

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE story of *Rachel Comforted** is the record of a young boy's life on the other side. The mother lost the child, to whom she was devoted, at the age of thirteen, and like Rachel in the Bible story, refused to be comforted.

I called him [she says]. I cast myself on his beloved little form and held it fast to me, and refused to let any one approach us. To my call to reply to me no reply came. And then the darkness settled upon my soul, for I believed him dead. . . . I hired a workman's cottage almost touching the churchyard, that I might live close to that little grave. By day I sat beside it in the little low chair that had been his. It is a lovely spot where that garden is, my garden of pain as it was in those days. A large, softly rustling tree overshadowed the little patch of cruel earth that covered, as I thought, my youngest darling.

The mother's love for her other two children was turned into an agony of terror for fear they, too, should be snatched from her. She cried to God in prayer: "Unless you are not God at all, send me back my child, if only for five minutes. Give me proof that my child lives, if he does live; but I must have proof. Nothing else will do." "And then [she says] I waited for God's reply," the reply of the God in whom she herself was gradually

* *Rachel Comforted*. By Mrs. Maturin. 6s. net. London: Hutchinson.

ceasing to believe. At times she hoped for a vision of the child who had passed over. The manner in which her doubts were eventually set at rest had never occurred to her. A year had passed since the boy's death. The mother had given the two boys that remained to her a planchette, simply regarding it as a game, and thinking it might amuse them. "For [she says] I knew nothing of spirit communication." She was sitting one winter's night by the fire, thinking of her lost child, when she noticed that these two boys, aged fifteen and sixteen, were talking in excited whispers over the planchette, with which they had been playing. She heard one say to the other, "You must have pushed it"—a charge which the other indignantly denied; and accused his brother of doing the pushing. Then one of them whispered: "Don't let mother see: it will upset her." "This [says Mrs. Maturin] roused me. I got up and went to the table, and found my children gazing awe-struck at seven words scrawled across a very large sheet of paper pinned to the table. They ran as follows: 'Tell mother do not worry, me happy.'" The mother looked at the words breathlessly and asked: "Who wrote this, children?" It appears that Sunny had been in the habit of using such expressions as "me happy," "me hungry," "me sleepy," etc., to please his mother, who regretted that her youngest child was growing out of babyhood. "I'll always be your baby," he promised, "and talk baby talk to you." Mrs. Maturin took charge of the message and the planchette, and locked them away for the time being. The boys returned to school and the mother thought of herself trying the instrument, but her relative,

FATHER MATURIN AND THE "EVIL SPIRIT."

Father Maturin, a Roman Catholic priest and well-known preacher, assured her that "Yes, certainly it was a spirit that had moved the little instrument." He himself had tested such phenomena. Equally certainly it was not her little child, but an evil spirit. The mother, however, determined to risk it, and silenced the preacher by saying that she had got to find her Sunny, and was determined to do so if he was anywhere in existence. She reflected, moreover, that even if it was an evil spirit she got in touch with, this at least would be evidence of a life beyond death. The reflection, it must be admitted, might lead searchers after truth along very dangerous paths. This was the beginning of a long series of conversations between mother and son, which gave peeps into a child world very much on the pattern of our own here, but a far happier one. The mother

thought at once that she would be able to obtain from her son some explanation of the problems of life and death. In this, however, she soon found herself quite mistaken. He would write pitifully: "But I am only thirteen. I am not a philosopher [*sic*]. Shall I ask my teacher?" etc. "I don't want to be an angel," the boy said on one occasion, and made fun of his mother when she asked him if he had got wings. "Murray and I," he observed, "are lively boys, and I know Jesus would not want us to sing hymns all day."

The mother received some curious evidence through her son's communications. One morning Sunny wrote to her that his brother Eric had on that very morning during an interval in his studies at school, gone up to the churchyard, and had cried most bitterly beside his little brother's grave, and had written Sunny a short letter in pencil on a little bit of paper, which he had pushed down into the earth of the grave with a piece of stick. Sunny

ERIC'S
MISSIVE. narrated this in great distress, and begged the mother to go and see his brothers and assure Eric that he, Sunny, was not lying in the grave at all. Next day

the mother took the train to Tonbridge, where the school was, and saw the two boys, and told Eric what Sunny had written. Eric looked dumbfounded, and could hardly believe it at first, but admitted, yes, it was all true. Eric would never have related such an incident. "I remember [says the mother] he gazed at me awestruck and said, 'Well I never! I was in the churchyard alone.'" Another humorous, and to a schoolboy very embarrassing incident, occurred a little later. Sunny, in his communication to his mother, appeared to be worried about Eric. He had, he said, run through his pocket money, and had gone a day or two previously to the pawnshop, where he had pawned his gold pencil case and silver match box, to escape from his financial embarrassments. Sunny declared that he had tried to stop him, but he would not listen. The mother wrote off to the boy to find out if the facts were as stated, and the matter was put right by some further assistance in the shape of an extra allowance of pocket money. Eric, however, was considerably upset. "Really," he remarked, in his letter, "this is a bit thick. He seems to know all I do and tells you. You see he is not dead at all. Now you ought to be quite happy, but I shall have to mind my P's and Q's. It is a bit awkward for a fellow."

It has frequently been stated that no one from the other side has ever foretold the winner of the Derby. Mrs. Maturin tells a story in controversion of this. The mother asked on one occasion one

of those foolish questions that are so often put as tests to the spirits from the other side. A friend had declared that he would believe if the Derby winner were given. "To convince this sceptic," says the mother, "I asked Sunny if he could tell us the Derby winner that year. At first he asked how could he tell such things. He was only a little boy and never went to races." Finally he promised to ask some famous racing personage on the other side, of whom he had written from time to time, whether he could solve this problem of the future. The person in question told him to tell his mother that the winner of the Derby would be Volodyovski, information which was duly passed on. The mother, however, did not take the matter seriously, and was quite unaware that any horse of the name was running. The race was duly won by the horse named, weeks after Sunny had communicated the information.

One of Sunny's amusements was to write letters to his pals on earth, of course making his mother the amanuensis. Here is one of them, written to a girl cousin:—

THE HAPPY LAND, PALESTINE.

April 4.

DEAR OLD TOM-BOY,—It's a long time since I wrote to you. But it has not been my fault. . . . How are you getting on at the High School, which I used to call the Low School? No doubt you thought when you heard that I had passed over, that I had got out of all my school lessons, but you were never more mistaken in your life. I only had one day off, and then I had to buck up. But you see I had had a long holiday before I came. Will you please write me a letter and send it by post? If you are hard up, you need not put a stamp on it, because I know my mother won't mind paying for it. How is little Lively? Do tell me when you write.

At this point he stopped, saying he was too tired to go on, but next day briefly concluded the letter with the words, "Good-bye, Yummy-Yum." The evidential value of this letter is rather considerable, as there are three things in it of which the mother knew nothing; that is, the fact that the boy used to call his cousin's High School the "Low School," and that he also used to call his girl cousin "Yummy-Yum." "Little Lively," too, was a name to which she could attach no meaning, but on enclosing the letter to Lorna, the girl for whom it was intended, she discovered that Lively was the name given to Atheling, her brother. Sunny, apparently, went on with his school and lessons just as on earth; in fact, one is even more impressed in this book than in any

other books of the kind, how very like one world is to the other.

SUNNY'S
TEACHER. Probably, however, to a child the difference would be less than to an older person. The orthodox ideas of the child's heaven seem, indeed, to be even

more utterly impossible and incongruous than the orthodox conceptions of life on the other side for those of maturer years. Sunny's principal teacher was, however, of the other sex, and this made his mother feel rather jealous. Here is his conversation with his mother with regard to the teacher.

Mother : Who teaches you, Sunny ?

Sunny : My teacher, mother.

Mother : Who is your teacher, darling ?

Sunny : She is Love.

Mother : Do you call her Love ?

Sunny : Her name is Love, but I call her lots of other names.

Mother : Will you grow to love her more than me ?

Sunny : Mother, my own little mother ! You know I could never, never love anybody so much as I do you, little pet !

Mother : Well, tell me some of the names you call your teacher. I won't be jealous.

Sunny : Sometimes I tell her she is an angel, and sometimes I tell her she is a beauty.

Mother : Is she an angel ?

Sunny : Oh, no !

Mother : How old is she ?

Sunny : You are a little bit jealous, I think.

Mother : No, no, my funny pet, I won't be jealous !

(Of course I was, and he saw it.)

Sunny : I think my teacher is twenty-four, but I have not asked her ; shall I ?

Mother : Would she be vexed ? Ladies here don't like their ages asked.

Sunny : No, mother, she is never vexed.

Mother : Does she live in the same house with you, darling ?

Sunny : Are you sure you are not a little bit jealous ?

