

# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THOSE who adopt the hypothesis of reincarnation have often been concerned in their minds with regard to certain problems to which an acceptance of this belief inevitably gives rise. If the spirit of man incarnates once more after a life or lives spent on other planes, does the spirit do so knowingly, or does it pass first into a sort of dream state, a kind of chrysalis sleep, during which it is drawn quite unconsciously into the magnetic field of its destined parents? Does the child, in short, deliberately choose its parents, or has it no voice in determining the primary conditions of its next life on earth? Mr. A. P. Sinnett deals with

DO WE  
CHOOSE  
OUR OWN  
PARENTS?

this problem in his recent publication, *Collected Fruits of Occult Teaching*,\* rather from the point of view of the deliberate choice of the individual. In this, however, I think he only refers to the more highly developed types. Probably in most cases he would agree that choice is absent, that the reincarnating spirit is drawn into the vortex of its mundane conditions by a magnetic attraction dependent on its past karma, involuntarily, and without conscious self-determination. There are, however, cases

\* London: T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

which point to deliberate selection. Mabel Collins has recorded one of these in relation to the memory of a past life of her own, though of course a record of this kind does not possess much evidential value to any one but the person concerned. A strange story in this connection was sent some considerable time ago to *The Progressive Thinker*, of Chicago, and is quoted by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in his interesting work *On the Other Side of Death*. The letter was written from New Mexico, by a lady correspondent of that paper, and if we can accept it at its face value, it certainly throws a curious light on a very difficult problem. The lady in question states that she offers her personal experience as an absolute fact, and not as supporting any theory. At the time she passed through the experience, she knew nothing of mediumship, and does not think that she had ever heard the word "reincarnation" mentioned. She had married unusually young, and was at the time only sixteen years of age.

The knowledge that I was to become a mother [she says] had just dawned upon me, when in a vague way I became conscious of the almost constant presence of an invisible personality. I seemed to know intuitively that my invisible companion was a woman, and quite a number of years older than myself. By degrees this presence grew stronger. In the third month after she first made her presence felt, I could receive impressively long messages from her. She manifested the most solicitous care for my health and general welfare, and as time wore on her voice became audible to me, and I enjoyed many hours of conversation with her. She gave her name and nationality, with many details of her personal history. She seemed anxious that I should know and love her for herself, as she expressed it. She made continual efforts to become visible to me, and towards the last succeeded. She was then as true a companion to me as if she had been clothed in an embodiment of flesh. I had merely to draw my curtains, shrouding the room in quiet tones, to have the presence manifest, both to sight and hearing.

Two or three weeks before the birth of my baby she informed me that the real purport of her presence was her intention to enter the new form at its birth, in order to complete an earth-experience that had come to an untimely end. I confess I had but a dim conception of her meaning, and was considerably troubled over the matter.

On the night before my daughter's birth, I saw my companion for the last time. She had come to me and said, "Our time is at hand; be brave and all will be well with us."

My daughter came, and in appearance was a perfect miniature of my spirit friend, and totally unlike either family to which she belonged, and the first remark of every one on seeing her would be, "Why, she does not look like a baby at all. She looks at least twenty years old."

I was greatly surprised some years later when I chanced to find in an old work the history of the woman, whose name my spirit friend

claimed as her own in her earth-life, and the fragments of her story, as she had given them to me, were in accord with history, except some personal details not likely to have been known to any one else. All this experience I kept to myself as a profound secret, for, young as I was, I realized what judgment the world would place upon a narrator of such a story.

Once when my daughter was in her fifteenth year, the first name of my spirit friend happened to be mentioned in her presence. She turned to me quickly with a look of surprise on her face and said, "Mamma, didn't my papa call me by this name?" (Her father died when she was one year old.) I said: "No, dear, you were never called by this name." She replied: "Well, I surely remember it, and somebody somewhere called me by it."

In conclusion I will add that in character my daughter is very much like the historic character of the woman whose spirit said she would inhabit the new form.

These are my facts. I offer no explanation; if they chance to fit anybody's theory, so much the better for the theory. Theories usually need some facts to prop them up; facts are independent and able to stand on their own feet.

It is suggested by Mr. Sinnett in the work previously referred to that those who are (presumably) so far advanced as to be in a position deliberately to make choice of their conditions in a new incarnation, frequently choose one which from the worldly point of view is the less favourable, in preference to others which they might have the option of selecting, and which, from an earthly standpoint, would present far greater attractions. This, if true, might explain the fact that in so many cases the most deserving and the most highly evolved spirits on the earth plane are so often among the least fortunate. It is, it seems to me, a mistake to

SUFFERING  
THE PRICE  
OF FUTURE  
PROGRESS.

suppose that all suffering and misfortune on earth is the penalty for past misdeeds. If the reincarnation theory is true it is probably just as frequently the price paid for future progress. This, I would suggest, is the meaning of the words of the Master,

so frequently quoted, but which so little effort has been made to elucidate. "Neither did this man sin nor his parents, that he was born blind, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." The cut-and-dried theory in which it is assumed that, for instance, poverty in this life is the result of idleness or prodigality in a previous existence, and that everything works in this way in a sort of apple-pie order, has, it seems to me, very little to recommend it. Such assumptions advanced by people who should know better, have given occasion to criticisms of the doctrine of reincarnation which, once that doctrine is properly understood, appear to be quite beside the mark.

Other criticisms of this theory which have reference to the period at which the ego reincarnates and the repeated experiences involved in reincarnation of all the discomforts of infancy and early childhood, "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," etc., are also discussed in Mr. Sinnett's volume. He takes the view

WHEN DOES  
THE EGO  
REINCAR-  
NATE ?

that the ego does not actually reincarnate till some advanced period in the physical life. If, however, this is so, whose, we may ask, is the child's consciousness? Surely it is the ego's, however limited by the physical conditions of infancy. In the

instance above cited, it will be noted that the reincarnating individual claims to have been spiritually reborn at the moment of birth. "Two or three weeks before the birth of my baby [the mother writes], she informed me that the real purport of her presence was her intention to enter the new form at its birth, in order to complete an earth-experience that had come to an untimely end. . . . On the night of my daughter's birth, I saw my companion for the last time." It may be that the fact that the last life had come to an untimely end might make the possibility of conscious and deliberate reincarnation an easier task; but this is a point on which it is impossible to dogmatize. Whatever be the truth in this matter we may doubtless assume that the reborn infant is in the first instance to a great extent merely overshadowed by the reincarnating individual. How far the physical form, even in its maturity, can express the whole of the spirit consciousness, is always a matter open to doubt. In the case of the reincarnation of a Christ, must we not assume that the spirit is throughout life more overshadowing than incarnating? The physical form must ever be in the nature of a limitation, and the fullness of the spirit's self-expression must necessarily be hampered by the defects—great or less—of the vehicle through which it manifests itself on the physical plane. What is the spirit of an idiot? Is it an idiot spirit or a spirit with a shattered vehicle for its expression?

Many of us are familiar with the sonnet which Matthew Arnold wrote on his visit to Newstead Abbey.

What made my heart, at Newstead, fullest swell?—  
'Twas not the thought of Byron, of his cry  
Stormily sweet, his Titan-agony;  
It was the sight of that Lord Arundel  
Who struck, in heat, his child he loved so well,  
And his child's reason flickered, and did die.  
Painted (he will'd it) in the gallery  
They hang; the picture doth the story tell.

Behold the stern, mail'd father, staff in hand !  
 The little fair-hair'd son, with vacant gaze,  
 Where no more lights of sense or knowledge are !  
 Methinks the woe, which made that father stand  
 Baring his dumb remorse to future days,  
 Was woe than Byron's woe more tragic far.

May it not be (perchance) that that Lord Arundel, the son of the late Duke of Norfolk, who was born an idiot, was the Lord Arundel of the story to which Matthew Arnold refers, and who, perhaps of conscious choice, decided to pay the penalty for his misdeed by suffering in his own person the tragic fate to which he had condemned another ?

It has often appeared to me that when the world comes to accept new conceptions of the meaning of life, it frequently fails, while accepting them, to realize the extent to which their acceptance must inevitably modify many time-honoured beliefs. These beliefs for a long period continue to hold their own in spite of the

IMPLICA- fact that they have been in reality undermined by  
 TIONS OF the recognition of some great new truth in life.  
 • EVOLUTION. A new idea, such as, for instance, evolution, is  
 adopted by one generation, but it is not perhaps  
 till long after that the bearing of this truth on many old beliefs  
 is practically realized. How many of our cherished traditions  
 has not the theory of evolution upset without our having actually  
 become conscious of the fact ? Evolution implies everywhere  
 the doctrine of gradual growth and development, and cuts the  
 ground at a blow from all beliefs based on the assumption of  
 creation by a divine fiat. And yet people who would unhesitat-  
 ingly term themselves evolutionists still continue to hug the  
 delusion that they themselves were created at their last birth  
 through just some such divine fiat, as the doctrine of evolution  
 implicitly repudiates ! So, too, in the case of the belief in an  
 eternity divided into two watertight compartments labelled  
 respectively Heaven and Hell. Who accepts this now ? Only  
 the narrowest and most bigoted of the Evangelicals. But if this  
 is an exploded theory there is a certain corollary which I think  
 we are almost inevitably bound to draw from it. If we accept a

DO WE belief in immortality while rejecting reincarnation,  
 ONLY DIE we shall naturally assume that the causes which are  
 ONCE ? productive of physical death will never operate  
 again on any of us through all future time. This is  
 readily conceivable so long as we hold that death involves a total  
 transformation of our personalities, a transformation, that is,

whereby our nature and the conditions of our existence are profoundly and permanently altered. If, however, we remain to all intents and purposes the same immediately after death as we were before (as the evidence now coming so freely to hand seems to indicate), it is reasonable to suppose that the conditions to which we are subject here will not be so very materially changed. Should we, for instance, suddenly find ourselves plunged into a state of beatific bliss, we might well believe that the liability to the termination of our existence by death might automatically disappear. We should, in short, be changed beings, and the mortal would have put on immortality. If, however, we continue after death essentially the same as we were before, there is a strong presumption that the liability to incarnate and also the liability to consequent death will not be suddenly obliterated from our natures. As Professor McTaggart well says :

If our existence immediately after our present life is imperfect, and a state of improvement and advance, it has not yet reached that absolute perfection which might make future deaths improbable ; and it seems to me that the natural inference from this view is that this life will be followed by others like it, each separated from its predecessor and successor by death and rebirth. Otherwise we should be limited to the hypothesis that a process of development begun in a single life bounded by death would be continued as an indefinitely long life not divided by birth and death at all, and to suppose without any reason such a change from the order of our present experience seems unjustifiable.

Hitherto it has not been because men have died once that it is assumed that they cannot die again. Rather is it assumed that they will die no more because after death they are either in Heaven or in Hell, one condition being so much above the level of earthly life and the other so much below it that the total transformation might be assumed to render further deaths improbable. There is always a presumption against the supposition that anything so long as it continues to exist will suddenly vary in its characteristics. In the event of some such total transformation as that above alluded to, we can understand so sudden a variation. When, however, we have reached the point at which we discard the orthodox conceptions of Heaven and Hell, we have by doing so, however unwittingly, abandoned the sole basis on which the total transformation of our conditions of existence from mortality to immortality appeared reasonable or indeed credible. All the evidence which we have recently received from the other side serves to show that we remain the same after death as we were before it. If this is so, there is doubtless not an absolute proof, but a strong presumption in favour of a continuance of

the conditions which under the universal law of rhythm will lead to the recurrence of a physical embodiment terminable by death.

Some observations in Prof. McTaggart's book are peculiarly appropriate to the instance of alleged reincarnation which I have quoted above.

We continually find [he says] that death leaves a fault without a retribution, a retribution without a repentance, a preparation without an achievement. . . . If men survive death we must expect that these processes when not worked out before death will be worked out in a future life, and if the content of our existence after death has so much similarity in essential features with the content of our present lives, the presumption is increased that they have not changed so far as to have shaken off the necessity of periodic death.

It may be argued, and, indeed, it has been frequently maintained, that the processes and labours that have been left uncompleted may find their fruition in the *spiritual* spheres. This doubtless is to some extent true. I think, however, that such possibilities in the spiritual world have their limitations and that Mr. Sinnett is right when he states that "the physical plane of life is pre-eminently associated with all beginnings. This condition underlies the principle of reincarnation, and is the root of its necessity. . . . The permanent ego is not spoon-fed with higher knowledge unless he has engendered a desire for it in his working period on the physical plane." In other words, the spiritual development of an ego is in some sort limited by his mundane activities. The harvest that has not been sown cannot be reaped.

I have already (in an earlier issue) dealt with the very common argument against reincarnation that the lapse of memory involves what is to all intents and purposes a termination of existence. But in view of the fact that this argument has been once more advanced by Prof. Hyslop in a recent work in which he entirely ignores the arguments which tell against his contention, another word or two on the subject seem perhaps to be called for. It is contended that a new life would not profit by the experiences of its predecessors unless a memory of them were retained. The mistakes of the past would, it is contended, be repeated in the new life, the reborn ego being no wiser than his predecessor. This contention fails precisely through an inability to differentiate between the meanings of the two words "wisdom" and "knowledge." This is a common mistake in matters of everyday life.

We are too much inclined to credit a person with wisdom because

LIFE'S PURPOSE UNFULFILLED.

WISDOM VERSUS KNOWLEDGE.

he has acquired vast stores of knowledge. Wisdom, however, does not consist in amassed facts. It depends on an ability to sort facts and to form judgments from them—in short, to profit by experience. It is precisely this experience that life on earth gives us. If we are not wiser (not merely more learned) through the life we have lived, we have surely lived in vain. This wisdom does *not* involve a memory of past experiences, but rather the conclusions and deductions drawn from them and which have become part and parcel of our essential selves. The man reborn might have forfeited his knowledge and yet carry with him into his new life the added increment of the wisdom which he had gained from his past experience. Surely it is precisely this wisdom that the reincarnating ego will require, and not the being overburdened under new conditions with a vast accumulation of particular experiences. Is it merely a delusion that we seem to see in the growing child that particular strength and weakness which suggests the accumulated result of temptations yielded to or temptations overcome? How is it that we witness precisely the same effects taking place before our eyes during the present life as the results of temptations yielded to and habits acquired, that we seem to see in the young child before any such experiences have had time to leave their mark on the undeveloped character? Does the parallel result from a pure accident or has it not rather some far deeper significance? It may well be that what we term intuitive faculty is, if we could only look far enough back, invariably the result of past learning and past experience, and that facility which long practice invariably brings. Surely it must needs either be this or the capricious gift of a capricious deity! Surely, too, instinct in animals is of the same nature—the result of accumulated experience through many incarnations, whether we assume that these are individual incarnations or adopt the hypothesis of the group soul.

