

# 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., 13 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.

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VOL. XXXI.

MARCH 1920

No. 3

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

IN the course of the history of the human race the world has had many religions, and conjectures as to the origin of these religions have been very diverse. There have been ingenious and able writers who have started this theory and that, as to how religion came about. The tendency has been rather in such books as I am referring to here, to adopt some special view of the origin

THE EVOLU-  
TION OF  
RELIGION.

of religion and explain all religions as a development of this one root idea. One writer has sought to prove that religion is merely a development of nature worship; another that it is sexual in origin; another that the gods were all originally earthly heroes, whose feats became magnified and surrounded by a halo of mystery with the passage of time. Akin to this worship of heroes is ancestor worship, and the worship of the dead generally. Then again there are others who attribute the origins of religion to the worship of the planetary powers, or as in the case of Mithraism, to the Sun in particular. Another school finds in the totemism of savage tribes the germ of what subsequently evolved into a world religion.

The problem of religions is in any case an exceedingly obscure one, owing to the fact that one religion borrowed from another to an almost incredible extent, and the popularizing of innumerable different faiths throughout the length and breadth of one empire in Roman times added not a little to this confusion. We are accustomed to regard the greater religions as having been founded at some specific epoch of history, but historical research proves conclusively that this was not the case. One religion may have been the daughter of another, but most frequently it had an ancestry of a very varied kind. The preaching of Paul to the Asiatic and other communities among whom he travelled on his missionary journeys met with the marked success that attended it owing to the fact that his hearers before he ever visited them had already adopted a large portion of the teaching and beliefs which he had come to them to proclaim. He did not, therefore, come before them so much to preach a new faith as to give a somewhat different colour and trend to the faiths with which they were already familiar. Christianity, if not as a concrete whole, had at least in its main features and principal rites taken

**CHRISTIAN** root in the pre-Christian world centuries before  
**ORIGINS.** the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. The pagan world had long been familiar with the idea of the sacrifice of a saviour-god. It had had its own eucharists in which the flesh of the god was eaten symbolically. It recognized the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice for the sins of the whole tribe. It knew of the rite of baptism, and the idea underlying the sacrament was part of its recognized magical lore. It taught of gods that were sacrificed for the good of the people and died that they might rise again. Jesus was not the first of the saviours who went down to Egypt, nor was his the first instance in which a massacre of the innocents was perpetrated in the hope that the coming Messiah might prove one of the victims. One writer observes that "all the world's crucified saviours have been born at the end of December," thus showing the connection between the Christ tradition and Sun-worship. Like Jesus of Nazareth, other saviours have been credited with being born of virgins. It is clear that in such cases one saviour takes on the attributes that are commonly attributed to saviours in general. Thus St. Paul, who was nearly contemporaneous with Jesus, knew nothing of his virgin birth, which must therefore have been a later addition to the Bible story.

Many of the Gnostics to whom Paul preached, the Essenes, and the Therapeutæ of Egypt, taught doctrines which later

assumed the Christian garb. They all practised the rite of baptism and the laying on of hands. The doctrine of the Logos lies embedded deep in Greek philosophical speculation, and was amplified and developed by Philo of Alexandria, a contemporary of Jesus, who, however, nowhere alludes to the prophet of Nazareth.

THE DOC-  
TRINE OF  
THE LOGOS.

We see in the speech of St. Paul to the Athenians an illustration of the practice of the great apostle to accept the faiths of his hearers as a foundation on which to build his teaching, when he draws their attention to the altar to an unknown God and declares that this is the God whom he proposes to preach to them. Thus we find that in religion as in all nature the law of evolution holds good, and one religion is built on the crumbling remains of many others. Nothing is plainer than the fact that Christianity is no exception to this law of religious growth. Its mosaic is compounded of the relics of a hundred forgotten creeds. Man has, however, begun to ask himself to-day whether he is still content with faiths founded on tradition. The scientific spirit is stronger now than ever before, and the call for evidence, where faith is demanded, declines to be put off by the old excuses and prevarications. We see this in the fight which Spiritualism is making to-day for a fair hearing. And by Spiritualism I mean not necessarily the specific faith of those who term themselves Spiritualists, but the claim that the belief in a life after death can be established by irrefutable scientific evidence. Man, having gone so far, will not surely be content to rest at such a point. If he is satisfied that the existence of the other world can be proved, he will go further and demand an entire religious faith based upon evidence that will appeal not to tradition but to reason, he will call for an explanation of the meaning of life

THE  
RELIGION  
OF THE  
FUTURE.

which fits in with the facts and explains why man is what he is, and the relation between his past and his future destinies. In such a religion the dogmas of outworn theologies will find little place, and the evolution of the spirit of man will be all in all. Though Spiritualism may be a step towards such a religion, it is clear that by itself it affords no basis for so gigantic a superstructure. It is but the opening of a door into the room beyond. It is, however, in any case the first step, and as the French say, "c'est le premier pas qui coûte." No religion that appeals to the philosophic mind can look upon this life as the commencement of life without regarding death as its termination. The establishment, therefore, of the truth of the reality of an

after-life must necessarily compel the intellectual portion of mankind to commence a search for its antecedents, and ask : Whence came that spirit of man which appears on earth evolved so far, "scribbled all over" in the phrase of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and advanced in a progressive development to which no limits appear to have been placed? How comes it that man is what he is, since with the deaths of the old religions and the old creeds and faiths we can no longer attribute his character and his circumstances to the caprices of some all-powerful tyrant of the skies? If the brain of man is merely the instrument of his mind, if this mind can equally function through some other and more ethereal instrument, as the evidence of psychical research is now proving to us, it follows that the body is merely the temporary habitation of the consciousness, the occupant of which has entered into it from some ethereal sphere. Perhaps indeed as in the case of all other of nature's methods with which we are familiar, it is in gradual process of entering into it through all the early years of life, and does not make good its complete tenure till the physical body has attained full development. Possibly when we come into the world we come "trailing clouds of glory," but in any case experience shows that we trail a great deal of a less desirable kind—defects and habits which give the impression of age-long growth, and qualities and capacities and tendencies for the existence of which, failing the hypothesis of divine caprice, no alternative theory is forthcoming. Heredity indeed may partially account for some portion of this legacy, but, even as regards this portion, heredity fails to explain why it has fallen to our lot if the rule of justice is accepted as the universal law. As far as this life shows, we at least have neither earned our virtues nor our vices, our qualities or our defects. Why, then, are they ours? Obviously the explanation must be that they are either the wayward gift of some almighty power who places us where we are, or they are ours by the same right that all else we really own is ours, because we have earned them by our own effort and endeavour, the only true basis of all and every claim to possession.

Our future and our past are inextricably bound together, and a religion that does not solve the problem of the why and wherefore of our presence here will most assuredly fail to elucidate that of our future destiny. As Mr. Sinnett\* well says:—

Careless thinkers vaguely imagine that spiritual progress—without

\* *Collected Fruits of Occult Teaching*. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net

work to provide for it—will be somehow accomplished on spiritual planes after the shackles of physical existence are contemptuously cast off. On this plane that would be like the view of life that a man of business might take if he assumed that income would flow in of itself while he basked all the time in the luxuries of his home and never went back to his office. Consequences will not follow without causes being set up to provide for them. That simple truth governs spiritual progress as well as the processes of manufacture.

There must surely be some correspondence between the activities of earth and life on another plane. All nature is ruled by the law of rhythm or ebb and flow. The harvest is limited by the amount of seed sown. We cannot logically think of a brief life on earth bearing fruit in an interminable after-life. It seems, therefore, impossible to suppose that alternations of physical life with life in another sphere can be dispensed with under any conditions even remotely related to those under which the human

THE LAW  
OF RHYTHM.

race at present functions. This is not to deny that physical life may become by degrees less material. It may well be that evolving humanity as time goes on may be less densely encased in its physical envelope, but the universal law that makes night follow day and summer winter, is not to be baulked. The aversion that we may well feel to the idea of other lives on earth may perhaps correspond to a similar sensation of weariness when the experiences engendered on earth have been fully garnered on other planes. There may indeed be such a thing as becoming superannuated in another world, when we shall naturally desire to return to earth because without such a return no further progress will be possible. This, it may be contended, is purely speculative, but it is at least speculation on the lines of intrinsic probability. The religion of the future must provide us with some such reasonable ground on which to base our beliefs. Theology stands discredited to-day as it never did before. The ecclesiastic may well ask: "Who hath believed our report?" He will only hear the empty echo of his own question in response. Better surely no philosophy of life at all than one which obtains no credence, and is only nominally accepted by those who delight to term themselves "orthodox."

When we come to the moral side of Christianity we are faced with a different problem. Christianity has presented itself in many strange guises. What is there in common between the religion of Calvin and the religion of St. Francis of Assisi? Would Jesus of Nazareth have subscribed to the teaching of the greatest of his apostles? It is difficult, nay impossible, as it seems to me,

to believe that he would. What, again, would Jesus have said to the teaching of Puritanism or indeed of Protestantism? The essence of both is in reality a narrow selfishness. As Mr. Edward Carpenter\* well says:—

In Christendom, after the communal enthusiasms of apostolic days and of the mediæval monastic brotherhoods and sisterhoods had died down, religion occupied itself more and more with each man or woman's individual salvation regardless of what might happen to the community, till this tendency reached such an extreme that, as someone has said, "each man was absorbed in polishing up his own little soul in a corner to himself, in entire disregard of the damnation which might come to his neighbour." Religion and morality became perfectly selfish. It was always: Am I saved? Am I doing the right thing? Am I winning the favour of God and man? Will *my* claims to salvation be allowed? Did I make a good bargain in allowing Jesus to be crucified for me? The poison of a diseased self-consciousness entered into the whole human system.

It is a far cry from the Sermon on the Mount to "the Devil take the hindmost," but the pioneers of commercial competition who patronized the ecclesiastical establishments of the Victorian age failed to appreciate the irony of their position. Nor were the clergy themselves backward in turning a blind eye to the incongruity of the situation. Enthroned orthodoxy, excellently as it serves as a prop and support to established authority, is of little value for the human soul when it cries out for some solution of the problem of life, some answer to the riddle of the Sphinx.

When the need for real spiritual help arises, man INADEQUACY OF ORTHODOX RELIGION. perforce looks elsewhere for consolation and satisfaction. Hence it is that in crises like the recent great war, when men's thoughts are turned towards the search for a solution of the deeper mysteries of existence, the leaders of the Church are invariably found wanting, and creeds that in more peaceful times were tacitly, if but nominally, accepted, are at once seen to be hollow and unsatisfying. It is not one religion only but all religions that have failed and been found wanting. We see the old order breaking down everywhere, and the old institutions falling to pieces. Men who till recently scouted the idea, are turning towards Spiritualism as at least a step towards a truer appreciation of the meaning of life, a step which, if it does not take them far, is at any rate a step away from the old materialistic interpretation.

\* *Pagan and Christian Creeds, their Origin and Meaning.* London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

of the universe. But the key to the meaning of life is not to be found here any more than it was to be found in the creeds that have done duty during the past. A wider outlook is necessary if mankind is to appreciate the meaning of life, and to acquire that realization of the importance of work well done on earth in relation to his future growth and development which alone can provide a substitute for the stabilizing tendencies of the faiths of the past and ward off that wave of anarchy and chaos which threatens to overwhelm the hard-earned fruits of the labours of many generations. Salvation is neither to be found through the exaltation of the self nor the exaltation of the tribe or the nation. As Mr. Carpenter puts it :—

We have to return to the cosmic universal life. It is the blossoming of this new life in the deeps of our minds which is salvation. It is this presence which all down the ages has been held as saviour and liberator—the daybreak of a consciousness so much vaster, so much more glorious than all that has gone before that the little candle of the local self is swallowed up in its rays. It is the return home, the return

**THE DAY-** into direct touch with nature and man, the liberation from  
**BREAK OF A** the long exile of separation, from the painful sense of  
**VASTER CON-** isolation and the odious nightmare of guilt and sin. . . .  
**SCIOUSNESS.** Man has never been so completely submerged in the bitter  
 sea of self-centredness, but what he has occasionally been  
 able to dash the spray from his eyes and glimpse the scene and the glorious light of heaven. From how far back we cannot say, but from an immense antiquity come the beautiful myths which indicate this. . . . How lovely the vision of the little maiden Cinderella sitting unbeknown close to the hearth-fire of the universe, despised and rejected, rejected by the world, despised by her two elder sisters, the body and the intellect, yet she, the soul, though latest born, by far the most beautiful of the three, and of the prince of Love, who redeems and sets her free, and of her wedding garment, the glory and beauty of all nature and of the heavens.

Mr. Carpenter sees in the development of the human race from its earliest beginnings three main stages: the periods, namely, of simple consciousness; of self-consciousness; and the third, which is still ahead of us, the period of universal or cosmic consciousness. It may well be that in those early days in which man had not yet begun to differentiate himself mentally from the tribe or society of which he was a part, a life was led free from competition and strife, under conditions in which towns and cities had no place, and agricultural pursuits were the basis of the life of the community. In this  
**THE THREE**  
**STAGES.** Arcadian existence something akin to the peace and contentment of the fabled Golden Age may have prevailed;

but when self-consciousness developed, the struggle between man and man led gradually to the fight for possession—a fight which evolved both politically and commercially, in wars on the one hand, and in commercial competition and the development of the self-seeking propensities of individual man, on the other.

