belong to the soul; they are transmitted to a denser body for a divine purpose." In Carlyle's words, we are all "Souls rendered visible." Spiritually it is enough if we are conscious of our oneness with all created life, children of the One God, and we know that the fruits of the spirit are "love, joy, and peace." It is our spiritual consciousness that impels us ever to the search for the good, the beautiful, and the true. But these are abstractions, and are not necessarily involved in what is known as "psychical development," which is a science. A spiritual person—one in whom the gifts of the spirit are always present—may have little or no psychical power and may therefore be unavailing as an instrument for manifesting the permanence of the individual after so-called death. The human brain is the instrument on which the soul (*psyche* or mind) plays, and if that brain be ill-developed the soul is necessarily limited in its power of expression. Sarasate could not have been heard

* *Christ in You.* London: John M. Watkins.

at his best on an imperfect violin. It may be asked why should our invisible friends seek other than highly developed brains through which to express themselves when controlling a physical organism. The answer seems to be that very often so-called uneducated people are more simple-minded and receptive, whereas the much-informed pedant may be altogether too wise in his own conceit to admit impressions from without ; his brain being, as it were, in process of petrefaction.

The foregoing relates, of course, to mental "sensitiveness" in its various phases. The manifestations known as "physical," as they do not involve the mind, depend upon some special peculiarity of the physical body and its aura. I have heard some authorities say that the etheric body is in such cases of a very loose detachable nature. The experiments of the German scientist, Baron von Schrenck, with several sensitives, and of Dr. Crawford of Belfast with Miss Kathleen Goligher, are among the most famous examples at the present time, and all who are interested in this particular phase of biological science and its development ought to read Dr. W. J. Crawford's two masterly and invaluable books, *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena*, and *Experiments in Psychical Science*. These two scientists are dealing with very special and rare types of mediumship, which lend themselves more readily to such stringent scientific investigation than do the extremely subtle and delicate senses of the soul, which the slightest breath of antagonistic incredulity seems often to paralyse and to wither. It is an axiom, therefore, that for perfect psychical unfoldment an absolutely sympathetic environment is necessary, hence the privacy of home surroundings, either of family or friends—when these are sympathetic—is the best atmosphere for the maturing of the human sensitive-plant. "You must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle," insists the Rev. W. Stainton Moses (M.A. Oxon.), "or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded." Yet, who amongst us has not been pestered by unthinking acquaintances, sometimes even strangers, clamouring to be allowed to "sit with you"? It seems selfish to refuse, but wavering may cost you dear! Save us from psychics and gluttons! Imagine a great surgeon allowing vampire outsiders to be present in the operating theatre with himself and his assistants, during a critical operation, just because some one "wanted to know how it was done."

In my opinion there can be no better *starting-point* than the little table, which if rightly used may become a joy for ever. The hackneyed objections about this "trivial and undignified"

method of communing with the unseen is long out of date, like the arguments against the telephone, once described as "that fool talking-machine." It is no more undignified for the Invisibles to manifest their presence by moving a wooden table than it would be for the Archbishop of Canterbury to ring the front-door bell. One of the finest proofs of identity, memory, and affection ever received from the Beyond, came through a little table.*

It cannot be too often repeated, or too strongly emphasized, that no one should ever try to get into touch with the Unseen for merely frivolous reasons, or from any other than the highest motives. Tennyson's beautiful lines from *In Memoriam* are an unerring guide;

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead. . . .

But when the heart is full of din,
And' doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

It has often been stated that the best circle should be composed of men and women alternately placed, but this is not necessary; the real object is to equalize the "positive" and "negative" auras. Men are sometimes quite "negative." In reality the whole circle should be "negative" to the unseen communicators, for it is *they* who are the "positive." An ideal group is said to be composed of seven persons, like the seven colours in the spectrum, or the seven notes of the musical scale. They should meet regularly, if possible once a week, at the same place and time. The presence of a "Jonah," if any, will soon be manifest, and that "Jonah" should be rigorously eliminated. Here is the tragedy, for personal friends can never see why they may not always be perfect sitters, and these things have, unhappily, been responsible for not a few heart-burnings. I have often thought, how different in that respect is the purely psychic realm from the purely spiritual, the Kingdom of Love, which all may enter who will. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you. . . ." It is long since I ceased to take part in circles of any kind, with the very rarest exceptions. For real *development* two friends who find they blend harmoniously together make a

* See *Stead: The Man*, chap. xvii., "A Prophetic Message." London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 5s.

splendid combination; and three is sometimes a perfect and wonderful trichord. Not only at the little table, but when merely sitting together in the twilight, round the fire after tea, is excellent for the unfoldment of the scroll of vision, or for hearing the silvery echoes of voices silent to this world. For :

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more. . . .

I like to think that a day will come when we shall all be able to realize the presence of our unseen friends in just this simple way, and without the need for any mechanical devices, but that cannot be while the windows of our souls are obscured by the dust of the market-place. When we realize that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, then "all these things" shall be added afterward.

It is often asked should persons become vegetarians, or adopt any special rule of life, in order to increase their psychic receptivity. There is no hard and fast rule, but in this connection Miss Lilian Whiting, in her book *The Adventure Beautiful*, aptly remarks: "Almost any one who has embarked on the finer plane of living will find that his system will regulate itself. When he has so developed the preponderance of the ethereal life, all desire for the grosser foods will leave him."

Artificial aids for the development of the inner sight, (clairvoyance), such as gazing at a bright object, or a black dot on white paper, no doubt help concentration, but are harmful to the eyes, tiring to the brain, and therefore should not be indulged in. Our friends from the Other Side have often told us that a quiet garden, among flowers and birds, in sunshine and fresh air, are the conditions most conducive to health of body and soul, and therefore aid every form of psychic gift. Music also opens wide the portals, therefore let it be music indeed, for like attracts like, and very different vibrations are evoked by

the Ave Maria of Schubert, and the strident horrors of a "jazz" band.

The ouija-board and the planchette are favourite means of obtaining communications, but I am not fond of either. Some remarkably interesting results have been obtained through the ouija board, by Mrs. Travers Smith, and published by her in a little book entitled *Voices from the Void*.* She gives many details and practical hints for development. A very remarkable book, *Jap Herron*, was published some time ago in America; it was a novel written through the ouija board, purporting to be by the late Mark Twain, using two American ladies as his intermediaries. This book also gives a very full account of the development of these two wonderful sensitives. The ouija-board is very simple, merely the alphabet with a pointer on which two sitters lightly place their finger-tips. The pointer moves from letter to letter, often very swiftly, pausing at each letter required, until a word is spelt. A third person should act as note-taker, jotting down each letter as it comes. The planchette is simply a thin oval piece of wood, to which a pencil is attached, and must be placed on a large sheet of paper. Two sitters should place their finger-tips lightly on its surface and allow the pencil to travel over the paper at will. After some indefinite scrawling words or sentences may be written. Only by their purport, if any, may their value be gauged. A high-minded intelligence will certainly indicate when it is desirable to cease, and *on no account* must the experiment be continued for that time. I knew a case in which the word *Manana* (Spanish, to-morrow) was invariably written as an order to stop, and any incautious further attempt only resulted in an exquisitely neat series of zig-zag patterns. Would that all unseen messengers were as conscientious, and as careful of their intermediaries! But, personally, I prefer the simple little wooden table, concerning which many a volume might be written. I think it is generally known that communications are given through it by means of the alphabet, which should be slowly spelt aloud, the table tilting when the required letter is reached; for brief answers to questions, three tilts means "Yes," two "Uncertain," and one "No," but any code may be agreed upon, provided both sides clearly understand. Lay the fingers lightly on the table; there is no need to join hands, thumbs must not touch each other.

There is no need to sit in complete silence, a "tense" and too expectant attitude of mind is not good, indeed is rather detri-

* W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d.

mental. Calmly await results, with the quiet belief that those to whom you are attached by links of love and sympathy will naturally wish to try to open the door. At first, a slight vibrating movement may be felt in the table, or a slight tap may sound in or upon it. Again, it may swerve suddenly and bend toward one of the sitters. This last is usually understood to be a personal greeting. Welcome the visitant with the same courtesy you would show to an expected friend. Sometimes the spelling of a name may mean that a "deputy" is moving the table on behalf of would-be communicators who may yet have to learn the science for themselves.