With regard to the question of the alleged loss of identity between one life and another, Professor McTaggart has some pertinent observations :

If [he says] each life had no continuity with its successors, and no effect on them, then indeed there might be little meaning in calling them lives of the same person. But we cannot suppose that this could be the case. If the same self passes through various lives, any change which happens to it at any time must affect its state in the time immediately subsequent, and, through this, in all future time. Death and rebirth, no doubt, are of sufficient importance to modify a character considerably, but they could only act on what was already present, and the nature with which each



individual starts in any life would be moulded by his experiences and actions in the past. And this is sufficient to make the identity between the different lives real.\*

There are some who have contended, as Mr. Sinnett observes, that the Law of Reincarnation conflicts with that supremely important aspect of the next world in which we think of it as reuniting, under happy conditions, the loving friends, wives and daughters, sons and fathers, torn asunder by death. On the contrary, maintains our author, it expands to infinitude the value of that relationship.

"Eventually, after certain developments on higher levels, those who really care for one another reincarnate more or less simultaneously and come into renewed relationships or intimacies on the earth plane." "How do we know this?" it may be asked. Presumably because love in its essence is an attractive force, and the significance of love in the spirit world is supreme. If spirit dominates we are surely justified in contending that "the emotional relations which exist between people must be highly significant of their real positions towards one another in the scheme of the universe."† In other words, people who are joined by love cannot be dependent for their proximity to each other (and consequently for the possibility of their love) on

REUNION  
ON THE  
PHYSICAL  
PLANE.

some chance or mechanical arrangement whose recurrence we could have no reason to expect. *Their love, in short, is not the effect of proximity, but its cause.* This proximity, in a particular life, is in reality the manifestation, under the particular circumstances in question, of those relations which make up the eternal nature of the universe. Between those who are united in love there is an attractive force which must bring them together again by whatever circumstances and conditions they may be parted. It is love after all that is the great lever in the universe, and from the spiritual standpoint distance in space has no meaning. That which divides is lack of sympathy. We admit as much when we speak of a person as being "distant" towards us. It is true indeed, as Professor McTaggart suggests, that the universe is on a large scale, which might require long absences. What we are entitled to believe is that while time remains the eternal nearness of lovers must, in spite of such absences, find its continually-renewed expression in proximity during temporal life. It follows, then, that if friends are not to

\* *Human Immortality and Pre-existence.* London: Edward Arnold.

† Professor McTaggart, in *Human Immortality and Pre-existence.*

be separated, the value of love in one life need not really perish because there is no memory in the next.

When Napoleon's generals retorted to the aristocracy of their day, who mocked at their new honours, with the words, "We are our own ancestors," they were using a phrase which we may all of us equally employ if evolution be a truth on the spirit plane. We have made ourselves what we are through a long succession of past rebirths, and we have ourselves, and not the gods, to thank for our present conditions, character, and environment. What folly, then, to do as some so-called Christians are in the habit of doing, and humiliate ourselves before the Mercy Seat by admitting liabilities which are not charged to our account! There is surely something as abject as it is idiotic in the words of the prayer which I remember so well in my youth, in which the Deity is informed that "if he had dealt with us according to our deserts, we had now been bewailing our miseries in the sorrows and horrors of a sad eternity." This is the Deity of whom Omar Khayyám wrote so well, what he would "sue for a debt man never did contract and cannot answer." We may rest at least assured that if the Law of Justice prevails, the sinner who has earned these sorrows and horrors will not escape them by fulsome flattery or sycophantic wheedling of any tyrant of the skies, and that the Master's words that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" are true in substance and in fact. Surely that desire to escape pains and penalties by vicarious sacrifice is among the most unmanly symptoms of religious decadence! Surely the religion that encourages obsequiousness to the Deity on these terms is encouraging moral degeneracy of the worst type! The Divine Law is just for the very reason that it is the Law, the Logos, the expression of the reason that animates the Cosmic Purpose.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all :  
Do right—it recompenseth ! do one wrong—  
The equal retribution must be made,  
Though Dharma tarry long.

It knows not wrath nor pardon ; utter-true  
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs ;  
Times are as naught, to-morrow it will judge,  
Or after many days.

Surely there is more of the essence of divinity in the Logos of the materialistic Stoics of Ancient Greece than in the anthropomorphic Deity of orthodox theology.

Just as we cannot serve God and Mammon, so it is equally

impossible to believe at the same time in a capricious Deity and in Divine Justice. So, too, it is better to be consistent, even in our absurdity, and if we decide to adhere to the gospel of creation by divine fiat, to accept also its corollary, and to maintain, as was maintained not so very many years ago, that the Devil embedded the fossils in the earth's strata with a view to the deception of mankind. The Logos, the Divine Reason, is either everywhere or nowhere, and if it operates in the evolution of the world of form, it operates also in the evolution of the spirit of mankind. *Natura non facit saltum*. In other words, the Divine Law is continuous in its "increasing purpose," and not arbitrary and spasmodic in its action.

I am asked by Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, of 121-125 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, to state that they have added to their World-Service Book Store a new and unique feature, which is specially calculated to be of interest to readers of this Magazine. This consists in the opening of a large room entirely devoted to books dealing with Occultism, Mysticism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Higher Thought, etc. The manager of this department will be in attendance to give all information which may be desired with regard to societies, lectures, notices of meetings, etc., of interest to students of the occult.

# SPINNING

BY EFFIE VENNING THOMAS

I SIT at my wheel—  
Here in my room I sit and I dream—  
I dream as I sit at my wheel.  
Do you note how it turns, how it turns,  
How the low even rhythm vibrates,  
How the thread runs so swiftly to spool,  
As I sit at my wheel?  
Shall I tell you my dream as I spin?  
Shall I tell you the things I can see?  
Far back in the ages I go and I dream of the past—  
Of the days when we hunted together—  
Of the time of the making of charms—  
The dread of the moons when you left me—  
The joy of your coming in triumph to bring me the spoils of the  
battle—  
The calm of the lake and the woodland—  
The peace of our home life together  
When years had brought knowledge.  
(I sit at my wheel and I dream as I spin)  
I dream of the slow evolution,  
Of the trying of man in the furnace as gold must be tried,  
Of the sorrow, the storm and the sacrifice.  
And always the sorrow is lessened,  
And always the storm loses terror,  
And always the sacrifice hurts not,  
Because we are always together—  
Together in cave and on mountain—  
And down through the ages—together.  
(And always the wheel makes its rhythm  
And the thread rushes on, never ceasing,  
As I sit here alone in the twilight.)  
I dream of the lessons you taught me  
In the first of the lives I remember,  
And of many lives following after.  
Of the Fire in the Groves of the Temple—  
Of the Altar afar in the desert—

Of the hallowing love of the mother—  
 The protection and care of the father—  
 The confident joy of the children—  
 The losing and seeking and finding  
 When a space hid the one from the other—  
 Of descent to the realm of Illusion—  
 Of passing the gateway of knowledge—  
 Of the knowledge which grew into wisdom—  
 Of wisdom we lost through our weakness—  
 (Do you note how the wheel still is turning  
 And the thread rushing on, still unceasing?)

Did I say that I sit here alone  
 And dream of the past as I spin,  
 And dream of the lives that are past?  
 Alone! In the hum of the wheel  
 I hear you,—you speak to me still.  
 In the unending thread as I spin  
 I know that our love cannot end—  
 In the dream of the lives we have lived  
 I feel you are dreaming with me.  
 You are here, my beloved, my own.  
 As I sit at my wheel  
 The past and the future are one.  
 The present is mine and its joy,  
 The present is all that I know.  
 The present is darkness and light—  
 Is dreamer and dream and awaking and bliss,  
 The present is you and your love—  
 Is myself and my love—ah! what do I say?  
 Myself? There is none save in you,  
 And where, oh beloved, are you, save in me?  
 As I sit at my wheel and I spin and I dream  
 The dream and the love and the lover and I  
 Are one in the music of life,  
 In the hum of the wheel as it turns, as it turns,  
 And I spin from the dream of the past,  
 From the thought of the future,  
 The present of love and of joy.

# THE PINEAL DOORWAY

## A RECORD OF RESEARCH

By OLIVER FOX

### I. INTRODUCTORY.

IN writing this very condensed account of my practical researches into the little-known realms of dream-consciousness, astral travelling, and self-induced trance, I shall risk seeming egotistical and employ the first person. For one thing, it is far more convenient; and for another, I wish to emphasize the purely personal nature of this record—which is intended to be speculative and not dogmatic. I do not profess to be an authority; but I have, at least, for many years pursued a certain line of investigation, albeit in a somewhat desultory fashion, with long gaps of inactivity. I write in the hope that my experiences may prove helpful to other students on the perilous way, and I need scarcely say that I shall be most glad to receive any additional information they can give me. I should like to supplement this bare account with many extracts from my note-book, but considerations of space render this impossible. I will now state the final result of my research and the two standpoints from which it may be viewed:

(a) *Scientific*: It is merely a new brain state, the product of self-induced trance, and the seeming external experiences all originate within the mind of the investigator—a third level of consciousness, differing from both waking life and ordinary dream, and far more vivid.

(b) *Occult*: The spirit actually leaves the entranced physical vehicle and functions—perfectly aware of so doing—apart from it upon the astral plane, the transition from normal waking life being achieved without any break in consciousness.

### II. THE FIRST STEP.

*To acquire, by observing some incongruity or anachronism, the knowledge that one is dreaming.*

Eighteen years ago, when I was a student at a technical college, a dream impelled me to start my research. I dreamed simply that I was standing outside my home. Looking down, I

discovered that the paving-stones had mysteriously changed their position—the long sides were now parallel to the curb instead of perpendicular to it. Then the solution flashed upon me: though that glorious summer morning seemed as real as real could be, I was *dreaming*! Instantly the vividness of life increased a hundredfold. Never had sea and sky and trees shone with such glamorous beauty; even the commonplace houses seemed alive and mystically beautiful. Never had I felt so absolutely well, so clear-brained, so divinely powerful. Verily the world had become my oyster. The sensation was exquisite beyond words; but it lasted only a few moments, and I awoke. As I was to learn later, my mental control had been overwhelmed by my emotions; so the tiresome body asserted its claim and pulled me back. And now I had a (for me) wonderful new idea: Was it possible to regain at will the glory of the dream? Could I *prolong* my dreams?

I have italicized the heading to this section. It sounds simple; but in practice I found it one of the most difficult things imaginable. A hundred times would I pass the most glaring incongruities, and then at last some inconsistency would tell me that I was dreaming; and always this knowledge brought the change I have described. I found that I was then able to do little tricks at will, levitate, pass through seemingly solid walls, mould matter into new forms, etc.; but in these early experiments I could stay out of my body for only a very short time, and this dream-consciousness could be acquired only at intervals of several weeks. To begin with, my progress was very slow; but presently I made two more discoveries:

(1) The mental effort of prolonging the dream produced a pain in the region of the pineal gland—dull at first, but rapidly increasing in intensity—and I knew instinctively that this was a warning to me to resist no longer the call of my body.

(2) In the last moments of prolonging the dream, and while I was subject to the above pain, I experienced a sense of dual consciousness. I could feel myself standing in the dream and see the scenery; but at the same time I could feel myself lying in bed and see my bedroom. As the call of the body grew stronger the dream-scenery became more faint; but by asserting my will to remain dreaming I could make the bedroom fade and the dream-scenery regain its apparent solidity.

And at this stage of my research a new query arose: what would happen if I disregarded the warning pain and fought it to a climax? As a matter of fact I was horribly afraid of making

the experiment, but a sense of destiny urged me on. After fumbling one or two opportunities, I made the battle and won. Just when it seemed I must be beaten, something went *click* in my brain; the pain vanished, and also the sense of dual consciousness. I was locked out in the dream, which was apparently the glorified counterpart of the seashore about a mile from my home. It was all very beautiful and absolutely real—so real that the idea of “waking up” seemed quite absurd—but my triumph was marred by an uneasy feeling that I was now to face quite new conditions. Two things worried me: I had no idea how time was passing on the physical earth, and I was evidently invisible to the few people who crossed my path. This experience was subtly different from my previous excursions; for no longer did there seem to be the slightest link between me and that once-tiresome physical body. Came the thought: Was I dead?

I did not like it and willed to return, but nothing happened. I tried again and again, and nothing happened. Then I got frightened—the utter loneliness became dreadful—but I knew that a panic might prove fatal. I waited a little, then tried once more. Again there came that strange cerebral click, and instantly I was back in my body. But, though I could hear the clock ticking and my grandfather moving about in the next room, I was blind and could not move a muscle; I could not even raise an eyelid. That was my first experience of the seeming cataleptic rigor of the self-induced trance. Inch by inch I broke it, and it was an agonizing business. As it was impossible to move my body as a whole, I concentrated upon moving my little finger; then finger by finger I got my whole hand free; and then my arm. This done, I gripped the bedrail above my head and pulled hard. Suddenly the trance broke, my eyes opened, and I was free. I jumped out of bed with great joy, and immediately collapsed upon the floor, being overwhelmed by nausea. I felt ill for two or three days afterwards.

For a time this fright had a sobering effect, and then the rashness of youth broke out once more. Again I fought the pineal pain and went through a very similar experience, though this time the seeming cataleptic trance was not so difficult to break; but then my nerve gave out. I was in love, and life seemed sweet. I decided that I would continue my experiments; but that I would never again disregard the warning pain. And I think it was well for me that I came to this decision.



## III. THE DANGERS.

As these are very real and great, I think I had better enumerate them before proceeding further with this record. Any one who, without being under the guidance of an Adept or Master, investigates on my lines exposes himself to the following grave risks—at least, so I believe :

(1) Heart failure, or insanity, arising from shock. This dream-world is very lovely, but it has its horrors also.

(2) Premature burial.

(3) Obsession.

(4) Severance of cord.

(5) Repercussion effects upon the physical vehicle, -caused by injuries to the astral.

Of course the last three would be scorned by the orthodox experimenter. I would advise no one, motivated by curiosity alone, to adopt my methods ; for I know from experience that they are very dangerous. Yet would I not deter those students who feel themselves impelled by the driving force of Love, who seek to contact more closely the Great Soul of All—the Eternal Seven-Veiled Isis of the Universe. For though the astral plane is rightly termed the Realm of Illusion, yet is it one stage nearer to Reality, to the Ultimate Truth, than is this sad and solid illusion of the earth. Astral slums are horrible—terrifying, if you like—but not *sordid* as the slums of earth. There is glamour even in hell ; for one senses there the divine Dark Face, which is one with the Shining ; but here on earth both Faces alike are veiled so closely from the eyes of man. And that is why I pen this record for the few.

## IV. THE SECOND STEP.

To distinguish them from the ordinary variety, I named these dreams (in which I knew that I was dreaming) Dreams of Knowledge. I come now to my next discovery, which was that a Dream of Knowledge was often followed by a false awakening, i.e. upon returning to my body I was under the impression that I was awake, until some supernormal occurrence—such as a sudden apparition—frightened me and caused me really to awake. I found then, after many experiences, that a Dream of Knowledge frequently led to a false awakening, in which my body was not dreaming in the ordinary sense, but was in a curious state, which I named the Trance Condition. These are its chief characteristics :

(1) The body appears to be in a semi-rigid condition, which may approach in severity the seeming cataleptic state already described.