There are, says Mr. Carpenter, only two main factors in life: love and ignorance, one positive and substantial, the other negative and illusory. The breed which ignorance begets appears indeed very positive in its character, including such qualities as enmity, cruelty, fear, hatred, and jealousy; but at the root of these lies merely ignorance or non-perception, *i.e.*, the failure to understand the injury inflicted, the failure to sympathize with the needs and sufferings of others, the failure, indeed, to realize or to see them. Opposed to this is the sense of unity, not only with others, but with all nature, which is the source of love and all those virtues which are included in love, and of which love is the mainspring. The time must come, thinks Mr. Carpenter, when the positive constructive element must dominate. But in order that this should be, a change must come about within the individual man. For "it is inevitable that man must build a state of society around him after the pattern and image of his own interior state. . . . Schemes of reconstruction are well enough in their way, but if there is no ground of real human solidarity, of what avail are they?"

The brotherhood of humanity is not to be attained on lines of commercialism or through political enactments. It will only come to fruition through the spiritual realization of the oneness of man with man, and the identity of all with the Universal Self.

The world in which we live [says Mr. Carpenter] denies this great fact of unity. It is a world in which the principle of separation rules. Instead of a common life and union with each other, the contrary principle has been the one recognized, and to such an extent that always there prevails the obsession of separation and the conviction that each person is an isolated unity.

The whole of our modern society has been founded on this delusive idea, *which is false*. . . . In the moral world the doom of separation comes to us in the shape of the sense of sin, for sin is separation. Sin is actually the separation from others, and the non-acknowledgment of unity. And so it has come about that during all this civilization period the sense of sin has ruled and ranged to such an extraordinary degree. Meanwhile at the heart of all—and within all the frantic external strife and warfare—there is all the time this really great life brooding. The kingdom of heaven is still within.

Doubtless the sense of individuality must be evolved as a



means towards the growth of character, but the evolution of this sense must go hand in hand with the development of the sense of the solidarity of the whole human race. We are too ready to overlook the profound truth enshrined in the trite old fable of Æsop, of the body and its members. However well cared-for the foot may be, the foot cannot remain healthy if the body itself is diseased. The sense of the responsibility of

AM I MY  
BROTHER'S  
KEEPER?

one man towards another has never been adequately emphasized. "Am I my brother's keeper?" asked the first murderer, implying a negative reply. The answer is: "A thousand times, yes!" even when we give the word brother its widest and most comprehensive sense, to include not merely the human race, but the animal kingdoms as well. If men were judged by their missed opportunities of doing good, who would escape scatheless? And these opportunities often cost us so little, and yet there are occasions not a few in which they make the whole difference between the fulfilment of a useful career and a ruined life. Who realizes this? Perhaps only those who have seen it, who have seen life and health shattered, where the lifting of a little finger by a friend, perhaps even by a mother or a brother, would have made the whole difference to the subsequent life of the one who looked for help here, there, and everywhere, and looked in vain. Surely, though the statement be exaggerated, there is much truth in those lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, that

Just the art of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs.

But this art of being kind springs directly from that sense of brotherliness and loving-kindness which is so lacking in the world to-day. To return to the moral of Æsop's fable, the man who injures any part of his body injures his whole self. How is it that mankind is so blind that it cannot realize this patent truth? Has not the recent world war injured victors and vanquished alike? If there had been a trace in the European world of yesterday of that cosmic sense which men like Edward Carpenter preach to-day, and the Prophet of Nazareth preached two thousand years ago on the plains of Galilee, would this great catastrophe have befallen us? Such disasters do not arise primarily from political institutions and political combinations, but from the failure of mankind to grasp wherein his true interest, his true happiness, resides. Neither Bolshevism nor Democracy—as a

WANTED—  
THE COSMIC  
SENSE.

political system merely—will solve this problem. It can only be solved in the individual heart of each man by his realization that he is linked to his fellow man by a common bond of fellowship which renders an injury inflicted on another an injury done to himself, and to the whole community at large. After the lapse of two thousand years mankind begins to look once more for another prophet to point out the way of salvation, but the prophet when he comes can but reiterate in modern phrase the old truth upon which the world has turned its back, the truth that all men are children of a common Father, and that as God is one and all-embracing, the sense of separateness, with its heritage of sin and crime, arises from the illusion of the individual self, that would vainly set itself in opposition to the All-Self of the universe.

The appearance of an Encyclopædia of Occultism is something of an event in the circles interested in such matters. Books have indeed appeared dealing in dictionary form with special branches of occultism or terms in connection with it. The most notable of these is perhaps *Wilson's Dictionary of Astrology*, but nothing, as far as I am aware, has ever been attempted on so ambitious or comprehensive a scale hitherto as Mr. Spence's *Encyclopædia of Occultism*.<sup>\*</sup> The danger of such an Encyclopædia is that where specific branches of Occultism are concerned, it is liable to be superficial, and covering such a wide field it naturally treats of subjects that have little in common with each other. Thus we find articles or paragraphs on modern terms of psychical research, such as telepathy, telekinesis, etc., alongside with others on such divers subjects as the elixir of life, Necromancy, Neoplatonism, Fetishism, Gnosticism, gematria, obsession, oracles, dreams, etc. Where, however, we come to inquire into specific subjects dealt with, the student of the subject in question will seldom find an article of an authoritative kind, and the idea that the book conveys is that it is almost entirely a compilation by one writer, rather than an encyclopædia giving articles on specific subjects by those who are practically qualified to deal with them. Thus in the article on dreams we find no mention of Freud, though a treatise dealing with this subject where Freud's theories are not discussed can scarcely be regarded to-day as otherwise than an anachronism. Then, again, it is quite obvious that the article on Astrology has not been written by an astrologer, but merely

AN ENCYCLO-  
PÆDIA OF  
OCCULTISM.

<sup>\*</sup> London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd. 25s. net.

by some one who has acquired a slight smattering of superficial information on the subject. In this article we are informed, in the first instance, that the aspects of the planets are five, and these are subsequently enumerated. A little later on, however, in the same article, the author has obviously forgotten his previous statement, and now tells us that the aspects are seven, omitting the less important ones. As a matter of fact, however, the second list is seriously defective. The author inserts in it one of the least important of all—the quintile, and omits the sesquiquadrate, which is the more powerful of the two, the sesquiquadrate being the complementary aspect to the semi-quartile, which is duly given. In the second list the author states that the conjunction is when two stars or planets “are of the same sign”—an obviously ridiculous statement. The author prefaces his encyclopædia with what he terms a select bibliography, but though the bibliography is brief in the extreme, it is the reverse of select! Choice of the books inserted in it is of the most haphazard and inconsequential kind. The writer states that: “Modern works in English have for the most part been preferred to ancient or to foreign authorities, in the endeavour to render the list of service to those approaching the subject for the first time.” What we find, however, in practice, is that a large proportion of the modern works given are out of print, and sometimes when they are still obtainable an old edition and a publisher who does not now handle them is cited instead of the latest edition and present publisher. Under the heading of astrology all the old authoritative books, with the possible exception of Lilly, are omitted from the list, and almost all the modern ones. There is no mention of Ramsey, Ptolemy, Placidus de Titus, or Junctinus, among the leading ancient authorities. Among the modern there is no mention of A. J. Pearce's *Text-book of Astrology*, or of Wilson's celebrated Dictionary. One book alone of Alan Leo's is given out of the very large number of his publications, and an old edition and an old publisher is cited in regard to this. Mr. H. T. Waite's useful little compendium of Natal Astrology is duly noted, but to cite what purports to be nothing more than a little handy book of reference when all leading authorities are ignored, serves merely to emphasize the grotesque character of the list given. Under the heading of Theosophy the *Secret Doctrine* which might almost be termed the Bible of the Theosophists, is omitted, and Frederick Myers' *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death* is catalogued under “Spiritualism.” There is no Psychical Research heading whatever.

and under the heading of Mysticism we can find no reference to the greatest of all ancient mystics, Plotinus. When we come to the question of biographies of individuals it seems impossible to trace any rhyme or reason why certain individuals are omitted, and others inserted. These biographies range practically through all time. We have, for instance, an article, as it appears to us quite unnecessary, on Charlemagne. Among modern authorities the mediums occupy a large place, Mrs. Piper, for instance, D. D. Home, and others of this class, being quite rightly included. There is, however, no biography of Sir William Crookes on the one hand, or Mr. Arthur Edward Waite on the other—both special authorities in their respective spheres. Madame Blavatsky has a biography, but not Mrs. Besant, nor Mr. A. P. Sinnett.

The strength of the Encyclopædia lies mainly in its articles dealing with folk-lore, fetishism, magic, witchcraft, and the curiosities of occultism. Within its four to five hundred pages closely printed in double column there is a vast amount of curious and interesting matter, and as a book of reference on many obscure and recondite subjects it will have considerable value for the student. If the compiler does not write authoritatively, he at least gives evidence of the most extensive and painstaking research into subjects of the most varied character. Mr. Spence has undertaken an exceedingly difficult task, and if he has not altogether succeeded, he has at least provided us with a volume full of curious and interesting excursions into the byways of mediæval and occult thought, as well as a book of reference on such more modern topics as mediumship, spiritualism, hypnotism, and psychical research.

I regret that owing to the incessantly increasing prices of printing and paper, it will not be possible for me to continue publishing the OCCULT REVIEW at 9d. as hitherto. What I propose to do is to enlarge it by eight pages, and make it a shilling net, which I think will be preferable to raising the price by a penny only and leaving it at its present size. This alteration will commence with the next issue. I hope my readers will recognize the necessities of the situation and continue to give the magazine the same sympathetic support as they have done hitherto.

# NIGERIAN SUPERNATURALISM

BY JOHN M. STUART-YOUNG

## PART II

I HAVE again persuaded Bosa, in his own idiomatic manner, to explain a few difficulties.

"It is hard, very hard," he confessed, "in these busy days to say what we Onitshas really believe, because the Fathers have spoiled all our young people's minds with religions of different sorts. We have not properly understood. We are only half Christians. Yet we are no longer proper pagans. However, we still believe that there is, in the head and heart of every person, the 'Nkpulobe,' which is the soul. Without that soul a man would not be a living being—he would simply be a body!"

"A dead body?"

"Sometimes a live body—when a person has lost his sense. A crazed man has lost his 'Nkpulobe.'"

"Can you describe it for me?"

"It is exactly the same as the body, for it is the man's own 'specially' self. Other people cannot touch it or feel it—but they can feel it at work near to them, when a person whom they hate or love is beside them."

I take it that Bosa meant to imply the magnetic influence of one nature over another—that hypnotic charm which some men seem to exert over their less fortunate and more impressionable fellows.

"There is only one soul in each person?" I catechized.

"Of course! Yet it is not possible to kill the 'Nkpulobe' at all! If a man is slain by a leopard while out hunting, or if he is destroyed by an alligator while bathing; or, if he be engineer, and he is killed by an explosion on his boat; or if he be murdered; or if some person gives him poison, so that he dies in great pain; or if he kills himself in any way whatever, instead of waiting for God to call him; or if he suffers from some very bad skin disease, that changes his body—*then* the soul is . . . mutilated (*sic*). The 'Nkpulobe' is maimed. The horrible kind of death he has died makes him an evil influence. That is why, if he is buried in the house of his family, or in the usual graveyard, he may want others to die the same kind of bad death. So it is that

we refuse, many times, power to his relatives to bury him in their compounds. In older times the body was thrown into the river. Many, many winches (witches) have a spirit of this sort for their big friend. They use the wicked 'Nkpulobe' to damage all sorts of men and women and young children."

"What, then, of the dissolution and decay of the body after death, when the flesh begins to putrefy in the ground? Does the soul change accordingly?"

"Not at all! Lots of us natives leave out the words about the 'resurrection of the body' when we say the Christian creed. We simply cannot believe it. Because Christ, who was only in the grave about thirty-six hours, rose from the dead, with a perfect body, that is no argument that the body does not return to the soil from which it came. What we call 'Ndu' is *life*. Now 'Ndu' means everything that moves forward—such as growing, seeing, speaking; in fact, it means the *proving* or the *showing* of ourselves to be alive. When the body decays, the 'Ndu' merges into the 'Nkpulobe'—and the soul remains strong and well, at God's mercy, subject to God's will, to the end of all time!"

Bosa paused for a moment, thinking.

"Except for Jesus, the Virgin Mary, and all the Saints, the missionaries have nothing new to tell us!" he pronounced. "As for trying to make black people follow white man rule of only one wife . . .!" There was utter scorn in his voice. I was left wondering how many missionaries have recognized that ninety per cent. of their zeal is not only unjustified but unjustifiable?

"What is the first act of the soul or spirit at death?" I asked.

"It reports itself to God."

"And does God give it work to do?"

Again there was a measure of hesitancy, and a wrinkling of the brows.

"The Fathers have confused us," he exclaimed irritably. "We believe that the soul, if it has worked well, has finished with the world—at least in so far as that special body is concerned. God may do what He likes, you know. He may tell the 'Nkpulobe' to be born again. He may take it back into Himself."

"What!" I cried. "You believe in the reincarnation of the soul, and in the ultimate absorption of everything into God?"

"I don't understand those words. Let me show you. It is like this. The soul goes to God. God thinks. He does with

each of His spirits what He deems best. He knows. The soul may be born again, into the same family. Yes, we do believe that. But, if it has been very evil, it may be condemned, as a *loose* spirit, to wander all around, looking for its own new home. It may become an animal. It often becomes a tree!"

"You amaze me, Bosa! This is *Karma*!"

Bosa frowned his lack of understanding.

"*That*?" he asked apologetically. "I don't understand the word. But it is all very simple. We believe that a change of bodies is the only possible way to explain how *soul* and *spirit* are small part not the same. When a person is alive he is both 'Nkpulobe' and 'Moa Moa.' He is a spirit, and he is also a soul. During the time that he is loose, after death, he has lost his 'Nkpulobe,' until God decides what work he shall do for the future. Therefore, for a short time, he is simply a wandering spirit."