For a long time before Sunny passed over, his main desire in life had been to have a pony of his own, and he was saving up all his money to buy one. But ponies are expensive luxuries, and he never got near the requisite figure. After passing over to the other side, however, he was fortunate in discovering the very pony of his heart's desire, and this pony, Towser, figures rather frequently in the child's narrative. If the pony was a reality, clearly the theory of group-souls with regard to animals will need some amendment. Perhaps, however, the principal moral of the story of the pony is that the After Life, in small things as in great, represents

SUNNY'S
PONY.

the attainment of the unfulfilled ambitions of earth. On one occasion Mr. Stead, who had helped his mother in her psychical pursuits, wrote a letter to Sunny to be passed on in the usual way, *via* his mother. We are not given Mr. Stead's letter, but Sunny's reply is on record. In a fit of generosity he offers to let Mr. Stead ride his pony, Towser, and possibly by this time he may have tried the experiment! Here is the letter:—

DEAR MR. STEAD,—

Oh, you are a dear, kind man to write me such a lovely letter. Thank you, oh, so much for it. Oh, yes, I should love you to come and talk to me with my darling mother. Will you come one day, please? Please do come. I will ask my teacher to tell me a lot of things to tell you, and we will have such a nice chat. Shall we? Oh, I am so glad you love ponies. You shall have one all for yourself when you come here. But if you like my Towser best, I will let you ride him. Oh, dear Mr. Stead, I do wish you could come here to me, and then you would see everything as I see it. Oh, dear me, I can't help laughing sometimes, when my mother asks me such funny questions. Now, God bless you, dear, kind Mr. Stead. Try and come to talk to me soon, I do love you, and will always remain your loving and grateful little fourteen-year old friend,

SUNNY GORDON MATURIN.

Kisses O x O x 25.

But the "Happy Land" in which Sunny found himself was not, he was told, to be his home for ever. "You see, mother," he said, in one of his conversations, "when God sends his angel for me he will take me some day to Heaven, but you won't mind, will you?" The mother was alarmed. "Will you," she asked anxiously, "get ill and die?" "Oh, no," replied the boy, "you funny little mumsie. It is only like having another curtain taken from my eyes." "Will you change your body?" she asked again. "Mother, darling," he replied, "you must not speak like that or cry and you must not be sad. I do not want to go to Heaven if it is to make you unhappy." "What happens exactly?" she asked. "Why, you just step out of this body, that's all." "Don't you leave this earth?" "Oh, no, what a funny mother you are. Next time I write to Mr. Stead I shall tell him that. Why! earth, Happy Land, and Heaven is all one. Don't you see what I mean? It is only that we see it in different lights, as we go on and get better."

Sunny narrated once how an angel came to him to tell him something of this other life:

"What were you doing when the angel came?"

"I was playing with my kitten in my garden."

"But how did the angel come?"

" Oh, you funny mother ! Why, the angels are here ! It is only that our eyes are opened to the beauty of Heaven."

" Yes, I know that. But, all the same, can't you describe to me just how it all occurred ? "

" I was just larking about, and when I looked up, I could see the angel standing near me."

" A man or a woman ? "

" A man, mother ; but I like to say ' an angel ' best."

" Had he wings ? "

" Yes, mother, two ! "

" Made of feathers ? "

" Oh, no, not feathers. Oh, dear me ! "

" Why do you say ' Oh, dear me ! ' "

" Because you said ' feathers,' mother ! "

" But, darling, all the wings I have seen have had feathers."

" But not angels' wings. They don't."

" Well, do describe to me what the wings were made of, Sunny ! "

" Something like fine, cob-webby silk which stret—Oh, dear, tell me how to spell it, mother."

" Is it ' stretched ' ? "

" Yes ! Stretched all over his body, except the head and face."

" Oh, how very beautiful ! I do love to hear all this ! And yet it seems to make you sad to tell me ; and I can't understand it ! "

" You know, mother, angels are lovely. But I want to be your Sunny [very sad and slow] for a long time still."

" Darling, what do you mean ? "

" I don't want to be an angel yet " [very sad and weak].

" Darling, are you sad ? "

" And you do love me best like I am, don't you ? Eh, mother ? "

" Oh, yes, yes. More than a hundred angels ? "

" Oh, that's right [quicker]. And you will always love your romping schoolboy, won't you ? "

Certainly Sunny is a very natural boy. " Too natural to be real," the orthodox will say. " But," one may ask oneself, " could the other world be real if it were unnatural ? " And yet it must be admitted that there is a great deal in this book which

IS SUNNY will be found very difficult of acceptance, even by
REAL ? those who are inclined to look upon Spiritualism
with a certain measure of sympathy and open-

-mindedness. They will argue that a schoolboy in the Happy Land could not be quite so irresponsible or so childish as Sunny constantly is ; that he could not talk quite so much arrant nonsense, and perhaps that he could not write so many doggerel verses. And yet, was it not the Master who said that " except a man be born again as a little child, he cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven " ? But this is one of the Gospel texts that has never been taken literally. To the ecclesiastical mind it must needs possess some mysterious allegorical meaning. Surely this

is a saying to which the words of Faber's well-known hymn are most applicable.

If our minds were but more simple
We should take Him at His word,
And our hearts would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

It is, however, for the reasons above indicated that the book in question may possibly prove in the Biblical phrase "to the Jews foolishness, and to the Gentiles a rock of offence." We can imagine, for instance, how Mr. Joseph McCabe, the report of whose public debate on the Truth of Spiritualism with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle I have before me,* would be delighted to seize upon a book of the kind, and hold it up to ridicule. Certainly one of the strong points in the materialistic platform lies in the fact that, disbelieving *in toto* in the reality of a future life, they are not called upon to describe the other world in the garb either of fiction or of fact. Orthodoxy, which has postulated as its God "a magnified and non-natural man," is consistent in upholding the belief in an equally non-natural heaven. No one, it is true, believes in their heart of hearts either in such a place or in such a condition. But it is apparently easy enough for the orthodox to accept as "an article of faith" that which they know to be

untrue. The position of the Spiritualist is more difficult. He has attempted, through communications received, or purporting to be received, from the other side, to describe the conditions to which men pass after death; to dot the i's and cross the t's in his attempt to portray those regions which the physical eye of man has never seen. Here he inevitably lays himself open to criticism. Here is something tangible alike for the materialist and the orthodox theologian to attack. And perhaps he is not too sure himself of how far these descriptions, coming through "coloured glasses," represent the actual facts of the case; or how far they are a mere approximation, or an allegorical parallel, intended to convey to the recipient some notion of experiences met with on the other side, and spiritual states and conditions to which earth-language is inadequate. In the case of a book of this kind it must be left for those who read it to determine in their own minds what proportion of it appears to be fiction or fact. Even, however, from the sceptic's point of view, one cannot withhold a meed of praise for a fascinating and artlessly-told narrative of the bond of love

* London: Watts & Co., 1s. net.

between a mother and her son which death was all too weak to sever, a story none the less arresting for its many humorous passages and frequently serio-comic tone.

I have made a brief allusion above to the reprint of the public debate on the Truth of Spiritualism between Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Joseph McCabe, published by Watts & Co., at 1s. net. I do not suppose, since the world began, that the truth of anything was ever yet established by a public debate. But it must be admitted that the pamphlet in question makes interest-

SIR A.
CONAN
DOYLE AND
MR.
MCCABE.

ing, and at times entertaining, reading. Professor McCabe is most happy when he is showing up the weak points of doubtful cases, or cases which, owing to the lapse of time, and the deaths of all the people concerned, must inevitably lend themselves to criticism on account of gaps or apparent defects in the scientific evidence. He is, perhaps, most unfortunate when he attributes the phenomena in connection with the medium, Eva, which have been recently so thoroughly investigated by Dr. Geley, and many eminent Parisian doctors and men of science, to the fact that the medium was one of those abnormal human beings who are known in medicine as "ruminants"; that is to say, that Eva commenced by swallowing the ectoplasm, which was subsequently given forth from her person! Whence she obtained the ectoplasm to swallow Mr. McCabe does not say. Mr. McCabe calls himself a Rationalist. "I represent Rationalism," he says, "that is to say, I want the whole world to use its reason, every man and woman in the world." If Mr. McCabe can

MR. MC-
CABE AS
A "RUMIN-
ANT."

swallow this hypothesis he can surely swallow anything. He may be a "ruminant," but he is certainly not a Rationalist! The fact is that few words in the English language have been more misused than the word Rationalist. A Rationalist is not a person who will let his reason carry him up to a certain point and then refuse to let it take him any further. A Rationalist is nothing, in short, unless he is a "whole-hogger." Just as it is impossible to serve God and Mammon, so is it equally impossible to follow the leading light of truth and at the same time to retain one's most cherished prejudices. Mr. McCabe wants to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds." Like others, when faced with the great decisions of life, he has had to make his choice, and he had decided—not to *be* a Rationalist, but to *call himself one!* There is no great difficulty to-day in crossing the Channel and

going over to Paris. If Mr. McCabe is anxious to learn the truth, no doubt he will be accorded facilities for investigating the phenomena at first hand. But, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has pointed out, he has never seriously taken up the subject on which he poses as an authority on a public platform. Mr. McCabe is certainly not alarmed by the great array of names of men of science or erudition who have subscribed to the spiritualistic hypothesis. He has a way of brushing them on one side in the airiest manner. It appears that they were either like Dr. Crawford, too young to know what they were talking about, or like Professor Lombroso, in their dotage when they subscribed to the belief. In the case of others, the acutest brains have become atrophied or diseased the moment they took up the investigation. Possibly this explains why Mr. McCabe himself has never investigated, but if so, why does he get up on a public platform to talk on subjects of which he only knows at second hand?

TO DOROTHY

By JESSIE E. P. FORELAND

SHE is so slim and straight and tall,
 A silver bloom on slender stem,
 Crowned with a golden diadem
 That my white lilies by the wall
 With long green fingers, one and all,
 Reach out to her as one of them.