If this were more generally understood, mistakes and contradictions might be fewer. Often after a time a kind of phonetic spelling is used by the Invisibles, obviously to save "power." The letter "u," for instance, means "you"; "r" means "are"; "c" means "see"; and contractions like "cd," "wd," for "could" and "would," "bn" for "been," "da" for "day," and so on, though at first cryptic and confusing, gradually become as simple as significant. As said before, the signal to close must never be disobeyed. This rule cannot with impunity be ignored, for here it is that mischief may ensue and "impersonators"—tramps and vagrants of the Borderland—may intrude. To two sitters of my acquaintance the "Good-night" signal is always given by the table bowing to the four points of the compass, making, as it were, the sign of the Cosmic cross.

One often hears aspirants say they would like to develop automatic writing, trance-speaking, or that rarest of gifts "the Voices." A very sure indication is soon given of the particular gift possessed by any sensitive. Each becomes the focus for some group of spirit workers, and by degrees this becomes more and more apparent. An orchestra contains many different instruments, but each one must be perfect of its kind and blend harmoniously with the rest. Here we find ourselves in touch with many occult laws which the earnest student gradually learns to unravel for himself. While the body sleeps we gain our deepest experiences. "The important part of Spiritualism," writes the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould,* "and that on which it must stand or fall, is its *teaching*, and the teaching is pouring into the world daily through an immense and steadily increasing number of channels." To be one of these channels, "to be," as Archdeacon Wilberforce used to say—"even but the bucket into which the Water of Life is poured," is assuredly worth much patient train-

* *Is Spiritualism of the Devil?* W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 1s. 6d.

ing and self-denial. *Patience and self-denial* are indeed the watchwords of psychic unfoldment. Frequently our guiding Watchers tell us that prayer "is the strongest of all spiritual links." By prayer is not meant importuning but rather what dear old Brother Lawrence called "The Practice of the Presence of God," the realization of our oneness with the Divine, and that this realization "brings into operation hidden laws at present unknown to you."

Communications in so-called automatic writing are to-day more numerous than ever, but one must often question whether their quality is equal to their quantity, they are so liable to be coloured by what W. T. Stead called the "stained glass" of the sensitive's mentality. The idea is to make the mind as passive as possible, and let the hand write what it will. I strongly suggest to any one wishing to experiment in this direction not to sit for such writing oftener than twice a week, or longer than a quarter of an hour at a time. The Rev. G. Vale Owen relates that he often sat in his cassock in the vestry of his church for a short time after Evensong, and in this peaceful atmosphere received through his own hand written messages from his mother, who had passed into the life which is all love. If you have a gift, you will probably be inspired and impressed by minds in the Unseen in sympathy with your own. But, keep Watch and Ward over *all* you do in regard to the psychic realm. Remember that in this as in other things "Many are called but few are chosen." Never allow yourself to become "entranced"—for one person for whom this may be desirable, there may be hundreds who have in this way made shipwreck of their will-power and their common sense. Never abdicate your right to reign in your own citadel. The ministry of angels, or, in other words, of spirit helpers, our true kith and kin, is to aid us by their sympathy, strength, and higher knowledge, not to dominate nor usurp our God-given individuality.

THE MAN WHO KILLED GOD

By R. S.

I WAS called in to see him on his deathbed. He was dying inch by inch, but though his mind was evidently deranged, I could find no trace of any organic complaint, and was at a loss to account for the fact that the vital forces were slowly but surely ebbing away. Poor fellow, his delusion was that he was damned, and, finding himself on a high mountain amid all the glories of a gorgeous sunset, in his hallucination he took it to be the throne of God himself. This is the story that he gave me. I repeat it as near as I can, word for word, without comment or explanation.

"I knew," he said, "that I was damned. I had committed the unpardonable sin: the sin against the Holy Ghost. How I came to do it I cannot recall. It was done on the spur of the moment, in a fit of recklessness, alike without evil intent and without any understanding of the terrible crime that I was committing. I did not in truth realize what I was doing till the thing was accomplished, when it suddenly burst upon me that in sheer thoughtlessness I had damned myself to all eternity. In a flash I saw that I was condemned to everlasting torment, without hope of escape. Without hope of escape! That was the terrible conviction that burnt into my inmost soul. I raged helplessly at the sense of my own impotence. I raged for how long I know not. It might have been days or weeks or months. To me it seemed an eternity. I cursed the Deity who could punish one moment's lapse after a comparatively blameless life by a sentence which must endure through all the ages. I repeated to myself over and over again the terrible words: 'Without hope of escape!' Was there, then, indeed no loophole by which I might avoid this terrible punishment? No possibility of forgiveness either in this world or the next? I kept on putting the question to myself again and again when suddenly a line flashed upon me, a line familiar to me in my earlier youth, though whence it came, I could not for the moment recall, nor could I gauge for some time what bearing it could have on my present awful predicament.

"The words seemed to be spoken to me by some voice from without; though whether this were so or whether it was merely

my own memory or imagination that had conjured them up, I could not say. 'Had I,' said the voice, 'but served my God as I have served my king!' And then it stopped. 'Had I but served my God as I have served my king!' What could this mean? The words echoed and echoed through my brain like some refrain that had a meaning in relation to my present condition, that offered some clue or solution to the terrible problem with which I was confronted. As I kept repeating them, though the thought was present that they pointed out to me some mysterious way of escape, the words themselves conveyed no meaning to my brain. Whence did they come, and who had uttered them? For some time I could find no answer. Then suddenly something seemed to whisper to me the name 'Cromwell.' "Cromwell?" I said to myself. 'Cromwell? Cromwell?' What had Cromwell to do with these words? 'Had I but served my God as I have served my king!' How, then, did Cromwell serve his king? A sudden light dawned upon me. Why, he beheaded him! It was true beyond a doubt. And he regretted on his deathbed—what? What? That he had not served his God as he had served his king! For he too was damned like me beyond hope of reprieve.

"For him, indeed, it might be too late. He was on his bed of death. The opportunity had slipped past him. But I? how did it stand with me? Might I not succeed where Cromwell failed? What else was the meaning of these mysterious words that forced themselves unsought upon me? Who was this God, this 'fiend with names divine,' that was condemning me to an eternity of torment for so trifling an offence? Might not I get even with my Creator and my torturer? Must I like Cromwell be haunted by bitter regrets when it was too late to act? Nay! Rather let me strike while there was yet time—now!—now!—now! My father's dagger hung on the wall of a neighbouring room. I would fetch it and go in search of my enemy, the enemy of the whole human race, and bring these dreadful tortures to an end. What did I stand to lose? Nothing! Nothing! The sentence had gone forth. I was damned to all eternity. I might do what I would. Worse could not befall me. I looked in the inner room where my father's dagger hung. I lifted it down and drew it from its sheath. It was still bright and keen. I would, I said to myself, go forth to the uttermost parts of the earth and track down my enemy, wherever he might be. Thus armed, I left the house on my sacrilegious quest. Sacrilegious did I call it? But why? Might not the victim measure his strength

against the tyrant? Might not man, condemned to eternal flames, confront the God who had sentenced him, in his own defence? If there was justice in the universe, that justice was on my side, and not on that of an outraged Deity.

"I travelled on my quest in strange climes, and among races of mankind whose language and customs were unknown to me; with one aim in view. And still I travelled on, seeking my enemy and vengeance, the vengeance which was to be my salvation. Men deemed me mad, but few laid hands upon me. Once I was arrested and cast in prison on the charge of having been found in the possession of arms, and with no visible means of subsistence. I escaped from gaol and resumed my quest. If there was a hue and cry after me, I knew it not. I had left my gaolers far behind me before my escape was bruited abroad. At length I came to a dark forest and beyond this was a high mountain which I climbed and climbed until I seemed well nigh to have attained the summit. I had eaten and drunk nothing for days, and in sheer exhaustion sank beside a stone near the mountain top. I seemed to lose consciousness; but whether I were awake or dreaming I did not know. I suddenly realized, as I looked up with a start, that I had attained the object of my quest. Right before me, bathed in the dazzling glow of the colours of the setting sun, stood the throne of God himself, as it seemed to my imagination, part and parcel of the sunset sky, illumined in all the glory of the sunset, in lurid red and gold and sapphire and topaz light. And on the throne was my arch-enemy, smiling serenely at the audacity of mortal man, who should venture to measure swords with his Creator!