I sat thinking for a time, trying to reconcile this facile aspect of life, as the intergrowth of one existence into another, with the Christian definition of Immortality—the greater or spiritual element animating the lesser and perishable element of the body.

"Tell me more of this rite of second burial," I said. "I begin to see now what it means. The soul has to be facilitated in its effort to sever all earthly bonds, so that God may have the greater freedom to deal with its future?"

"So!" Bosa nodded approvingly. "Immediately after death, there is a place where all the souls meet together. During the time that they are waiting for the second burial, they exist on a kind of leaf which we call 'Okazi.' Until the priests have given them final release they are not properly 'Nkpulobe'—they are simply 'Moa Moa.' We fire guns, shout, and make plenty of noisy play, so as to frighten away the evil spirits, who might otherwise molest the newly dead, or entice it away from its honest mission."

"Logical enough, in all truth," I confessed. "Is it at the time of the *second* burial that the soul seeks its Maker, for a final verdict regarding the future?" Bosa nodded. "The first burial, then, is a sort of passport into the Great Land of the Dead. The second burial is the passport into the presence of God Himself, Who is the Ruler of the Land of Spirit? . . . Is that correct?"

"Yes. It is at the moment of our rite of second burial that God decides what He will do. The soul must either remain in the World of Heaven [I think that Bosa meant 'in Paradise' or

'with God'] until *Cuku* gives it another body to hold. Maybe, because of its evil life, it is condemned to wander all around, learning sense, and watching other souls pass to and fro."

"When such spirits are seen, Bosa, do they inevitably belong to the same locality?"

The youth looked at me attentively.

"Do you mean whether spirits travel to strange places?"

"Yes. Or is there something that attracts them to the scenes of their earth-life?"

My suggestion was confirmed by a grave nod. "If a native of our country dies far away, even so far away as England, his soul must come back straight to Onitsha. The place where are all the relations and friends, who have already died, we call 'Ama Nri.' The 'Nri' is the best and most kingly family of all this Ighbo country."

I asked Bosa about dreams. "Tell me," I said, "I know that you Onitsha people attach great importance to your thoughts during sleep. But, when dead persons come to you at night, do you look upon them as *souls*? Or are they merely the thinkings of your own mind, while the body is fast asleep?"

Bosa opened his eyes widely, and his lips curled.

"But . . . ! Don't you *know* that every soul has the power to leave its body while the body sleeps? And, if this be so, how should you doubt that the dead are our friends and visitors? Of *course* the people, dead or alive, who come to us in our dreams are the *really* people we know!"

I shook my head dubiously.

Bosa persisted. "Make you remember. We had a watchman once. He used to put his soul into the body of a fox. It was after the other watchman had been murdered. He said he preferred to wander all about the compound during the night. While he was a fox, he left his own body fast asleep inside the shed. Don't you remember the night we fought?"

I *did* remember; and I chuckled aloud.

I had been sitting, during the whole of a chilly night in March, 1911, over my manuscripts. (I wrote two or three stanzas of *Motherhood*, one of my finest poems, that night, I recollect.) It had been a lonely vigil, but I was happy and full of life. The clock pointed to half-past two. Suddenly there was a gun-shot. This was succeeded by a wild clamour, and the noise of angry voices. My nerves were none too steady in those disturbed days. But I seized my revolver from the bed and ran, hot-foot, into the compound.



Arrived there, I found Bosa struggling fiercely with the watchman.

The man seemed wellnigh demented, and was growling and yelling like some wild beast. Bosa had him by the shoulders. The legs of each assailant were clutched tensely, and I could see that Bosa's big task was to keep the man from reaching his gun, which was leaning, barrel upwards, against the wall. Bosa's gun lay on the ground under their struggling feet. Only a few yards away a fox was kicking convulsively in its death agonies, the blood oozing sluggishly from its neck.

Meanwhile, Bosa's voice seemed to be wildly urging the watchman to recall who, what and where he was—for the man appeared to be stupefied, bemused or utterly crazy. . . . It was a full five minutes before he recovered his senses. Then he sank down on the ground, in a listless way, and began to sob. He asked what was the matter, as though he had only just awakened. The fox had just given its last kick, and rolled over, quite dead.

I had watched this scene wonderingly. What it all signified I did not trouble to ask. Nor did the somnolence of a watchman amaze me. The event marked too common a trait in negro nature for me to do more than curse the man roundly, and to tell him to keep better watch in future. I went back to my manuscripts, and thence, as Mr. Pepys has it, "very tired to bed."

The trend of Bosa's present hint was too occult for serious consideration—that the fox *was* the watchman—that Bosa had (unwittingly) shot the fox—and that the watchman had only recovered his reason when the fox was dead—and that, during the prolonged period of the animal's death-throes, the man was insane!

I laughed again, and shook my head positively.

Bosa continued his argument, without remorse. "All men are free to dream, and all men are free to do what they like with their souls while in the state of dream. When a man is asleep, whether at night or in the day, he can send his soul into the Unknown. Sometimes the dead pay visits—sometimes the living!"

I began to ask him about the significance of certain familiar dreams. I referred him to a "Napoleon" Dream Book, which he had gladly bought while in England. It was his turn to laugh. He did so, rather scornfully.

"Dreams are not so easily explained that one can put them

all into a book," he avowed. "It is not possible to say that, because a man dreams of a certain thing, some special event is bound to occur. Each man should be able to make his own interpretations."

I threw my notes aside, and dismissed him to his ordinary duties.

With these slight analyses, I must perforce leave the whole matter. I am not a trained ethnologist, and I have set out to describe, rather than to pontificate. To conclude, let me sum up my impressions. In spite of eight years' practically continuous residence, I have written very little about Onitsha in the English press. Were I to be asked, here and now, to put my finger on the principal characteristics of the Niger natives, I should choose the mental trait of *aloofness* coupled with the physical trait of *flexibility*.

And, inside the "physical" trait of flexibility, I include the moral possibilities of change under European influence.

The Niger native may be persuaded; he will never be coerced.

To the native of this particular district the phenomena of life present themselves unsoftened by any atmosphere of sentiment. They are patriotic—but they are not parochially patriotic. Their great hymn of loyalty is to MOTHER AFRICA. Wars and rumours of wars (in Europe) leave them unmoved. This is not, by any means, through lack of imagination—it is a supreme sense of the insignificance of merely human destiny as against Divine Plan.

As a farmer, the native of Onitsha can only be called a failure. As a thinker, he can only be called logical and cold. As a poet—and he is a poet, of high rank, and of great inspiration—he can only be said to have obtained his inspiration for folklore from living creatures. He cares little or nothing for the fields, the trees, the clouds, the stars, the sun, the moon.

He seeks from everything on the material plane the *usefulness* inherent therein. If it be useless, he cares little for its beauty. He would never, voluntarily, cultivate flowers or encourage tame birds. He calls a salad-garden "white man's grass." If he makes a pet of a domestic animal, he elevates the beast to companionship because of its friendly consideration for his moods, not from a mere sense of patronage, or from an instinctive knowledge of superiority. He likes his dogs to bark loudly—his monkeys must gambol—his parrots must squawk—his canaries must sing.

In Theology, he girds at the sentimental side of the Christ

Legend, even while he purrs complacently at the priestly promise of Spiritual Equality. He courts, with evident pleasure, and at its full market value, the assurance that Christ died for *him*. But he has his doubts! In Morality, he is obstinate and self-confident. Priestly protestations that he must come into line with European custom leave him cold. He may contract a "Church" marriage. But he will continue to keep concubines. He is a polygamist by instinct. What was healthy, clean and perfectly moral for his grandfather, is quite moral enough for him!

He has little or no training and instinct for *exactitude*. The carpenter, the mason, the painter, the craftsman, no matter what his grade of education and merit, can never be wholly relied upon for detail. He finds a general average of equity quite good enough. He hates to be bound by conventions, dislikes to follow rules of thumb. He appeals to the Law, because he knows that the Law, as administered by his fellows, and corrupted by his Chiefs, is likely to prove malleable and highly wayward. He loves a Game of Chance. In his social world, the Lawyer, the Doctor and the Minister hold the keys of Happiness.

He prides himself on being a "born trader." He is active and industrious. He has merely a *temporary* aim—but he makes for it, and when he hits it, he hits it with all the power at his command. Let him set his heart on a title, or on an additional wife. He obtains his desire—sooner or later—and generally "sooner."

This active trait may lead to dishonesty, though he is instinctively honest. Simply, his activity needs guidance. Should it be allowed to degenerate into restlessness, and a restlessness that is a menace to social harmony, a slack "master" is generally to blame. His talents rarely end in moral ineffectuality. Loving friction, he tries to make himself an influence. In the commercial world he demands competition. In the religious world, he demands dispute. If, in both cases, he does not obtain the friction, he makes it. And this restless attitude toward his public life exists side by side with a love of peace in the domestic life—in the home he asks for the gentlest of harmony. He will not tolerate intrusion.

Finally, he is a good husband, and a proud father.

He will be a force in the future.

# MY PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

BY THE REV. WALTER WYNN, Author of "Rupert Lives,"  
Etc.

IT all came about so naturally and unipentionally on my part, as I believe all great events do in the lives of people who are anxious to ascertain the truth. As probably your readers know, I lost my only son in the War. Miss Stead, as a convinced Spiritualist, was quite sure that it was possible for me to communicate with him. Although I had read all the standard literature appertaining to psychic phenomena, I could never realize the truth of many of them. I read them simply as "a tale that is told," and passed on; but the blank that was created in my life by the death of my beloved son compelled me to listen very attentively to Miss Stead's dogmatic assurances. Her great and revered father had been quite as confident as his esteemed daughter, but I regret that I used to smile at my gifted friend. This time, however, I did not ignore the call, and my two books, *Rupert Lives*, and *The Bible and the After-Life*, are the condensed results of three years of most careful and painstaking investigations.

I can put into a sentence the result of those investigations on my mind. I do not think that any one knows the full meaning, or has the exact explanation, of the phenomena I record. But to attribute them to fraud or deliberate intention to deceive, or to a demon origin, is absolutely absurd. I have been utterly surprised at the reception accorded to the record of my psychical experiences by the leaders of the Churches and the Churches themselves. I must be pardoned for saying that I cannot conceive how intelligent people, not to mention those who are supposed to have a knowledge of Biblical truth, can possibly overcome the force of my experiences by emphasizing ridiculous prejudices, and quoting Biblical texts which have no relation at all to the matter under discussion.

I have asked myself repeatedly of late: What is the exact cause of this attitude on the part of the Churches? We are witnessing a world-wide effort to establish the truth of the survival of man's personality, the cardinal and foundation truth of Christianity, as of no other great religion. The principal expounders of the Gospel of Christ are suddenly quite sure that it is of the devil. I have received hundreds of letters to this effect. What is the cause of

such an attitude? The cause is surely obvious: the Churches first of all postulate certain truths. They thus put a full-stop after any statement of their dogmas. If the Almighty sees fit to reveal to Christ truths not revealed to the Jews, He must be crucified; if to Galileo astronomical facts known to no one else, he must be burnt; if to Luther the central Christian truth, he is of the devil; if to Richard Arkwright a knowledge of spinning, he must have his furniture smashed; and if to Sir Oliver Lodge and Professors Crawford, Barrett, Flammarion, and others, new facts of Nature, they are evidently being influenced by a race of demons, who were angels once, but fell from their highest estate, and who, although they are chained in everlasting darkness, nevertheless are allowed to influence 2,400,000,000 of human beings, and have retained the memory of minute details and secrets in all their lives ever since they came into the world! A more preposterous and ridiculous hypothesis, and a more cruel attitude to the new revelation, it would be impossible to imagine. And yet this is the result of the innate attitude of the mind of all organized Churches: they put either the full-stop or some other point of punctuation at the end of their theological findings; and if they cannot use any marks of punctuation, they find refuge in notes of exclamation or interrogation.

The Churches fail to see one great fact, namely, that Almighty God resembles lawyers (in one respect only): *He uses no stops at all*. He flings the material Universe out for our investigation; and my psychic experiences have led me to believe that if the Churches do not soon realize this obvious fact, they will be left behind in a desolate condition. I have experienced nothing that I should regard as wicked, but rather helpful, consoling and inspiring. I know nothing about dark séances, except on the occasions when I have heard the Direct Voice, but this I have also heard in the light. The simple question that confronts the world, as the problem strikes my mind, is this: Have we photographic and other evidence that there is another world around us, inhabited by intelligent beings whose photographs can be taken, and that the future life is a natural evolution of this one? My answer is unquestionably in the affirmative. The value of the evidence is enormous. It shatters at one blow the atheistic conception of the universe, robs death of its terrors, and enables us to understand what St. Paul meant when he said that our physical bodies are invested with spiritual bodies, which in the other world will differ as do the stars, and that we shall pass "from glory to glory."

I fail to see that if it be proved—which it will be—that the spirit photograph of William Ewart Gladstone is genuine—that this fact upsets or weakens one solitary truth which I, as a preacher of the Evangelical Gospel of Jesus Christ, hold to be true. I submit rather that such extra evidence is the greatest possible confirmation that God could give to the human race of the nature of its ultimate destiny.