(2) Though the eyes are closed, the room is plainly visible; and the atmosphere also, so that one gets an effect rather [like particles of dust illuminated by the sun—or roughly, a golden glow, very variable in its intensity. Behind this, as it were, and only just on the border-line of visibility, is something like a mass of frog's eggs, bluish-grey in colour and vibrating.

(3) Physical sounds are distinctly audible.

(4) In this condition one is liable to any imaginable hallucination of sight or sound; or, to voice the other view, one is both clairvoyant and clairaudient.

(5) In this condition, especially if it be mistaken for the waking state, one falls an easy prey to wild and unreasonable *fear*.

(6) One is conscious of strange atmospheric stresses—the before-a-storm feeling, but enormously intensified.

On the whole this Trance Condition is extremely unpleasant and would probably deter many people if their chief motive were curiosity.

The question now arose: Can the Trance Condition be a prelude to a Dream of Knowledge as well as an after-effect? Time showed that the answer was, Yes. In those days I had not discovered how to induce the Trance Condition at will; but I occasionally found myself in it, sometimes before dropping off to sleep, sometimes after an ordinary or unremembered dream, and sometimes after a Dream of Knowledge. As I grew better able to recognize this state, so multiplied my opportunities for experimenting. I was getting things clearer and building very slowly my theory for liberating the soul at will; but I did not yet realize that it was possible to pass from the Trance Condition into the Dream of Knowledge *without any break in consciousness*. When I found myself in the Trance Condition it served as a warning of what was to come; I knew the apparitions and strange objects, which I frequently saw, and the terrifying voices, to be astral and not physical, and would not let myself be sufficiently frightened to break the trance; it reminded me of getting past the "Dweller on the Threshold"; but always there was a break in consciousness before I found myself enjoying the glorious emancipation of the Dream of Knowledge. I never experimented without being afraid, and often panic spoilt my results. Through all those years it was a battle between fear and love of the unknown.

## V. THE THIRD STEP.

It was meditating upon the warning pain, which I imagined to be located in the pineal gland, that led at last to my new discovery. In the ordinary way I could not step out of my body when in the Trance Condition. Before this was possible a mysterious something had to happen—and in those earlier experiments it probably occurred during the break in consciousness. And at last it flashed upon me what this something was: I had to force my incorporeal self through the doorway of the pineal gland, so that it clicked behind me. Then a further stage—a stage beyond the Trance Condition with its terrifying sensations; shapes and sounds—was reached. Then, and only then, could I step out of my physical body (now invisible), experience the dual consciousness, and be in the Dream of Knowledge (or a traveller on the astral plane) without any previous break in consciousness. It was done, when in the Trance Condition, simply by concentrating upon the pineal gland and willing to ascend through it. The sensation was as follows: my incorporeal self rushed to a point in the pineal gland and hurled itself against the imaginary trap-door, while the golden light increased in brilliance, so that it seemed the whole room burst into flame. If the impetus was insufficient to take me through, then the sensation became reversed; my incorporeal self subsided and became again coincident with my body, while the astral light died down to normal. Often two or three efforts were required before I could generate sufficient will-power to carry me through. It felt as though I were rushing to insanity and death; but once the little door had clicked behind me, I enjoyed a mental clarity far surpassing that of the earth-life. And the fear was gone. With a few exceptions, I never felt afraid once I had got clear of my body; it was the Trance Condition, before and after, that I dreaded. The tempest over, one passed into calm and sunlit waters. Leaving the body was then as easy as getting out of bed; but I was always unable to see it—perhaps because its astral counterpart was withdrawn with me—though I could see my wife's form quite plainly. The dual consciousness was generally lost after I had left the house.

The reader is warned not to take my statements on the pineal gland too literally. The result I obtained is beyond all question; but my explanation of the actual process involved may be more symbolical than accurate. However, I have reason to suppose that I am not far out in my description, always remembering

that things are only relatively true, and that the *truth* must ever elude the spoken or written word. And it is quite immaterial to the success of the experiment. By employing this method the result *can* be obtained.

#### VI. THE FOURTH STEP.

Now one thing was needed : to be able to pass at will into the preliminary Trance Condition. This was to prove most difficult to accomplish. The initial symptoms were fairly easy to produce ; but the trouble was that this self-induced state was of such extremely short duration. The very slightest disturbance sufficed to break the trance in its early stages. Nine times out of ten this happened, and the trance was broken before it had become sufficiently deep to allow of any attempt being made to force the pineal door. And often when I had succeeded in inducing a strong trance I would suddenly lose consciousness and find myself, after an unremembered gap, free to move as I would upon the astral plane. Nevertheless, I have induced the trance and passed out through the pineal doorway without any break in consciousness whatever ; and I have returned to my body to strengthen the trance and left it again and returned again, etc., as many as six times in one night, without a single break in the mental continuity of the experience. To induce the trance I would lie down, with muscles relaxed, turning my consciousness inward upon the pineal door and excluding all other thoughts ; the body was passive, but the mind positive in its concentration upon this inner point. My eyelids were closed ; but I believe the eyes were rolled upwards and slightly squinting—that was the sensation. The first symptom was the effect of seeing through my eyelids the room full of the golden light. Then came the numbness, beginning at the feet and extending upwards. When the trance was deep this became quite painful, especially in the muscles of the jaw ; there was also a sense of enormous pressure in the brain.

This, then, was the climax of my research. I could now pass from ordinary waking life to this new state of consciousness (or from life to "death") and return, without any mental break. It is easily written, but it took fourteen years to accomplish.

#### VII. THE LAST EXPERIMENT.

In this paper I have in the main confined myself to a description of the methods adopted to obtain a certain result ; but I shall not now deal any further with the result itself. If the

Editor is agreeable and sufficient interest is shown, I might perhaps write a further paper, entitled "Beyond the Pineal Door." But as my experiments were terminated in a very curious and interesting way, I wish—if only for the sake of completeness—to give a brief account of how I lost this power I had so painfully acquired.

In April, 1916, when out of the body, I attempted to get back into a past incarnation, which had been described to me by a lady who was an unprofessional trance medium. Now if I had willed to travel to India, I should have immediately rushed off with enormous velocity; but I willed to get back into my past life, and no motion occurred. Suddenly a gap appeared in the astral scenery (as though a round hole were made in a picture) and I saw very, very far away the open door of a temple, and beyond this a gleaming statue. This scene was blurred and had the appearance of being at the other end of a very long and narrow tunnel. I willed to pass through this tunnel, but found myself swept violently away, in a lateral direction, to some other astral locality. I willed once more; again the tunnel and the temple appeared; and again I tried to travel to it. This time, however, I was hurled back to my body, and with such force that the trance was broken.

The next time I tried to induce the Trance Condition, I found that always before my inner eyes was the vision of a black *crux ansata*; and now my magic would not work, the trap-door *would not open*. The *crux ansata* could not be dispelled. When I closed my eyes and turned to the light, the symbol showed clear-cut, as though painted in black on the red field of my eyelids. With my eyes open, in a dim light, I could still see it as though it were projected in front of me. And try as I might I could no longer pass the pineal door.

Soon after this I started a long investigation into the powers of a most remarkable direct voice medium, who had, however, the rather unenviable reputation of being a black magician. In his company I had many astral adventures—after a break in consciousness I would find myself with him upon the astral plane—but I could no longer leave my body at will. And there I met and conversed with the group of spiritual beings who manifested through my friend. Their teachings were extraordinary; their spiritual grade seemed very high. I believe that they are real entities; but, despite their personal beauty and the charm of their language, I am not certain whether they are "white" or "black." They told me they had sealed my door, because I was

becoming attuned to psychic forces, which might sweep me away before my work on earth was done. I do not know. *Some* things I have proved to myself ; but each little advance we make serves only to emphasize the depths of our abysmal ignorance.

In 1915 the Army people had refused my services ; but early in 1917 they changed their minds and kindly entrusted me with a pick and shovel—later, a rifle also. Through two and a half years of Active Service my black *crux ansata* kept me company, and I remained a prisoner in my body. Now I am back again, rather smashed up, and the scar upon my abdomen is roughly in the shape of a *crux ansata*. It seems the gods have a sense of humour. The visionary symbol still remains before my inner eyes, but it is now very faint and difficult to see. Perhaps when it has faded altogether my pineal door will open once again. I do not attempt to explain these happenings, but I have written a true account of them.

#### VIII. CONCLUDING NOTE.

Psycho-analysis is not exactly a new discovery, but lately it has penetrated into the penny populars. Mention dreams, and you are met with a triumphant "But Freud says—"! I think that some of my friends believed that if I read Freud I should die broken-hearted. Well, I have read Professor Siegmund Freud's great and admirable work—"The Interpretation of Dreams"—and it has not disturbed my equanimity. I think there is much truth in it, and I have applied his methods quite satisfactorily to interpret some of my ordinary dreams—especially the nonsensical kind. But there are dreams and *dreams*! I am convinced that the psycho-analytic theories will not explain all of them. I believe the Vienna doctor to be a kindly man with a mighty intellect, but even he does not know everything. For instance, I do not think he would admit that astrology "works"; but I know it does.

# ANCIENT EASTER CUSTOMS

BY MINA H. SCOTT

THE origin of Easter and its rites goes back to dim, far-off ages, when the world was young, and the gods held an important place in the daily lives of men. The rites celebrated at Easter and other festivals had a signification totally different to the religious meaning attached to them now.

To the early Pagan, with his scanty knowledge and crude beliefs, religion was a very different thing to religion as we conceive it, and magical rites were so intermingled with it, that it is difficult to disentangle one from the other.

These rites, almost as old as mankind, and shorn of the Bacchanalian orgies and blood sacrifices which disfigured them, were merely adapted by the early Christian churches in their original celebration of Easter. They embodied the feelings inherent in primitive man, the worship of strength, power and life, of which the sun gods were emblematic.

So Easter with its everlasting symbols of death and resurrection, has survived down the roll of centuries till now, grafted on to the old Pagan ideas. And we chant our Easter hymns, as the Egyptians of old sang their songs to Osiris, the "Lord of the Life beyond the grave," who was "Judge of all souls."

Nearly all the old religions have one thing in common ; that is, a festival at the vernal equinox, with the symbolic representation of the death of the god, or of his trance state, during which time he was supposed to be in the nether world for three or four days. Then followed the rising to life, celebrated with elaborate ceremonies and rejoicing.

It is interesting to note that both in Egypt and India exactly the same sort of death and resurrection rites were used in the ancient initiation ceremonies of the neophyte, as in the strictly religious ceremonies in honour of the god. That, and the fact that in most parts of the world a religious festival took place about the vernal equinox, with these chief features in common of death, burial, and resurrection, point to the great age of the rite.

Ages before the saviours of the world, like Mithras, Buddha, and Christ, appeared, the festival was observed, and the gods

worshipped were mainly sun gods, the sun being regarded as the source of strength and fertility, the giver of life. Some of the gods were probably historical beings, but whether sun gods or men, the rites in their honour were the same. Whether the god was merely an image, or a man—usually the king—who was temporarily regarded as the representative of the god, he was worshipped with equal impartiality.

One symbol has dropped out of the Christian rites at Easter ; that is the ark ; but in past ages it was an important feature in various religions. It was looked on as the eternal abode of the gods, and when the ark was moved from place to place, the god went inside it. In Egypt the Initiates were buried in it during their three or four days' trance, and sometimes they were laid on a cross hollowed out to receive the body, and cross and man placed in the ark.

At the Easter festival in Egypt, the sacred ark was draped in black, and placed in one of the underground chambers of a temple, symbolizing the stay of Osiris in the underworld among the dead. On the fourth day he rose again, and the rising to life was celebrated with a procession of the greatest splendour. Imagine the scene in the blackness of the underground chambers, lit only by the swinging lamps of the priests.

First came the priests, the first priest carrying the lamp, "fixed in a boat of gold, the emblem of Osiris sailing round the world in his sacred scyphus. The second priest bore two golden altars flaming to his honour, and that of his queen. The third priest, in one hand carried a palm branch curiously wrought in foliated gold, in the other the magic wand or caduceus of Hermes. The fourth priest carried a small palm tree. . . . The same priest also carried a golden vase which contained the sacred milk. The fifth carried the golden van, the mystical 'Vannus Iacchi,' and the sixth and last priest carried the sacred amphora or vase with two handles." \*

Wine was poured out of the vase, symbolic of an offering to the god, and on the fourth day the procession wound its way from the underground temple into the light of day. Osiris had risen.

The Christian sacrament of the Eucharist had its origin in Pagan days, for the eating of the consecrated bread or wafer, and the drinking of the wine, or water and wine mingled, was celebrated at the Easter festivals in honour of different gods. After the rising of Osiris, the worshippers partook of a sacrament, eating wafers and drinking the mixed wine and water, after both had

\* Maurice's *Indian Antiquities*, Vol. III, Chap. II, sect. 4.



been consecrated. Thus they became "flesh of the flesh" of Osiris.

Christ, in instituting the Lord's Supper, adapted an ancient sacrament which had existed for ages among widely scattered peoples, divesting it of the horrible features of blood orgies and cruelty which disfigured it. The early Pagans partook of the body and blood of their god, in the same spirit as the Christian of to-day partakes of the body and blood of Christ.

The season of this sacrament varied. In Egypt it was at Easter. In old Mexico, it was kept at the feast of the god Tecucalo between November 25 and December 14. But the Aztecs had their sacrament twice yearly in May and December. The dough was made in the image of the god Huitzilopochtli, and the priests and superiors of the temple "tooke the idoll of paste . . . and made many pieces, as well as of the idoll itself, as of the tronchons which were consecrated, and then they gave them to the people in the manner of a communion, beginning with the greater and continuing unto the rest, both men women and little children, who received it with such teares, feare, and reverence, as it was an admirable thing, saying they did eate the flesh and bones of God, wherewith they were grieved. Such as had sicke folkes demanded thereof for them, and carried it with great reverence and veneration." \*

This gives a vivid picture of a simple religious act, but among many peoples, the older forms of the sacrament consisted of the actual killing or tearing to pieces of live animals, before they were eaten. In some cases the sacrifice was human, and despite the horrible rites, the fundamental idea was the same—the partaking of the body of the god or his substitute.

The crucifying of a god on the cross is very ancient. In Mexico, that wonderful land of forgotten rites, the crucifixion of the god Quetzalcoath took place annually to atone for the sins of men. There are several pictures of him in the Borgian manuscripts. In one, he is nailed on a Greek cross; in another, there is the impression of nails both in the hands and feet, but not actually upon a cross, and the picture where he is painted with at each side of him a man who is apparently reviling him, bears a strong analogy to Christ between the two thieves. There is also a picture of the burial of Quetzalcoath, and of his going down into Hades.