And we who tend the ground of Time
 Wherein our cherished blossom stands,
 Guard her with jealous heart and hands,
 Lest gard'ners from another clime,
 Fearing the winter's frost and rime,
 Transplant her to their Summer-lands.

BEYOND THE PINEAL DOOR

A RECORD OF RESEARCH

By OLIVER FOX

I. INTRODUCTORY.

THIS article is a sequel to "The Pineal Doorway," published in last month's OCCULT REVIEW, to which I must respectfully refer new readers, should my present remarks prove unintelligible. There I dealt with the method employed to obtain a certain result—which may be viewed either as an abnormal state of consciousness, or as a temporary release of the soul from its physical vehicle—and I am now going to give a few notes on the result itself. I fear this paper will appear, at best, only scrappy and inadequate; but its very nature makes this unavoidable. The lonely explorer on the astral plane is up against so many difficulties that it is impossible for him to present a picture that shall be a clear and coherent whole. Struggling to withstand the pull of his physical body, often swept away against his will, like a leaf on the gale, by the mighty, unknown astral currents, he can only glimpse a little here and a little there; and even then, his memories fade with surprising rapidity—especially if the return to the body be in any way violent. The glamour lingers in his soul; but his records, the written words, the futile attempts to translate the untranslatable, seem so fragmentary and bereft of charm. In dealing with the result, I shall give, therefore, only a few rough notes on matters which appear to me to be of interest. Again I would emphasize this fact, that I employ the first person because it is obviously more convenient and because this is a purely personal record. I have been a practical investigator and a student of the occult; but I do not claim to be an authority on this or any other subject.

II. LOCOMOTION.

On the astral plane it is, of course, possible to walk, much the same as on the earth, though in favourable conditions the effort is almost negligible. When, however, the Trance Condition is becoming weak, and the pull of the body is consequently increasing in strength, while that mysterious pain in the region of the pineal gland gives its warning to return—then, walking is

anything but effortless; it is as though one tugged against a rope of very strong elastic. Also one can employ any of the artificial modes of locomotion known to us on earth. People who cannot forget or forgive poor Raymond's cigar will get very cross with me when I say that there are electric trams on the astral plane; but there *are*—unless there is no astral plane, and my trams run only in my brain. But in this queer realm there are three additional ways of travelling, which gravity will not permit to ordinary mortals on the earth:

- (a) Horizontal Gliding.
- (b) Levitation.
- (c) Skrying.

III. HORIZONTAL GLIDING.

The gliding is accomplished by a purely mental effort, the arms and legs remaining passive. In my early experiments I found it difficult to get a start; but once started, the velocity was extreme, apparently ever increasing, until I arrived at my destination with a "silent bang." In other words, the last stage of the journey seemed too rapid to be comprehended, and suddenly *I was there*—as though I had fallen out of nowhere, or instantly materialized, on to this fresh scene. But on some occasions the line of my voluntary motion would seemingly encounter an opposing astral current, so that I would slow down and land quite gently—or even be carried back again if the current was too powerful for my will. I, with no guide to assist me, was always at the mercy of these astral currents or invisible streams of force. For example, I might will to travel to Xtown. I would start off, taking apparently the shortest occult cut, or line of least resistance, through houses, trees, etc. Flashing through these objects produces a dazzling and confusing effect, which acts like friction on one's mental energy and may be sufficient to break the trance. Well, if I was lucky, I would reach the astral counterpart of Xtown; but more often than not I would find myself swept away from my line of motion by a stronger astral current and borne to some strange destination. I might find myself in the beautiful grounds of a stately palace; but on the other hand, I might come to rest before a plump and pompous old gentleman in a white waistcoat, peacefully reclining in the bosom of his family, and quite unconscious of my unpardonable intrusion into his home life. At times these astral adventures became delightfully irresponsible—like one of Mr. Chesterton's romances—anything might happen. But note this: if that oracular old gentleman

became so funny that I laughed outright, in the moment of giving way to my emotion I lost my mental control ; my body whisked me back again, perhaps with such violence that the trance was broken and my experiment ended. When I returned to my body, either walking or gliding, of my own free will, I approached it in the normal way ; but always, when it claimed me against my will, I experienced the sensation of being drawn *backwards* into it. In gliding, the feet seem to skim over the surface of the ground, or to be, at most, only a few feet above it.

IV. LEVITATION.

The other two modes of locomotion are both in the nature of levitation, although I believe them to be essentially very different ; but that which I have called " levitation " is easy and harmless whereas the other method—which I have termed " skrying "—is difficult and dangerous, in my opinion. Bearing in mind this distinction, I will now describe the levitation. Please remember that I am dealing only with my own experiences, which have been consistently uniform, and that I do not wish to generalize or become dogmatic in my assertions. Unlike the skrying, my levitation was not accomplished by a purely mental effort ; there was a downward pull, analogous to gravity, which had to be counteracted by a flapping motion of the hands ; also I could not ascend with my body perfectly vertical. Always I found that the same method was necessary : stand erect, arms to the sides, then let the body tilt backwards, so that it makes an angle of about sixty degrees with the ground ; then move the hands with a gentle downward-beating motion. In this way one slowly rises to a height of, say, one hundred feet ; the seeming gravitational pull is now much less, and it is possible to change from the backward-slanting position, so that one no longer travels feet first ; forward motion can now be effected by movements of the arms similar to the breast-stroke in swimming, but the legs should be rigid. I found that, by this method, I could never rise to an apparent height of more than four hundred or five hundred feet ; for beyond that I would suddenly experience a great increase in the downward pull. Also I could never " keep in the air " for more than a few minutes (?) at a time. I found this levitation very fatiguing ; and the trance would sometimes be broken by what appeared to be a repercussion effect upon the physical body. The difference between this method of levitating and skrying will now become quite clear.

V. SKRYING.

Skrying is like gliding, but in a vertical direction. There is no downward pull analogous to gravity, but only the call of the body. It is done by a purely mental effort, the arms being quite passive, and it is characterized by an enormous velocity of ascent. Levitation is a gentle floating, but in skrying one whizzes up like a rocket. I think it will be of interest if I now give an extract from my note-book, which deals with my first experience of skrying :

July 9, 1914, 9 a.m.—Noon. " Got into the proper Trance Condition again (having just returned from an astral excursion), *fully conscious* that I was in it. Left my physical body—phenomena as before—and passed out into the garden. I then decided that I would make my first attempt at skrying or rising through the planes. I stood erect, arms to my sides, and concentrating all my will-power in one supreme effort, I willed to ascend. The effect was truly surprising. Instantly the earth fell from my feet—that was how it seemed to me, because of the suddenness and speed of my ascent. I looked down on my home ; it was now no bigger than a matchbox, and the streets were only thick lines separating the houses. I then noted that I was travelling in a slanting direction. I rectified this by an effort of the will, and continued to ascend straight up. Soon the earth was hidden by white clouds. Up and up and up—velocity ever increasing. The loneliness I felt was indescribable. Up and up and up. My consciousness was perfect except for one thing—I lost my sense of *time*. I might have been out of my physical body for a minute, or an hour, or even a day—I could not tell. Thoughts of premature burial assailed me. Up and up and up. The loneliness was dreadful ; only those who have had a similar experience can realize what I felt. The blue of the sky had been gradually fading ; but the brilliance of the light had not diminished—at least, to any marked degree. Now I saw a most awe-inspiring phenomenon : from a point on the zenith emerged a succession of shimmering, leaden-hued, concentric circles of light, ever spreading in huge ripples—as when a stone is thrown into a pond. At this sight I got really frightened, but I did not lose my self-control. Realizing that I had nearly reached the limit to my power of endurance, I willed to descend. Instantly the process was reversed ; the sky grew blue again ; earth came into sight through the veil of fleecy clouds, rose up to meet my feet ; and so I passed once more into the house and gently entered my physical body. I then

experienced a touch of catalepsy and had the illusion that my wife was embracing me, desperately trying to bring me back to life. Such illusions (from the physical standpoint) are often experienced by me in this Trance Condition before leaving my body or on returning to it. I broke the trance without much difficulty, and rose from the bed. It was noon; so the whole experiment (including the previous astral excursion) had lasted three hours. I felt no sickness or bad after-effects. Indeed I had an unusual sense of physical freshness and spiritual exaltation, which lasted for the rest of the day. Actually the sun was shining brilliantly throughout my experiment, and so it was in my experiences out of my body."

I have been told that, by using this method, it is possible to travel to other planets; but that it is extremely dangerous for a student who is not under the guidance of an adept. In skrying I have advanced no further than I did in this first experience; for my earthly responsibilities have forced me to exercise some prudence in pursuing these investigations. Before leaving this subject I should like to state that I read with interest the letter by Mr. Noble Iverson, published in the OCCULT REVIEW. I hope my paper may prove helpful to him.

VI. PEOPLE.

In ordinary dreams and in Dreams of Knowledge (in which I know that I am dreaming) I meet and converse with all sorts of people; but whenever I have passed in full consciousness through the pineal door, I have found:

(1) A *total absence* of elementals or other terrifying beings, such as the horrible creatures and freakish animals to be seen in the astral hells.