I have come to the following conclusions: The Direct Voice of invisible beings can be heard under proper conditions; the faculty of clairvoyance, which enables some people to see the inhabitants of the other world, can be proved to be true; likewise that of clairaudience enables them to hear voices from the other side; automatic writing, obtained by controlling the hand of a psychic, can be seen and verified; Direct Vision and Seership are realities in modern life; the power to predict coming events—a power only found in highly gifted sensitives—can, on the evidence, be proved to be real; the existence of some force quite as real as steam or electricity can be used by invisible spirits to control matter and make it the means of the communication of actual messages, as well as prove the great range of their intelligence; the levitation of the human body by unseen and spiritual operators has been abundantly demonstrated by Professor Crawford; the trance state, that can be witnessed to-day in the lives of mediums, is exactly the same as that into which Daniel, Paul, Peter, and other Biblical characters passed; spirit guidance is a reality; a spirit body can materialize; men and women can be used for inspirational speech and writing; signs and symbols are employed by beings in the other world to convey messages to us; under certain conditions the spirit of man is capable of leaving the physical body to enter the invisible world and return to this one; the "departed" can impress the minds of mortals by dreams and mental suggestions; at the death of the physical body every human being passes into another world, which world consists of an ascending series of spheres.

To these conclusions I have now to add the firm and unshaken belief that we are actually surrounded by "an innumerable cloud of witnesses," among whom are the spirits of "just men made perfect," who were once residents in this world. And the proof of this can be found in hundreds of spirit photographs that have been taken by Mr. William Hope, of Crewe, one being that which the public have already seen—William Ewart Gladstone. Not all the talk in the world, nor all the quibbling, nor all the imaginations of man will ever prove this photograph is

a "fake." It is very strange that the human mind should be so prolific in its inventions when handling a photograph of such a character. An ordinary photograph of a friend on the other side of the earth, whom they may not have seen for years, men accept with gratitude without doubt in their minds. But directly the genuine spirit photograph is produced, lo and behold, they begin to invent all sorts of explanations concerning its production. In other words, when men come to deal with facts that prove the existence of a life beyond this one, they act altogether contrary to the principles upon which they base their conduct in everyday worldly affairs. If they walk into a bank to get a few five pound notes, they do not waste their own time, or the banker's, by raising all sorts of inquiries and propounding all sorts of propositions for the purpose of showing they are not five pound notes. Men are very pleased—at least I am, when I get the chance—to take five pound notes as being perfectly genuine, with compliments to the banker. But directly a human being starts to prove to his fellows that Nature has given him a power by which invisible beings can become manifest on a photographic plate, all the wiseacres of the world—men otherwise endowed with the shrewdest common sense—begin to account for the whole thing by calling that man either a liar, a trickster, or a fraud.

Now I affirm that Mr. William Hope, of Crewe, is none of these things, and that, whatever the explanation may be of the photographs I have published in the January and February issues of *The British Man and Woman*, it is absolutely certain that the cause is preternatural. I have explained in articles that have appeared in that journal every detail appertaining to the methods by which the photographs were produced, and the photographs prove there are beings round about us the nature of whose bodies is invisible to the human eye, but nevertheless as real as that of electricity or the air we breathe, neither of which can be seen by us. In fact, what is becoming clearer than anything else is that all the great forces of the universe are invisible and that an examination of all material phenomena leads us into a hidden realm of things.

But now notice how this discovery, which will become radiantly clear to humanity before very long, shatters to atoms some of the dogmatic notions of the Churches—Roman Catholic and Protestant alike—appertaining to the After-Life. Assume that the Gladstone spirit-photograph is genuine, then we can conclude at once that there are no infernos, purgatories, and paradises, hells and heavens (according to the conventional

notions of these things), containing those who pass over in one or other of them, for it is obvious that Mr. Gladstone and others were capable of visiting 144 Market Street, Crewe, in a perfectly natural manner, with facial expressions that denote naturalness, restfulness and peace. It is clear that, when once this fact is established, a good many things will happen in the organized Churches, or at any rate the democracies of the world will arrange for those things to happen. No wonder, therefore, that the fiercest and most bigoted opposition towards the latest revelation of nature should come, as usual, from the Church of Rome. But will this latest revelation destroy any truth of any sort that has been revealed previously? How can it, if it is true? One truth cannot destroy another. Surely the new evidence makes more brilliant than ever the psychical phenomena of the Bible, the Person of Christ, His wonderful sayings, the teachings as to the resurrection, and the apostolic beliefs as to the duality of man's nature.

What the Churches have to do is to be wise in time, and not to oppose nature or God, but to move with Him, and feel thankful to Him that He is making known to the human mind the greatest truth that is within its power to comprehend. Would Christianity have been established at all if Peter had not received, as he affirmed he did, "infallible proofs" that Jesus had been raised from the dead?

But for these "infallible proofs" Peter would have gone back to business, and carried out his intention: "I go a-fishing." But the "infallible proofs" were too much for him. Religious people are always talking to me about the sufficiency of faith, which no doubt is a great power and a gift of God. But you can die having faith without inheriting the sublime promise which the early Christians realized to be true by means of "infallible proofs." Actual evidence was given to them, made known to their senses, of the reality of the other life, and without that infallible proof there is not a particle of evidence to justify us in the belief that Christianity would ever have been established in the world at all. But when God sees fit to give to the modern Laodicean Churches infallible proofs of the same reality, and thus strike a blow at the atheism of the age, with its crushing and degrading materialism, lo! it is the leaders of the Christian Church that denominate the movement "demoniac." "Blind leaders of the blind," with ditches ahead of them, into which they all deserve to fall!

I close with giving one of my latest experiences. I was



sitting the other night with a Christian lady who has wonderful psychic powers. In the company present was a young girl who had evidently come to the meeting to laugh and scoff, despite the fact that only a few days before she had lost by death an aunt to whom she was deeply attached. As the sitting proceeded, her face changed. She became deadly pale and started to cry. When we asked her what was the matter, she said, like a child, "My aunt is talking to me—I can hear her quite clearly. Cannot you?" We assured her that we could not. This utterly bewildered the girl, who suddenly found, like Hagar, the psychic maid, that God was in that place. But she knew it not.

## LONELINESS

By D. S. GOODWIN

I MET a woman robed in twilight grey,  
Her face was strange, it seemed that she had known  
The lure of things ineffably alone,  
The silences—that pray.

I said, "Oh woman of the silence crowned,  
In the still places where your soul has been!  
Tell me the mysteries those eyes have seen  
In solitude profound."

She answered not, but turned her musing gaze  
To where the gaunt, sad mountains tore the sky,  
Their stark and lonely splendour soaring high  
Above the trodden ways.

And though she did not speak, I knew that she  
Trode realms as distant, loneliness as vast,  
And that her soul in its deep-brooding past  
Had touched Eternity.

## THE FAIRY-FAITH IN WALES

By M. L. LEWES

OF all the roads that lead through the forest of dim and shadowy beliefs which we call Folk-lore, there is none more fascinating to follow or richer in promise of adventure than the path of the Fairy-faith. For it takes us to a region where in some strange way we feel at home ; as if something or some one in us had "once upon a time" dwelt in that serene country of Fairy-land, where all things happened as we wished, and where the only danger lay in the knowledge and exercise of those emotions which possess and disturb our human plane.

In Wales, and particularly in my own county of Cardigan, belief in fairies—or as the Welsh call them "Y Tylwyth Teg," meaning "the Fair Family"—lingered until very lately and is scarcely yet dead. Up to a very few years ago there were people living who certainly expected to be believed when they asserted that they had seen fairies. There is a small meadow by the river near my own home where it is said that the Tylwyth used to be seen dancing "in and out of the water" about forty years ago ; and much later than that a woman told a neighbour of mine that she had often seen a fairy in her kitchen "robing" the bread. To "have the robin in the house" meant a peculiar state of the dough (really caused by damp flour) when it becomes stringy and sticky and impossible to knead, and was always said to be caused by a fairy. Another old farm labourer, lately dead, used to tell his former mistress how he had often watched the Tylwyth Teg dancing in the fields when he was young. Instances such as these could be multiplied, but they are enough to show the vitality of a belief which until quite recently was accepted as a matter of course.

As to its origin, the Welsh legend relates that in Our Saviour's time there lived a woman who had twenty children, and one day, seeing the Lord approach her house, she was so ashamed of having such a large family, that she hid half of them, that He might not see them all. But when after His departure she looked for the children she had concealed, they had all disappeared and were never found again ; and it was supposed this loss was Heaven's punishment for hiding God's gifts to her. And the lost children are said to have been the ancestors of the Fairy race.

Pretty as this story is, however, the student of folk-lore will prefer some less picturesque and more probable explanation of the Fairy-faith, and I think we shall find that it is a heritage of the Druid religion which had its beginning in times too remote to contemplate. It is thought that the Goidels—the very earliest of the Celtic invaders of Britain—far from bringing Druidism with them, found it already established as the religion of the aborigines, themselves not so very far removed in descent from Neolithic man. This theory gives some idea of the immense antiquity of a cult which dwelt continually on the idea of an Underworld surrounding and interpenetrating ours, and peopled by non-human but more or less powerful beings. The Druids called this Underworld *Annwn* (the Unknown), and its King was *Gwynn ap Nudd*, to whom all spirits, fairies and ghosts were subject. Now there is no doubt that the Underworld was very real and near to the Celtic races, and perhaps even more so to their predecessors in these islands; and it is also quite certain to any one who has made a study of Welsh "superstitions" and beliefs, that through intuition, these ancient people had an acquaintance with what we now call the Astral Plane and its inhabitants, almost incredible to us who live in a material age. We have the last remnants of this faculty of communion with another world in the Second Sight, formerly well recognized in Scotland and Wales, but now become very rare. This gift of natural clairvoyance in some individuals is known to have been far more frequent two centuries ago, and probably still more so the further we go back. So I believe that in Wales there used to be many natural Seers; that often quite ordinary people could and did "see" things belonging to the Astral world, and that their friends and neighbours took the relation of such experiences quite literally and without surprise. The introduction of Christianity in Wales must have done little to disperse the deep sense of the marvellous and awe of natural phenomena inherent in the Celtic mind; on the contrary, the Irish missionaries with great tact seem to have adapted many of the prevailing Druidical ideas to the new religion; sometimes giving any particularly celebrated local deity a more respectable personality as a Christian saint; sometimes leaving the native beliefs entirely alone. This was very probably the case as regarded the Fairy-world and its inhabitants; and it is likely that belief in that Under-world or Astral Plane was in those days far too well-grounded in personal experience to be easily shaken by the precepts of any untried creed. Moreover, the missionaries from Ireland probably believed in fairies them-

selves ; and later on, the Church, while condemning many popular beliefs as superstition, has generally ignored the Fairy-faith, or perhaps held it too intangible to tilt with. Indeed we find Bishop Giraldus Cambrensis as he journeyed through Wales in the year 1188, relating, without any sign of disapproval, how he met a priest called Elidorus, who was supposed to have lived many years with the fairies, returning at intervals to the upper world. So we see that the Welsh people have had every chance of preserving the fairy tradition intact ; and we may therefore believe that very long ago and far away, there really was a stratum of fact beneath most of the fascinating tales which were repeated down the centuries, and that this stratum was never destroyed by details of circumstances and local colour added as succeeding generations endeavoured to adapt the tradition to their own ways of thought.

Although the general name for the fairy-folk in Wales was the "Tylwyth" Teg, they were sometimes known as "Ellyllon" (elves) and also as "Bendith eu Mammau."\* But when speaking of fairies, people were apt to use some allusive term such as "the little people" or "the little johnnies" and often lowered their voices too, for every one knew how risky it was to use any definite name that might be construed disrespectfully when referring to any inhabitant of the Underworld. In this connection it is interesting to note that any place-name in Wales relating to fairies is almost unknown. Certainly in Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire, although there are many localities said to have been the favoured haunts of the Fair Family, I do not know a single place-name that would recall the fact. There are Fairy Glens, Fairy Wells, etc., in several parts of Wales, but these names if investigated would be found of English origin and have no equivalent in Welsh. This belief in the power of a name is probably as old as the human race and is common to the mythology of all primitive peoples.

The entrance to the Underworld was very hard to find, but it was still more difficult to leave the fairy-kingdom if once entered by a human being. It was described as much like our own world under the happiest conditions ; the fairies lived in beautiful houses, had their own kind of food, wore clothes, and sometimes rode tiny white horses. Green was their favourite colour and they were very jealous of any mortal who wore it. In North Wales, however, the fairies were sometimes seen dressed in scarlet. They loved the upper world about which they had

\* "Mothers' blessing."

great curiosity; they were good friends to those who pleased them, but relentless enemies to others. As in our human world so in Fairyland, there were varieties of disposition, and the Welsh distinguished many types amongst the Tylwyth Teg. One kind were thieves and mischief-makers; they it was who would haunt a poor farmer, carrying off his tools, tripping up the milkmaid with a full pail of milk, skimming the cream and replacing the few coins in the kitchen-drawer with fairy-money which vanished as soon as paid to anybody. They would even steal the babe from the old oak cradle when the mother's back was turned, unless she were wise enough to lay the tongs across it. For it was well-known that no fairy, good or bad, could bear the sight of iron. And the only way to get rid of them from a place was to throw a bit of iron after them; where that was done they would never return, but it seldom happened that any one got a sight of them. They were generally invisible, but could make themselves seen if they wished. Few people ever saw them in or near a dwelling, but the Tylwyth Teg did not apparently mind being seen in the open, and nearly all those who in the old days spoke of having seen fairies, described them as dancing in some green meadow or on the open hillside. They were mostly seen in the month of May, but on any warm summer night 'twixt dusk and dark the little green-clad folk might be spied at their revels, and woe betide the adventurous mortal whose curiosity led him too near the magic dance. His hands were seized, he was drawn into the capering circle and presently vanished with his captors, nevermore to return to his old life, unless indeed, he had friends who knew how to get him away. This is what they had to do: after a year and a day had elapsed since his capture, the prisoner's friends must go to the place where he was lost, and at exactly the same hour. They took with them a long stick of mountain ash ("pren criafol"). Presently the fairies would appear dancing madly round, with their prisoner—looking well and happy—in the midst of them. Then the friends rushed forward and, with two strong men holding the rowan-stick firmly by one end, the other end was thrust right into and across the fairy circle, so that when the man came round in the dance he must touch the stick and could then be seized and dragged into safety. For no fairy or any supernatural being dare touch the sacred "pren criafol."