"'Who are you?' he seemed to demand, 'that you should dare to question the divine fiat? Who are you that you should rebel against the doom appointed from all eternity for the sinner against God's law? Who are you that you should question when the word of Omnipotence has gone forth?'

"'I question,'" I replied, emboldened by my desperation, "by the right of that divine reason which has been implanted in my brain, by the right of that eternal justice on the strength of which you can alone lay claim to the throne of the universe. By what other right, if not by justice and reason, do you sit enthroned above a myriad worlds? I claim my right to be heard through my inheritance of the divine sonship, through my inheritance of those qualities of justice and reason which are the pillars on which the whole universe has been built. In repudiating these by your arbitrary fiat, you have forfeited the throne of

Heaven. In the name of that justice and reason which you have forsworn, I call upon you to abdicate the throne of a universe whose pillars you have shattered and destroyed. Your hour has struck, in token whereof I now smite you with my father's dagger and doom you to eternal death.'

"Suiting the action to the word, I leaped up, and beheld the gigantic form of my arch enemy, his face now pale, whether with rage or terror I knew not, and smote him to the heart as he strove to rise from his throne of sapphire and trample under foot yet one more blaspheming mortal, in addition to the many millions who had already paid the debt of destiny.

"'The crushed worm turns at last,' I thought, 'and the tyrant falls,' as I watched my enemy in one last agony of despair fall prone on the mountain side. I stepped forward meaning to bestride my vanquished foe, but as I stood there upon the mountain steep I looked around and found myself alone. Throne and Deity had alike vanished. The sun had set deep down in the valley beneath, and the shadows of night were gathering fast around the mountain side. A damp chill crept over me. What had I done, in awe I asked myself, in slaying my Creator? in slying the source from which all the worlds and all the universes drew their life? What could remain, now God was dead? Must not life itself perish at its source? Must not 'the great globe itself dissolve and like an insubstantial pageant fading, leave not a rack behind?' 'The heart of the universe is dead!' I exclaimed. Life, from this moment, must ebb out, and can never more be replenished. With life must disappear, too, all that we deem the material world and foolishly imagine so solid, but which could have no existence apart from the life at the heart of all things. I have dared the deed for which the ages have been waiting, and which it was my destiny to fulfil. 'The inbreathing of Brahma' has begun. I must hasten home while yet I have a home to hasten to, and announce the end of all things. Ah! when they see that end approaching, how many will kneel down and pray! Fools! Fools! to pray to the God whom I have slain!"

At this point my patient sank back exhausted upon his bed. Then for a brief moment he looked up into my face, a gleam of maniacal joy in his eyes. "My friend," he said, "we are all equal to-day. There is true democracy at last. Doctor and patient, king and beggarman, all are equal at length. There is one horoscope for all—the horoscope of doom and eternal nothingness. There will be no news in the papers to-morrow,

though the greatest event in history will have taken place, for there will be none to print the papers, and none to read them. The millionaires may save themselves the trouble of making their wills. There will be none richer to-morrow than the workhouse inmates." " Doctor," he cried, as he gripped my hand in a last convulsive spasm. " there is only one patient left for you to treat to-day. If you can cure him you can cure all—God! God! God! whom I have slain. A pill for an earthquake—a little oxygen for the Deity, and all may yet be well." He ended with a wild maniacal laugh, sank back once more upon his pillow, and all was over.

Poor fellow! the world has not yet come to an end, only one more prophet whose prophecy has miscarried has passed to his long home—one more champion of the divinity of reason has met his end among his fellow lunatics.

SHINING SPACES

BY BART KENNEDY

THEY suggest to us the stretching and wondrous mystery of infinity. To look out into a shining space is as if to look into a beyond that holds within it strange promises of a splendid future to come after our life here on earth has passed. These spaces are to us as lands beyond wide, open gates. Lands that we know not of, and still lands to which we are akin in a sense indescribable.

The shining space of the ocean when upon it is calm! To see it brings to the mind the many water-peoples that live down in its mysterious depths. To look upon it is to think of intelligences that are other than human, and that are at the same time of a like underlying woof. Deep down in that blackness—that is stretched over with a vast shining—live beings of God. Mind lives there even as mind lives upon the land. Wondrous is it to think of these beings and beings. These countless millions of water-peoples have their ways and their laws even as we have. They go forth on their adventures; they suffer and they die; they slay so that they shall exist; they have their mighty and dominant ones; they have their tyrants and their oppressors. To say that these people who live down in the vast darkness are not of the majesty and the splendour of the All-God even as we are, is to say the thing that is without knowledge or thought. For one must not forget that our forefathers lived in the profoundly dim past, down in these waters of mystery that are now covered with a calm, vast, wondrous shining.

Beautiful are the shining spaces of the forest! To look into them is to look into magical dreams. And within these dreams are dreams again. And even in these are dreams—strange, shining dreams within dreams; magical spaces containing strange happenings and strange stories. As we look into them we hear the glorious, sounding harmony of the life of the forest. We hear the songs of the birds. To us from a distance comes the voice of the lark; that voice of all-beauty. The lark—that glorious herald-angel of the Heaven that is to come. And we hear the other voices. And we hear the voices of the wind as it goes through the branches of the trees. And we hear again

voices of mystery that the power is not given us to define. Strangely beautiful are these shining spaces of the forest.

The shining spaces that we see in dreams! Who is to tell of their meaning? As we look into them from the life we call sleep, mysteries are revealed to us. We know things that we know not in the life that is called waking. Though we are in stillness, there is given to us, at the same time, a power wonderful. We are in stillness, and at the same time we are magically free. We have a power that is as the power of a God. We rise in the air; we pass on our way through dense substances; we annihilate space. Surely is it that in dreams there comes to us the memory of the other worlds in which we have lived. The tyrant, earth-consciousness, has laid down his sceptre of ruling. We are free of the chains that he lays upon us in wakefulness as we look into the shining, transcendent spaces that appear to us in dreams.

Wonderful is it to look back into the shining spaces of the past, wonderful is it to see again the faces of those we loved and still love. For us they live again in the shining spaces of the past. No, they are not dead. They live again in these beautiful shining spaces that the magical power of memory evokes. You see them out yonder in the afar. You go towards them. You meet them. Though they are gone, they are here. Though they have passed through the strange gate of death, they still live. Once more you meet them in the splendid shining spaces of the past.

The glorious spaces of adventure! You long to go out into them and meet the strange and mighty giants of chance and circumstance. Well may it be that out in these shining reaches of adventure you meet death. Well may it be that upon you will come the momentary darkness that marks the end of this life-phase here on earth. But you care not. It is your will to forth out into these far reaches. It is your will to go and look into the face—at once inscrutable and ever-changing—of fate. What care you for aught that may come? You go forth out into the midst of strangers and strangeness. You go forth out over lands and seas and oceans. You go forth through mountains. Over wide plains you go. Ever are you looking into the shining space of adventure. It is even as if it were beckoning you on and on. It is always going farther and farther into the distance. You follow it as you would follow a light mighty and wondrous—on and on. You go on and on.

These shining spaces. They are to us gifts most wondrous. It may be that you are one who is unfortunate. It may be that you

are one who is kept in the dread half-darkness of a prison. Gone is your liberty. You live in the midst of gloom. But still there is for you a blessing ; there is for you the shining space. It is beyond the power of warder to close it against you. It is for your salvation. This shining space of wonder that holds for you realization, it is yours ; it belongs to you. None is there to take it from you. None is there to obscure or withhold it. It is your birthright. It sets you free.

Our souls go out into these magical spaces that shine in the distances.

These glorious spaces that give freedom to us all.

IN THE BEGINNING

BY ARTHUR E. LLOYD MAUNSELL

LOVE sought the glade of a tangled wood,
Where mossy paths stretched devious ways ;
Where dim, slow shadows mutely stood
Like sentinels of bygone days :
A place that seemed to watch and wait
For some strange thing yet inchoate.