(2) That, though I may pass among crowds of people, I am almost invariably *invisible* to them. They cannot see me or hear my voice; but they can *feel* my touch if I deliberately experiment with that intention. Yet to do so is disastrous; for the start they give in their fright makes me start also, which has a repercussion effect upon the physical body and breaks the trance. However, if I do not concentrate my attention upon them, I can pass through their bodies without their becoming aware of my presence. Only very rarely have I been visible to another person and able to enter into conversation. And in these exceptional cases our talk has been of very brief duration; for the act of speaking conflicted with my mental control, and the trance was broken. The will to remain out of the body must never be relaxed throughout the

whole experiment ; if one forgets this even for a moment, by giving way to an emotion or taking too lively an interest in one's surroundings, the body immediately asserts its claim.

(3) In Dreams of Knowledge I have frequently encountered beings who were seemingly far above me in spiritual grade ; but I have never met with such in my fully-conscious functioning on the astral plane after forcing the pineal door. In all these experiments I have seemed to be peculiarly isolated, meeting no superior intelligence, nor have I come across a fellow-investigator. It is as though I functioned all alone upon another plane of existence.

I do not attempt to explain these things ; I simply record them. But I know that my experiences were real and that others can prove them by adopting the method given in my previous paper. It by no means follows that their experiences will be very similar to mine—for all I know, I may have been protected by invisible guides, despite my seeming isolation—but I believe they would approximate sufficiently closely to prove the truth of my record. I am not clairvoyant, clairaudient, or mediumistic in waking life ; but it may be that my success in this research was due to some unknown psychic abnormality. I have no reason to suppose such is the case ; but if it were so, my method might be impossible to one who did not possess the necessary development of whatever psychic organ is involved—perhaps of the pineal gland ? I will now give another extract from my note-book :

Some time in the Autumn of 1913. " In the afternoon, intending to experiment, I lay down on the bed and succeeded in getting into the Trance Condition. I then proceeded to leave my body, dual consciousness being experienced until I had passed out of the house (by going through the closed doors) ; but on reaching the street I could not feel my physical body lying upon the bed. I had walked on for about a hundred yards, apparently unobserved by the few people about, when I was caught up in some strong current and borne away with great velocity. I came to rest on a beautiful but unknown common. There seemed to be a school-treat going on ; for there were many children, dressed in white, playing games and having tea beneath the trees. There were also some adults present—in particular I noticed one old gipsy woman. Bluish smoke rose up from the fires they had lit, and a magnificent amber sunset cast a mellow golden glow upon the peaceful scene. I walked on until I came to some red-brick houses, which evidently marked the limit of the common in that direction. The front door of one of these houses was half-open, so I entered, curious to see if the inhabitants would become aware of my intrusion. At the

end of the hall was a flight of richly-carpeted stairs. Up these I passed. Seeing a door ajar on the first landing, I entered and found myself in a comfortably-furnished bedroom. A young lady, dressed in claret-coloured velvet, was standing with her back to me, tidying her hair before a mirror. I could see that radiant amber sky through the window by the dressing-table, and the girl's rich auburn tresses were gleaming redly in this glamorous light. I noticed that the coverlet of the bed had a crumpled appearance and that there was water in a basin on the wash-stand.

" ' Ah, my lady ! ' thought I, ' you too have been lying down, and now you are making yourself presentable for tea—or is it dinner ? ' "

" I did not mind intruding upon her privacy ; for she might have no existence outside of my brain, and I knew, from previous experiences, that there was small likelihood of my being visible to her. It occurred to me that I would stand just behind her and look over her shoulder into the mirror. I wanted to see whether it would reflect my face. I stood so close to her that I was conscious of a pleasant fragrance emanating from her hair, or perhaps from the soap she had recently used. In the mirror I could see her face—a good-looking one, I think her eyes were grey—but not the faintest indication of mine was visible.

" ' Well, ' I thought, ' you evidently cannot see me. Can you feel me ? ' "

" And I laid a hand upon her shoulder. I distinctly felt the softness of her velvet dress, and then she gave a violent start—so violent that I in my turn was startled too. Instantly my body drew me back and I was awake, my condition being immediately normal—no duration of trance, or cataleptic sensations. No bad after-effects. The western sky was blue when I lay down ; but on breaking the trance I saw that it was actually the same glorious amber colour it had been in my out-of-the-body experience."

Unfortunately I omitted the date of this experiment, though I wrote the account immediately afterwards ; but if this lady really exists on the physical plane and should chance to read this article—which I fear me is highly improbable—in return for her evidence I will tender most profuse and humble apologies.

I said just now that I had not encountered any elementals beyond the pineal door ; but I have seen some pretty fearsome specimens when in the Trance Condition. Here is an example met with on February 6th, 1916.

" Great forces seemed to be straining the atmosphere, and

bluish-green flashes of light came from all parts of the room. I then caught sight of a hideous monster—a vague, white, filmy, formless thing, spreading out in queer patches, with bulbous protuberances and snake-like tentacles. It had two enormous round eyes, like globes filled with pale-blue fire, each about six or seven inches in diameter.”

But such things are, of course, quite harmless, provided one can conquer the intense fear they inspire. Nevertheless, the danger to a weak heart is obvious ; for the shock is great.

In the previous article I mentioned that, when I was out of my physical body, I was never able to see it lying on the bed, though my wife's form has been plainly visible. Sometimes I have found that my wife's body also was invisible, and on these occasions I have met her a short distance away—apparently functioning in her astral vehicle. We have talked together ; but on waking, she has had no recollection of the night's happenings. Unfortunately it is rare for her to have any vivid memories of her dreams. When I have thus met her out of the body, she has been easily recognizable, but subtly altered in appearance, and I have noticed a faint aura. In a few other cases I have seen what appeared to be an aura ; but generally this is not noticeable with the people I meet beyond the pineal door.

VII. SCENERY.

In dreams, either with or without the knowledge of dreaming, I have explored various regions of the astral plane ; so that I find I can assent, from my own experience, to many details given in occult works and good automatic writings, such as the wonderful Vale Owen Script. I could add my own notes to the literature on this subject ; but in the present article I wish to confine myself to things as I have found them beyond the pineal door. What then are the general characteristics of the scenery which confronts the investigator who has passed *in full consciousness* through that mysterious inner trap ? The answer is that, allowing for the divinely glamorous atmosphere, magical in its transforming quality—which can make even a prosaic steam-engine seem beautiful—this world beyond the pineal door is remarkably similar to the earth. One has, it is true, the extended powers of locomotion and that of penetrating seemingly solid objects, the marvellous mental clarity, the divine sense of well-being and power—one has all these ; but the surroundings are really surprisingly like this world of ours, which the extracts I have given from my note-book tend to show. Yet is there this difference ; the astral counter-

part (if such it be) of a city appears much larger than the earthly one ; for in addition to its present structures and features are to be found buildings, monuments, etc., which have no present existence on the earth. Some of these may have existed in the past ; and others I suspect to be very powerful thought-forms—or perhaps the astral foreshadowings of earthly buildings yet to come. To the uninitiated this will sound very nonsensical ; but consider it this way—every enterprise has its horoscope, the key to the occult forces behind its inception. If you can become connected up with the psychic trail of the forces governing the Xtown Technical College, you may get a vision of the new buildings to be occupied by that institution in 1930—which is what a psychometrist actually does. Was it not written long ago that Past, Present, and Future are in truth but *one* ? Well, the astral plane is an infinite network of psychic trails, and Xtown, as a whole, also has its horoscope. I do not wish to labour the point. To the astral explorer, then, Xtown will seem at once both familiar and strange, a curious blend of known and unknown, of old-style and new or ultra-new ; and the general effect will be that the astral Xtown is much larger than the earthly one. And as far as my experiences go, the investigator, who makes his *n*th trip to the astral Xtown, will still find the same features (non-existent on earth) that puzzled him on his first adventure. But there is a point I wish to emphasize : though the scenery so closely resembles that of earth, buildings are more than buildings beyond the pineal door ; they are living things. Let me quote again :

Dec. 14th, 1913. " No one was abroad but me, though it was bright daylight, the cloudless sky being a delightful pale azure. So I emerged into a mighty square, and there before me towered a colossal building—a miracle of bulk and architectural beauty. Roughly it was Gothic in design, a mass of lacework and carven detail, with innumerable pointed windows and countless niches holding statues. The whole glowed with an indescribable mellowness, compounded of a thousand subtle shades and tints, in the wonderful brilliance and purity of the dream-light. This building was not only a thing of brick and stone ; it seemed to be a living thing, to have an eternal soul ; and for me it had all the high, intensely spiritual appeal of a lovely woman. That building alone might have inspired a novel, which one could call ' The Pinnacled Glory '—borrowing from Browning's *Abt Vogler*."

Utilitarians and Philistines scoff when a poet falls in love with some fair building ; it seems such a " bloodless " thing to do ! But the beautiful structure is the concrete expression on the

material plane of a beautiful idea, and behind the idea there may be a still more beautiful being who gave it birth. The source might be "black?" Yes, but behind all things, behind the Dark Face and the White, and in all things, exists the One Supreme Life, the One Eternal Truth.