Any person thus rescued, however, had to be very careful in future not to let "cold iron" touch his skin; if this happened he might be rendered invisible and be spirited away again by

the fairies, who would be always on the watch to get him back. As a rule the rescued man would have no recollection of his sojourn in the Underworld, nor would he believe that any length of time had passed since he was drawn into the fairy ring.

This idea of a mortal being decoyed away and held prisoner by the Tylwyth Teg forms the basis of many of the old Welsh tales, and very interesting are some of the variations of it, framed to suit different localities. Belief in such a possibility seems to have been universal, and less than a century ago it is probable that any remote Welsh parish could have furnished at least one tradition of some such happening. In some of the tales the lost man stays away for many years and returns to the upper world only to find strange faces at his old home, and presently meeting some one who tells him he was lost fifty years ago, it suddenly dawns on him what his fate has been. Sometimes the realization kills him; in other stories he lives on and is able to recollect and relate his wonderful adventures in Fairy-land.

On other occasions the prisoner was never able to return to earth, as in the tale of Iolo ap Hugh, the fiddler, who one night wandered down the mountain-side absorbed in his playing and never noticed that he had approached too near the mouth of a certain cave, which tradition said was haunted by fairies who would seize and carry off any mortal who came too close. At all events Iolo disappeared, and as he had been met by a neighbour going down the hill, and was never seen afterwards, there seemed to be little doubt of his sad fate. Many years went by, and Iolo was all but forgotten except by two or three of his contemporaries, now grown very old, when one Sunday evening as the villagers sat in church waiting for service to begin, a sudden strain of mournful music rose and fell. It was the sound of a fiddle, as if played by some one who walked down the aisle and out of the door. All who heard the strange melody were astonished and many shuddered, so wild and unearthly were the tones. But the old shepherd, Iolo's friend and the person who had last seen him alive, recognized the air as the very one the missing man had played on his fiddle as he walked down the hill to his doom on the fatal night. Many were the opinions as to Iolo's fate; some thought he had been chosen huntsman to Gwynn ap Nudd the Fairy King, and that on Hallow E'en night he may be seen cheering the hounds of Annwn over the wastes of Cader Idris. But others held that the Tylwyth Teg enticed the musician away in order that he might play to them for ever; and it is said that "on certain nights of Leap Year, a star stands opposite the

farther end of the fairies' cave, and enables you to view all through it, and to see Iolo and its other inmates."

Now this last part of the legend is distinctly interesting when it is remembered how the Druids were accustomed to orientate their altars and places of worship with the sun and various stars. Probably the fact of a particular star shining at certain seasons right into the mouth of the cave had been noted by the Druid priests and fixed a sacred character to the spot in ages too remote to think of. In later times the idea of worship would be lost, and only a general vague dread of some mysterious inhabitants—emphasized by who knows what horrors of ancient sacrifices—remain.

In other stories of abduction by the Tylwyth Teg, the person is taken to the Underworld for some specific purpose, as in a tale coming from a Cardiganshire parish, where the village midwife was carried off to nurse a fairy princess. This woman stayed long in the fairies' country, where she had everything she wanted and was very happy. But at length curiosity was her undoing. The fairy mother gave the nurse some ointment for the child's eyes, enjoining her on no account to let it touch her own, or disaster would ensue. However, as she anointed the baby one day, her eye tickled and without thinking she rubbed it with her finger. Immediately it was as if a veil fell from her sight and she saw herself surrounded by the most wonderful things and beings which she could never afterwards describe. Fearing the fairy's anger, and wishing to see all she could, she kept her own counsel; but one day when the princess was present, something more marvellous than usual appeared, and the nurse could not repress an exclamation. "Wretch," cried the fairy, "you have used the ointment," and with that she struck the poor woman violently on the face, and the next thing the nurse saw was her own cottage kitchen, and all the fairy world gone for ever. But it is said that she never tired of relating the adventure, and not longer ago than the last century, there were people living who boasted of being the descendants of the fairy's midwife.

I should like to write of the most interesting of all Welsh fairies, the Gwagedd Annwn (Dames of the Underworld) who lived beneath the lakes, appearing on the shore as beautiful women who sometimes fell in love with and married mortal men, and of much else that I have learnt of the fairy-faith and its deep root in mysticism. But space fails to-day, and further tales of the Fair Folk must be left for another paper.

## A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

By A. M.

MY house stood in a large park, it was surrounded by trees and led up to by a series of winding paths; the whole place was lonely, and a peculiar atmosphere of solitude seemed to envelop it. The feeling was so real that I never permitted my wife to be without a revolver in the house, though in the light of what has occurred it seems almost childish to have relied upon that. I think the average man feels a sense of protection in the presence of anything capable of causing instant death or at least serious bodily injury, and even in the presence of real psychic phenomena would grip the butt of a Webley and feel a moderate amount of reassurance. I mention this just to show that although neither my wife nor myself are of a nervous disposition, the feeling of requiring something for protection was intense.

One evening in the late summer of 1916, I was returning home along one of the many paths, under the trees; it was dusk, and there was that sense of brooding quiet that is one of the charms of an English summer evening in the country. Coming round a bend in the path, I noticed what appeared to be a ragged down-at-the-heel individual, standing at the corner of the path: he was motionless, and when I came near to him, made not the slightest movement; I could not discern his face and passed, taking no further notice of him.

This happened so frequently that my curiosity was aroused. Each evening he was standing in the same place, perfectly motionless, and as the corner of that path was in close proximity to the house, the thought came that he could be up to no good, hanging about in that peculiar fashion. I determined one night to speak to him, so, passing quite close, I said, "Good night, nice night," but there was no movement and no reply. This piqued my curiosity to a greater extent, especially as it had always been too dark to get a look at his face, and though I made some inquiries of the few people whom I knew and thought might have passed that way, no one seemed to have seen anybody resembling my description of this man.

One evening I talked the matter over with my wife in a casual sort of way—not wishing to make her uneasy—and was rather startled at what she related to me. It seems she had been



sitting reading in one of the rooms when some one knocked on the door, and the two dogs which we keep set up a furious barking. "I looked at the two children playing on the rug," she said, "and then as the knocking was renewed, crossed through the passage and hall to the door; just immediately before reaching it the knocks came more loudly than before, but when I opened the door there was no one whatever in sight. I looked out along the path to the garden gate—the only way any one could leave the house—no one in sight; I went out and looked round the house, but nothing at all was to be seen. Feeling a little mystified I went back indoors, took up my book and continued reading and the incident passed from my mind."

Two nights after my wife had related this incident to me, both dogs (which sleep in the house) woke us with the most hideous howls. Telling her to stay still, I lit a candle and went downstairs, where I found the animals cowering under a table in a state of abject terror. I spoke to them, patted them, and went back upstairs; when just as I was about to settle down again, my wife said, "I believe it is raining," so I went to the window, drew the curtain on one side and looked out—it was pouring with rain—and now and then a vivid flash of lightning would light up the sky. Being fond of watching lightning, I opened the window and stood there; during a particularly bright flash, I imagined I saw something sitting on the spouting to the left of the window. I called to the wife asking her to bring the candle; when she showed the light through the open window, I saw that it was a bird sitting there, but to all appearance it was not a bird that inhabited that particular locality. Being fairly well acquainted with the natural history of the place, I remarked that it appeared more like a foreign bird than an English one. Though it was pouring with rain, I asked my wife to hold the candle there and said I would go into a shed and get the ladder and try and catch this bird. I thought probably with the light of the candle attracting its attention I might be able to climb up and take it unawares; however, after rearing the ladder and climbing to the level of the window, I just reached out my hand, and as I did so the bird flew away.

To any one reading these strange experiences, it would seem as if there were cause for inquiry, but actually coming as they did, at intervals, I never gave them anything further than the thought that it was a little strange, especially in the case of the bird, which I am prepared to swear was not a native of this country.

But following close on the heels of these things came happenings that certainly made me more than merely curious. I am not superstitious, I have never studied the Occult, and perhaps on the whole I should say that I disbelieved most of the things I had heard in connection with these subjects.

About a week after the last event described, my wife and I went out for a walk through the park, and returning later along a different path to that usually traversed by me when returning from my duties, and one that commanded a view of the house from a considerable distance, my wife said, "Is that a fire over there?" "Where?" I asked. "Just over at the side of our house," she replied. I looked and could certainly see what appeared like a tiny ring of fire burning close to the house, and thinking of the children, we hurried. As we came nearer we could both see it quite distinctly in the long grass; the peculiar thing was that it appeared to burn in one place for a moment or so and then move a yard or two and burn in a fresh place, keeping continually on the move. When we came quite close it seemed to fade in intensity and vanished, leaving no trace in the places in which it had burned.

Thoroughly bewildered we hurried indoors, where we found the children sitting, the boy with a cushion over his head, and the little girl with a tablecloth covering hers. "Why! whatever is the matter?" their mother asked, and the boy said, "Oh, mamma, Kitty was afraid and started crying—there was such a big fire outside the window, so I put the cloth over her head, but it was a big fire, mamma." With the object of reassuring the children I said, "Nonsense! some one must have dropped a lighted match in the grass and set it on fire." There the matter ended, except that my wife often referred to it.

A few evenings afterwards—I cannot state exactly how many, because it is some three years ago—I was sitting with my back to the window, reading, when I thought I heard something thrown against the glass. Continuing my reading, this sound was repeated with greater violence. I looked up and said to my wife, "Where is Arthur?" "In the next room," she replied, "Well, did you hear anything thrown against the window?" I asked. "Yes, but I thought probably it was leaves falling on the glass." "I don't think it is that," I said, and as I spoke it came again—distinctly small stones thrown against the glass. I jumped up and flung up the lower sash, but no person of any description was in sight. I may say that it was impossible for any one to throw anything on that window without revealing himself.

The culminating point came when, as we were both returning in the evening from a stroll, my wife remarked that there was that man standing at the corner of the path of whom I had told her. I too saw him. We walked past and curiosity prompted her to turn round; the next instant she screamed and clutched at my arm. "What in the world is the matter?" I asked. "Why," she replied, clinging faster than ever to my arm, "that is Tom Medway." "Tom Medway," I said, "don't be absurd, Tom Medway was killed at the Dardanelles," but when I turned to look a moment afterwards, there was no one within sight. Tom Medway had been a great personal friend and was very often at our house prior to the war. Joining up at the commencement, he was in the landing at Suvla Bay; news came through a little time afterwards that he had been killed. Rather a strange personality in many ways, and my wife had taken a great interest in him.

To this day no explanation has been afforded me of those many strange happenings. We moved from the house about three months later, to a house about two miles away, and with other dwellings in the near vicinity.

The only thing remotely approaching a psychic happening that I remember prior to seeing the figure on the pathway, happened one day while my wife was out. The children were playing in the grass near the house, and were a little more noisy than usual (they were playing with an india-rubber ball). I was sitting near the window indoors, with a book and my pipe—the door was shut. Occasionally I looked up at their game through the window. Presently my wife returned and the children came into the room with her. Kitty commenced telling us about a little boy and girl who had been playing with them, she described them minutely and said they brought a bat and a ball and had promised to come again; the boy corroborated what his sister had said. Their mother asked where this little boy and girl had gone. "Why, mamma," Kitty said, "you saw them go." "I certainly did not, Kitty," she said. "Oh! but mamma, you did, because they went through the wicket as you opened it to come in." She asked me if I had seen any one, to which of course I replied that I had not, and that when I had seen Kitty and Arthur they had been playing alone; also I added that they had not been out of my sight the whole of the time. As a matter of fact we scolded the children for telling falsehoods, though they both held to the truth of what they had said.

# THE FUTURE OF OCCULTISM

BY HERBERT ADAMS

THE science of the soul will be the study of the immediate future. Once again, after long ages, the tides of living thought are returning inward to the spiritual source of all, and Occultism, the ancient divine science, is destined to illumine with its transcendent radiance the Western world. The time has come for humanity to take the most important step in its evolution : it is passing swiftly onward to cosmic vision. From the struggles and pains and manifold experiences to which a complex civilization has inevitably called it, the soul of man emerges chastened and calm, but not satisfied. In the silence which ever follows the storm it has paused and listened : the voice of the masters has been heard and obeyed. Deep as the foundations of the universe, glorious as the destiny of man, Occultism, but yesterday ridiculed and rejected, is to-day with power coming into its own.

The study of Occultism will give us spiritual men. It should have been the special prerogative of the Church to teach the science of the soul and furnish us with spiritual giants ; but she has, in the main, mistaken her mission and misinterpreted the teachings of Christ. However, the hour of spiritual revealing is at hand and all things will be changed. So long as man continues to ally himself with false and decaying systems of theology, so long will he remain unvisited by the fire from heaven and lack divine strength and initiative. It is time for him to regard himself with the keen eye of a critic and peremptorily refuse to follow blind teachers any longer. The ascending sun of the twentieth century is disclosing stupendous possibilities for man. He should arise, shake off the hypnotic sleep of centuries, push boldly on one side professional and private prejudice and come out into the electric atmosphere of spiritual thought.

The reason for the spiritual sterility of the Church is briefly this : her pulpit still waits for men of vision. The power of the Church is passing because men of to-day are thinking. They are sitting upon the hilltops, dreaming with nature, and asking deep questions which the Church cannot answer. Into their own hands they are taking the Bibles of humanity and interpreting in the light of their own awakening souls the illuminating

philosophy of the seers of the ages. Of little importance, indeed, is religious chaos among the temples made with hands, when the power of the Spirit is leading man to worship the Infinite in the temple of the soul.