And there a lute of cunning strings
He did attune to all around ;
A fluttering music as of wings,
Or as the swirl of leaves, the sound.
Yet while he played, he seemed to wait
For some strange thing yet uncreate.

Then Hope and Fear, and Joy and Pain
Drew nigh, and circling to and fro,
As mists that part and meet again,
Or as brief shadows fail or grow.
Yet still Love played, and seemed to wait
As one that stands importunate.

Then Hope and Fear, and Joy and Pain
Cried unto Love and prayed that he
Would give his lute that each might gain
A subtler skill in harmony.
And so to each, Love taught a part
Upon that lute—a human heart.

CHRISTIANITY AND SPIRITUALISM

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

WE are almost weary of hearing that common sense is, comparatively speaking, at least, rather a rare quality, but it should be understood perhaps of that sense in one of its superior degrees. I mention the point to introduce a conclusion which I have reached on my own part about the analogous region of commonplace, having found that some of its examples call for continued repetition because few persons have any realization about them. It is, of course, a commonplace to say that the realm of religious doctrine can only go counter to the world of things as they are—the domain of actual fact—at its own peril, or that Christian Theology, as an established science of dogma, has been much too well planned to fall into obvious pitfalls of this kind. In the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity there may be grave difficulties, but it does not contradict mathematics, as it belongs to another order, and—*cæteris paribus*—so also of the rest. They stand or fall in their relation to intellectual truth and by the hypotheses of the scheme of revelation, not by a supposititious place in the world of external facts. If these patent, yet often unnoticed, considerations are granted, we see at once that the question of relation between Christianity and Spiritualism is grave for both sides, because the warrants of both are in the unseen, by way of revelation therefrom. In so far as Spiritualism is a philosophy—which it claims to be—it stands or falls by its relation to intellectual truth; in so far as it is a revelation of life from the unseen it is of necessity a challenge to other systems which are held to have emanated from the same source. In one sense it is the most important of all challenges because, in place of news from the invisible world and gospel tidings coming through divinely elected channels, it is offered on all sides, is placed in the hands of all, and directly or indirectly the supposed source of revelation can be tapped by anyone who follows the proper lines of communication.

Now, this is a ground on which the Churches as official spokesmen of Christianity have every title to be concerned in respect of Spiritualism. There are people in the past who have

set out quite sincerely to explain its identity with primitive faith and practice during the first Christian centuries. Save only as an index of intention, their findings are without value. There are people who believe themselves in communication under the ægis of Spiritualism with friends and kinsfolk now on the other side, as also with guides and instructors, yet they are living members of one Church or another, even regular and devout communicants. But what—if any—is the light which “spirit intercourse” casts upon the field of Christian doctrine and its peculiar quality of faith in a future state of being? The answer is that there could be no two schemes more completely independent of each other. In the orthodox sense there is neither heaven nor hell; there is no entrance into a supernatural mode of being; there is no vision of God; there are no tidings of Christ, unless—and then rarely—as a teacher of olden times who, with many that are like Him, is now in some high sphere. The official scheme of redemption has passed utterly away. In place of it, the world beyond is a reflection or reproduction in psychic terms of that world in which we live. If such testimony be true, the whole body of Christian theology belongs to the region of intellectual conventions, and when we pass into disembodied life it falls away, as fell the cloak and scallop-shell of old from the pilgrim who reached his bourne.

I do not know how far this position of affairs has been realized clearly by Miss Stoddart in writing her *Case against Spiritualism*.* It seems lost amidst the miscellaneous considerations of her chapter devoted to the comparison, yet it constitutes the only vital case, so far as Churches are concerned, and it has the benefit attaching to a clear issue. By all its hypotheses and on all the basis of its evidence, the world opened up by intercourse with disembodied spirits knows nothing of so-called Christian evidences, and is implicitly an undesigned witness against them. On the other hand, the case of the Churches against Spiritualism is that of the custodians of a rigidly defined faith against a sphere of experience in which that faith has become of no effect. The papers collected into Miss Stoddart's volume appeared originally in the *British Weekly*, but they represent quite adequately the general thesis of the Churches outside that of Rome. It can be said with sincerity that she has put it in a clear and ordered manner. It is one at the same time which is usually fair and moderate, careful on the side of justice, and making few points in respect of

* *The Case against Spiritualism*. By Jane T. Stoddart. Cr. 8vo, pp. 172. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price 5s. net.

the evidences or their criticism for which authorities are wanting. It seems to me of considerable value regarded as an *ex parte* statement, and it is eminently desirable at the present time to know what is being thought and said on the official side of religion in respect of this momentous subject.

There is a sense in which as a mystic I stand apart from both schools, and can look upon them therefore independently, more especially as regards their reaction upon each other at the present time. I am entirely certain that the fact of their co-existence is the most important fact of this age, and if I did not bear my witness when a need arises I should be guilty of disservice to my own standpoint as well as to the two interests which are here contrasted. Miss Stoddart has had occasion to quote various passages from my *Studies in Mysticism*, which appeared so far back as 1906, and it must be said in the first place that there is nothing to alter or withdraw either in respect of those passages or of the papers to which they belong, within their own measures. But, in the second place, the subject has extended greatly during the thirteen years which stand between this date and the year 1906. To cite only specific examples, we have on one side the three epoch-making volumes of the American Society for Psychical Research concerning the case of Doris Fischer, and on another the records of such investigations as those of Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. W. T. Crawford. Miss Stoddart suggests that Spiritualism is like a tidal wave which ebbs and flows, and this is true as a point of fact, but I believe that we stand on the threshold of more ordered experiment, and in any case those who account—like her—for the existing concern in the subject as owing to a "need for distraction" during the great war can have only a most inadequate realization of the things that are at stake. So also it should be impossible any longer to speak of Spiritualism as rushing in "with its false and fatal comfort" presumably interrupting the words of Divine consolation which are uttered by the Churches. The question at issue is precisely whether the comfort is false and whether its results are fatal. On what grounds soever I have challenged and must still challenge the validity of most messages they are not of this order, nor do I find that the wardens of official religion communicate anything except as an echo from the past. About the dangers which loom in certain quarters of research there is indeed no question, but the voices of warning must sound a clearer note if they are to call for hearing.

I agree with Miss Stoddart that "table-turning" must be set aside as evidence of any intelligence outside that of the

medium or circle, until we know better concerning our own inward nature. I agree that most, if not all, automatic writing must be set aside in like manner, and for the same reason. Miss Stoddart's remarks on this subject command provisional assent. But for what the speculation may signify to those who can receive it, I feel that we stand here on the threshold of things unrealized, that the day may come when a consecrated and ordained "automatist" assisted by a dedicated circle—in the plenary sense of these expressions—will obtain records from "dissociated personality" or from "the other side," and that they will carry an authentic note. If there are deeps unsounded beneath our average humanity there are also heights above. The prophets spoke of old in virtue of a power within them, and there is nothing to tell us that it was only for once and for all. We need them no less at this day than did that crooked generation of old which was called Israel, and it is the kind of need which is an open door of opportunity for the only kind of help. Meanwhile, as I have intimated, there is danger from the other side, and it is of all that which tends to befall the unsanctified. I am quite sure that Catherine of Siena was what we call a medium, but her protection was that Catherine of Siena was a saint. Even so we are not at an end of the problems for—outside the Latin Church—no one can say that her Guide was That which he called himself, the Christ of Nazareth, though his intention to help the Church of the period may not have taken place without high authority beyond the normal bar. •

As regards the fact of communications on the part of disembodied intelligence, the evidences have extended since 1906, when I felt that it might be admitted provisionally: whether in the nature of things an absolute demonstration may be obtainable is another question, but I do not see that we have reached it. As regards the modes and status of being on the other side of this life, the subject seems getting gradually away from the Summerland spheres of Andrew Jackson Davis, and is the more *in nubibus* accordingly. Meanwhile it is not the messages of Spiritualism which signify, save indeed in respect of a single conclusion that they tend to justify, and to which I shall advert at the end. It is the phenomena which really matter: I mean, of course, those which take place under circumstances that are beyond challenge and above all certain amazing records in Germany just prior to the war, and more recently in Paris. They show that there is yet untrodden ground in psychology and physiology, that here also we stand on the thres-

hold of discovery—in things that are psychic, things of mind and things of the body also. Beyond and above these is “the holy spirit of man,” where lies another ground, untrodden by the great majority of men. Some of its vistas opened to Greek philosophers, to Christian and Vedic saints. I have to say in conclusion as to this part that outside the closely woven circle of Roman doctrine a significant change has passed over Christian eschatology. The idea of redemptive processes beyond the gate of death is replacing within the Churches those old theological dogmas of heaven and hell: I believe it to be a reflection from Spiritualism and from the peculiar congeries of hypothesis and intimation connoted thereby.