In these out-of-the-body excursions it would appear that one's powers of perception are enormously increased; and if inanimate objects seem endowed with life, how tremendously alive is the investigator himself, freed from his prison-house of matter! But this strange quality of being alive does not make all the astral houses pleasing to the eye and soul. Far from it. Nevertheless, I have never found beyond the pineal door the horrible conditions and awful shapes, both human and non-human, which characterize the astral hells; nor have I found there the vast museums, incomprehensible machinery, and wondrous fantastically-beautiful cities, which exist on other astral levels. As I have said, I am quite familiar with these "hells" and "heavens"; but never have I explored them, being fully conscious at the time of my precise condition and powers, after forcing my incorporeal self through the pineal door. I may have known at the time that I was dreaming; but there is a vast difference between knowing it (in a theoretical way) and *realizing* it, between finding oneself on the astral plane, after a break in consciousness, and passing there direct from waking life, with *no* break in the mental continuity. It would seem, then, that this world beyond the pineal door occupies a mid-position between the horrors of the astral hells and the fantastic beauties of the astral heavens; *extremes* have no place there; and, with the differences we have noted, it very closely resembles our earth. Now why is this? Is it really so, because of some unknown conditions which limit the field of exploration? or is it only that my opportunities for investigation have been so few? I cannot attempt to answer this question. For me, it remains one of the most puzzling problems of the whole research.

In the astral world, we are told, the light varies according to the level of the sub-plane and the spiritual grade of the beings functioning thereon; but what of this realm that forms the subject of my paper? Is it day there when it is day on earth? As far as my researches go, the answer is, Yes. I have often noticed, on coming out of the Trance Condition, that the "real" sky was the same as the "dream" sky I had just left, though the original sky, observed before entering the Trance Condition, might have been quite different. This has been my experience

with regard to places familiar to me ; but sometimes when the place has been quite strange, I have found it was day there, though night here in England. And, of course, if the unknown place chanced to be somewhere in the region of the antipodes, or five or six hours ahead of us, this would be the case. One night I apparently reached some strange Indian city, crowded with natives, though a few Europeans were present—and there it was bright day. Here I saw a curious fountain : a kneeling elephant, sculptured in black stone, ejected from its curled-back trunk a shower of water, which was caught in a white shell-shaped basin. To my knowledge I have never heard of, nor seen a picture of, such a fountain. Can any one tell me if it exists upon the earth ?

VIII. CONCLUSION.

In these two papers I have attempted to deal with a very obscure subject, full of subtle distinctions ; and I can say with truth that I have found the task by no means an easy one. It might have been done much better—I know that ; but at least I have done my best, unsatisfactory though it be, and I cannot help thinking that a careful and long-suffering reader will be able to follow me. There is something of very real value to the student of occultism in this record of my research—so I firmly believe ; but I readily admit that my pineal symbolism may be very misleading if mistaken for literal fact, and that I am probably quite ignorant of the real nature of my discovery. I use the word “ discovery,” because it was one for *me*. Well, I have shirked the task of writing about this, and sundry other occult matters, for a good many years—it was too much trouble. But a short while ago, when it seemed most surely that my “ number was up,” I regretted my procrastination. I got a sense of *waste*. After all, if I tell the little I have done and seen, and my equally obscure brethren do likewise, it all adds to the mass of available data ; and then one day Mr. Mastermind can come along and work on it and tell us just what we have been doing, what it really means. Hence these articles.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TAROT CARDS

BY JULIUS L. LACHNER

SINCE Eliphas Levi published his magnum opus, *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, in 1854, the riddle of the mysterious Tarot Cards has engaged the attention of many students of occultism and mysticism. Since Mr. A. E. Waite issued his rectified pack with *The Key to the Tarot* in 1910, that interest has greatly increased. Mr. Waite spoke as plainly as he was able, in order, as he said, to put those with insight on the right track, but he spoke unfortunately under certain reserves, and the majority of students do not seem to be much the wiser. Of the many readings that have been given to the world, from Eliphas Levi downwards, not one appears to have arrived at what seems to me, in all modesty, to be the true solution and attribution of the Major Keys. I propose to give in the brief space here available, a condensed account of my reading of the cards, presuming in the reader, of necessity, a certain acquaintance with the literature of the subject, certainly with Mr. Waite's *Key to the Tarot* and the cards themselves. First, as to their subject matter. This appertains mainly to the Secret Tradition of Israel: the Pentateuchal Mosaic books, and their later commentaries, the Mishna and Gemara forming the Talmud, being the outer or Exoteric Doctrine; and the Kabbalah the inner or Esoteric Tradition. The vast compilation known as the "Sepher ha Zohar" form the main texts of Kabbalism. The "Sepher Yatzirah" is, however, older, and it is in this small book that the mystical attribution of the 22 Letters of the Hebrew Alphabet is referred to, upon which the curious symbolism of the 22 Major Keys of the Tarot is built up.

Secondly, as to the source and evolution of the Tarot. My theory is that they originated with the Spanish Rabbis, learned in the lore of the Kabbalah, somewhere roughly about the tenth century—it is impossible to say exactly when—in the following manner. The names of the 72 Angels of the Ladder of Jacob—the 72 Great Angels of the Shemhamphorash (to which great magical properties were attached), were first inscribed on the obverse and reverse of 36 medals and used as Kabbalistic talis-

mans. These were identified with the 36 Decans of the Zodiac, viewed astrologically, and used for divination accordingly. The medals were later replaced by parchment slips and then by cards. The 36 cards were later brought up to 40, to represent the 10 numerals 4 times over, and associated with the 10 Sephiroth, or Divine Emanations, in the 4 Worlds of esoteric Hebrew theosophy. At the same time 16 emblematical cards were added to represent the combined force of the 4 Letters of the Divine Name in each world; and also 22 hieroglyphical cards representing the occult meaning of the 22 Letters of the Hebrew Alphabet.

With each of the 36 Decan cards is associated the names of 2 of the 72 Great Angels of the Shemhamphorash. The Aces are not Decan Cards, but represent the Root of the Powers of the 4 Elements. Also each of the 40 numeral cards has its Sephirotic attribution. Thus far the 56 Minor Keys.

But it is with the 22 Major Keys that the chief interest lies. "What mote they be?" All readings, including that of the G. D., have gone astray over the correct allocation to the 22 Letters. The present numeration should be cast aside altogether in the interpretation of the Keys. What has not been perceived is, that it is a blind, and not a guide, and bears no relation whatever to the correct order of the Cards. The reason for the numeration will be seen later.

According to the "Sepher Yetzirah" the 22 Letters constitute a mystical form of cosmogony; the 3 Mother Letters; the 7 Double Letters; and the 12 Single Letters; representing the 3 Primary Elements from which the Earth was said to have been formed; the 7 Planets (so called) known to the ancient world; and the 12 Constellations of the Zodiac. The following are my attributions, from which it will be seen that the 3 and the 7 represent also the 10 Sephiroth of the Kabalistic Tree of Life, and the remaining 12 give the mystic Cycle or Zodiac of the Soul's journey.

I. "THE TOWER" (*Fire—Shin—Kether—The Crown*).

The Crown and the two falling figures formulate the Triangle of Fire, which element is depicted by the bursting flames and the Lightning Flash. The 10 Hebrew Yods on the right represent the 10 Sephiroth, seen above as the Flaming Sword, and the total 22 Yods represent the 22 Keys, the 22 Letters, and the 22 Paths of the Tree. The Crown is Kether, and the 21 Yods represent the number of the Divine Name associated therewith. The Card represents the Ruin of the House of Life, the collapse

of the Sephirotic Pillars, the severance of the 3 Supernals from the rest of the Tree of Life, and the Loss of the Word. On some old cards the 2 figures represent the man and the woman driven forth from "the garden," the entrance thereto being closed and guarded by the Flaming Sword.

2. "TEMPERANCE" (*Water—Mem—Chokmah—Wisdom*).

The broad expanse of the Angel's Wing's formulates the base of the Triangle of Water, and his feet the apex, pointing downward. The Waters of Wisdom are seen flowing in a triple stream from Kether to Malkuth. The number of Tetragrammaton on the Angel's breast, viz. 8, added to the square and triangle of the septenary below, gives 15, the number of the Divine Name associated with the 2nd Sephira. On the left is seen the 3 steps to the Crown between the 2 Pillars.

3. "THE WHEEL" (*Air—Aleph—Binah—Understanding*).

The 3 Creatures on the Wheel represent a Triangle, which is crossed by the horizontal spoke of the Wheel, thus forming the Triangle of Air. The 3 Creatures represent the 3 Alchemical principles of Salt, Sulphur and Mercury; otherwise Body, Soul and Spirit; the triple mystery of human life. The serpent form of Typhon symbolizes the Body descending into the dust from which it came; the Hermanubis, the ascending aspiration of the Soul; and the Sphynx, sworded and crowned, represents the Spirit keeping eternal equilibrium on the Wheel. The Wheel and the 4 Living Creatures are those of Ezekiel's vision. The letters on the Wheel are 8, the number of the Divine Name associated with the 3rd Sephira.

Here it may be pointed out as a peculiar fact that the complete Tarot pack actually builds up the 10th Key. The 4 suits—the 4 Elements—symbolize the 4 Kerubim at the corners of the card. The 21 numbered Trumps form the triad on the Wheel (3 by 7), and the unnumbered Trump represents the Spirit—the hub of the Wheel.

This I take to be the true reason of the Zero Card being unnumbered, to distinguish it from the other 21, and also why the word Taro (a transliteration of the Latin word "Rota"—a wheel) came to be applied to the cards.

4. "THE LOVERS" (*Venus—Beth—Chesed—Mercy*).

The 2 figures are the Children of the Voice, in the Garden of Delight; the perfect pair, made in His own image. The winged

Figure symbolizes the Supernal Triad. The Divine influence is seen descending by the 2 Pillars—the right hand male, and the left hand female. Beyond the Winged Figure is seen the Limitless Light of Ain Soph Aour.