Neither the theology of the Church nor the science of the schools can satisfy the craving of the heart which is crucifying humanity to-day. It is blasphemy to offer lifeless theological dogma and the frigid theories of materialistic science to a humanity stretched in agony upon a cross of pain. It needs the divine voice of inspiration and the strong hand of healing ; and those of us who, through study and long-suffering, are privileged to be conscious helpers in the present evolution, should constitute ourselves the blessed mediums of that healing and inspiration. It is for us to lay tremendous emphasis upon the life of vision and revelation, and by the holy beauty of that revealing vision to help others to loose their hold on blind belief and reach up to the mystic light. Once again must be reiterated the treading of the ancient path as the true way to profound self-knowledge and consequent effective action ; that within man is the deep mirror of God, and by withdrawing from the senseless confusion of tongues and looking therein he may behold the glories and immensities of his own infinite life.

The great day of the recognition of the masters of science is at hand. It will not be true of this century, as of preceding centuries it has been, that the voice of inspiration and prophecy shall fall upon deaf ears. The history of many of the inspired ones, the prophets, the pioneers of the race, is, we well know, a history of persecution, yet nevertheless, oracular as the Apocalypse. The vision of God was in their hearts ; the glory of it shone in their eyes ; and on their tongues the wisdom of the Spirit found a solemn utterance. By their own efforts they raised themselves to spiritual eminence that they might bear witness of the Divine and assist in the grand work of the redemption of humanity. The choicest spirits of the times in which they lived and taught, possessing a knowledge and exercising powers which exalted them immeasurably above their contemporaries, they were misunderstood and wrongly judged, yet shed abroad an irresistible influence which will outlive the evolution of man. They achieved this immortality by laying upon the altar of the spiritual with pitiless resolution everything which savoured of mortality. They were the mighty seers whose names we revere to-day, and the study of whose philosophy is helping us to mould the humanity of to-morrow.

Occultism will achieve some of its greatest triumphs in the immediate future. On every hand are unmistakable signs of spiritual awakening. The investigation of supernormal phenomena and the realities of spiritual vision is active throughout the world. The law of evolution is the Spirit of God in action, and whoever attempts to arrest the onward sweep of spiritual forces will behold every endeavour wonderfully instrumental in completing his own ruin.

In this great day of the awakening of the soul, no man in authority, whether monarch or otherwise, will be permitted to exile the man of vision. Humanity awaits him with yearning heart and will welcome him as an elder brother. When he appears he will not stand alone ; others will emerge on the same path to accompany and assist him in radiating the light and knowledge which will prove a sure panacea for all ills. Those who have the eyes to see may bear witness to the initial steps in the fulfilment of this prophecy.

# THE HOLY CITY \*

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH

*To the COUNTESS OF CARRICK, in affectionate recognition of a sister-soul seeking for the Eternally Beautiful and the Undying Ideal*

IN mid-June, through pellucid air,  
I saw a crooked, spiral stair,  
Above whose crest there swung a cup  
Whereat a burnished dove did sup.  
And as I went each step along,  
It answered with an inner song.  
While 'neath my feet, like little flames,  
Murmured a myriad liquid names  
That wound about the woven ways  
In one commune of secret praise.  
Beyond the last rung, lamped and fair  
I viewed a City in a square.  
A Holy City, the four posts  
Set with innumerable hosts  
And houses, from whose every story  
The stones cried: "Glory! Glory! Glory!"  
All eyes and ronds and plummy wings,  
All fervid hair and haloed rings,  
All living unguents, forms and features,  
All moving sound and rhythmic creatures.  
The very roads, the slopes and dales,  
One cloud of tuneful nightingales.  
The marble and the tinted gems,  
E'en these were breathing diadems.  
Each grain was some exquisite limb  
Among the serried seraphim.  
While pearly domes and soaring steeples,  
Were vestures of harmonious peoples.  
And I saw notes that blazed and shone  
And flowers which sang in drifting on.  
And perfumes that had light and speech  
And numbers which arose from each.  
And letters wreathed into shells  
And sparks that dwelt in lily-bells,  
Geometries and scripts which ran  
In traceries unseen by man.

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\* The City of the Apocalypse, the Inner Vision and the Kingdom.

There was no wall, no hall, no gate  
 Nothing that was inanimate.  
 'Twixt chord and form, motion and rhyme  
 There was no sense of space nor time,  
 But each within the other blent  
 In married joy and wonderment ;  
 Until the sunshine and the sod  
 Were a revealed, united God,  
 Inspired by one perfect breath  
 Beyond the flux of birth or death,  
 In mighty liberty that ranged  
 Beyond all change, but interchanged.  
 The very petals of the flowers  
 Were gifted with eternal powers.  
 The star-motes and the shimmering dew,  
 Were of divine and dazzling hue—  
 Emanations and vibrations  
 Of involved and radiant nations.  
 And there were beings of strange birth  
 On other stars remote from earth.  
 The fauna, flora, fronds and wings  
 Of beautiful forgotten things,  
 We dimly thought might once have been  
 And legions we have never seen.  
 Each had unnumbered, complex grades.  
 Aspects, inflections, sheens and shades.  
 While languages of fish and bird  
 And lesser minds were clearly heard.  
 The signals used by blooms and trees  
 Were floating on a whirling breeze,  
 With signs which tiny fractions write  
 That are not visible to sight.  
 The faculties and chemic lore  
 In gem and mineral, mine and ore.  
 The herbs that answer to the luncs,  
 The saps which flow in liquid runes,  
 The fires and winds who breed the suns—  
 The whole vast legend, as it runs  
 In golden verse 'neath seeming strife  
 Whose Keystone is Immortal Life.  
 The vital forces nature hides  
 Beneath her outer, careless tides.  
 Affinities and all the tiers  
 Of wonders guarded from our years.  
 Perceptions, we but vaguely trace  
 In studying an insect race.  
 And breaths exhaled, as censings fair,



By hills and waves, by clouds and air.  
 With suspirations in a flood  
 Of those we deemed but stone and wood,  
 Of churches raised by toiling care,  
 E'en these among the units were.  
 And words remote from mortal call,  
 I heard in fluting accents fall.  
 While lights that start where prisms end,  
 And forms which shape where voids descend,  
 And notes that play where silence reigns,  
 Grew vivid in those lyric plains.  
 And hues which spring where colour fades,  
 Bright tints that paint celestial glades,  
 Or mount within some foreign world,  
 As in huge banners shone unfurled.  
 And 'mid their clear translucent folds,  
 I saw the archetypes and moulds.  
 The beasts of John, the fleece and seals,  
 The cubes and squares, the flames and wheels.  
 And textures of devices, breathed  
 With living patterns all ensheathed.  
 Each speck a sphere, each rose a face,  
 Arrayed in empyrean grace.  
 But what bewildered me long after,  
 Was that all Heaven *rang with laughter*.  
 In babbling mirth and blithesome glee  
 The angels jested merrily.  
 Lo! as I stood and could not flee,  
 Behold, the Cup spake unto me:  
 "Go down into thy human town,  
 Thou hast not won thy thorny crown.  
 Thou hast not drunk my bitter lees,  
 Thou art not ripe to mix with these."  
 When suddenly the fire-strown Dove,  
 Looked up and said: "Yea, I am Love."  
 And then again, as sobbing wind,  
 It cried: "None knock who will not find."  
 And from its beak, upon my hand  
 It dropped a little olive-wand.

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Then all the magic waned and broke  
 And it was night as I awoke.

# THE FOLK-LORE OF OUR COMMON TREES

By MARGARET M'COLL

THE progress of science during the last century has been as the leap of a chamois to the snail rate of the centuries gone before, and the sun of knowledge, so long fettered by the lengthy night of ignorance, has burst forth with sudden radiance, diffusing the miasma of superstition, as the sun of the morning scatters the mist of the plains.

From the earliest times, right up till this dawn of knowledge, natural phenomena, ranging from the comparatively rare occurrence of the passing of a comet to the commonest objects of daily observation, were surrounded by a prolific growth of superstition, a monstrous accretion which obscured and distorted. Trees and plants, though well within the range of ordinary man's apprehension and everyday observation, did not escape. Man groping in the dim avenues of his mind, guessing darkly, endowed them with powers and qualities far transcending their natural attributes. In a child's conversation on an inanimate object there is frequently evident a strong belief in the "personality" of the object under discussion. He will talk quite solemnly and with the utmost faith of a tree or a chair being hurt and feeling pain. Analogous with this trait of the youth of the individual, man in the childhood of the race endowed natural objects with individuality. A tree was shunned or revered according to the malign or benign spirit which animated it, though, generally speaking, the influence exerted by trees was considered favourable, trees of sinister omen being few in number.

Take the oak, for instance. We find it revered from the earliest times. In its maturity it is pre-eminently a royal tree, and the Romans fittingly dedicated it to the greatest of their gods—Jupiter; hence we find Shakespeare calling it Jove's tree. In Greek mythology it was by the rustling of the leaves of an oak that the gods were supposed to manifest themselves at Dodona, and we find the oak being selected as a fitting support on which to hang the golden fleece at the entrance to the grove sacred to the god of war at Colchis. It was from an oak in Dodona that the mast of the *Argo* was made, the mast which during the vessel's

return journey spoke as an oracle causing the course to be altered. In ancient Britain the oak was an object of worship partly on its own account and partly because the sacred little parasite, mistletoe, grew on its branches, though rarely found there now. Later, when Augustine was preaching Christianity to the early Britons he chose as his rostrum the foot of an oak tree and under its spreading branches delivered his message. This may designedly have been a concession to the former beliefs of his hearers, a wise refraining from violently superimposing a new creed in its entirety, or it may simply have been a predilection for the tree itself.

The oak did not figure greatly in ancient medicine, but at a later date in this country at least, it played a conspicuous part in a strange cure for toothache. The sufferer was obliged to force a nail into the gum beside the offending molar and afterwards drive the blood-stained nail into an oak tree, from which operation immediate relief resulted.

The ash was also credited with great influence for good. The old-time Yule log was usually of ash, and was in some occult manner linked up with the future prosperity of the family. Venomous animals were mysteriously restrained from taking shelter under it, and those who gathered its berries on St. John's Eve, that night of dreadful potency, were immune from witch influence. A curious contradiction to the belief in its benign influence was the superstition that it was upon branches of ash that witches performed their aerial flights.

The elder, on the other hand, provided good protection against evil. Witches were rendered powerless in its vicinity, and houses were made secure by planting elder trees round them. It was unlucky even to break off a piece. Consequently in some places, the gardener never pruned it without the formality of first asking its permission. Taking the inevitable silence as consent, he expectorated three times before commencing to cut. For the same reason—that it offered protection from evil—it was used at the stake, and drivers of hearses often had whips fashioned out of it. To indicate to the living the condition of a dear departed one in the unknown future life, it was planted in the form of a cross on the new-made grave. If it flourished vigorously those left on this earthly plane were assured that the celestial traveller was happy. But again we find an inconsistency. Children placed in elder wood cradles, for some reason which I have been unable to find out, could not rest and would be very liable to fall out.

The superstitions concerning apple trees and their fruit are

innumerable and too many to quote. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the Garden of Eden was rightly or wrongly supposed to be an apple. In Scotland the fruit of the apple tree was greatly used in love affairs for the purpose of divination. To take a seed and shoot it from between the fingers was a method employed to indicate the direction from which one's future partner in life should come. I am afraid that the desire to see it shoot in a certain path would invariably and quite satisfactorily decide the direction. Again, if two people of different sexes halved an apple and got the same number of seeds it was considered an infallible sign that they would be married shortly—or the one whose half had the greater number of seeds was to be married first. Furthermore, if it happened that two seeds were cut it indicated early death or widowhood to one. Even to-day in peeling an apple young folks often take extreme care to preserve the tape of the peeled skin unbroken. They then playfully throw it over the left shoulder. Occasionally it curls up quite distinctly in the form of a letter. At other times imagination spurred by desire no doubt professes to see a letter in the folds of the peel on the ground. This is taken as the initial of the experimenter's future partner in life.

We usually associate holly with the chief of our Christian festivals, but few possibly are aware that its use at Christmas time is of pagan origin. In Roman mythology this prickly ever-green was dedicated to Saturn and was used extensively to decorate the exteriors of the houses during the Roman Saturnalia. At the same time the Christians, a small minority, were celebrating the birth of Christ and as a cloak to their revolt from paganism they too hung holly on the outsides of their dwellings. The plant was from the earliest times considered to exert a good influence, and this was in all probability originally "holy." It was often planted near houses to prevent lightning striking.

On the other hand bay preserved men from thunder, and its withering was ominous of sinister happenings; hence we find Shakespeare causing Richard to say—

'Tis thought the king is dead : we'll not stay.  
The bay trees in our country are withered.

The hazel was usually accepted as the symbol of authority, hence the use of a hazel rod by schoolmasters. Of hazel also is the twig usually employed by those people endowed with the power of water divining. It is supposed to be the most sympathetic wood for the purpose.

Trees have played their part in early pharmacy. Hazel was

supposed to cure fever. The leaves of an alder upon which the sun never shed its rays were prescribed for erysipelas, and a cross made of alder and sallow for epilepsy.

To the natural characteristics of the weeping willow and the aspen two quaint and romantic superstitions are traceable. The weeping willow was supposed to have drooped its branches in sorrow at the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, and it was reputed that the tree on which Judas Iscariot hanged himself was an aspen and that the leaves have quivered with shame ever since.

The common willow was universally shunned. The devil had taken it under his especial protection, and to obtain supernatural powers from him all that was required was that the supplicant should sit under it and renounce his baptism.