I should like to add a word in conclusion about Mrs. Travers Smith and her *Voices from the Void*,* issued a few months since with an introduction by Sir William Barrett, who describes her as “a gifted psychic and automatist.” She is also his personal friend of many years’ standing. Amidst the great output of psychic books, records of spiritualistic research and essays in automatic writing, it seems to me that its importance has been overlooked. It is to my mind of considerable value as a transparently sincere and unpretending statement of first-hand experience by a lady of considerable mental ability, who has weighed with care and discrimination the results obtained during six or seven years of regular communications received by herself. She has considered the various explanations and has concluded that the choice lies between a theory that in some inexplicable way she has read the minds of persons who have not been in touch with her, and for no assignable reason, or that there has been actual communication with those who have “passed through the experience which we call death.” While keeping an open mind and confessing that she is by no means convinced, Mrs. Travers Smith inclines to the second view, as on the whole more natural and less marvellous than the first. I think that *Voices from the Void* is a book to be read and considered by inquirers for its simple account of the facts, its temperate conclusions thereon and its anxious recognition of the dangers which attend research. Many qualified experimenters will agree when it is said that “the subliminal self accounts for much and many things, but not for everything.”

* Published by William Rider & Son, Ltd., at 3s. 6d. net.

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.*]

SPIRITS, HUMAN AND ANIMAL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Since the earliest ages people reported seeing and even conversing with the spirits of the dead.

If there are spirits of the dead there must be spirits of the yet unborn.

I have never heard of any one seeing such spirits or speaking with them; perhaps speaking with them would be difficult, as a baby cannot speak for some months after being born.

Another thing, does not the theory that the spirits of the dead visit the earth negative the theory of reincarnation: a spirit cannot both visit the earth as a ghost and be reincarnated in another body?

I have just heard from the most reliable source of a favourite cat which had died some months ago being seen by two different people on the same evening, and both say it "looked more alert and larger and glorified" than when it was alive.

Also of another cat which often of an evening when sitting on her master's lap follows with her eyes something invisible to him and either stretches out its paws to the invisible object as if asking to be petted, or on other occasions seems very alarmed and wants to hide under the arms of its master. He thinks it is seeing devils in the latter case, but in the Middle Ages the cat was supposed to be the agent of devils, conversely it was the companion of Baste the Egyptian Venus.

WALTER WINANS.

[It is hardly to be supposed that an unborn spirit, i.e., a spirit in the state immediately preceding reincarnation, would be capable of communicating with incarnate humanity. Presumably long before he reached this stage he would have passed out of touch with the earth sphere. Mr. Winans does not seem to realize that at the basis of the theory of reincarnation lies the universal law of rhythm. There is nothing to prevent a spirit visiting the earth during its period of existence on the other side, and subsequently reincarnating. Reincarnation implies an alternation of periods in the spiritual and physical realms. The reincarnationist denies that any state, either physical or spiritual, can be indefinitely protracted. When the causes productive of the particular stage are exhausted, a change is necessitated in the interest of spiritual growth.—ED.]

HUMOROUS DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—If only Mr. Tee had told us if he laughed *during* his dreams, or *after he awakened*, at the dry humour he records, he would

have done me a personal favour ; having long since noticed that while certain emotions, such as fear, love, grief, are intensified in dreams, people often waking in tears, gnashing teeth, etc., I only once heard of a young girl waking with laughter.

An odd experience was mine a night or two ago. I dreamt of a big public dinner. A dowdy, depressed looking woman came in to tell funny stories. Annoyed at her lack of magnetism, I was intensely critical. She told a story of a member of the police force boasting to her how the police tracked down criminals. "At the time of the influenza epidemic," he said, "more than half the force was down, but we tracked a man at Brighton to his bed in hospital." "I know all about tracking," the woman took up. "They tracked me in London that time." The policeman expressed incredulity at her possibly being in such a position. "Oh! they tracked me right enough," she said. "I am a hospital nurse!"

Still thinking the woman tiresome and the story pointless, I awoke and found myself repeating, "I am a hospital nurse! Silly rubbish!" But suddenly the point burst on me, sitting up, wide awake.

This struck me as very curious. Has any one heard the story? Or did my inner consciousness evolve it in sleep?—and miss the point!

Yours faithfully,

HELEN BOULNOIS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The best funny dream that I can recall came to me many years ago. It was that I was with a family gathering of some kind, when a small boy (presumably a son of the house) entered the room. His face was remarkably dirty, and his mother said to him, "I can't have you coming down like that. Go back at once and wash your face."

"But I can't," replied the boy.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm using my sponge to grow mustard and cress on."

This was all, and nothing that I had been doing or reading about could have suggested it. I dream very vividly at uncertain intervals, and usually have a series of vivid dreams during several nights following, and then perhaps no more for weeks; but there is hardly ever anything humorous about them.

LEOPOLD A. D. MONTAGUE.

CREDITON.

THE LION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—K. L. P. had a graphically written article in the OCCULT REVIEW for June, 1918, under the above caption. As I read it it seemed to me when I came to the concluding scene that I was among

the soldiers referred to in the sentence on p. 360: "At the first impact of sound, the soldiers had recoiled." We were standing in a small white-walled chamber. I seemed to be the second from the door, and unable to see what was going on. This weird impression has continued with me, otherwise it might pass for a fantastic imagination produced by an interesting story. I have other memories also, and they, like this, are pictures without beginning and without ending. My other memory pictures would not be peculiarly interesting, nor do they reflect anything praiseworthy on my humble self, but they all fit in with what might be supposed to be the ordinary life of a Roman soldier. I have nothing but my own pictures to guide me in saying this.

Is it possible that these are memories of a past life? I have, in addition to the above Roman memories, flash-light recollections, so to speak, which leave me on the banks of the Mississippi in the old Indian days, and another which refers to a very large temple such as might have existed in the lost Atlantis, or in some other pre-historic country. My first picture—I have not referred to it in this letter—floated into my consciousness during a meditation, as I was trying to see if I could recover any memories of a pre-existence. The others have come into my consciousness at different times and in different ways without special effort. Once there they do not fade, nor do they change. I could easily weave romances around them, but they would consciously be a thing of my own creation and separate from the picture-memories.

Perhaps this attempt to describe to personal experience may help others to better understand themselves, or give them an opportunity to enable me to better understand the workings of my own inner self.

Yours sincerely,

I TSING ERH HUTUNG,

C. SPURGEON MEDHURST.

WU LIANG TA JEN HUTUNG,
INSIDE CHUNGWEN GATE,
PEKING, CHINA.

"THROUGH THE IVORY GATE."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Reading "Through the Ivory Gate" in your November number suggests to me that perhaps two dreams of mine might be of interest.

1. In the summer, I dreamt that I was in an orchard looking at a beehive. I put out my hand to touch it—and immediately swarms of bees angrily rose buzzing and menacing. Alarmed, I withdrew, and in what seemed like a few minutes woke up. As I lay thinking over the dream, I heard the buzzing of a motor-bicycle which had apparently passed the house disappearing in the distance.

2. I had changed to new apartments. After about a fortnight in

my new apartments, I dreamt one night that I had returned to my old apartments, rang the bell, and was requested by my old landlady to wait a few minutes as something was taking place. I assented and waited on the doorstep with the front door open. In a few seconds some men came down the hall staircase carrying a long yellow coffin. Its length struck me at the time. Then the dream slowly dissipated itself. To the best of my recollection, I exchanged a few words with the landlady and then returned to my new apartments. I remember wondering very greatly who was in the coffin—and being struck with its length. The next morning I had a wire from a distant part of England asking me if I would attend the funeral on the day after, of a relative. I had heard six months before that that relative was ill, but had forgotten all about it in the interim. A rather curious connection with this dream is that a friend of mine had, the same night as my dream, dreamt that he had gone round to my new apartments and that I was dead. He told me that in his dream, he had looked round my sitting-room, saw my overcoat, and some of my clothes on a chair, and had said to himself, "Well, there's poor Mr. —'s clothes anyhow." I might just say that the relative in question was an individual of big proportions, six foot in length.