5. "THE MAGICIAN" (*Jupiter—Gimel—Geburah—Scverity*).

The figure represents the Power of the Quintessence. The 4 emblems of the Tarot lying on the square table symbolize the 4 Elements, and the Magician himself, by the symbol overhead, denotes the Spirit—the 5th point of the Pentagram. The Wand, or Blasting Rod of the Adept, is raised aloft in supreme power.

6. "THE SUN" (*Sun—Daleth—Tiphareth—Beauty*).

Here the Resplendent Light of the Supernal East is seen in the central sun of Tiphareth. The rays streaming therefrom represent the radiating paths leading from Tiphareth to the surrounding Sephiroth on the Tree. The child formulates Yesod, and the quadruped—the white horse—the Stone Cube of Malkuth.

7. "THE CHARIOT" (*Mars—Kaph—Netzach—Victory*).

Here represents the Conqueror, and the triumph of the Intellect, apart from the Spirit. The Chariot forms the Stone Cube, and the 2 Sphynxes the 2 Pillars, Black and White, the two forces in equilibrium.

8. "THE HIEROPHANT" (*Mercury—Peh—Hod—Splendour*).

This figure (formerly "The Pope") represents the Exoteric priesthood, robed in splendour, but inert and lifeless.

9. "THE DEVIL" (*Saturn—Resh—Yesod—Foundation*).

This is the dread "Dweller on the Threshold," referred to by Lord Lytton in his Rosicrucian romance. But it more accurately represents the animal side of Nature, and the chains of the Material Plane, that keeps the Spirit in fetters. It stands upon the Stone Cube of Malkuth, the Pentagram above representing the 5 remaining Sephiroth of the lower part of the Tree.

10. "THE HIGH PRIESTESS" (*Moon—Tau—Malkuth—The Kingdom*).

The seated figure is the Indwelling Glory in the Secret Sanctuary—the Shēkinah in the Sanctum Sanctorum—in the Vaulted Chamber of the heart. She sits between the 2 Pillars—symbols of the active and passive—male and female. The 2 Pillars also

represent the 2 Kerubim of the Ark : the right, male—Metatron ; and the left, female—Sandalphon. And the Shekinah is between the 2 Kerubim. She is also actually the Middle Pillar herself, the Reconciler of the Eternal, between the 2 Pillars of Mercy and Severity. And the Way of Ascent is by the Middle Pillar. Finally, she is that sublime conception, " the Kingdom " ; and when she moves upwards towards the Limitless Light, she draws the other Sephiroth with her.

On the Veil of the Temple, Paroketh, is seen the Tree of Life, showing also the Semi Sefhira Daäth and the solar cross of Tiphareth ; Yesod being merged in the Stone Cube.

II. " THE WORLD " (*Aries—Hen—The House of Life*).

Here begins the mystic cycle of the Soul. The Spirit, in the " Coat of Skin," watched over by the 4 Kerubim (the 4 Archangels, the personification of the 4 Letters of the Ineffable Name), enters upon its earth-born existence. The Serpent of Wisdom symbolizes the winding Ascent of the 32 Paths.

12. " THE EMPEROR " (*Taurus—Vau—The House of Power*).

Represents the masculine side of Nature, throned in Power.

13. " THE HERMIT " (*Gemini—Zain—The House of Learning*).

On the surface this shows the Philosopher and his ascent of the heights, in the mystic quest. The object of his quest is the " Stone of the Wise," the " Mercury of the Sages."

But behind this lies another and far higher meaning. The figure recalls the sublime conception of the devout Rabbis—The Heavenly Man—Autik Yomin, the " Ancient of Days," otherwise Kether, the Supreme Crown of Kabalism, the first Emanation of Incomprehensible Deity. He stands alone on the extreme heights, but the beacon is held aloft and the way is indicated.

14. " THE MOON " (*Cancer—Cheth—The House of the Crab*).

Is the Reflected Light of the Intellect and the Natural Mind. On the card is shown the ascent of the Winding Way of the 32 Paths between the 2 Pillars, and the 2 Wardens thereof. The White Brilliance shines from above. The figures formulate the 1st and 2nd Triads, the remaining 4 Sephiroth being represented by the 4 uncoloured stones.

The 2 triangles are also those of Fire and Water. They symbolize the Spirit of the Primal Fire, moving upon the face of the Waters, and the reflected Triangle in the Water beneath,

together forming the Hexad, the number of the Dawning Creation. The Crab, or Crayfish, stands of course for Cancer.

15. "STRENGTH" (*Leo—Teth—The House of the Lion*).

Shows the power of the Quintessence—the Spirit—the 5th point of the Pentagram. The quadruped—the Lion—stands for the 4 points, the 4 elements.

16. "THE EMPRESS" (*Virgo—Yod—The House of Plenty*).

Symbolizes the Feminine side of Nature—her emblems are those of Plenty and Fertility. She recalls the Mother of Harvests. She forms, with the Emperor, the Mystery of Sex, the 2 halves of the human soul, each the natural complement of the other.

17. "JUSTICE" (*Libra—Lamed—The House of the Balance*).

Shows the 2 Pillars, emblems of those Eternal Forces between which in equilibrium the Universe depends; those forces whose reconciliation is the Key of Life; whose separation is Evil and Death. Unbalanced Mercy is but weakness; unbalanced Severity is but oppression.

18. "DEATH" (*Scorpio—Nun—The House of Death*).

Typifies Eternal Change from Life to Death, and from Death to Life. What destroys, also renews.

19. "JUDGMENT" (*Sagittarius—Samech—The House of Spiritual Beginnings*).

Represents the Spiritual Rising and the Re-birth. It is the Call to the Soul, heard and answered. The Angel formulates the Supernal Triad, the solar cross Tiphareth, and the remaining 6 figures make up the 10.

As the Centaur typifies the rise from the animal to the human plane, so this card symbolizes the rise from the material to the spiritual plane.

20. "THE FOOL" (*Capricornus—Ayin—The House of the Goat*).

Represents the Goat—the Exile on the Mountains—the Spirit on its travels—the Banished Prince. The white Sun shining above bears 14 rays and signified Elohim—the white animal is here the Spirit guide. The figure is descending into the Valley of the Shadow—his staff is upon his shoulder and he knows no fear. He is wise in that Wisdom which appears but foolishness

in the eyes of the World. In his hand he bears the Hermetic trefoil, symbol of the triple form of Life—Body, Soul and Spirit.

21. "THE STAR" (*Aquarius—Tzaddi—The House of Celestial Knowledge*).

Denotes the Interior Light of Supernal Understanding. The Divine Essence from Kether is seen descending through Wisdom and Understanding by the 2 Pillars. The plants on the ground number 10.

22. "THE HANGED MAN" (*Pisces—Qoph—The House of the Tied Fishes*).

Represents the Mystical Death and the Re-birth. He is bound upon the Middle Pillar, the horizontal part above forming the Path connecting Wisdom with Understanding, and ascending thence to the Crown. The 2 outer pillars are indicated by the hanging leaves on either side. The peculiar position of his body formulates the 7 lower Sephiroth, his legs forming the 2nd Triad, and his arms the 3rd Triad, while his head is Malkuth, surrounded by the Indwelling Glory. He is joined to the Supernal Triad at Daäth, the place of Supreme Knowledge. The Card symbolizes the restoration of the House of Life, and the Sephirotic Pillars; the reunion of the 7 lower Sephiroth with the 3 Supernals; and the recovery of the lost Word. The tied fishes symbolize the binding back of the soul to its Divine Source.

On some old cards the Hanged Man formulates the Middle Pillar himself, hanging between the 2 outer Pillars, and holds a pentacle in either hand. He also bears upon his jerkin 11 Yods, the number of the Ineffable Name of 5 letters, "Yod Heh Shin Vau Heh."

The 2 Pentacles symbolize the 10 Sephiroth of the Tree of Life, and the Supreme Pentagram represents the Indwelling Glory in the Blessed Kingdom; Yod Heh Vau Heh standing for the four Elements of Malkuth and Shin—the Spirit standing for the Shekinah.

Much, very much, more could be said of, and read from, the Tarot. I have but recorded my humble attempt to arrive at the original meaning of the cards, on the right plane. For unless the foundation of a building is "well and truly laid," the resulting superstructure will be in vain.

SOME PSYCHIC MEMORIES

BY J. W. BRODIE-INNES

A STRONG wave of interest seems to have set in recently concerning the possibility, or otherwise, of communication with those who have passed over, and I have been often asked to record a few, and perhaps not very remarkable, experiences that have occurred to myself. It may well be that the conclusions I have arrived at are not those which would commend themselves to convinced spiritualists. In fact some spiritualistic friends have told me that I have seen enough to convince the most hardened doubter, but instinctively I have always applied the old lawyer's habit of weighing evidence, and where two or three possible explanations present themselves I do not pledge myself to the acceptance of one only and reject the rest. I hold the view of the old friend of my boyhood, Charles Darwin, that it is the duty of an honest investigator to record impartially every fact that he can ascertain, and then state clearly the deductions he draws therefrom, leaving his readers free to accept or reject his theories, but to be sure that he has honestly told them every fact he knows.