Fasts of forty days, corresponding to the modern Lent, were held in widely separated countries. The Mexicans had a forty

\* Acosta's *Nat. and Mor. History of the Indies*, Vol. II, pp. 356-60.

days' fast in honour of their sun gods ; the Egyptians kept a fast of forty days for Osiris. And in Persia, there was a forty days' fast before the death and resurrection of Mithras.

The ceremonies in honour of the festival of Mithras, the Persian saviour, were even more magnificent than those of Osiris. They were also held in spring, and his image was laid in a tomb by the priests for three days. The idea of atonement for the sins of the people appears in the words of the priest : " Your god has risen from the dead. His pains and suffering shall be your salvation."\*

On the resurrection day, after forty days' fast and sacrifices, the procession started long before sunrise. Picture it : the white-robed priests, chanting hymns and carrying silver censers with the holy fire, followed the high priest. Then came a long procession of 365 young men, " comely to look on," dressed in scarlet. Following the scarlet-clad youths came the chariot of the sun, drawn by pure white horses, the harness decorated with gold and jewels, garlands of gorgeous flowers hanging on the chariot. Next, " a white horse of magnificent size, his forehead blazing with gems in honour of Mithras." The king followed, " in all his glory," † a royal figure seated in an ivory chariot, and a long retinue of nobles, their camels decorated with the rich embroideries of Persia.

This glittering procession, with all its rich symbolism, reached the top of the sacred Mount Orontes at sunrise, and there, at the top of the Mount, the god was worshipped with prayer and incense, at break of day.

It is a far cry from ancient Persia to the Isle of Iona, but some years ago I read a brief account of a solitary sun-worshipper offering, by himself, worship and sacrifice at sunrise on the top of a hill in Iona. A remnant, truly, of the old sun rites and worship of Gauls and Druids at the vernal equinox, for there is no celebration of Easter in the Presbyterian Churches.

This festival of death and resurrection was held throughout Babylon, Greece, Assyria, Asia Minor, as well as in India, Egypt and Mexico. The ceremonies varied in different countries and religions, but the idea of a spring resurrection was almost universal. It was natural enough to connect the rising into life of the god with the bursting into life of Nature.

Even the names which are commonly regarded as sacred to the Christian Jesus are old names revived.

\* Dupuis' *Origine de tous les Cultes*, Vol. V, pp. 241 and 246, 247.

† Child's *Progress of Religious Ideas*, Vol. I, pp. 272, 273.

The Phrygians called their god Attis, "the only begotten son," and "the saviour." They did not actually crucify him but they tied his image to a tree with a lamb at the foot, and on the third day of the festival a blood sacrifice was offered, the high priest drawing blood from his own arm. In the original rites the priest was slain annually; it was only in later times that the drawing of blood was substituted.

On the day before the sacrifice of blood, there was another ceremony, though I am unable to trace any form of it at the present day. A pine tree was hewn down and carried by a guild of tree bearers to the sanctuary of Cybele, where it lay for a year before being burnt. It was wrapped up like a dead person with cloths, and decorated with wreaths of violets, which were supposed to have grown from the blood of Attis. An image of the god was fastened to the tree. There was very little of a solemn religious festival about the resurrection of Attis. It was simply a carnival, in the widest sense of the word.

The ceremony of decorating a pine tree, and keeping it for a year before burning it, originated in the fact that Attis had in the first place been a tree spirit. One belief is incorporated with another, one ritual heaped on the top of another; folk lore, religion and magic are inextricably mixed, and to disentangle them is a study in itself.

The joyousness of the modern Easter Day is the result of the action of the early churches in Rome, in turning a Pagan carnival of the wildest licence and orgies into a religious festival in honour of the rising of Christ.

Some of the Easter customs in European countries have practically no religious signification now. They originated in the old rites in honour of the death and resurrection of the gods; that is evident from the date and from the customs themselves, but as they exist now they are merely local customs and festivals, and in the minds of the people have as little to do with religion as our May Day dance.

# THE TWO SYMBOLS: A MYSTICAL POEM

BY OLIVER FOX

OH, lonely was the Virgin's shrine,  
So desolate, war-scarred and battered !  
Before the doors the glass lay shattered ;  
But still the Symbol stood divine.  
All taperless the twisted sticks ;  
Over the floor the lean rats pattered ;  
And through the roof some snowflakes scattered  
Upon a mound of fallen bricks.

Unmoved amid the guns' loud boom,  
Still sweetly smiled the pallid face :  
Calm, gentle features one could trace  
Whene'er a star-shell lit the gloom.  
In faded robe of azure blue—  
Robe of pure dignity and grace,  
E'en though the spider spun its lace—  
There stood the Symbol for the few.

Came staggering on, with stifled moans,  
A wounded soldier from the line,  
Who fell, and murmured, " Mother mine ! "  
While his warm blood dripped o'er the stones.  
Then slowly, neath the starless sky,  
He dragged himself up to the shrine,  
Crept in, and cried with joy divine :  
" Hail, Mary ! I have come to die.

" Long ere the Star flamed in the East,  
Before Man revered Mary's name,  
And the white Sun God hung in shame  
Upon his cross—I was thy priest.  
I pledged myself to thee anew  
Life after life whene'er I came.  
I took the oath, so mine the blame.  
Hail, Isis ! Spirit of the Blue !

" I served thee in those days of fate  
When proud Atlantis ceased to be,  
And the wild waters of thy sea  
Swept o'er the splendid Golden Gate.

Though all men trembled at the sight  
 Of thy Dark Face, still I loved thee—  
 My Mother through eternity!  
 Hail, Isis! Goddess of the Night!

“Turania’s empire worshipped thee  
 Before earth knew the yellow race.  
 Thou livest! though remains no trace  
 Of Moru Morya’s majesty——”

He paused to battle with his pain;  
 A bloody sweat bedewed his face;  
 Then to that ghostly form of grace  
 The dying mystic spake again:

“Born of the Children of the Sun,  
 Through weary years I searched for thee  
 Till death revealed thy name to me.  
 Toltec and Aztec now are one,  
 Lost in the past, which seems so far  
 Save to the quickened memory—  
 But thine for all eternity,  
 I follow still the Sevenfold Star.

“Wise Goddess of the Ganges weird  
 Wert thou when next I played my part.  
 Lost in the jungle’s lonely heart  
 The beauteous temple that we reared,  
 Where tended I thy sacred fire;  
 But still the hooded serpents dart  
 Among the ruins; still *thou* art,  
 O Mystic Rose of my desire!

“O lovely scintillating gem!  
 Most precious of my memory’s store.  
 O glory that is mine no more!  
 O wondrous life in mighty Khem!  
 Hail, Isis! Mother of us all!  
 Whose voice swelled in the Nile’s roar:  
 Six thousand years have gone before;  
 But still the High Priest hears thy call.

“Thy Shining Face is imaged here,  
 The gentle Virgin undefiled;  
 Yet art thou too, O Mary mild,  
 That Isis Egypt loved with fear.  
 O thou whose beauty never mocks!  
 Who burnest, but to bless thy child—

Osiris dies mid tempests wild !  
The Equinox ! the Equinox !

“ The Sun is sinking, sinking fast !  
The Great Wheel turns ! Osiris dies !  
Thy flaming sword shall cleave the skies ;  
Thy silver sistrum sound at last.  
I fought to set thy daughters free.  
I pass to where my spirit lies  
In bondage sweet before thine eyes :  
And *thou* wilt be revealed to me ! ”

The dewes of death stood on his brow ;  
His dim eyes vainly strove to keep  
The Symbol in that darkness deep ;  
His voice was scarce a whisper now :  
“ O blissful burning agony,  
Swift ending my uneasy sleep !  
I pass : but they no more shall weep—  
Thy daughters shall be wise and free.

“ Come with thy changeless will and power !  
Come in thy loveliness and light !  
Thy children in the Osirian night  
Await the pealing of thy hour.  
My breast is bared to thee again,  
My blind eyes turn to thee for sight.  
Strike in thy beauty and thy might,  
Thou breaker of the forms of men !

“ See the warm torrent from my heart  
Rush forth in sacrifice to thee ! ”  
Then, strengthened by great ecstasy,  
He tore his jagged wounds apart.  
“ Born was I of a woman's pain ! ”—  
His voice rang through the sanctuary :  
“ Thou Mother of Eternity !  
Isis, behold Osiris slain ! ”

Oh, peaceful was the Virgin's shrine !  
For he, to whom man's gain was loss,  
And untransmuted gold but dross,  
Had found once more his Bride divine.  
So coldly dawned the cheerless day ;  
And 'neath that dome of frosted moss,  
Stretched out, as though upon a cross,  
The stark High Priest of Isis lay.

# UNCANNY ANIMALS

BY J. W. PHILLIPS

*Why is it that the idea of a ghostly animal is so particularly unpleasant? The question is not easy to answer, but I fancy most people would rather face any apparition in human form than a spirit animal.*

*Many places in Wales were said to be haunted by such creatures, and endless are the tales concerning adventures with them. Sometimes they were "hell-hounds" strayed from the pack of Gwyn ap Nudd, Lord of the Under-world, that came sniffing and crouching round the dwellings of those about to die: occasionally they were visible as slinking, cruel-looking black dogs, but ordinary people (without second sight) could only hear their melancholy howling. Sometimes it was thought that the souls of wicked men assumed the form of dogs after death, doomed to haunt certain places such as cross-roads, lonely moors or dark lanes for ever. In this idea we find a trace of the ancient Celtic belief in the transmigration of souls. But most terrifying of all were apparitions that did not exactly resemble any earthly animal, but rather seemed compounded of two or three different ones. Of this last type I have several stories in my collection of such matters, but will confess to having hitherto considered them with some amount of scepticism—or at all events held them "not proven." However, since reading the curious and interesting incidents that follow, one realizes once more how many things happen inexplicable by everyday philosophy, and how enormously greater is the submerged bulk of the iceberg of Life, than the pinnacle which shows above the sea of consciousness and is by most of us mistaken for the whole mass. This record of experiences has been sent me by Mr. J. W. Phillips, a well-known resident of Haverfordwest in Pembrokeshire, who vouches for its absolute truth. It is best repeated in his own words, and is headed "An Account of uncanny appearances seen on the Road between Haverfordwest and Pembroke Ferry in the years 1890-92."—M. L. LEWES.*

SOME years ago a family of the name of Pavin-Phillips, who were cousins of mine, lived at Little Milford in the parish of Freystrop, Pembrokeshire, and I frequently walked down there to visit them on Sundays or on Thursday half-holiday. Sometimes I

would stay the night, but usually returned the same evening. Little Milford is about three miles from Haverfordwest and the usual route to take is along the main road from Haverfordwest to Pembroke Ferry as far as Freystrop, where you turn off on a parish road leading to the church and, ultimately, to the village of Hook.

About half a mile from Merlin's Bridge, a village just outside of Haverfordwest, there is an old-fashioned residence called Woodbyne, with a square, walled garden running parallel with the road and, at the end, on the town side, there is a considerable strip of roadside waste. From this strip, at right angles to the road and running along one side of the wall, there is a disused lane, quite overgrown and, at the time I am writing of, there was a piece of timber across the entrance instead of a gate.

On Sunday, October 19, 1890, I had been to Little Milford and was passing this spot on my way home about 10.20 at night. It was a calm, moonlight night and cloudy, but it was possible to see some distance distinctly. Suddenly I became aware of a strange-looking animal moving along the road close to me; it looked like a cat at first glance, but it was much too large for that, and its head was more like a fox's. It appeared to be of a light brown colour with white hindquarters. It moved fast and seemed to glide rather than gallop, but did not make the slightest noise; this was what struck me at the time as being strange, as I could see it distinctly for some seconds. It also seemed unusual for a shy animal like a cat or fox to come close to a man at all.

I passed and repassed the spot many times after that without noticing anything unusual until one night, the date of which I have no note, I was again returning from Little Milford alone, between 10 and 11 o'clock on a cloudy moonlight night, and had reached Woodbyne. On the roadside nearly opposite the old lane, there was a pile of broken stones for repairing the road, and I saw what appeared to be a very large dog standing with his forefeet upon the stones, his hind feet being on the grass. He looked almost as large as a St. Bernard, was quite black, and had an odd-looking, bushy tail curled on his back. I passed quite near to him and then saw to my astonishment that it was not a dog, nor indeed was it like any animal I had ever seen or heard of, for its head and forequarters were like a goat or calf and it had short horns, but its hindquarters were more like a dog's than anything else; there was nothing unusual about the eyes that I noticed, but it had a big, massive head. The creature stood there like a statue and, after going on a few paces, I turned



round to take another look at this strange beast. But by this time, it had moved to the entrance of the lane and was in the act of leaping over the timber, and although such a large animal falling into a lane overgrown with dry brambles, must have made a considerable crash, I heard no sound at all; it passed like a shadow and did not again appear during the remainder of my walk.

I continued my visits to Little Milford, sometimes with company but often alone and saw no more of this strange creature until the night of November 10, 1892. It was a dark, stormy night, and I left Little Milford some time after 10 p.m. alone.

Soon after leaving the house I heard a most peculiar noise, like the creaking of a spindle that wanted oil, or the noise caused by the wings of a large bird when it happened to pass near you, but on such a rough night it seemed very unlikely that any birds would be about. It was impossible to tell where the sound was coming from; sometimes it seemed to be overhead, at others inside the fence on the right, then on the left; now in front, then behind, and so it kept on almost incessantly, except when it was drowned by the noise of the wind, until I reached a deep hollow called Culvert Bridge. Here I met two men who appeared to be walking along in silence; they did not speak as I passed, nor could I hear them talking to one another. The noise at once ceased as I met them and I did not hear it again until I reached Woodbyne, when it suddenly started again and continued until I had almost reached the G.W. Railway bridge, which crosses the road just outside the village of Merlin's Bridge. Here the noise suddenly became louder on my left, causing me involuntarily to turn my head in that direction; at the same moment from the opposite side of the road came a panting noise, followed by a deep roar. I stood on the defensive with my stick expecting an attack from some animal; next there was a crash in the bushes on the top of the fence, which is high with thick growth on it, and a huge black dog, which I could just make out in the darkness, jumped into the road and galloped up the hill towards Woodbyne. I did not hear the creaking noise again, nor have I ever heard it before or since.

After this I made some inquiries and found that the country people do not care to pass that part of the road at night and say, "There is fear there," a local expression signifying that something supernatural has been seen there; but no one knows of any tradition connected with it.

Somewhere about the year 1880, a Miss Tasker was one

evening walking along this road with her sweetheart, and when near Woodbyne they met a huge, black animal which they described as something between a dog and a calf; the lady was terrified and suffered for some time after from the shock.