Yours faithfully,
READER.

THE CREATION STORY IN GENESIS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Although I am no exegete—I think that's the word—and avoid theological polemics, yet I gladly share with a bewildered brother such light as comes my way. In that spirit I would advise Mr. Walter Winans to read that remarkable book, *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, by the late Max Heindel.

In the chapter "Occult Analysis of Genesis" he will find a reasoned explanation of most of his perplexities—i.e., if he is able to accept them.

The account in Genesis only gives the main points: a sort of algebraical formula for Creation; but it is in striking agreement with the occult teachings, and often with those of orthodox science. It would seem that the Bible was not intended as "an open book of God" that he who runs may read; and occult science admits that it is a mutilation of the original writings, "due to the misleading and incorrect interpretation of the various translators and revisers." Of the forty-seven translators of the King James' version only three, we are told, were Hebrew scholars, and two died before the Psalms were reached. Moreover, the Act authorizing the translation did not permit a rendition which should tend to upset existing belief.

Fortunately the solving of these problems is not a pre-requisite of the higher life, and even a disbelief in the Adam's rib story can hardly

add a feather's weight against us in Karma's scales. Nevertheless these *apparent* contradictions, and absurdities tend to weaken faith, and furnish scoffers with weapons. We should, therefore, welcome any further illumination from a student of the Mosaic teachings, like "Z.A.S.," even though he reproves our ignorance whilst enlightening it.

J. SCOTT BATTAMS.

STRANGE LIGHTS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I wonder whether any of your readers could offer any explanation of the following curious experience.

About three months ago I suddenly awoke in the middle of the night to find my head turned round in a most unnatural attitude, as if straining to look at something. At once I became aware of a peculiar round patch of red light in the direction towards which my head was turned.

It appeared to hover at a height of 4 feet from the floor, and about 8 feet from my bed. It did not illuminate any of the surrounding objects at all, and the appearance lasted for perhaps two minutes.

Six weeks afterwards I again saw the same thing, and my head was twisted round in order to see the light on waking.

The appearance this time was more definite, the light appearing more lambent, and of an oval shape.

The third time it appeared was within a week, and I saw it again last Sunday night. On this occasion I had not been asleep at all, in fact I had only been in bed a few minutes, and the light came and went three or four times.

It had the appearance this time of vertical striated lines of red on a white ground, and the shape was roughly oblong.

The two last occasions were in a different house to the earlier ones.

There was an accompaniment of sharp raps on the second occasion.

On each occasion except the first I have felt a premonition during the day that it would appear.

So far as I know I am not mediumistic, and as I sleep alone, I have no means of telling whether the appearance is really objective.

I do know, however, that on each occasion I have been fully awake.

I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

VERA.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I record my regret that believers in "the noble Truth of Reincarnation" should make it so ridiculous by the narration of personal records of former incarnations. Apart from the well-known occult fact that a veil is drawn over such records—a Door closed which can never be opened, except under most exceptional circum-

stances—such “evidence,” *even if true evidence*, has no value to any person other than the narrator.

One result always is that it draws out from some spiritualist equally futile and foolish “evidence” to support the spiritualistic view.

In the present instance, the “evidence” offers a warning rather than an encouragement to the pursuit of mediumistic “development”!

It would be distinctly unpleasant to have a stronger wish at once from the opposite seat in a Tube car, and perform the “playful” action your contributor narrates. One never knows *what* may happen in a car or in house or street.

Should the action take a different aspect, and some murderer arrive on the scene, and throttle some unhappy victim, one fears that a more or less moral jury would scarcely relieve the medium of responsibility under the plea that “It wasn’t me—it was the other fellow who was hung once for murder.”

We have pursued the path of irresponsibility quite far enough. Is it not time to begin to retrace our steps, and to establish a moral law built upon the principle of personal responsibility?

I am, sir, yours faithfully,
“A.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As you touch on the dangers of the séance room in your Notes of the Month for January, the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW may be interested to hear what the late Madame Blavatsky has to say on the subject. In this instance her remarks apply principally to the student of occult science who may be so unfortunate as to develop mediumship, but in a lesser degree, they concern all who thoughtlessly take up Spiritualism and rush from one promiscuous circle to another.

“If, as sometimes happens,” writes Madame Blavatsky, “a student in the course of his training develops mediumship, this fact is a sign that he is absolutely incapable of proceeding any further, and all that his teacher can do is to cure him and then leave him. The influences which appear in séance rooms are among the most destructive on earth, *even though, as in the majority of cases, they assume the garb of angelic visitors and profess to give new revelations from God.*” The purity of the sitters is the only safeguard; when once that is removed the most terrible results may ensue. Irresponsible mediumship is but one step from black magic; this the Hindus know full well, and hence the daily precautions they take to prevent the occurrence of the phenomena which delight so many thousands in the West” (*A Note on p. 222, Vol. III, of The Theosophist.*)

It seems to me that these words are particularly applicable at the present time.

Yours sincerely,
MEREDITH STARR.

* The italics are mine.—M. S.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND PANTHEISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—It seems to me that Christian Science is Pantheism grafted on to Christianity (mixing oil with water).

If Christian Science dropped the latter it would have no quarrel with Science.

Pantheism is scientific.

Christianity is *not* scientific.

I am often asked, Is there no Pantheistic Church?

Here is an opening for Christian Science to shake itself clear and start the religion which is the universal one of all thinking men and teach it to the masses.

Reformed Brahminism is the nearest to this at the present time.
PANTHEIST.

CONDITIONS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—“E. Perowne’s” letter I can most heartily endorse from my own psychic experience of some fifty years! During the last twenty of them I have been frequently told from the “other side” that one creates one’s own world there, the beginning of its foundation being *here*, The “states” are conditions of spiritual appreciation, and I have known of people happy for a time even in “hell,” in fact denying that it exists! Our heavens and hells differ here according to our spiritual advancement. There “purgatorial discipline,” I am told, is for *all*, till the spiritual is “all in all” in the Beatific Vision. Just recently two friends have returned to thank me (through my own clairaudience) for help in their various “dark countries.” Into one of these I had voluntarily entered, and awoke to descend to help the poor soul responsible for his own sad death. I only wish that those who prate so easily of the “happiness” of all disincarnate spirits could have seen what I had to witness!

I think the banality of the communications (when not brought about by the banality of the “sitters”) is owing to (1) desire to give evidential proof, (2) the shortness of the time the power lasts, and (3) the pressing of others forward to speak through—or to—the medium. I always ask that one at a time may be allowed to speak, and only (at most) six in all.

As the Bishop of London has wisely said, “A man is the same five minutes after death as he was five minutes before that event,” and if he knew much of psychic phenomena *experimentally*, he would add that an unadvanced state can last, alas! for centuries according to our time notions!

Faithfully yours,
PAX.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

PROFESSOR KENNEDY gave us recently in his volume on Philo a new illustration of the great Alexandrian Jew from the standpoint of his contribution to religion and as more than an intellectual mystic. In the new issue of *The Quest* Mr. Mead talks of Plotinus and his spiritual world, looking at the subject from a standpoint which is also fresh. With the claims of Philo as a mystic comparatively few were acquainted previously, for his work had not been approached especially from this side, at least in England. It is different with Plotinus, who was always and only this; but, though we are familiar with the records of that "incommunicable rapture of supreme union which was vouchsafed him very rarely indeed," we do not seem to have realized the "transcendental experiences" that he enjoyed "not infrequently." We hear that it disclosed to him "the nature" of the spiritual world "more intimately than any methodical thinking. Mr. Mead tells us that Plotinus sought to share his spiritual experience as far as it was possible to communicate it in forms of words, and in illustration of this we are given certain heads of what may be called "a mode of meditation" by which, through things that are without, the "inner glories" may be approached. Miss Evelyn Underhill offers us the benefit of her conceptions respecting "the essentials of Mysticism." She is a clear and careful writer, but—if it can be said within the measures of goodwill—she tries our patience occasionally by her aptitude for expressing things that are moderately well known—and sometimes almost familiar—as if they were new ideas. One would have thought that the chief points of her present paper had been agreed some considerable time since, e.g., "the mystic's conception of his Deity," the root-identity between all mystical experience, whether in East or West, and so onward—but here they are, placed for our consideration as things thought out independently and expressed for the first time. Mr. David Gow, who is the editor of *Light* and has done much to raise and maintain it at a high standard, presents his views on the position and prospects of Spiritualism. There is no one more entitled to speak, having regard to his sincerity and his wide experience of the subject. The review which he gives is of considerable historical importance, while over and above this he is convinced personally that the "movement" was initiated and is still directed by the unseen world; that its message "has been thrown into high relief by the ordeal through which the world is passing"; and that its expansion will continue until its work is done.