My interest in the subject began many years ago, when I was an undergraduate, and there was much talk of physical manifestations. I was neither a believer nor an unbeliever, I simply wanted to know. I wanted to see, as I said then, "things move about." I had seen Maskelyne and Cooke, and Pepper's Ghost, and other clever conjuring tricks. I understood from my studies in physics that there might be unknown forces, perfectly material and scientific, accidentally set in motion; and I knew the theories of discarnate entities, whether of the dead, or of non-human beings, who could produce physical results. But wishing to see for myself the manifestations produced, I gladly accepted an invitation to be present at a materializing séance.

This took place in a disused chapel somewhere in Bloomsbury; I forget the address, I don't think it exists now. The sitters were all strangers to me, but I had my introduction and was welcomed. Candidly I expected to see clever conjuring, but was quite prepared for something uncanny, if such should happen. We were directed to sit round a table in the usual way, the lights were turned down, and a hymn or two was sung. For a

long while nothing occurred. Then I clearly saw against the gallery opposite to me, a faint light, which gradually took the appearance of a vague face. I know I could easily have imagined it was some one I knew, but as a fact I didn't. I only thought that this was very plainly a gauze mask with luminous paint. Only I didn't quite see how it got there, or how it was suspended. It was near a pillar, and I thought if it would only move a little to the right I could see how it was done. Immediately, as if in answer to my thought, it swayed to the right. This seemed curious, and I began to wish it would move to the left, and then promptly it did so. Rather astonished, I whispered to a lady next to me that it seemed to move with my will. She replied: "Of course it does. Would you like to see it closer?" I said naturally I would very much, and thereupon it apparently glided down on to the table immediately in front of us, passing over my hand, and feeling like a bit of damp fog. To me the features, so far as discernible, seemed to be those of a bald-headed man with a white beard, but a lady three or four places off declared that it was most plainly her mother's face. Immediately the medium began to speak, in a quavering falsetto, some very trivial matter; the lady declared it was a message from her mother, of the authenticity of which she had no doubt. Other messages were given to various persons present, which appeared to give them great content, but to me the appearance of the face was the striking and unaccountable fact.

After leaving the room I walked a short distance with the lady who had sat beside me, and who seemed familiar with the circle, and the proceedings.

"What was it?" I queried. "That face we saw."

"Just a thought form," she replied. "He thought it, and it appeared."

"But the other lady took it for her mother, and to me it looked like a man."

"Really it looks like nothing. But any one's thought can mould it. Perhaps her mother's spirit actually took possession of it. Or again perhaps it was her own subconscious mind. Very likely the message was her own memory of something her mother had said in life. That often happens."

"Then you don't altogether believe in the spirits of the dead?"

"Not altogether. It may be so. But there are other ways of accounting for what takes place. I come as an inquirer, because I am sure there is no fraud in this circle. But I'm not convinced that it is spirits."

This opened a new theory to me, which I had not previously thought of: namely, that a strong thought, or imagination, could actually create a visible and tangible image. This seemed to be a possible clue to many things, where fraud was excluded. It was a good many years later that this possibility was confirmed by Alfred Capper, the well known thought reader. He told me that by making his mind an absolute blank (which by long practice he was able to do) he could see materially before him an image that another person thought of with strong concentration. But he could not tell whether this were a material presentment, or a brain wave, a species of telepathy. I made frequent experiments with Capper at that time, both publicly at his entertainments, and privately, for we were near neighbours then in London. I realized also that this power was by no means rare. There was a popular game at that time wherein one person went out of the room, while the remainder decided on a certain card, which he was to guess on his return. My old friend Dr. Todhunter, the Irish poet, told me that the first time he was induced to try this he physically, as it seemed, saw the card thought of floating in the air, and others have told me of the same experience.

During the following four or five years I came to know several well known mediums, and was present at many séances. I saw all the usual phenomena. I read of the test conditions devised by Professor Crookes and others, and I saw the reproductions of the phenomena by Maskelyne and Cooke, and read any amount of arguments pro and con. But judged by the strict rules of evidence I found them all unconvincing, and mentally recurred to the well-known Scottish verdict "Not proven."

I wondered, however, whether the phenomena ever took place under circumstances wherein it was humanly impossible for any preparation to be made, and, to test this for my own satisfaction, I decided to try and get a materializing séance in my own chambers, with a select circle of my own friends, all being inquirers, neither deniers nor believers, but merely in quest of truth. I arranged with a medium to come when I should fetch him, not telling him where the séance was to be held. I personally procured the things he wanted, such as a concertina, a tambourine, a bell, a musical box, etc., and when we were assembled I brought him in a cab. He said it was very doubtful if there would be any manifestation under the circumstances, which were very unfavourable. But there were the ordinary phenomena that have been so often described, and need not be repeated. A curious point, however, was that none of us had the slightest feeling of

having experienced anything uncanny or supernatural. In discussing it afterwards we were divided in opinion, whether it had been brilliant conjuring, or the manifestation of some strange unknown force which the medium somehow was able to set in motion, and to some extent control. Either hypothesis was unlikely, because in either case the power would have been worth a fortune to the medium, and he would not have been dependent on the comparatively paltry fees he charged. But we could think of no other theory.

Since that time I have seen very little of physical manifestations, of the knocking, moving of furniture, and levitation nature. Once seen they become wearisome by repetition. But the memory of that face seen in the old disused chapel in Bloomsbury, and the suggestion of a thought-form made visible and tangible to a person with no claim to abnormal sensitiveness, remained as a haunting problem, as also did the whole question of messages alleged to come from the dead. My experiences with professional mediums have been very disappointing in one way, though extremely interesting in another. Trance mediums have given me messages from friends who have passed over, couched in familiar phrases, in the very tone and manner of the person they were supposed to come from, sometimes alluding to events known to me and to no one else. Convincing enough, I have been told. What more could you ask? But never by a professional medium have I been told anything that was not somehow, consciously or subconsciously, in my own mind. It might be a forgotten, or half forgotten, memory of something said long ago. But it was there. Vainly have I asked to be told something that could not be in my mind. This I have had, but not from a medium, nor with any suggestion of communication from the dead.

A very instructive experience occurred to me many years ago in London. When walking casually down Bond Street, where at that time many clairvoyants, diviners, fortune-tellers, and others of the same kidney flourished, I chanced on an advertisement over a door of some Oriental name which I forget, and the title "Lady Inspirationist." It seemed a promising sobriquet, with some originality about it, and I inquired at the door about the lady. Apparently her rôle was to exclude, as far as possible, any knowledge whatsoever of her consultants. One could not give a name, or make an appointment. The fee was a stiff one, but if she was disengaged, you just paid it and walked in. But you were particularly requested to say nothing whatever, and as far as possible not even to indicate by gesture whether

what she said was correct or not, as she wished to be quite un-biassed. This sounded promising and original, so, as she was disengaged at the time, I went in. The room, as I remember, had none of the usual accessories; there was nothing mystic or symbolic about it, a somewhat sparsely furnished, very ordinary, sitting-room, with a centre table covered with a red cloth, at which I was directed to seat myself. After a short pause the lady came in, a tall handsome woman, rather of the gipsy type, with a curious intentness of gaze. She looked at me steadily in absolute silence for a minute or so, then sat down opposite to me, and looked into a large emerald in a ring she wore. After about three or four minutes she began.

"You have had a strange and romantic career——"

I may have looked surprised, being conscious of nothing of the kind, but I said nothing and tried to be as blank as possible. She went on without a moment's hesitation, telling a story that quite bore out the opening, a wild yarn of romance and adventure, including an elopement or so, and several duels, among other things, lasting I should say about twenty minutes. Then she suddenly stopped, and looking full in my face said—

"Is that correct?"

"Perfectly," I replied, "but it's not me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," I said, "you have told me almost line for line a story I am writing, which is not yet finished, and which no one has seen. It is locked up in my desk."

"I saw it. Every incident passed before me as though it were your own memory of your past life, up to the present, and I saw no more."

"I was wondering how I should finish it off neatly. It is just a magazine shocker, with no merit whatever."

She was greatly interested, and we talked for some time about it. She told me she had the faculty, when intensely concentrated, of seeing around a person a series of pictures, usually that person's memories, or the images of those who strongly affected him or her. But never before had she come across pictures invented, or imagined, by the consultant.

Thought-forms again, I said to myself, but unconscious thought forms, for certainly I was not consciously thinking of my story at the time. But two points seemed to be clearly demonstrated. (1) That the power, whatever it was, was genuine; and (2) that there was any amount of risk of delusion, if an imagined story could be mistaken for an actual memory

of the events of the past. It would have been perfectly easy for my Lady Inspirationist to have told me (and perhaps believed), messages from dead friends, whose faces she might have seen in my memory. In fact some spiritualistic friends have more than hinted that this was what actually happened. She, however, had no belief in spiritualism. Her gift, such as it was, she declared was perfectly natural, merely a kind of telepathy, developed by a power of concentration.

The idea of thought-forms recurred. Was it possible that the disembodied spirit, say of one who had passed over, could create a thought-form, which a medium could see, and thus convey a message? If so a mine of information lay before us of great value. If, for example, my father could recall to me, through a medium, an incident known only to me and himself (which seems to be a frequent experience, and considered a convincing proof of bona fides), why should not my grandfather, who was an Indian merchant, be able to give me details of his own life, that would certainly be interesting, and might be verifiable from documents. If the object is to furnish proof of the reality of the communication, this would be far more convincing than some trivial detail of domestic life known to myself and the deceased. Or again, why should not my great-grandfather, who raised a company of his own to fight in the American War of Independence, be able to give authoritative details? I have sought in vain among professional mediums for some communication of a fact unknown to me, but demonstrable afterwards.