A farmer, whom I knew well, W—— B—— of a farm near Freystrop, told me that about the end of January, 1887, he was going into Haverfordwest about 2 o'clock to fetch a doctor. He was quite alone, and when coming up Culvert Hill he met what he thought at first was a huge black dog. He was carrying a sword-stick, and drawing the weapon to defend himself, the creature—which looked fierce with glaring eyes—suddenly jumped from one side of the road to the other, and at the same moment there was a noise as if a cartload of pebbles had suddenly been tipped up. B——, who is a fine, powerfully-built man, told me he was much frightened, but had never seen the creature again.

I did not mention the matter to any one until the second occasion when this strange creature showed itself, and up to that time had never heard that anything unusual was to be seen on this road.

In the year 1893 my cousins' left the county and my walks to Little Milford came to an end. Since that time I have not often been along the Pembroke Ferry road at night.

So conclude Mr. Phillips' personal experiences; but in the letter accompanying his MS. he says—"A woman told me a few days ago, that she and another young woman saw the same creature one moonlight night some years ago. It came along behind them and passed quite close and looked like a very large dog, but also resembled a calf. They experienced a strange feeling of dread, and the girl clutched\*the woman so hard that 'she pulled all the gathers out of her dress.' A brother of this woman also saw it on another occasion, and says it looked like a calf and made a strange panting noise."

*In considering Mr. Phillips' narrative it is important to note that he had never heard of any apparition being seen on that particular road, and that therefore his mind was in nowise prepared to discover anything uncanny about the first animal he saw. It is also curious that the creatures he encountered on the second and third occasions seem to have been of quite a different type to the first he saw; nor do the people whose experiences he quotes seem to have seen anything but the large black animal of terrifying aspect.—M.L.L.*

## MEHITA PITA GALLA\*

BY F.

THE oppressive silence of the forest was lightened by the distant roar of approaching rain. Big drops splattered noisily upon the roof of the bullock-cart or with their impact upon the road raised little whorls of dust. The forest waved under violent gusts. The cumbersome cart ceased to creak its heavy way along the jungle road, the bullocks sensing the approaching storm and halting apprehensively. The driver huddled a piece of sackcloth around his shoulders and dived into the cart, abandoning the bullocks to their own devices. The latter promptly swung round and turned their tails to the storm. There was a blinding flash, followed a terrific crash and reverberations echoing away into the distance. At the same moment the roar of the rain was upon us and enveloped us in a Niagara of water, obliterating the road and leaving us a mere unsteady island in a lake of bubbling brown water. Forest and road were blotted out. The trees, dully out of focus, bent over us under the squalls. Waves of spindrift lapped at the cart and chased one another out of the picture. Water streamed through the kadjan roof and lashed through the cart from end to end. But who can describe adequately the battle of the elements seen in a tropical storm at its best? When the thunder had rolled away in dull reverberations and the jungle was shaking itself free from the rain drops under a fresh canopy of cloudless sky, it was drawing near sunset. We were all drenched and the natives were apprehensive of fever. When therefore a turn in the road brought into view the rest house bungalow and two or three kadjan huts, no one was ill-pleased. But for the storm the carts would have proceeded and the somewhat singular experience which followed would never have occurred. Upon such small events Destiny sometimes hangs her most important designs.

It was after an excellent dinner of roast fowl and curried eggs that I was stretched out in a long chair in the rest house veranda, lulled into half sleep by the lullaby of the jungle. I was awak-

\* The officer whose personal experience this article records has now turned his back on civilization in pursuit of the clue to a mystery which makes a special appeal to all students of the Occult.

ened to realities by shouts and flashing lights. Inquiry led to the information that an old half-caste owner of one of the kadjan huts had been bitten by a snake, which reptile in infinite variety swarms in the forests of the Spicy Isle. His foot was already swollen and the punctures easily recognizable. The old man was in a state of collapse and no one apparently had any suggestion for a remedy. I therefore took over the case. The punctures were cut through with a piece of glass, a tourniquet applied, and half a bottle of whisky poured down his throat. A couple of the much abused snake stones, which I always carried, were applied to the punctures to which they adhered. Whether the stones or remedies were effectual or the old man had been bitten by a harmless snake I do not know. Anyway he hobbled off to his hut an hour or two later, groaning rather miserably, and there I left him.

At 5 a.m., when the carts started once more, he limped out of his hut and handed me a dirty piece of paper. In the light of early dawn he was a pitiable object, one of that unfortunate class, the offspring of dissolute Europeans and coolie women, who sodden with arrack shamble in the back alleys of eastern life. I learnt more about him on my return journey.

I examined the paper. By the jagged edge on one side it had been torn long ago from a large pocket book. It was written upon by an evidently educated hand in rather old-fashioned small writing, and in places the pencil marks had rubbed, or foldings of the paper had made some of the words illegible.

It ran thus:—

#### ROCK INSCRIPTION MEHITA PITA GALLA.

This is the centre of . . . . .  
 . . . . . there came upon the land a seven years' famine, during which  
 no rain fell. Consequently the people died in great numbers and the  
 cattle perished of disease. After a time . . . . .  
 . . . . . therefore the King commanded his subjects to bring all their  
 wealth and possessions to this place, beneath which three chambers were  
 hewn. Into these were placed the royal treasure, the temple treasure,  
 and the property of the people. The entrance was blocked up with river  
 stones. Stones were piled around the rock and a high embankment raised.  
 The name of the famine was Bami telluya maha saya. There was buried  
 here a golden image of Buddha of the height of a man, made of maha  
 ratrang—ancient gold—worth immense wealth. Even the chains of the  
 elephants were buried and everything in the land that was of any value.  
 A dagoba was built upon the rock to mark the spot. It having been  
 decided that all men should die this history was engraved upon the rock  
 by the order of the King . . . . .  
 . . . . .

The paper ran into some detail of the property buried, which, however, is irrelevant to this story. At the foot of the paper was the initial "G."

There was nothing to say where the rock might be found, a fact which in the light of after events is worth noting.

For this in its facts is a true story.

The paper did not strike me at the time as of much importance.

Treasure stories are common enough in the Island, and in spite of the old adage of there being no smoke without fire, arouse little enthusiasm and much scepticism. I placed the paper in my pocket, and with sleep the very existence of it passed for the time out of my mind.

A week later I was at a point in the hills looking down a gorge over some sixty miles of forest beyond which stretched the waters of the Bay of Bengal upon whose calm bosom the steamers lay apparently motionless like little black rods. A mountain path led down to the forest, to which servants and coolies had already set off. With some inward conviction of the foolishness of leaving so delightful a spot, I followed them. For I was in search of those curious folk known as the Veddahs, a primitive bush people rarely seen by Europeans.

It was a tedious walk, for once off the high ground the heat of the plains commenced to assert itself; nor are these isolated corners of the forest readily approachable except on foot. Everything, however, has an end in this world. After crossing two or three small streams I at length reached a series of paddy fields ending in an extremely unwholesome looking village, where my servants had already fixed up camp. The few inhabitants were fever-ridden low country Singhalese. The surroundings were depressing in the extreme. I had the haunting impression of a dead civilization, which in truth broods everywhere over the Ceylon forest.

My servants had developed vague premonitions of fever and death, for they were natives of a drier climate. However, the camp soon bore a more cheerful appearance and a generous distribution of quinine to the inquisitive villagers produced milk, fowls and firewood in plenty.

I turned in early and found great difficulty in courting sleep. I passed a restless night beneath my mosquito net outside of which a world, more prolific than any I have ever encountered for this pestiferous insect, was one long drone.

With the break of day I got up. Heavens, how depressing!

The valley was buried under a canopy of thick white miasma. Everything outside dripped with moisture; everything inside suggested incipient mould. Not a sign of human life manifested itself until about seven o'clock; when the rising sun dispelled something of the mist and a few shivering villagers shuffled off to the paddy fields. In the heat of the day it was not so bad; the sun had dried up the superabundant moisture. About 2 o'clock I took my gun out of its case and set off into the jungle to secure small game for the pot, for one was sick of fowl. Native trackers I had none, for these were to meet me at the next stage. With a straight trail to strike and a compass or the sun to guide one, not much experience is necessary to find one's way.

The special sense of direction given to savages, forest dwellers, and some animals, is, however, denied to the inhabitants of civilized places.

I retraced my way to the hills for a mile or so in order to avoid the paddy fields and then struck off into the jungle, crossing the more or less dry bed of a river and passing the crumbling remains of some old building of brick. The forest was fairly open. Here and there a tamarind or shady banyan suggested some abandoned cultivation. Of game there was none, but I eventually chanced upon the remains of a small dagoba beneath which some one had evidently excavated in the hope of discovering the treasure usually believed to exist under the foundation of all old religious buildings. A large flat stone slab had been left partially exposed. As this seemed worthy of a further effort I decided to return to camp, blazing a trail, and bring some of my men on the morrow to assist in the excavation. No sooner, however, had I commenced the return journey than the sun disappeared behind a bank of heavy clouds and my sense of direction was lost. To my horror I had left my compass in camp. A native tracker could with ease have retraced his out trail. Personally I soon lost it. The air was still and oppressive, whilst the gathering clouds betokened an approaching storm. There was nothing for it but to select a good sheltering tree and there await the possibility of the sun reappearing before sunset. It was not long before the storm broke. It was not very violent, but it was extremely persistent. The heavily charged rain clouds seemed unwilling to detach themselves from the vicinity of the hills. The sun declined to show itself and I was faced with the unpalatable prospect of a night in the forest. I tried radiating in lines, but it was ineffective. Moreover, I was wet through, and every bush and branch I touched bestowed upon me a generous legacy of rain drops. I

fired the gun again and again, but it produced no answering response.

Darkness fell and the mosquitoes commenced their persistent attack. Moreover, I became nervous of snakes. I imagine that I did tread upon something rubbery which wriggled under my foot. Anyway I sprang back and was instantly tripped up, the gun flying out of my hands. As soon as I had regained confidence I tried a match. They were all wet. I felt around carefully with my foot, but when I succeeded in discovering it, my nerves were unsteady and I determined to stay where I was until the morning, when the sun would give me direction and enable me easily to strike the village trail.

At night and alone there is something awe-inspiring about the forest. The huge and ghostly trees are seemingly alive and hostile. There are weird and unintelligible sounds, moans, and whisperings. In the darkness one's nerves are no doubt a little more highly strung. At one moment there is a miscellany of noises of every kind ; at the next there is a deathly hush broken by something inexplicable. One is on the perpetual defensive. It was during one of these uncannily silent moments that I was aware of a dull thud, thud, thud. A wave of intense cold passed over me and my skin puckered. Not a leaf stirred, yet an icy cold wind breathed upon me. The sound was indescribably discomforting. It had that peculiar quality which whilst suggesting distance left no doubt as to its proximity. Beads of cold perspiration trickled down my face. With an immense effort I regained some sort of control and thumbed forward the safety catch of my gun. It was then that I became aware of a silvery blue haze in front of me lighting up that particular patch of jungle as if by moonlight. I was instantly intent. The light grew somewhat, until I was able to distinguish in front of me a huge grey mass over and around which moved numbers of silent and shadowy figures. Colossal grey elephants passed in a ghostly way between me and the mass, and all the while there was never a sound but that thud, thud, thud, as of some heavy body falling upon soft earth. For a moment the idea struck me that I must be witness to some secret elephant ceremony. The sweat poured down my face. Then I developed a panicky dread lest one of these silent figures should leave the range of light and bear down upon me. I am rather hazy as to the subsequent events. I suppose panic must have grown and that I attempted to bolt from the neighbourhood. Anyway, the next thing I remember was finding myself sitting upon the ground, my gun gone, and at

a loss to know where I was. Then the scene flashed back to my mind. Of course I had slept and had dreamed a dream. Ghosts forsooth! And in the forest! I was myself now and laughed aloud. However, the gun had gone, and there was nothing for it but to await daylight where I was.

Slowly but surely the veil of night lifted. How slow it was! But the grey dawn came at last, and there in front of me, black and massive in its setting of forest trees, was the huge rock of my dream. It was assuredly startling. The summit was more or less lost in the foliage of a big rubber tree, but just peeping out from a shroud of the heavy leaves was an unmistakable lump of red brick and grey mortar, the ruin of a small dagoba. The gun lay on the ground within a yard or two. Both its barrels had been discharged, and, now I came to think of it, I had a bump upon my left temple. How either happened I do not know. I walked around the rock. It was a single boulder some sixty yards long by thirty or so wide, pear-shaped and rising from some six feet or so at the small end to thirty or forty at the other. There was no doubt about the little dagoba. It was even in a fair state of preservation. Half-way up and upon a wide ledge artificially levelled, but overlapping its limits, was a deeply cut inscription in strange characters.

Here is a portion of the first line :—

I immediately recollected the yellow paper of the old half-caste. I took it out of my pocket and re-read it.

Weird as the coincidence reads I had accidentally discovered this selfsame rock. Subsequent investigation enlightened me upon the following points.

It was the rock. The old half-caste had been assistant to an archæologist who had died and from whose notebook he had extracted the leaf, owing to the importance his employer had attached to it.

The meaning of the characters, identified uncertainly as Asoka or a Prakrit by the best Orientalists, had been known to only one man, who had died. This man's name commenced with the letter "G." The meaning remains unknown to this day, although researches are untiring, for it is believed to be a



cipher within the language. So far as it has been translated the inscription concerns a large buried treasure.

I discovered that a small mixed Veddah and Singhalese tribe in the neighbourhood had long been accustomed to visit the place, in the daylight, and gather up the coins and small trinkets scraped out from time to time by the burrowings of the porcupines. But by night it was haunted by evil spirits. It was death to go there.

Still, there is the story; and there the treasure lies until such time, so say the priests, as some one, free from the all-prevailing personal lust for wealth, will unearth it for the benefit of humanity in the coming era of peace and prosperity when wars have ceased and the world has recognized the ideals of Universal Brotherhood.

Now, as a final word, compare the characters above with a relic of late Atlantean writing, taken not from psychically obtained information but from monumental remains which are still existing! "Where" is for the moment not for public consumption, albeit this will be promulgated before long, when the necessary steps have been taken to preserve the few descendants and their location from the merciless exploitation of the capitalist and the devastating curse of the white man's vices.

⊥=∞ζμ 耆⊥> ∩SπS A∞

ε⊙ε⊙⊙Δ ..... F∞π Sζ

Philologists will recognize in these symbols a curious suggestion of the early evolution of language in what we are pleased to call the old world. Hieratic Egyptian, Phœnician, ancient Greek and Roman, Ethiopian, and even Runic characters are resembled. The form of the characters obviously differ in age. It is far more ancient than anything hitherto known to scientists. It is not the mother of alphabets as we know them, but a sister; and the children of a common mother have borrowed much from each other in the days when the world was better known to the peoples which inhabited it than in the times covered by accepted histories.

With which hint I will close the story.