We are pleased to observe that with the beginning of its second volume *Vision* has adopted an enlarged form which much improves its appearance. It improves also in matter; there is some very good verse in the present issue, and we have been much interested

in Mrs. Grenside's paper on the Stone of the Quest, which is the Stone of the Holy Grail in the German Parzival, the mystic Stone of Zechariah and the Apocalypse, the Stone of Transmutation in Alchemy and the Celtic Stone of Destiny. Much yet remains to be said, for there is a treasure of symbolism in the Stone of Zoharic Kabbalism, while there is also a profound mystical significance in the Templar Stone; but it must be sought in the hidden places of High Grade Masonry. Among other articles may be mentioned a pleasant discourse on plant charms and superstitions. It takes us back to our old friend, the herbalist Culpeper and might have drawn something from Gerard, who is also of fragrant memory.

There is a little Theosophical periodical of Chicago, called *Reincarnation*; it is edited in a serious manner and often puts points clearly. The last issue expresses an opinion that teachings concerning rebirth will cease to be challenged when they come to be understood, on which basis it establishes "six lines of evidence," drawn from a German pamphlet of "some decades ago." These are (1) catholicity of the belief, which is common to Buddhists and Hindoos; (2) recognition of its truth by great sages of the world, including Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato and Plotinus; (3) scientific probability, based upon inferences derived from qualities manifested in children at early ages and not inherited from parents; (4) study of Nature, which everywhere constructs new forms out of those that have disintegrated and reproduces identical characteristics continually; (5) sound human reason, which concludes that purpose would be wanting in life apart from spiritual development and a perfect end, but the latter cannot be attained in a single earthly career; (6) testimony of experience, a plenary remembrance of former lives being reached by those who have actual knowledge of their "divine origin." Apart from the last, which must be ruled out of court as there are no examples to challenge, it will be seen that these "six lines" are not matters of evidence, but explanatory propositions, familiar from the beginning of the debate. The fifth falls to the group if progress—as affirmed by Spiritualism—goes on in other worlds than this. Of those which remain the first contention seems to be strongest of all: a faith in which countless millions of humanity have lived and died through great ages of time, and which is a root dogma of venerable sacred books, is not to be set aside lightly. . . . *The Messenger* gives notice at length of what promises to be a remarkable work, about to appear in America. All of us know by repute and some otherwise of Aristotle's *Organum*; most of us are acquainted at first hand with the *Novum Organum* of Bacon, which marked the beginning of a new epoch and helped to create it; but the launching of a *Tertium Organum* upon the world has been reserved to the courage of a Russian. He is named Ouspensky, his book was published in the spring of 1918, and the present account is rendered by one of the translators, Mr. Claude Bragdon. Even in barest summary we cannot reproduce it

here, but it happens that a single passage of definition enables us to see how matters stand with the three presumed masterpieces. "The *Organum* of Aristotle formulated the laws under which the subject thinks"; the *Novum Organum* of Bacon "gives those under which the object may be known"; and the *Tertium Organum* of Ouspensky presents the logic of intuition, "the laws which must govern all thought about that noumenal world at the door of which human consciousness is now beating, not altogether in vain." It remains to be seen whether this third in the series has true titles to rank therein, but enough has been said to warrant a conclusion that its publication will be awaited with eagerness. . . . The United Lodge of Theosophists is an independent body with headquarters at Los Angeles, and its official organ is *Theosophy*, a monthly magazine devoted to the "promulgation" of its subject as "given by those who brought it." We have noticed it often in these pages, for it carries on the views and activities of W. Q. Judge. It is about to make a new departure by publishing from month to month what is termed an authoritative history of the Theosophical Movement during the nineteenth century. It is expected to continue for about two years, and those who have undertaken the work are said to have been connected with its subject for a very long time—"more than thirty years"—though apart from any existing Theosophical Societies, outside the United Lodge. . . . We have received the first issue of what appears to be an occasional publication under the title of *Kosmon Ray*, containing some account of a Brotherhood of the Kosmon Dawn, recently started—with headquarters at Crown Hill, South Devon—"to found the Father's Kingdom on earth, through orphan babes, castaway infants and foundlings under three years of age." The inspiration of the plan and the motive-power behind it are in the "Faithist" Bible *Oahspe*. . . . For many years past *The British Journal of Inebriety* has deserved well of the medical profession at large and of many others outside this important class who are drawn to a study of the subject. The aims and objects of the Society of which it is an official organ are set forth in the last issue, and though it lies outside our class-concerns we feel it a matter of duty to direct attention to the fact of its existence and its honourable record. The magazine is in its seventeenth volume and the Society for the Study of Inebriety—which was founded in 1884—"does not seek to exercise any control over the opinion or practice of its members and associates in regard to the use of alcoholic preparations": it is purely scientific and practical. The papers in *The British Journal* are written with the authority of knowledge and often by eminent specialists.

The Co-Mason reaches us only on rare occasions, but we are glad to see that this interesting quarterly review continues to represent the unrecognized claims of womanhood to share in the advantages of Speculative Masonry. Our opinion must stand at its value, as purely unofficial in character, but since there is no reason why both

sexes should not be qualified for membership we are intellectually certain that the admission of women into Masonry is only a matter of time. When this time comes it is probable that existing female obediences will be absorbed by a wider scheme, under the recognized Grand Lodges. Meanwhile, the fact of such a periodical as *The Co-Mason*—one of the best of Masonic reviews—is of itself important as a sign and a pledge of what is to come. In the current issue there is an excellent account of the Masonic adventurer, William Finch of Canterbury, who after his expulsion from orthodox Masonry appears to have earned some kind of subsistence for several years—at the beginning of the nineteenth century—by “clandestine” traffic in Degrees and by the publication of Masonic pamphlets at an exorbitant price. Miss Bothwell-Gosse gives an excellent folk-lore study of Celtic Stones, which might be read in conjunction with Mrs. Grenside’s *Stone of Quest*, already mentioned. There is also an account of Maori Rites by a contributor who has lived for a long period in New Zealand and knows the aboriginal people at first hand. . . . The Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite consists of Thirty Degrees superposed on those of Craft Masonry, and *The New Age* represents its Southern Jurisdiction in the United States. The particular obedience, owing to the presiding influence of the late Albert Pike, has removed all the original Christian elements from its High Grades. When it happens, therefore, that its official organ prints an article on *Masonry and Christianity* we need not be surprised that the concealed writer—who appears under initials only—stultifies his own title by making no reference to anything Christian, save in a casual statement that no interference of pope or priests “can alter the mighty law of personal responsibility.” The thesis is concerned in reality with a statement of claims in respect of the Rite itself and affirms (1) that Perfect Masters of Ancient India taught their sublime truths centuries before the Vedic Hymns; (2) that the traditions connected with these elder people “have helped on” to the sublime philosophy “now taught behind the closed doors” of the Scottish Rite; (3) that those who enter its sanctuary come into “a broad and glorious field of wisdom” and will “eventually” be “found worthy to open the Great Book of the Seven Seals.” The force and folly of false pretence could scarcely go farther. The Rituals of the Southern Jurisdiction were altered from earlier forms by Albert Pike, who drew from there and here, but notably from Eliphas Lévi. They contain as much and as little eastern or any other wisdom as he was able to collect in his rather indiscriminate manner from books ready to the hands of most students. The astonishing thing is not that one unqualified enthusiast should write in this strain but that the official organ of a serious and self-respecting Masonic body should venture to print it at this late day of the world. . . . We observe that the Masonic journal entitled *Light* has resumed publication at Louisville, its chief concern being an International Magian Society, of which it seems to be the official organ.