## MY DREAMS

BY MEREDITH STARR

MY dreams have eyes to lure thee  
Through opal-tinted skies ;  
My dreams have lips that love thee  
And brows serene and wise,  
Wide wings that fold above thee,  
And deep, mysterious eyes.

My dreams are winged with music  
And crowned with golden moons ;  
They dance beneath thine eyelids  
And murmur mystic runes ;  
Their hands are cool like lilies  
That float on still lagoons.

And all their thoughts are incense,  
And all their speech is light,  
Whose soft caresses whisper  
The message of Delight,  
Whose fount of holy rapture  
Reveals the Infinite.

■

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I am interested in "Vera's" letter in the February number of your REVIEW, because only a short time ago my elderly cook had told me of similar experiences of her own. She said that on many occasions she has awakened suddenly during the night and has seen a round or oval patch of red, or sometimes white, light on the wall of her room, which disappeared after a few minutes, but after each of these appearances a death has occurred, either in her family or amongst her near neighbours. On one occasion the globe of light left the wall, proceeded slowly across the ceiling and descended near her bed to about the level of her eyes. She guessed what the warning meant, and the day following her son died in hospital. A nephew's death was foretold by the light moving across the curtain pole of the window in front of her bed. One night a girl was sleeping in her room, and they both saw two lights, and two deaths took place amongst their friends shortly afterwards. "Vera" does not appear to have noticed similar coincidences, so there may be nothing in them, but I can only say that my cook told me her story quite simply, and I feel sure truthfully, and perhaps it may interest "Vera" to hear it.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

### RECURRING DREAMS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—All my life, so long as I can remember, the Occult has been of absorbing interest to me, and from time to time I have had curious mental experiences and sensations difficult of explanation by ordinary means; not the least interesting to me is that of recurring dreams, one of which has been particularly persistent and of so peculiarly personal a character that I have considerable hesitation in recording it.

I have been married for thirty-four years to my wife, for whom I have the greatest affection, and although our married life has by no means been unclouded, as time passes by my respect and devotion to my life's partner increases in strength.

The dream hardly ever varies in detail and is briefly as follows :

I seem to go back over a long period (longer it seems to me than I can have lived), and to be living among surroundings that are familiar, but of which I have no actual knowledge ; my wife is with me and we have been dwelling together for a long time, when suddenly I am oppressed with the thought that we have never been married.

The foregoing is the substance of the dream, though there are many details which need not be recorded.

I frequently awake in much mental distress and relief is at times considerably delayed, in fact I am in a semi-trance-like condition until full consciousness returns.

I have often wondered whether this experience has any connection with a previous incarnation, but can come to no satisfactory explanation.

Perhaps some one more enlightened than myself could offer some elucidation.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

C. V.

#### A STRANGE STORY:

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—This happened in December, 1918, and January, 1919. In the Docks district of my town an old bachelor shoemaker took a small cottage to live in. He was a foreigner from a country up the Mediterranean, near Greece. During the first three weeks he lived in the cottage nothing unusual happened, but during the following three weeks things unusual did happen. The shoemaker had a puppy dog and a canary as his sole companions. The unusual incidents generally occurred close on or about midnight, not every night, but each alternate night. Whilst sitting by the fire reading, the heavy-made wooden table, which was about two feet wide and five feet long, slid across the stone-floored room to against the wall, without any visible means shifting it. The chair also did likewise. The shoemaker, with loaded revolver in hand, searched his house in vain to try and find some one who was upsetting his place, but could not find any one. On one morning he awoke to find that the canary in its cage was in his bedroom, and he is quite certain he had not brought it up there. He generally kept it hung up on the kitchen wall. Well, five of us, including myself, arranged to try and lay the unwelcome intruder at the shoemaker's house one night, and arrived about 10 p.m. We (six, including the shoemaker) sat around the table for nearly two hours, but not an inch would the table move for us. We then got up and sat around the fire and left the table to itself. Still it would not move in the way we wished it to. At about 2 a.m. we left, much disappointed that we could not see what the shoemaker had seen. Whilst sitting at the table I had the information given to me clairaudiently that the joker was a foreigner who had been murdered in that house or

locality twenty to thirty years ago, and that what he had done was done more for a joke than to do any harm to the old fellow.

He also promised me that he would not disturb the peace of the shoemaker again, and sure enough he kept his promise and left the shoemaker alone.

CARDIFF.

GEO. ESHELBY.

### BROKEN COMBS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—A few weeks ago, my wife and self, after a married life of more than twenty years, agreed to separate for a time at least. We were getting on each other's nerves. We have no children, and both are self-supporting. A few days before I moved I broke in half the comb I was using. Instantly my wife said, "Why, I broke mine yesterday"; and I then saw for the first time that hers also was broken in half. She said: "They can't be mended; that means that we shall not live together again."

We meet and go to the theatre together and certainly find more pleasure in each other's society than of recent years.

But how am I to regard the broken combs? The omen, if such it is, is new to me.

Yours truly,  
S.

### OCCULTISM AND THE ATOMIC THEORY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I should like to make a few comments on Mr. Redgrove's article in your January issue. Firstly, although he has picked out several really good arguments against the "Occult Chemistry" of Mr. Leadbeater, yet he appears amazed at what he considers a close coincidence between the ascertained atomic weights and those of Mr. Leadbeater. Mr. Redgrove mentions the old theory of Prout, that all the elements were built up of hydrogen atoms; this theory in its way is of quite equal merit with Mr. Leadbeater's, and if we compare the *relative* errors, we find that the old idea is about .02 error per element, while the later one is about .4, so that the coincidence is not so wonderful after all. When all is said any one can draw a few pictures of deformed radishes or mangled potatoes, and then call them atoms, in fact, as Mr. Redgrove must know, it is a very fascinating pastime to place a periodic table in front of one and note the numerical relationships, framing systems of the ultimate particles.

The curious fungoid growths of Mr. Leadbeater tell us nothing at all, no hint is given as to the chemical activities and formation of compounds, when, if chemistry *can* be treated clairvoyantly, he should surely have seen many examples of these. Sir J. J. Thomson and Sir Ernest Rutherford certainly did explain these things in their model atoms. But there are one or two other points in connection with



these atomic weights worth noting, as the weight of tellurium which has after most exhaustive research been pronounced as 127.5, Mr. Leadbeater jauntily sets it down as 123.5 to fit the rest of his table. Another example is the hydrogen atom which he says is composed of 18 particles. Mosely has shown the atom to be one positive electron and one negative. On the whole Mr. Leadbeater has a tremendous number of facts against him. It is well known that in all religions the minor details are twisted and made to fit the whole, but I think that it would have been better for the dignity of Theosophic teachings had he left the atomic theory alone. I should like to mention in passing that if any one could supply me with a gram or so of Mr. Leadbeater's new elements, Occultum, Metargon, Meta Krypton and Meta Xenon I should be deeply obliged. Mr. Redgrove seems also devoted to the "ether of space" theory, which at present stands on a very doubtful base, as the work of Einstein and Planck has shown that a universe can exist without ether, and it is surely more logical and better to take always the most simple-working hypothesis.

Mr. Redgrove states that Sir Oliver Lodge has "proved" ether to have certain properties, but I think the reservation should be made that these are proved should there be an ether. The numbers, metals, stars, etc., are curious, but one can pick all sorts of coincidences from such tables, as starting from iron and counting two forward one gets the full list again in ascending order.

MEN'S UNION,

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY,

Yours truly,  
R. H. BLACKMORE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I have read Mr. Blackmore's letter commenting on my article on the above mentioned subject with interest, but his arguments rather remind me of those which were put forward by so-called men of science in order to refute the periodic classification of the elements when this idea was first mooted.

There is no analogy whatever between the degree of accuracy attained for the atomic weights of the elements by Prout's hypothesis on the one hand, and Mr. Leadbeater's and Mrs. Besant's clairvoyant observations on the other. Whether Prout's hypothesis was true or not the maximum divergence in any case could not be more than 0.5; whilst, on the other hand, if the claims of the clairvoyants are all moonshine, there is no reason why Leadbeater's and Besant's atomic weights should show any degree of approximation to the official weights whatever; unless, indeed, we are to assume that Leadbeater and Besant have "faked" their diagrams, which is what I think Mr. Blackmore does assume. As I stated in my article, it is not an assumption which I, at any rate, can accept.

Mr. Blackmore has pointed out some further difficulties in the way of accepting Leadbeater's and Besant's conclusions, which I had not space to mention in my article. But he does not appear, to my mind,

to have cleared up the problem one iota. In fact, neither of us can solve it, but whereas I frankly admit that I can't, Mr. Blackmore seems anxious to conceal the fact that he is in exactly the same position.

As concerns the ether of space: its reality is certainly more surely demonstrated than that of matter. But I am not one of those who desire to claim objective reality for conceptual tools: I am content with conceptual reality as determined by the pragmatic criterion. I refer Mr. Blackmore to my "Aphorisms on Nature" published in the OCCULT REVIEW for May, 1915, for further remarks on this subject.

Mr. Blackmore's comments on the metals and stars are beside the point. Obviously, if it is possible to pass, by an arithmetical process, from one order to another, this process can be reversed. To speak of coincidences is merely to confess our ignorance. And in this case the odds against any such so-called coincidence occurring by chance can be readily calculated, and as I pointed out in my article they are 119 to 1. If this means nothing to Mr. Blackmore I can only say that he must be unacquainted with mathematics on the one hand and betting on the other.

Yours sincerely,

7 BLETCHLEY ROAD

H. STANLEY REDGROVE.

BLETCHLEY, BUCKS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I read with much interest the article in your current number by Mr. Stanley Redgrove on "Occultism and the Atomic Theory." I have not yet seen the book there quoted by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, and the pictures supposed to have been clairvoyantly seen were new to me. But it may interest some of your readers to know that the form of the ultimate atom is the same with that given in a book long out of print and almost or quite forgotten—*The Principles of Light and Colour*, by E. Babbitt. Not merely the same form, but all the description of the spirals and spirallæ, the positive and negative forms, and how they unite to form various molecules. The book was first published in 1878, and Babbitt claims that it was the result of long continued experiment and research. Science at the time would have none of it. The atom was what it professed to be, one and indivisible. Of course that theory no longer holds, but Babbitt was before his time. He gives also the form of the electric atom. All this was an introduction to his theory of the Colour Cure, which has since been successfully practised at Veldes and elsewhere, and I understand is used with effect in lunatic asylums. A second edition of Babbitt was published in 1896 or thereabouts, and a commencement was made of an issue of the therapeutic portions of the book in parts. I have the first part, but whether it was ever completed I do not know; it was entitled *Human Culture and Cure*. So far as I am aware Babbitt made no claim to any clairvoyant powers. He simply reasoned from observed phenomena.—Yours faithfully, \*

J. W. BRODIE-INNES.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Tennant's answer to my question (Why are adverse critics of Christian Science always accused by Christian Scientists of having a false concept of their religion?) is no answer.

To assert that Christian Science is founded on "divine principle" conveys exactly nothing to any one accustomed to analyse the meaning of words. "Divine" means proceeding from God. Christian science "principles" are derived from Dr. Quimby via Mary Baker Eddy—not from the sovereign Creator of the Universe.

Practitioners of curative suggestion might just as well claim that their "principles" are divine. They make no such foolish assertions.

"Millions" may be "proving the truth of Christian Science all over the world." But more millions are proving that exactly similar results (only better) are obtained by suggestion and auto-suggestion. The only difference between Christian science practitioners and practitioners of suggestion is that the former do not know how they attain results and therefore fall down and worship a Mumbo Jumbo of muddled metaphysic, while the latter are content with the humbler rôle of the bona-fide seeker after knowledge.

No doubt Mr. Tennant's "spiritual discernment" will continue to grow. Perhaps when it is full grown he will be in a better position to judge between Christian Science and curative suggestion. At present it is quite obvious that he finds it difficult to understand anything except Christian Science. I know that stage of spiritual discernment. But let him not despair. One outgrows it in time.

Yours faithfully,  
RICHARD B. INCE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Being a psychic student I am frequently favoured with more or less abnormal experiences which I find myself able to interpret. On numerous occasions lately I have experienced the process of travelling through the air, and on the last occasion found that I had to mentally create the force which propelled me; and during one of these journeys I had apparently made myself too light and found as a consequence that I was travelling upwards until I feared I should lose consciousness and control. Eventually through the exercising of extreme will power I succeeded in restraining my velocity and ultimately descended. This loss of control proves to me that the experience was not the result of my imaginative faculty; and realizing the various planetary vibrations I cannot account for my being able to journey beyond my conscious psychic limitations. Could you with your advanced experience favour me with some explanation which would enlighten me?—Yours faithfully,

NOBLE IVERSON.