# RELIGION

By F. C. CONSTABLE

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

IT must be admitted that, using the term religion as it is popularly used, the world has had many religions. But, following Lactantius, I suggest that religion is *one*: it is an idea (I prefer "a sense" for "an idea") of obligation to an Unseen Power.

If this suggestion be accepted we have, for most men, religion from the very first. But, then, what are the many religions the world is said to have? They are no more than *dogmatic forms* of religion.

Consider, for instance, religion and its dictates as revealed by Jesus Christ. It is purely spiritual, dogma is entirely absent, and it is unquestioned that if men, women, communities, nations and empires followed in thought and conduct the commands, "Do unto others as ye would others should do unto you: love your neighbour as yourself: live not for yourself but humanity," then all sin, cruelty and suffering would disappear.

To refer the origin of religion to nature worship, sexuality, earthly heroes, ancestor worship or any other sublunary fact is dogmatic. For these "origins" all came into existence in time and, to result in worship, there must have been pre-existent sense of Unseen Power. Our Lord appealed to this sense in man and He left us purely *spiritual* directions for thought and conduct which, as before said, if followed in thought and conduct, would result in a very heaven on earth.

But what have we done? We have brought strife into the world by establishing various and conflicting dogmatic interpretations of religion. Religion is responsible for *not one* case of evil in the world. It is the strife between dogmatic forms which is responsible for the numberless foul cases of mental and bodily suffering which Christianity is generally charged with. Only a few hundred years ago any one, accepting what I will term the Church of Christ and refusing to accept any dogmatic form of religion, was likely to be burnt alive: quite as likely to be burnt alive by a Protestant as by a Roman Catholic. The unreasonable strife between dogmatic forms of religion still exists, causing not only untold mental, even physical, suffering, but veiling from us all the infinite beauty of religion as revealed by Jesus Christ.

When, then, you write: "It is not one religion only, but all religions that have failed and been found wanting," you are right, taking the meaning of religion as generally used. But would it not be more correct to say that we are turning, *all*, more nearly to the spiritual

teaching of our Lord and so *all protesting* against the errors of *dogmatic forms*?

As to this, the quotation you use from that delightful writer Edward Carpenter is directly in point. Dogmatic forms of religion and morality have become perfectly selfish: they teach us to seek our *own* salvation. In this they follow Gautama Buddha and deny Christ. Gautama taught each man to seek Nirvana for *himself*, the monastic principle. Jesus Christ told us we can attain salvation only by seeking the salvation of others.

Edward Carpenter, as you show, has also said: "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."

And he is right in what he has said. *But* he has merely repeated the mystic teaching of our Lord—though I would suggest we have not to "return" to the cosmic universal life: we must strive to "attain" it. Why we are embodied in this universe of sin, cruelty and suffering we know not. But I think we may assume we are here to conquer the material, even to use it, for cosmic universal life. God transcends good and evil (cf. Isa. xlv. 7): the terms are merely relative, and, even on earth there are men who find spiritual happiness in the very fact of evil environment, while they who are in (materially) good environment may be but spiritless homunculi.

Now, when we have given to us the glorious, if mystic, religion of Jesus Christ, which, I repeat again, if accepted by all as governing thought and conduct on earth would destroy sin, cruelty and suffering, why should we seek after any *new* religion? Why not try to establish the Church of Christ? (Note.—Even G. B. S. has suggested this.) What we want is *spiritual* guidance for human thought and conduct. You yourself say that should any new prophet arise he can only rely on "the old truth upon which the world has turned its back, the truth that all men are children of a common Father." Is not this the same as saying that we have turned our back on the Church of Christ in following erroneous dogmatic forms of religion?

Suppose that, to-morrow, the world accepted the principle of reincarnation? Would it gain, spiritually, by believing what the Burmese already believe?

Suppose that, to-morrow, the world accepted Sir Conan Doyle's theory as to future life? Would this give us the spiritual principles for thought and conduct that we seek for?

Even in this twentieth century we meet with many men and many women in all classes of society, who try to carry out the dictates of Christ. And, amongst them, we must not forget the men of science.

For men of science, dogmatic as they may be at times, do for the most part centre their energy on finding out the truth. And they use their discoveries almost always for the benefit of humanity and not for personal gain. We judge such men as Darwin, Pasteur and Faraday as untainted by worldly ambition: they labour for humanity and leave the world better than they found it.<sup>6</sup> In degree they carry out the dictates of Christ. These many men and many women are the salt of the earth.

Mankind is craving for a purer, more human, form of worship, the astounding success of the Salvation Army marks how restrictive, how "unembracing" are the forms offered by the Churches. It would seem that we cry out for a new prophet. But I think we want a new prophet of the old, old religion our Lord Jesus Christ gave to us.

*[Doubtless it is perfectly true that it is not religion per se but the various dogmatic forms with which it has been clothed, which have brought evil upon the world. To most of what Mr. Constable states, I have very little exception to take. A good deal of this, in fact, is in entire agreement with what I have myself written, only looked at from a somewhat different angle. There is, however, one point to which I would take exception.]*

*Mr. Constable asks, "Supposing that to-morrow the world accepted the principle of Reincarnation, would it gain spiritually by believing what the Burmese already believe?" He writes this as if he expected a negative reply. I cannot, however, imagine the possibility of any but an affirmative one—if, that is, Reincarnation be accepted as a truth in nature. Surely if this is the case, the knowledge and recognition of it must needs be an advantage to us in the conduct of life, and an assistance in our spiritual evolution. How could it be otherwise? The suggestion seems to be made that the fact that the Burmese believe in it detracts from its value! Surely, however, the Burmese have so much the advantage of us spiritually by their knowledge of a truth—if truth it is—which we are foolish enough to ignore! Surely, once the belief in Reincarnation is thoroughly grasped, it must remodel the whole spiritual philosophy! To suggest that this will not be a spiritual gain, supposing the belief to be a well-founded one, seems to me to be quite an untenable position to adopt. We must not lose sight of the fact that a knowledge of the truth has a most direct bearing on conduct and on life.—ED.]*

# THE MISER'S DEED-BOX

## A TRUE GHOST STORY

BY NOEL LAMBERT

"SPOOKS!" said Sinclair. "My dear chap, I don't believe in them—they are all silly tosh."

We were sitting in my study, Sinclair and I, and up to this our conversation had been on random lines.

"But," I replied, "you surely must admit that curious things do occur for which there are no apparent explanations."

He lit another cigarette before answering.

"I believe there is always a natural explanation to be found if it is only sought for."

"Very well, then," I answered. "I will tell you an experience I once had, and, perhaps, you will be able to find an explanation for me."

Here is the story.

The house we were in was a new one, and stood beside two others, both empty at the time except for some furniture which was stored in them. All three were but recently built, and the ground on which they stood had belonged to an old man named Howard. He was a miser, and lived in a poky little cottage which stood on the site of my father's house.

A very large garden had surrounded the cottage, and old Howard had been in the habit of walking round this garden every evening before retiring for the night, possibly in search of some imaginary burglar, for the old chap kept all his money in the house—he would not trust it to a bank.

Circumstances arose which induced Howard to sell his cottage and ground. My father bought the place, and built these three houses on it—a small garden ran in front of each, with a gate at the end opening on to the road, at the other side of which was the river.

My mother and I were alone in the house, as my father was at a Masonic meeting in the neighbouring town. I had been reading for about an hour, and had put down my book to light a cigarette, when I heard my mother coming along the passage. Naturally I thought she was coming to say good night and bring me a glass

of hot milk, as she was in the habit of doing every evening. But when she came into the room I saw that something was the matter.

"Oh, Bertie," she said, "some one must have broken into the house next door! What on earth are we to do?"

"What!" I exclaimed, springing up.

"Come upstairs and listen," she said, "you can hear them quite distinctly."

I raced up the stairs to the room my mother had just left, she following me more slowly.

I went over to the window, which was open, and leant out to listen.

The night was very dark, and it was raining, but there was no breeze. I listened for a few moments but heard nothing, so turned back into the room.

"My dear mater," I said, "you must have been mistaken. Perhaps it was the servants making a noise downstairs."

"No," she answered, "it could not have been them, for I sent them to bed an hour ago."

I felt quite certain she had been mistaken, or had imagined a noise next door, but, to satisfy her, I sat down near the window to listen. Everything outside was perfectly quiet—the rain still coming down silently and straight.

"Look here, mater," I said at last, "you had better go to bed. You must have been mistaken, and——"

Even as the words left my lips I drew a sharp breath. What was that? I distinctly heard a window of the house next door opened, then suddenly shut with a bang.

"There," she cried, "there's not a doubt about it; some one is in that house."

"Don't wake the servants," I cautioned her. "They would only have hysterics and be of no earthly use. I will go out and see if I can find a policeman."

So, leaving her, I ran down the stairs and opened the hall door, not even waiting to put on a hat. I crept down the path that led to the gate, and, in the darkness, nearly fell over a watering-can which had been left lying about. I cursed under my breath, for if whoever was in the next house heard the noise I made as I stumbled they would surely take the alarm, and make off. I reached the gate and looked out on the road. Not a soul to be seen.

I walked cautiously back up the path and into the hall, and was taking my coat off the peg when I heard my mother call, "Bertie! Bertie!"

I turned and shut the hall door before answering her.

"What is it, mother? Don't keep me; I only came back to get my coat."

"Oh, never mind," she said; "come up here, I want you."

Putting down my overcoat, I went up the stairs quickly, feeling annoyed at the delay.

When I reached the room I found my mother sitting in a chair, looking very white and frightened. She held out her hand to me as I entered.

"Ah! shut the door," she cried, "shut the door."

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked. "Surely, mater, you are not afraid? I will call one of the servants to stay with you while I am away, and I won't be long."

And then, quite suddenly, I heard the noise again—but this time it was quite different.

For some long minutes I stood there, listening. I could feel my mother's hand trembling in mine as I held it. Then—

"You must let me go," I said, "there is no time to be lost."

But she clung tightly to me.

Whoever was next door was certainly not trying to hide the fact—the noise they made was growing louder and louder. It sounded as if they were throwing everything about that they could lay hands on.

My excitement died down a trifle, and I suddenly realized that I was beginning to feel nervous. It seemed strange that any burglar—if burglar it was—should make such a lot of noise. I conquered this momentary spasm of cowardice with an effort, and before it could attack me again I gently unclasped my mother's hand and hurried towards the door.

As I got to it I stopped. "Bertie," the mater called, "don't leave me; I am frightened."

I turned and looked at her—she was standing in the middle of the room—and something in her eyes made me go to her and put my arms around her.

We could still hear the row in the next house—then suddenly silence. We listened for a few moments—not a sound.

And then, this time, it was in the kitchen of our own house!

I heard my mother draw a long breath. "Oh, Bertie," she whispered, "what is it?"

Why I did it I can't say, but some natural impulse made me pick up the poker that was lying in the fender.

The sound grew louder and louder, and then, all at once, we knew "it"—whatever it might be—was ascending the stairs.

My mother seemed paralysed with terror ; my own feelings I cannot describe—I only remember going numb and cold all over.

Nearer and nearer came the noise. It sounded as if some one was trying slowly and painfully to drag some heavy weight up the stairs. On and on it came—very, very slowly, but never pausing. And then, all at once, we knew “it” was on the landing and coming straight for the door of the room we were in.

My mother never made a sound, but I could hear her breath coming in quick gasps. As it neared the room I flung the poker I held in my hand with all my might through the opening of the door.

Dead silence followed.

When I turned to the mater I found she had fainted. What we should have seen—or if we should have seen anything at all if I had not flung the poker—I don't know. Nor can I say why I did it. I just felt I had to—that was all.

Then I had to turn my attention to my mother, and when she had recovered a little I left her and walked out on the landing. There lay the poker. I picked it up, and with it in my hand I went all over the house. Of course, I found nothing, and did not expect to find anything.

I returned upstairs and tried to persuade my mother to go to bed, but nothing I could say would induce her to do so. So we sat by the fire, she and I, and about half an hour later my father returned. “Hallo,” was his greeting, “you two up still, after all I said about not waiting up for me!”

Then we told him what had happened, and though, of course, very much surprised, he seemed to think we had imagined a lot of it.

“Come along, Bertie ; we will get a lantern and examine the house next door. If any one has been in there they may have done some damage.”

We went all over it, but everything was in order. Then we came out and went round the garden—nothing to be found—so we returned.

I paused. “Is that all ?” asked Sinclair, “for if so I can easily give you a natural explanation for the whole thing.”

“No,” I said, “it is not all. The strangest part of the story remains to be told, and, when you hear it, I don't think you will find it so easy to explain as you imagine.”

The following day my father was in town on business and met a doctor, a friend of his, who asked him to lunch with him. After



the meal they were smoking and talking, and, during the conversation, the doctor remarked—

“By the way, do you remember old Howard—the man who sold you the ground you built your houses on?”

“Yes,” said my father, “what about him?”

“Well, he was rather a queer old chap, and after he sold the place he went to live in rooms in a poor street in town. Last night I was called in to see him, and when I got to him I found he was dying.

“He seemed very restless, and evidently had something on his mind which he wanted to tell me. He was very weak, and found great difficulty in speaking; in fact, it was very hard to understand what he was saying. However, I managed to make out a word here and there. He kept saying: ‘In the garden—in the garden—always meant to go back for it—too late now—left it until too late—’

“He was sinking fast, so I stayed with him until the end. And just before he died, he suddenly sat up in his bed and cried out: ‘I am going back to get it—back to the garden.’ Then he sank back, dead.”

“What time last night did he die?” asked my father, and the doctor told him.

“Well,” said the pater, “that is indeed strange. Now I will tell you of rather a curious thing which occurred exactly at that hour last night in my house.”

Then he told him the story I have just related.

“That is curious,” said the doctor when he heard it. “My belief is that there was something the old chap had hidden somewhere in his garden where your houses are now built—that he had intended going back to get it at some time, but put it off until it was too late—and, well, absurd though it sounds, that his spirit returned there last night at the time of its departure from his body.”

“Now,” I asked, turning to Sinclair, “can you give any other explanation to the story?”

“Well,” he answered, “as far as that goes, your mother had got into a state of terror from pure nervousness, as any woman might with her husband away. The idea that some one was in the other house got possession of her mind. Then the next thought would be that whoever is in there may come in here. Then, her mind still running strongly in that channel, she thought she heard the row in the kitchen, then coming up the stairs.

Your mind, from overwork, was in a tired state, therefore what was easier than that her thoughts being at the moment stronger than yours—should act on you by telepathy or hypnotic suggestion, and cause you to imagine exactly the same as she was thinking at the time?"

That, of course, might be a possible explanation, and with such I should have been satisfied, were it not for a rather curious occurrence which happened later. A tenant of ours (who now lives in the house which we had occupied at the time when this strange event happened) wrote the other day to this effect—

"DEAR SIR,—

During the heavy frost recently an old wall in the garden here fell down, disclosing an opening in which we found hidden an old box. We discovered inside it some old papers, but from age and damp all writing had disappeared from them. I am sending the box and papers to you by registered parcel post."