REVIEWS

THE STATE OF THE SOUL, BETWEEN DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.
And "Our Boys who Fell in Battle." By Hugh Davis Murphy,
D.D., Rector of St. George's, Belfast. London: Skeffington
& Son, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THIS book is interesting not only because it is the work of a scholar, but because its pages reveal so clearly the struggle between the priest and a man of heart. "Heaven," says Dr. Murphy, "is the state of the blessed after the General Resurrection, not before." But did not our Lord say, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"? The doctrine of physical resurrection the author also insists upon. But, curiously enough, together with this insistence on the readjustment, in some remote future, of long dispersed physical atoms, Dr. Murphy depicts the condition of the individual soul in "Hades"—so like in many ways to the spiritualists' "Borderland"—as being equipped with an efficient body, leading a life of work, development, laughter and happiness, in the companionship of friends and beloved relatives, with full memory of and interest in those left behind. But—and here comes the sting—"As long," states the author, "as a man is in the body he cannot hold converse with disembodied spirits" (page 83). Later, however, in a more human mood, he refers to communications said to have been received from W. T. Stead since that great journalist's transition, though, he is careful to add, he does "not build an argument" upon them. The three sermons on "Our Boys who fell in Battle" are extremely beautiful, and to those in whom the mystic consciousness is developed, they will probably be enough. So far from advocating the merciless doctrine that "the state of the soul is fixed at death," Dr. Murphy writes:—

"By those of whom it is said, 'They were not ready,' if we failed in this world to tell them of Jesus and His love, somebody will tell them in the world which they have entered." EDITH K. HARPER.

IS SPIRITUALISM OF THE DEVIL? By Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, M.A.
With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. London:
William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 1s. 6d. net.

CHRIST CHURCH, Albany Street, N.W. is to be congratulated on having for its Vicar that fearless champion of the Higher Spiritualism, the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, M.A. He has just followed his earlier work, "The Wonders of the Saints," by another volume on the same practical lines, in answer to the biased assertion of many orthodox folk, that spiritualism is a thing of evil, and therefore "unclean." In four concise chapters the author takes the various arguments used in this connection and deals with them one by one in the light of the Christian Faith. Unfortunately, it seems to be only too true that a certain section of *soi-disant* spiritualists appears to be intent on banishing our Lord Jesus Christ from His place in the hearts of men, as the greatest manifestation of the Divine that has ever trod this earth. In the words of W. T. Stead, these people seek to push their materialism into the other world; spiritualism for them is merely a kind of fortune-telling, *plus* "the spirits"! Like the Rev. Walter Wynn, Mr. Fielding-Ould points out that the Bible, from beginning to end, is a

record of what we now term "psychic manifestations." Mediums then, as now, were links between the two states of consciousness, and the author finely says: "Let us remember that if the instrument is out of tune the Great Musician cannot breathe His message through it. . . ." And again, "The important part of Spiritualism, and that on which it must stand or fall, is its *teaching*, and the teaching is pouring into the world daily through an immense and steadily increasing number of channels" (p. 64).

In substance Mr. Fielding-Ould reminds us that the great message to the world to-day from the Beyond is the ever fuller realization that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us; is "at hand," for all who have ears to hear and eyes to see. May this little book go forth with its golden message into every land. In his fine Introductory Letter, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle remarks that it is books like this which by meeting the objections and fears of timid souls, help forward the good work.

EDITH K. HARPER.

A SHORT LIFE OF WASHINGTON. By C. Sheridan Jones. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

NOT least among the arresting features in this volume (which is uniform with Mr. Ralph Shirley's brilliant *Short Life of Abraham Lincoln*), is the remarkable insight displayed by Mr. Sheridan Jones in his summing up of the causes that combined to bring about the disastrous cleavage between England and America. As Mr. Sheridan Jones rightly points out, the root of the conflict that culminated in the War of Independence lay in the clash between the democratic spirit of the colonists on the one hand, and the haughty temper of the incompetent and myopic oligarchy by which the England of that day was governed, on the other. Seldom in the history of politics has such crass ineptitude been displayed in the handling of a question of the first magnitude. Indeed, as Edmund Burke proclaimed, "Great empires and little minds go ill together."

On the part of historians there has been much misconception concerning the War of Independence and the exact nature of the causes that gave rise to it. The portion of the book which deals with this subject may be regarded in the light of an original contribution; it embraces a concise, impartial history of the War of Independence, and it is plain that the author has been at great pains to deal justly with both sides.

Mr. Sheridan Jones has succeeded admirably in disentangling the portrait of Washington the man from the mass of legendary and fictitious beliefs which, at any rate in the eyes of the public, have practically obliterated the actual personality of the military genius to whom America owes her independence. The author shows that George Washington was "the one supreme figure that America produced at the crisis of her fate," and proves convincingly that "but for the directing impulse of his sustaining mind, and for the ascendancy which his tenacity of purpose and strength of character gradually achieved, first over his fellow-countrymen and then over the British, George III and his fatuous ministers would have blundered into victory." It is marvellous what this one man accomplished, in the teeth of every conceivable difficulty and in spite of the most persistent and prolonged opposition of the very people to whom he was devoting the best energies of his manhood. In point of sheer magnitude of achievement, in his own sphere, Washington's victory is comparable to the crossing of the Alps by Hannibal. It is not too much to say that

Mr. Sheridan Jones is the first historian (for this volume is both a history and a biography) who has done justice to the compelling personality of George Washington, the man through whom the Americans "achieved victory under conditions that seemed to make defeat inevitable."

George Washington was one of those men whose life exhibited the truth of the following remarkable lines by James Lane Allen :—

The human will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless soul,
Can hew a way to any goal,
Though walls of granite intervene.

I predict an unqualified success for Mr. Sheridan Jones' *Short Life of Washington*.
MEREDITH STARR.

THE BIBLE AND THE AFTER-LIFE. By Walter Wynn, Editor of "Young Man and Woman," and Author of "Rupert Lives," etc. London: The Kingsley Press, Ltd., 31 Temple House, Tallis Street, E.C.4. Price 10s. 6d. net.

"I AM challenged, by supposed students of the Word of God, to prove that anything is in the Bible resembling the psychic phenomena reported in 'Rupert Lives.' I accept the challenge, and this book is the result." In these words the Rev. Walter Wynn takes up the gauntlet, and no truly logical and unbiased mind can refuse to admit the brilliance of his victory. He writes, of course, in reply to orthodox assailants; he is not, for the moment, concerned with agnostics *per se*. He maintains that "the great truths of evangelical Christianity are not disturbed by any form of proof of the survival of human personality." But the Bastille of Dogma shivers under his unerring gun-fire. With unwearied zeal and patience the author goes through the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelation, interpreting the leading episodes—as well as many apparently lesser ones—in their psychic significance, not as allegory but as facts, facts which read in the searchlight he throws upon them are seen to be golden links in a chain reaching from those far-off times to the present day, when modern science is helping bravely to weld those links together. Mr. Wynn frankly confesses that he could not have understood certain biblical records (such as the story of Philip at Azotus), but for his study of the phenomena of Spiritualism. He affirms, in effect, that if the faculties of clairvoyance and clairaudience do not exist, then there is no meaning in the expression, "The Word of the Lord," nor in St. Paul's account of his wonderful visions. The "Angels" mentioned in Holy Writ "had no wings, but appeared as ordinary mortals, whose movements were so natural that they were regarded as human beings by the Hebrew Seers, but when they suddenly vanished, were then considered to be God Himself. The Jewish idea of the angel was the formulated attempt of a psychic race to give expression to the wonderful beings they saw. Jesus solved the problem by saying that those who passed over "were as the angels of God." The next life is a natural evolution of this one. . . . The simple truth is that we are surrounded by an innumerable company of human beings, inhabiting what St. Paul would call a "glorified" body, but Sir Oliver Lodge would call "the etheric body." Terms—mere terms—are still the trouble!

Congratulations to Mr. Wynn on a grand book, with a grand message.

EDITH K. HARPER.