96 HAMBALT ROAD, CLAPHAM, S.W. 4.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT is with uncommon satisfaction that we welcome *Le Voile d'Isis* on resuming publication after the lapse of five years. In the past we regarded it as the most interesting periodical of its kind which came to us from our friends in France, and they were many prior to the War. It represented then—and will continue to do so now—a completely independent standpoint. About it there were gathered the various schools of Martinism, academics of the Rosy Cross, the spiritists who preached the doctrine of successive lives and those who stood apart therefrom, the magnetic associations and the various theosophical sects. To all on occasion its pages were open, without fear or favour, but officially it represented none: it was and remains "a review of esoteric philosophy," as the sub-title claims, and as such it was above all eclectic. One of its notable features took the form of separate supplements for the reproduction of occult classics, and we remember very well the appearance in this manner of Éliphas Lévi's *Livre des Sages*, printed for the first time from an autograph manuscript. In beginning its fourth series *Le Voile d'Isis* not only resumes publication, but takes at once its old place. The number before us offers many aspects of interest, and not the least is a kind of editorial by which M. Allendy introduces the issue, saying that "to us who survive, it is given, after five years of woe and anguish, to take up our work and seek in Occultism after light and truth." But he says also that Occultism to-day is no longer that which it was for a superficial and sceptical generation; "it has become our familiar domain," and the work before us therein is the building of spiritual temples by the purification of our own personalities, that others about us may build on their own part and others be also purified. Did we seek to delineate a state of this kind in England we should most likely make use of terms which are not those of occult philosophy, but the names matter little when the meaning is clear. Under the title of "Astral Science," M. Barlet begins a series of astrological studies, which promise to be new and suggestive in their consideration of the theoretical side. We have been attracted also by an article on "Spiritual Music," based on the seership of Emmanuel Swedenborg, who is cited continually on the subject. The personal standpoint of the writer is that "as thought finds expression in articulated speech, so does feeling by music, which is sound organized." The Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondences is used rather deftly to score certain points. It would be interesting to compare some elaborate disquisitions of Robert Fludd, the English Rosicrucian, on "the music of the spheres." The Major Arcana of the Tarot—otherwise Trumps Major—are discussed by M. du Valoux, for the purpose of indicating their striking analogies with "the symbols of astrology,"

and we note with satisfaction that he estimates at their proper value the various speculations which have referred Tarot cards to an origin in the night of time—whether in Egypt, India, Persia, or China. He puts aside also categorically, and as we think rightly, the allocation of the Trumps Major to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, a fashion in occultism which was set by Éliphas Lévi. On his own part he proposes—but in a commendably tentative spirit—a zodiacal interpretation in respect of twelve cards and one of a planetary kind for the remaining ten. According to this scheme, the Sun card is that luminary in the Sign of Gemini; the Moon is in Cancer; the card called Strength corresponds to Leo, the World to Virgo, Justice to Libra, the Tower to Scorpio, the Lovers to Sagittarius, the Devil to Capricorn, the Star to Aquarius, Temperance to Pisces, the Wheel to Aries, and the Chariot to Taurus. A reference to almost any set of Trumps Major will show that this attribution is plausible, in view of the pictorial designs. As regards the ten remaining cards they are referred to the Day and Night Houses of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. On this hypothesis a question arises in the mind of M. du Valoux whether the Minor Arcana cannot be explained by the Calendar, but in his opinion it is not possible to decide in the absence of the Key of astrological symbolism.

The Tarot is still with us when we turn to the pages of *Vision*, and Dr. Ingram's notes on the subject bear witness to considerable research, as well as reflection. He is concerned more especially with the Trumps Major, but especially the Lovers, the Hanged Man and the Tower struck by Lightning. From the standpoint of the Secret Tradition they are all important cards, speaking with an eloquent tongue of symbolism, and in respect of the first there should be no need to say that the classical Cupid, with its trivial connotations, is replaced by another conception of the highest theosophical import. As regards the Hanged Man Dr. Ingram reminds us that in some old sets this emblem stands for Judas Iscariot, and in one case for Julian the Apostate, the last being not a little remarkable in connection with the card sequence as a whole. It is really a Divine symbol and its first significance is cosmic. Dr. Ingram affirms rightly that it has no reference to the Crucifixion; it is really the antithesis of this. But as in the case of the Lovers, so here the card of the Secret Tradition suffers a great transfiguration and comes forth in another form. Dr. Ingram's suggestions on the subject are the most interesting that we have seen in print. On our part we venture to speculate that the figure on a Tau Cross in the design of Miss Pamela Colman Smith is an example of intentional substitution. We have never seen the Hanged Man drawn correctly. The Tower is of a simpler order of symbolism, and Dr. Ingram says that there is little suggestion to be found in the ordinary designs; but if he will recur to them after reading Tennyson's "Palace of Art" he may perhaps see farther. The proposal may sound like what is called "a sporting offer," or something quite un-

serious, but there is really a reason behind it . . . *Vision* is very good otherwise in all respects, and its two "ghost stories" are out of the common order; but we have space only for a few words on Mrs. Grenside's short view of concentration and prayer. She says rightly that the true purpose of prayer is union, or—in other words—it is that mode and state of the soul which leads up to the consummation of the work of spiritual love. The endeavours of the great Christian mystics to formulate grades and degrees in this state are useful in their proper understanding, yet they open wide doors to misconception, as do also those popular practices of concentration which seem quite apart from love and very often from the Divine Object. Some of the verse in *Vision* is again particularly good.

It may seem apart from our subjects, but an appreciation of Walt Whitman in *The Theosophical Review* brings us back to that old Titan of the last century, telling us much that we did not know or had forgotten—belonging to his outward life and its episodes. The outstanding fact of his all-embracing sympathy has been formulated in terms of cosmic consciousness—imperfectly enough, because no formula can comprehend the man and the work which constitutes his living memorial. The appreciation terms him "a natural, though an untrained occultist," which is a little lame in description and would yet have a side of truth if expressed in other language. All the great things were his by virtue of sympathy; he saw them, knew them, was of them, and they were with him and in him. As a dower to mankind and the ages, he has left those prose poems which are still like an almost unexplored continent, because of that which lies within them, as in a great wilderness. . . . We referred last month to a forthcoming American translation of *Tertium Organum* by the Russian writer Ouspensky, and in a later issue of *The Messenger* we have some further account of the work contributed by Mr. Claude Bragdon. It is called "an impeachment of positivistic philosophy," and is described also as "more purely transcendental and idealistic" than anything that has yet appeared in the West. The affirmations are (1) that physical phenomena transform themselves one into another, but not into phenomena of life; (2) that phenomena of life transform themselves one into another, but also into physical phenomena; (3) that these are therefore the result of life, while life is the result of consciousness. . . . *The Papyrus* recurs to that old, old crux of reincarnation—"why our past lives are forgotten." Supposing that the venerable hypothesis is—after all the speculations—a truth of life, the key has probably escaped us on account of its simplicity. Our contemporary argues that the spiritual body remains permanent "throughout the cycle of reincarnation," that the spiritual intelligence is garbed therein; that this intelligence "furnishes the mind with the results of the past, not with the memory of its events." There is no explanation here: it is an exhibition of the facts at large. And the occasional instances of alleged recollection of past lives bring even less conviction,

not only because they are never presented in a way that permits of checking but because they are far too sporadic and rare as illustrations of an universal law; they are a weakness rather than an aid. If we stand, as we seem to stand, on the threshold or within the gates of an unprecedented outpouring of direct knowledge concerning the other side of life, it may well be that we shall gain light on this doctrine—whether it calls to be reckoned with or is a dream of the past only.

*La Revue Spirite* quotes from a French *Hospitals Gazette* the opinion of Dr. Stephen Chauvet that as past centuries have presided over the gradual but progressive development of alchemy into chemistry and of astrology into astronomy, so the present age is assisting at the evolution of old occultism into "the positive science of metapsychics." We hear also of an International Institute of Metapsychics, founded recently at Paris under high scientific auspices and with a president in the person of Dr. Gustave Geley, well known as the author of *From Unconscious to Conscious*, and other works of importance. Metapsychics is defined as the modern and strictly scientific study of "psychological phenomena which have remained so far inexplicable or mysterious." The equipment of the Institute will permit of minute and prolonged researches, as well as of "the centralization and synthesis of acquired results." Most encouraging from our point of view is Dr. Geley's emphatic statement that "metapsychics appears to demonstrate that what is essential in the individual—personal consciousness included—is not extinguished by the destruction of the organism." Moreover, it demonstrates dynamic principles, independent of the body, as also psychic principles of superior order and independent of cerebral functioning." It is true indeed that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." It does not appear what we shall yet be and attain to in these "foremost files of time." . . . The Rev. T. E. Ruth, author of *The Progress of Personality after Death*, is therefore more than justified when he mentions, in *The Harbinger of Light*, that "the leading scientists of the world" are engaged in psychical research. The statement occurs in the course of a noteworthy paper, embodying "a plea for a Christian Spiritualism." It is valuable, if only as a counterblast to the proletarian Spiritualism which—more especially in America—denounces Christian doctrine and reviles the Churches. The standpoint is that those to whom the Christian religion means "conscious relationship to God through Jesus Christ" ought not to be surprised that the entire scheme of things is "shot through with spiritualistic phenomena . . . , calling attention to the spiritual something which holds the very universe together." But it is to "the reality behind the phenomena" that Mr. Ruth would transfer attention, because "the Church is more than church bells" and "worship is more than words." His plea is therefore for "the spiritual literature of life, the spiritual music of life, the spiritual advance of life," because God is a spirit, "we are spiritual beings, this is a spiritual universe" and there are no dead.

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## REVIEWS

**MEMOIRS OF EDWARD, EIGHTH EARL OF SANDWICH.** Edited by Mrs. Steuart Erskine. London: John Murray. Price 16s. net.

MEMOIRS of members of the aristocracy are, as a rule, more remarkable for the splendour of their binding than for the interest of their contents. It is pleasant therefore to be able to assure the expectant reader that the book under review is an exception. Edward, eighth Earl of Sandwich, was a great deal more than the "noble earl" of fiction and biography. Despite the high estate into which he was born he was highly successful in preserving the native common sense and humour with which he was plentifully endowed. He had a fund of good stories, some of which he told against himself. One of his favourite anecdotes concerned a door at Hooke Court. This door was so frequently left open by the servants that some one placed a notice on it bearing the legend, "Everybody shuts the door but you." Lord Sandwich, having caught a footman in the act of leaving it open, called him back and asked him to read the notice. "Everybody shuts the door but you, my lord," was the reply.

But for students of the occult, the main interest of the book centres round Lord Sandwich's gift of healing and the problems to which it gives rise. It was not until his meeting with Mr. Hickson, the healer, in London in 1908 that Lord Sandwich became aware of his gift. Thereafter he was almost continually exercising it. One of his earliest cases was that of Mrs. Woodbine, his chauffeur's wife. In the words of Mrs. Scott-Gatty, his niece, "After seven years of married life, this woman was expecting her first baby in the following January. In November she came to me in great distress; a lump was rapidly growing in her breast, and the doctor said it was a tumour and she must have an operation at once, and of course lose the child. I took her to London to see a specialist, and he gave the same opinion." Lord Sandwich then treated her. "From the first treatment the lump diminished in size; the baby was born and is now a healthy boy of six years old, and the mother has never had a return of the trouble."

The career of Lord Sandwich as a healer is of especial interest because he reaped no worldly reward from the exercise of his powers. Quite the reverse. "I have been looked on," he wrote, "as a 'holy man' and as an impostor, as a saint and as a rogue; I aspire to neither description. I only hope that I have done my duty without fear and without reproach." Such a case as this must present a particularly baffling puzzle to our cocksure know-alls who undertake to produce "the same results" by means of the conjurer's patter and the appeal to faith. Provided you can select your patients it is easy to convince them (with the help of a *douceur*) that they are cured. But many of Lord Sandwich's patients were his servants and his personal friends.

The book is well worth reading by all who have sufficient intelligence to approach the problems of healing with an open mind. And should any wish to give his medical adviser a small token of esteem, surely this book, in medical phrase, "is indicated."

R. B. INCE.

SPIRITUAL PLURALISM AND RECENT PHILOSOPHY. By C. A. Richardson, M.A. (Cantab.). 8½ ins. × 5½ ins., pp. xxi + 335. Cambridge: At the University Press. Price 14s. net.

THIS work is a valuable addition to philosophical literature, and our progress towards the solution of the ultimate problems of metaphysics is definitely advanced by its contents. Naturally it is not light reading; but Mr. Richardson's style is singularly lucid, and he avoids all unnecessary metaphors, so that even the reader who is unversed in philosophical speculation, *providing he is prepared to think*, may read the book with profit.

Mr. Richardson's ontology is a development of that of Leibnitz, derived *via* James Ward. Two types of being are distinguished: (i.) the existent and (ii.) appearance. Subjects exhaust the first category, whilst sense-impressions belong to the second, a sense-impression being the appearance of one subject to another, produced by their mutual interaction. The body of an organism, such as man, is a group or society of subjects (the monads of Leibnitz), immanent in which is a dominant monad—the subjective self. The spontaneity and freedom of human action cannot be explained in terms of mechanism; therefore Mr. Richardson adopts the reverse course, and finds the explanation of mechanism in habit—an exceedingly useful and suggestive theory to my mind. Throughout his book the author emphasizes the fact that it is the function of Philosophy to explain; not merely to correlate. Explanation requires something more fundamental than knowledge, and analysis soon brings us to the indefinable. But if such indefinables can be *realized*, as for instance efficient causation can be realized in our own activity, then is explanation achieved.

Perhaps the most notable chapter is the last, devoted to "Subconsciousness and certain Abnormal Phenomena." The persistence with which modern philosophers have ignored the results of psychical research is extraordinary, especially as we are told that philosophy takes all knowledge for its province. But the reason is not far to seek—these results are inexplicable in terms of their time-worn hypotheses. Mr. Richardson, on the other hand, realizes the immense value of these investigations, and endeavours to interpret them—with no small measure of success—in terms of his fundamental assumptions. Especially noteworthy is his distinction between perception as reciprocity of action, and telepathy as community of action, between subject and object.

Mr. Richardson recognizes the essential deficiency of pluralism; namely, that ultimately a unity must be postulated as the common ground of the plurality of subjects. He puts forward this book tentatively and as a first contribution—a first step along the road—merely. I, for one, shall await his next work with much interest, and I trust he will then make plain what light (if any) Spiritual Pluralism is capable of shedding on the problem of evil—a problem not touched on in the present work.

Incidentally, I may mention, Mr. Richardson's book contains many telling criticisms of the theories of the Neo-realists, as represented especially by Bertrand Russell.

H. S. REDGROVE.