As I write this story, the box stands before me on my desk, and were it not for its existence, I might almost have accepted Sinclair's explanation for my strange experience.

Now I believe it to have been, supernatural. What do you think?

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### A STRANGE DREAM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—A few months ago I had the following strange dream, and I shall be most grateful if any of your readers can give me a reasonable explanation of it.

I dreamt that I was kneeling in silent worship in a vast and beautiful cathedral, and close beside me, also absorbed in prayer and adoration, knelt a dear young friend of mine, and as we were both dressed exactly alike, I knew that he and I belonged to some very high and ancient religious order. Now comes the curious coincidence in connection with the dream. I must explain that a few years ago (before I knew him) my young friend wrote a record of what he called his "soul's experiences on the astral plane," but I knew nothing of the book beyond the fact that he had written it.

When I told him of my extraordinary dream, he replied that it was one of his own "experiences" on the astral plane, and was written in his "book"!

I do not think my dream was caused by telepathy, as my friend had not been thinking of that particular astral experience for years, and he had never recognized me as one who had been with him in the "dream cathedral." Could it be a memory of an event in a past earth-life? If so, my friend and I must have known each other long, long ago.

Yours faithfully

M. B. S.

### KISSING HER OWN CORPSE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Recently I have suffered a heavy bereavement, and my thoughts have run persistently upon the next or astral plane, where I believe that which I have loved awaits me.

A few nights ago I dreamt that I was following a hearse where my body was being conveyed to my old home village churchyard. My mode of progress can best be described as "flitting" or a swift glide, and seemed in pleasing contrast to the apparently ponderous movements of the "mourners," and every other element which constituted the procession.

On arriving at the church door, presumably for a service, the coffin was removed from the hearse, placed on the ground, and the lid un-

screwed and laid back. The mourners then defiled before my body, and each of them imprinted a kiss upon my forehead.

I pressed forward in the throng, of course unnoticed, and it appealed to my sense of humour irresistibly to kiss my semblance farewell. A wave of emotion seemed to sweep over me also as I bent over the corpse and murmured, "*Good-bye! old thing!*"

A gratified feminine thrill was experienced as I noticed how amazingly young I looked; only I wished they had parted my hair to the left side, which I affected in life, and not severely in the centre.

It seemed borne in on me that I had to see my funeral ceremony through, before faring forth to find and be re-united to my loved and lost. After saluting my discarded body, however, I felt gloriously free.

Full of expectation and joy, I stretched my arms aloft to shoot through the air upwards—when, alack and alas! I awoke to the prison of the old familiar flesh and yearning memories.

Yours faithfully,

M. D. W.

#### A TELEPATHIC DREAM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I dreamed I was walking through small, dreary-looking back streets in London, *no* one was about, and there was a grey half light. Presently I came to a church I never had seen before, and which I approached from the south-west corner. It was a grey building, large, with Greek pillars at the west end, and I could not see the roof.

I walked up the *south* wall, *OUTSIDE* the building, and was instantly oppressed by a spirit of evil, of something being very wrong. I became dreadfully frightened, partly through this feeling of evil, and partly because I felt sure a man would put his head out of the first window of the *south* wall where that wall joins the west end. I repassed the west end and walked by the north wall: here the sense of evil was weaker, though I still felt afraid of being seen from a window towards the *north-east*.

Finally I returned to the south wall, where my fears intensified, and when a train appeared I was thankful to get in and go away. The relief at getting away woke me up. Please notice I never went to the east wall of the church, nor inside.

On the evening of the day following my dream I read in the paper the news of sacrilege in S. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral, and that the thieves broke a window to enter the building.

I immediately wrote to a friend to ask her if S. George's had Greek pillars. She said it had *not*, but we went together to the church to see.

Now comes the strange part. S. George's Cathedral lies in a dreary neighbourhood of side streets. You *cannot* walk by the east end, but you *can* go by the north and south sides.

It has no Greek pillars—*but* if you stand at the south-west corner

you see the Greek pillars of Bedlam Asylum standing in your line of vision. They are relatively west of S. George's.

The thieves entered by the very window on the *south* side of which I was afraid. The sense of evil on the south side is accounted for by the fact that a row of slum dwellings stands parallel with the south wall. From this direction the thieves are supposed to have come.

I verified all these details when I went to see the building, which by the way is large and grey looking. The friend whose name I have given will bear me out in saying that I named the exact window over which I had been most frightened *before* I reached the church, and described the south side as being the worst. When I stood outside S. George's I felt very vividly that I had approached through the side streets from behind the building and not from the main road.

Why should this dream have come to me? I am not a member of the Roman communion, I have never been before in that part of London where S. George's Cathedral stands, and have therefore never worshipped there.

Was I present in the spirit? or subconsciously aware of what was happening?

If you can help me I should be grateful.

Yours faithfully,

E. M. L.

#### A SYMBOLIC DREAM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—A few nights ago I had the following dream. I had what may be termed a bird's-eye view of a very beautiful city, in the midst of which stood a church; after I had surveyed the scene for a few moments the church sunk down into the earth, leaving the ground open where it had stood. A few moments more, and a Mohammedan mosque rose out of the ground and stood in the place of the church. Then the vision faded away.

I should like to know if any of my fellow-readers have had any intimation of a relative nature, as it appears to me to be well worth noticing at this particular period of the world's history.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

GEORGE MORGAN, F.T.S.

#### A RECURRING DREAM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I read with interest Mr. Wilfred Smith's account of his recurring dream.

I cannot offer an explanation otherwise than the following: I should say that he has, unknown to himself, made a very bad enemy,

and if the man by the pedestal should turn his face he will see who it is, that is if he knows his enemy by sight.

This is what has happened to me :

I am not a timid person ; like Mr. Smith, I have the reputation of not being easy to frighten. I have seen scores of ghosts and other spirits and have been intelligently interested in them, not alarmed in any way.

Well, a few years ago I woke up and I suddenly felt a presence come into the room. It stayed there for some time. It inspired me with such intense terror, the sort of terror one gets in one's *dreams*, never in real life, that I would not look at it in case I should see it. This went on for some time and then it went. I had this experience again some months after, and again my terror was so extreme I would not look in case I should see it. When after another interval of a few months the thing came into my room again, I was so ashamed of missing a chance of making a psychic experience that I determined to look until I saw it. I therefore fixed my eyes on the spot where I felt it to be, and to my astonishment the face of an ordinary and unknown woman was revealed to me—nothing sinister, nothing horrible to see !

About this time I found out that certain actions of mine were causing great resentment to a woman unknown to me. It was quite unintentional on my part, so I left off doing the thing and I had no more of this experience.

Last year, however, I went to stay in a crowded house. I began to have this horrid experience again, a something invisible that filled me with the most awful terror came into the room at intervals. At last I determined to see it. I fixed my gaze on the corner this terror apparently came from, and slowly the face of a woman staying in the house appeared. I then for the first time saw this woman in her true light. I had always felt that she hated me and was jealous of me, but I knew it for a fact when I saw her face floating in the air. She is very dark, gipsy-looking, and the expression on her face was diabolical. Behind this face, however, I knew was one even more terrible, the face of a devil itself, which, if her first face fell away, I should see any moment ! So hideous and terror-striking was this face that I gazed at it spell-bound. I made the sign of the Cross and it faded away ; the relief was magical. When next we met I behaved as usual, but I started making inquiries amongst people who really liked me, and I found that this woman hated me with a deadly hate and was determined to injure me if she could do so.

I would therefore warn Mr. Smith to beware and to try to look at the man if he turns round. If it is any one he knows he will know who his enemy is. In any case forewarned is forearmed.

Yours very truly,

P. B.

## A CHILD'S VISION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I am writing to give you an account of a quite remarkable instance of a psychological appearance.

Last December in a furnished house hired by my daughter, she was putting her little girl of 2½ years to bed, and when about to lift her into her cot the child said, "No, Mummy, old man in my cot. Old man crying."

Then the child walked up to the cot and said, "Don't 'ky, old man, me very sorry, soon be better. Don't 'ky."

Suddenly she became alarmed and rushed back to her mother. A few moments after she said, "Old man gone now."

Her mother inquired casually of a neighbour who had lived in that house and was told that an old man, attended by a nurse, had died in that room. This child is extremely intelligent, and in this same house told her mother that "a face" was looking through the window. Before the blinds are drawn she often goes to the window and says, "Go away Dark," making a motion with her hands as if the dark was something tangible to her. Her father was so impressed by the child's earnest manner that he would not sleep in that room or allow his family to do so.

Faithfully yours,  
"BY THE STRAIGHT PATH."

## SISTER TERESA OF LISIEUX.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—With the hope of bringing help and comfort to many who mourn their dear ones, I beg to suggest that such read the Autobiography of Sister Teresa of Lisieux and her life after death contained in books called *Shower of Roses*. The *Shower of Roses*—principally work amongst soldiers since 1914—is not yet, I understand, translated into English, but may soon be.

All information can be had from the Prioress, Convent of Carmel, Lisieux, Calvador, France, or The Orphans' Press, Rochdale, England.

I earnestly beg readers not to lightly, or through prejudice, set aside the suggestion. These works have been translated into almost all known languages, widely read and found helpful. It is my ardent desire that a copy of this letter find its way into every occult, spiritualistic and scientific magazine printed throughout the world. If readers can, and will, help towards this end, they would be doing an immense work of charity for suffering humanity.

I remain, Sir,

Yours truly,

E. DE M.

## BROKEN COMBS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—“S.’s” communication in the March number of the REVIEW, on the subject of “Broken Combs,” surprises me, as I supposed that superstition was common to almost all nations. It is certainly known in France, Germany, Italy and the United States.

To drop a comb foretells disappointment, to break one disaster.

I may state that I have personally and frequently verified the truth of this.

As regards “Mysterious Lights,” several times during the past three months I have seen them in my (perfectly) darkened room, floating, appearing and disappearing at a little distance from my bed.

My room is quite isolated, and as I sleep alone it is not possible to give a verification as required by the S.P.R.

For many years I have had knocks, usually three, either on the foot of the bed or on the door of the room, and almost always at or about 4 a.m. They invariably foretell circumstances of an unpleasant nature.

For those interested in the subject of reincarnation, I should like to recommend the perusal of Dr. Steiner’s “Outlines of Occult Science.”

Yours faithfully,

F. A. M.

PARIS.

## A MESSAGE THROUGH THE ALPHAGRAPH.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—During the past few days a friend and I have been experimenting with an “Alphagraph” pointer and have received several messages purporting to come from Minorides of Cnossus. The messages (which were transmitted through my friend while I recorded) contained some personal history and references to certain historical events of his life-time which appear to fit chronologically.

On the second occasion of communication, after introducing himself the author continued: “Dost thou not remember me, O my comrade of long ago?” To this I inquired if he referred to myself or the person through whom he was communicating. The answer was: “You.”

Later I asked whom my friend was in his past life. The answer was: “I.”

I should be pleased to hear if any of your readers know of parallel cases, and whether any can put forward theories other than those of a reincarnating sub-conscious mind or a communicator with a taste for deluding inquirers.

My friend was blindfolded whilst the messages were being transmitted.

I am, yours truly,

T. H. REDFERN.

HYDE, CHESHIRE.



## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE:

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I am sorry Mr. R. B. Ince is not satisfied with my answer to his question in your November issue. Let me try and make the Christian Science point of view somewhat clearer to him.

Christian Science teaches that God is divine Principle. Principle means cause, origin, source. There is only one Principle in Christian Science, and Dr. Quimby is not the originator of it, as Mr. Ince would suppose. Mrs. Eddy discovered that God was the Divine Principle of all truth, and hence the cause of all that is eternal, immortal, immutable and spiritual.

The great difference between Christian Science healing and that produced by suggestion is seen in the results of the two methods. Christian Science heals through the spiritual understanding of the truth—the knowledge of which Jesus said would make man free. It brings to the patient the consciousness of the kingdom of God within, which heals morally, spiritually and physically. It is in proportion to the practitioner having the mind of Christ that he heals in Christian Science. It is not done by any effort or exercise of the human mind or will. Mental suggestion, working through mesmerism or hypnotism, is not the method of Jesus. It never brings the kingdom of God to any one, and in the long run will have a detrimental effect on the patient. It is never wise to allow one human mind to dominate another. Christian Science treatment gives freedom to the patient, and enables him to understand God's government of himself and the universe.

Christian Scientists know perfectly how they attain results, and they know also how the workers of mental suggestion attain their results, so they are in a position to know which is the Christ method.

Yours faithfully,

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

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT,  
*District Manager.*

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE *Vedic Magazine* has resumed publication after a suspension of several months, owing to various difficulties which are now overcome, and we learn with satisfaction that it will appear from month to month with the regularity of past years. It is always of considerable interest and has been referred to on many occasions in these pages. As the title indicates, it is an exponent of Vedic religion, perhaps more especially on the philosophical side, and the new issue before us has several notable papers. There is one on the common essence of the *Geeta*, understood as a dialogue between the soul and God, while the essence referred to is that which is shared by this world-famous sacred scripture and the *Mahabharat*, or Holy War. The interlocutors are Arjuna, who represents the soul, and Sri Krishna, who is God the Almighty. The war is between vice and virtue, and it is waged in the internal kingdom of the mind. There is also a consideration of man as "the glory, jest and riddle of the world," as Alexander Pope described him. It is something of a literary article, teeming with quotations from English poets, but capping the verses—so to speak—with Indian maxims. There is lastly a more serious study of animal sacrifices in the Vedas: it appears to be the beginning of a series and maintains that—whatever may appear on the surface in certain translations—(1) they ordain that all shall look tenderly after the lower creation, while (2) they never countenance and much less sanction the ritual sacrifice of beasts. . . . *The Kalpaka*, which appears at Lahore, is something more than a psychic review, as its sub-title indicates. It affirms that spirituality is no less real than life itself; that the spiritual order interblends with that which is physical and at last transmutes it into itself; that faith is its basis; that knowledge of astral phenomena, spirit life and "supernatural powers" are insufficient of themselves, for they do not belong to reality; and that faith is the lifting of the human soul in the direction of the Infinite. All this is true and high doctrine, apart from events of the psychic order, though without prejudice to those which are recognized as belonging to the path up to a certain point of its travelling. For the rest, *The Kalpaka*, in the number now before us, has lessons on Yoga philosophy, considered in eight stages and regarded as the concentration of will-force and mind in its higher sense. The end is submergence of human will in that Will which is Divine. The counsel of another paper, which is on the origin and scope of *Mantra*, tells its readers to give themselves to the Divine Lord, leaving a way open to the Lord of Hearts, to discover that true wealth reposes in the nature of man, to realize that God is all for all and all in all. On the alternative side of its concern *The Kalpaka* discusses Hindu spiritism, affirming

that from time immemorial it has always supported the fact that those who are dead live, that "the Hindu sacred books are full of proofs of a future life," and that "a knowledge of spiritualistic and mediumistic experiences formed part of the religious and theological knowledge of Ancient India," the Vedic seer being an intermediary between the material and spiritual worlds. The Vedic and Upanishadic periods in Indian history are termed "eras of psycho-spiritual research."

The promised articles on the early Theosophical Movement have begun in *Theosophy* of Los Angeles, and corrections at need are invited from all sources. There is no question that a marked interest attaches to the first instalment. One is acquainted with the general lines, as for example the first meeting of Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky amidst the remarkable spiritistic phenomena occurring at the Eddy homestead, the formation of the Theosophical Society at New York in September, 1875, the personalities of the first members, the circumstances under which *Isis Unveiled* appeared in the autumn of 1877, the visit of Olcott and H. P. B. to India, and so forward; but a considerable wealth of detail extends these points of knowledge. One hears also with pleasure of old names which, in the stress of nearly forty years, had almost passed from our memory, of General Doubleday, Miss Emily Kislisbury, A. H. Hume and T. Subba Row—not to speak of W. Q. Judge, Emma Hardinge Britten and Alexander Wilder, whom there has been no opportunity to forget. We are reminded that *The Theosophist*, which still remains among us, was founded in 1879, while our curiosity is raised concerning the first magazine issued in America in the same interest: it belonged to the year 1884 and was called *The Occult Word*. Presumably no one has seen it in this generation, for we question whether any theosophical library in this country possesses a file. . . . The Rev. J. Tyssul Davis proposes a League of Religions in the last issue of *The Theosophist*. The way to peace in the world lies in the recognition that adherents of the various and long conflicting faiths are aiming at one thing and seeking the same goal, a commonplace of the whole subject which one is almost ashamed to transcribe. The end of course is God. It is not a very practical proposal, for it gets no further than the possible eirenicon offered by fundamental identity and the affirmation of Mr. H. G. Wells, that "men would come together and worship the same God, if the religions would only let them." How we are to persuade the religions does not enter into the scheme, unless it is implied by the alleged need of "a new religious synthesis," or some other formulary of words which is like "a tale of little meaning," apart from the life of definition. However, we are told that "the first steps have been taken to establish a London League of Religions," with Dr. Clifford as one of the promoters. It is to provide "a conscience" for the League of Nations, to "insist on international brotherhood" and to "act as peacekeeper to the world." One had thought that this last ground was covered, at

least *ex hypothesi*, by the League of Wilson. . . . Mr. Edmund Russell's personal recollections of Madame Blavatsky have been translated into Italian and appear in a recent issue of *Ultra*, the theosophical review which is issued at Rome.

The cultus of Joan of Arc seems to be growing apace. It had won over Parisian occultists before the European War, even if some of them believed that she escaped the stake, as—according to another legend—the dauphin, who was Louis XVII, is thought to have escaped the Bastille and to have reached manhood in the personality of one among sixty pretenders. A writer in *Reason* assures us that her story is summed up in the six words, “she became attuned to the Infinite”—after the manner of Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine. It appears further that she is now “the page of Christ” who “plays upon the harp-strings of our minds and hearts,” bringing forth “the sublime melody of Christ-consciousness.” She is even “a medium between heaven and earth.” How it all comes about awaits elucidation, for the article which enshrines the revelation is beyond understanding, as to source and meaning alike. . . . *Azoth* presents a further instalment of Mr. F. C. Higgins' discourse on Freemasonry in the light of zodiacal symbolism; there are also articles on the Ten Sephiroth of the Tree of Life in Kabalism and on colour regarded as “cosmic emotion.” . . . In the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, Dr. Hyslop considers certain illusions which beset the path of investigation. They are of course many, but his reference at the moment is to those which characterize public audiences or the rank and file of inquirers. (1) There is the complaints of triviality in the messages, (2) of the absence of new truth, (3) of the kind of life attributed to humanity in the next stage. The root of these illusions is one, according to Dr. Hyslop, and all are part of a demand for definite news concerning the nature, place, mode and conditions of “life in a transcendental world.” That demand is “futile,” and the attempt to prove this brings forward some definite views of the writer which are worth summarizing. In his opinion (1) the spiritual world is not “in any ordinarily intelligible sense” like the present one, e.g., as to spatial relations, colours “and other sensory equivalents”; (2) it may be radically different, and if so it cannot be described to us in the terms that we expect, and cannot therefore be proved; (3) on the other hand, supposing that it is substantially similar we are disposed to reject the descriptions because of the likeness. The alternative is of some importance, more especially at the present moment, when the Vale Owen communications are before us. In these the “hither hereafter” is an etherized counterpart of this world, and—notwithstanding all we have heard about the great doctrine of correspondence—we are disposed to cavil at this, because of the principle of imitation. But if things were described on the principle of antithesis we should find ourselves in a worse position, while if it has not entered into the heart of embodied man to conceive

or dream what the next state is like, and if it is without relation to this one, then it is obvious that no intelligence on the other side, no seraph before the face of God, can describe it in our forms of speech or make it understood by us. In Dr. Hyslop's opinion "the process of communicating is most probably a symbolic one, a pictographic process, involving the interpretation by the subconsciousness of the medium of these symbolic pictures, which are not properly representative . . . but merely indicative." It is not a new hypothesis altogether, and afloat as we are on dark waters of research, it is not invalidated by its difficulties or made probable because it seems reasonable. One thing is certain, that we have no criterion of judgment on communications from the "world of spirits," while if the view under notice is correct it may be that we shall never have one.

Dr. Ellis T. Powell contributes a trenchant article to *Light* on the Churches and psychical research. Explaining that he is "a life-long Anglican Churchman," he affirms (1) that the Resurrection and Transfiguration of Christ are in complete scientific accord with the psychic conditions governing the materialization of spirit forms, and of these he is an old observer; (2) that the Incarnation and Birth of Christ, as well as a multitude of circumstances connected with the Divine Life in Palestine, are "all of the precise character which one would expect to find conditioning the descent of a very exalted spirit into the limitations of our humanity"; (3) that the Epistles are "literally saturated with psychic lore"; and (4) that the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians proves St. Paul to be second only to his Great Master "in knowledge of the highest psychic truth." And yet, says Dr. Powell, "the Churches have chosen to fight psychic science as if it were paganism or something worse." But the end is not with us, in his opinion, and he prophesies that within the next twenty years psychic science will become the leading branch of Christian apologetics. He looks indeed for a new interpretation of Christianity, perhaps even for "a new and further Revelation," somewhere about the last decade of the present century. . . . It is known that the theosophical myth of Atlantis, developed from the Greek myth, is of psychic origin; we know also how and to whom the communications were made. It has remained for *The Two Worlds* to publish further "inspirational messages" on the subject. They appear to differ widely from the information received by theosophists. . . . *Rays from the Rose Cross* discusses the work being done in America for the betterment of children, but adds that a most dangerous foe is to be found in almost every toy department of the United States: this is no less than the Ouija Board in all its varieties. They occupy long shelves, reaching from floor to ceiling. The fact is certainly significant of what another contemporary calls the "psychic craze" in America. We agree that the Ouija Board is about the last plaything to be put into the hands of children.

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## REVIEWS

JACOPONE DA TODI: POET AND MYSTIC. By Evelyn Underhill.  
Demy 8vo, pp. xi+521. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.  
Price 16s. net.

JACOPONE—otherwise Jacomo—DA TODI was born about 1230, and died in 1306. He was therefore a contemporary of Raymond Lully, that seneschal of Majorca who entered into earthly life *circa* 1234, and was martyred at Bugia in 1314, according to his legend. Between the *doctor illuminatus* of the Balearic Isles and the Franciscan friar and mystic poet—otherwise the poles asunder—there is one meeting-point, and this is in the fact of their conversion. Jacopone, after a youth of gaiety, became a Doctor of Law and settled down to the business of money-making. His traditional history says that he was proud, avaricious, wrapped up in the vices and lusts of this world. He was married to a young, beautiful and virtuous wife, who was also deeply religious, and he loved her after his own manner. It came about for this reason—and because he also loved display—that he clothed her in magnificent garments, to which—after initial resistance—she submitted from a sense of duty; but “continued in secret her life of prayer and mortification.” The marriage lasted a year, at the end of which she was killed by the fall of a balcony, and when her body was prepared for burial there was found “next to her bare flesh a harsh shirt of hair.” This was the event which turned Jacopone from the life of the world and sin to the life of the soul in God. Raymond Lully was a gay, brilliant and accomplished cavalier, who had no wife in his legend, but he became enamoured of the wife of another, and pursued her with the passion of a Spaniard, till she sought an escape from his importunities by exposing her breast, disfigured by a cancerous growth. As the world at that sight turned to ashes for Raymond, so also he turned to God, became a Franciscan and sought the conversion of the Moors, through whom he received the palm of martyrdom, as I have indicated. Jacopone also sought to enter the Franciscan Order, but was not received till he was nearly fifty years old, when he became a lay brother. During the interim he is described as “a spiritual free-lance,” following a life of stern asceticism; as a wandering religious enthusiast, who committed many extravagances; and as a blunt preacher after his own manner against the corruption and vanity of the time. The inward life of the mystic is to be found in his poems, and is unfolded by Miss Underhill in a study which deserves all praise for its intimacy, insight, and knowledge, and for the complete picture which is their result. We have also the materials for judgment on our own part, as the second half of her book furnishes the Italian text of the chief poems and a careful translation by Mrs. Theodore Beck. The place of Jacopone da Todi among Christian mystics can be determined therefore by reference to this single volume, and I wish that it might be discussed here; but as this is impossible one must hope for a later opportunity.

A. E. WAITE.

**CONTACT WITH THE OTHER WORLD.** The Latest Evidence as to Communication with the Dead. By James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D., formerly Professor of Logic and Ethics in Columbia University. London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., 30 New Bridge Street, E.C.4. Price 25s. net.

A NEW work by Professor James H. Hyslop is an event in the world of Psychical Research, both here and across the Atlantic. This particular book is especially designed to meet the ever-growing demand of a wider-thinking public for more specialized information concerning the two vast questions: "Do We Die?" and "Can We Talk to the Dead?" While folding himself in his customary mantle of scientific caution and reserve, Dr. Hyslop allows himself boldly to declare: "I regard the evidence of survival after death conclusive for most people who have taken the pains to examine the evidence critically." Together with that evidence, however, comes an immense mass of other data regarding many interrelated problems other than the fact of personal continuity, and the author analyses many of these side-issues in the present volume, incidentally laying to rest more than one "bogey." In a chapter on Telepathy Dr. Hyslop refers to the classic Miles-Ramsden experiments, in which he finds traces of influences other than the two "living minds" concerned; and in support of this contention he quotes a remark volunteered to him by one of Mrs. Chenoweth's controls that, "Telepathy is always a message carried by a spirit." Dr. Hyslop reminds us that F. W. H. Myers shared this view.

The author gives a fascinating summary of psychic phenomena from history's dawn, observing that the phenomena themselves are as old as the hills; their investigation only is modern. Swedenborg, not the Fox Sisters, founded modern spiritualism, though it was through the Fox Sisters that the subject first became popular. . . . When dealing with the mysteries of the so-called "subconscious mind" and the complexities of Obsession the learned doctor is especially on his own ground, having for so many years closely studied the intricacies of both these academic subjects. The "subconscious mind," he maintains, can only express what it has previously acquired, a point to be noted by those superficial investigators who refer everything to "subconscious activities." Dr. Hyslop focuses his searchlight on the fact that personality *does* survive bodily death; the *how* and the *where* do not immediately concern him. He quotes a number of well-authenticated examples, both spontaneous and experimental. Of the former the following is one of the most interesting; it was the only psychical experience of the lady who reported it:

"On waking in broad daylight I saw, like a shadowed reflection, a very long coffin stretching quite across the ceiling of my room, and as I lay gazing at it, and wondering at its length and whose death it could foreshadow, my eyes fell on a shadowy figure of an absent nephew, with his back towards me, searching as it were, in my bookshelf. That morning's post brought the news of his death in Australia. He was six feet two or three inches in height, and the book taken from that very bookcase had been my last present to him on his leaving England. . . ."

The concluding chapter "Summary and Reflections" touches incidentally on Spiritual Healing, on which the author remarks that "In the

recurrence of spiritual healing, primitive Christianity will be revived. A new meaning will be put into the New Testament and the work of Christ." And he concludes a fine peroration with these striking words :—

"The great fog bank into which materialism sails is more easily penetrated than it surmises. It conceals a beautiful sunlit sea and the happy isles, and psychic research ventures on embarking where the philosophy of Immanuel Kant only warned the sailor against rocky shoals and disasters. . . . The sadness of sunset is only sublime pathos when we are assured of another dawn."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE HILL OF VISION. A FORECAST OF THE GREAT WAR, ETC. By Frederick Bligh Bond, F.R.S.B.A., Author of "The Gate of Remembrance." London: Constable & Company, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE undeniable fact that war books have lost their savour is no sign of waning gratitude to those heroes who shared in the mighty sacrifice, but rather a reaction which emphasizes intensity of feeling. *The Hill of Vision* therefore owes its interest not so much to its war prophecies as to the conditions under which these prophecies were penned. They and other predictions relating to some great "Social Revolution with the Coming of the New Race," have been "Gathered from Automatic Writings obtained between 1909 and 1912, and also, in 1918, through the hand of John Alleyne, under the supervision of the author." That fascinating book, *The Gate of Remembrance*, is still fresh in the memory of most readers. In an Introduction to the present volume it is explained that a number of messages with interests much more "comprehensive of the general destiny of our race," frequently intruded into the Glaston script. Powerful influences seemed to be behind these, notably one naming himself "Imperator," and others who signed their messages "The Watchers." It is these communications which are gathered together in *The Hill of Vision*, and many of them are of absorbing interest, for, as Mr. Bligh Bond says, they hint at the "coming of a great world-crisis, of war and revolution, leading to the dawn of a new era for man, and the promise of greater power and greater glory for the race, when the materialism which has hitherto stunted his spiritual growth and thwarted his best efforts shall be cast off, and he shall claim lordship over Matter, which shall henceforth be his servant, and no longer as heretofore his master." The end of the war in the autumn of 1918 was foretold, and commenting on this the author draws attention to the usual uncertainty of predictions in regard to definite dates. The spiritual *intention* is discerned :—

"But the tendency in the mass of Matter to retain those impressions which are conveyed to it by its medium, follows the universal law of continued vibration for some period after the cessation of the impulse of the rising. . . . A whole year may pass away before these impulses absorbed by Matter and conveyed by its instrumentality into your plane—to be there expressed, pass away into the silence of its interspaces."

It is interesting that while the Automatist, Mr. John Alleyne, obtained the Scripts, Mr. Bligh Bond usually read aloud to him, and he was quite unaware of what was being written through his hand.

EDITH K. HARPER.