That such communication is possible, however, by other means, was proved in another experience. Some years ago I hypnotized a lady for insomnia, and discovered by accident that under hypnosis she became remarkably clairvoyant, with a peculiar power of recalling scenes of the past. In this way she gave me many details of old world ceremonies, Druidic and others. She was keenly interested in these, though absolutely unconscious at the time, or perhaps I should say retaining no conscious memory of what she had said. But to prove the genuineness of her power, she asked me to put a test, by asking her a question to which neither I nor any one in the house knew the answer, but to which the answer could be readily ascertained for certain. I thought of the title to a small piece of land whose history I did not know, though I knew where the title deeds were. Accordingly when she was in the hypnotic trance, I told her to go to the lawyer's office, and look for a certain charter, and tell me who signed it. She found the charter without difficulty,

but was unable to read the signature, which she said was much blurred and rubbed. I then told her to try and go back from this, and see, if she could, the signing of it; she did so after a little pause, and described a Chapter-House, Monks, and the Abbot writing; I bade her look over his shoulder and read his signature. She gave this without hesitation, and the date. A letter to the lawyers proved the correctness of the information.

The experiences of Alfred Capper and others of seeing thought-forms naturally raised the question whether these are in any sense objective, and this again suggested the inquiry, if they are objective is it possible that they could be photographed? I have inquired of Mr. David Duguid, of Glasgow, and the late Mr. Antonio, a Clerk of Session in Edinburgh, and a strong believer in spirit photography, whether in their experience they had come across any case of a spirit photograph which could not possibly be in the mind or memory of the sitter, or of some person in the room. I wanted to get some evidence excluding the possibility of a conscious or unconscious projection of some thought-form, that might be recorded on the sensitive plate. However, I could hear of none such. I have seen of course multitudes of photographs in which recognizable forms and faces appear. And if one can be produced wherein a recognizable face, unknown to any one present, appears, it would be a valuable piece of evidence. This may seem a far-fetched idea, but in a scientific investigation it is necessary to consider every possible cause of a phenomenon before definitely pronouncing on any one.

I have myself taken photographs in which curious appearances came upon the plate, but in every case except one they could be easily identified as being possibly in the thought of some one present, and even so I am bound to admit they have not been very remarkable or convincing. The one instance, however, is curious enough to be worth recording, especially as I was trying at the time to make a fake-photograph of a ghostly monk. There appeared on the plate a shadowy impress of a gigantic human torso, very dim and hard to trace, but when examined it was perfectly anatomically correct in every muscle. It was like a white cloud, the head and the lower limbs going off in mist. Now this could not, so far as I am aware, have been in the thought or imagination of either myself or of the friend who assisted me and acted the part of the fake-monk, nor have I been able to find any history or legend of the place that could in any way have accounted for it. This could not in any sense be called a spirit-photograph, and neither I nor my friend, so far as I am

aware, possessed any mediumistic qualities. . So this experience, though curious, has, I think no evidential value. At the same time I am convinced that there are many as yet unexplored mysteries, on which light may be thrown by photography.

It is of course well known that the sensitive plate can record rays and waves invisible to the human eye, and moreover the science of sensitizing plates is yet in its infancy, and we may deem it quite within the regions of possibility that not only thought-forms, but beings and intelligences at present only dimly guessed at, may become objectively known, and scientifically investigated by some form of photography. On the subject of automatic writing I would preserve a very open mind. In common with, I suppose, a vast number of investigators, I have seen such leagues of drivel going under this name, and often regarded by the recipients with an awestruck reverence as being little short of a divine revelation, as to cause one to wonder what kind of discarnate entity could produce such utter banality. And then, occasionally, one meets with communications of real value obtained in this way; such as *The Letters of a Living Dead Man*, *The Gate of Remembrance*, and others the names of which will readily occur. Whence come these?

One instance is in my memory where the origin of an apparent automatic writing was definitely traced. A doctor who practised a good deal in hypnotism had a very sensitive patient, whom he was able to influence by absent suggestion, telling her for instance to take a dose of a certain medicine, or to go and lie down, or whatever simple action he thought good for her. Occasionally he willed her to write her symptoms, and once, when I was with him, he said he thought he could will her to write from dictation. I questioned whether he could will her to write anything that was not in her mind at the time, and as a test he asked me to write some simple sentences, which he would then try and will her to write. The patient was then living several streets away; I wrote a sentence or two, and the doctor concentrated his will on her, ordering her to write the sentences I gave him. Half an hour later we walked round together to the patient's house. She told us that she had felt a sudden and unaccountable desire to take a pencil and write; she had no idea what she had written, having kept it to show the doctor. It was recognizably the sentences I had written for him, some words were left out, some were transposed, many misspelt, but there was no doubt that it was an attempt to reproduce those sentences. The patient was convinced that it was a manifestation of automatic writing.

of which she had heard something, and was very anxious to know what it meant, and what spirit was communicating. The doctor was reticent at that time, I believe he enlightened her afterwards ; but she never wrote anything except under the dictation of his will.

I trust that these few fragmentary, and perhaps rather trivial, memories may not be considered iconoclastic. I have personally no doubt of the survival of consciousness and of individuality, or of the power of those who have passed over to communicate with those left behind, under appropriate circumstances and conditions. Indeed I have myself had evidence of such communications, convincing to me, though possibly not to any one else. But the methods have been none of the ordinarily accepted ways of communications. Neither by séances, nor mediums, nor rappings, nor knockings, nor tippings of tables. Not by ouija board, or planchette, or any of the parlour toys. All of these I know, and have seen them work, but so far as messages from the Spirit World are concerned not one has come with evidence to satisfy an old lawyer. Far be it from me to deny that others may have conclusive evidence of messages, obtained through these sources or others like them. The number of able men who have recorded their convictions, after most searching investigation, under strictest test conditions, would render any such denial an impertinence. I can only say that such evidence has not come to me, and until it comes I must preserve an open mind. In conclusion I may perhaps be permitted to record an argument I once heard between a spiritualist and a Roman priest on the subject of Reincarnation, which the priest did not admit, but pursued the Socratic method of questioning his opponent.

"You hold," he said, "that between incarnations the soul passes to a kind of intermediate state in which it retains its consciousness, and its interest in those it has left behind."

"Undoubtedly."

"And in that state do you say it is active, or is it entirely idle?"

"Unquestionably it is active. After a certain period of rest it is busily engaged in doing the work set it to do."

"Has this work any connection with this world, and with those whom the soul has known and loved here?"

"We believe that the spirits that have passed over are constantly anxious to help those whom they have loved here. That is the reason they are often so keenly desirous to find some nears

of communicating. Clumsy and seemingly trivial means they often are, but this is due to our denseness of perception."

"So then there are two worlds, or planes of existence. May we call them incarnate and discarnate; and the soul alternates between them. Is this a fair statement?"

"Not quite our way of putting it. Still I cannot say it is wrong."

"Then would you say, practically, that a death on one plane is a birth on the other, and vice versa?"

"It has been so expressed, and it seems a fair analogy."

"Then the soul that enters into a new-born baby was previously existing on what, I believe, you call the astral plane, and when that baby comes to old age and dies here, it will in fact be born again on the astral plane?"

"It will return to the astral plane. But it won't be a baby there, the conditions are different."

"So be it. But at any rate it dies here, and is born there, according to the conditions of that plane. I need not say born as a baby."

"Yes! that would be so."

"And when its appropriate time comes it dies on that plane and is born on this, according to the conditions of this plane, that is as a baby?"

"Yes."

"In the intervening time it has been working on that plane, doing good among its comrades, and, we presume, interested in its work. Now have you ever met man or woman who retained the smallest memory of his or her prenatal work on the astral plane? Any desire to communicate with or to help the comrades with whom it had been associated? Any looking back, in fact, to its prenatal conditions?"

"There have been many cases of memories of past incarnations, of work begun in the last incarnation, left unfinished, and taken up again. These have been some of the strongest proofs of reincarnation."

"Possibly. But that's not the point. Those, even if true, are earth memories, continued on earth. What I am asking for is evidence of memory between the earth plane and what you call the astral. You claim that it exists one way, between the dwellers on earth and those who have passed on. Logically it should exist the other way also, between the dwellers on the astral plane and those who have come into incarnation. But of this there seems to be no evidence. If astral dwellers (you

see I have to coin words which probably are not your words) look back to their earth lives, why should not earth-dwellers also look back, and watch and help the friends and comrades they loved, worked with, and left?"

"Possibly there may be such memories. I never heard of them. I might suggest, that those on the astral plane are higher, purer, nobler, than those left behind on earth, and therefore they require no help, while their friends here may, and do."

Whether the spiritualist fairly stated his case, or whether there were points he did not make that might have been made, I cannot say. But it seemed to me that the priest had stated a difficulty that I have never yet seen adequately met.

Yet after all the difficulty may not be so great as at first appears, if we take the idea, held I believe by many spiritualists, that it is only for a measurable, and comparatively short time after physical death on this plane, that the spirit remains in touch with this earth, and its former life on earth, and those left behind. After this (I don't know that any definite term has ever been set) it is taken away to higher, and more distinctively spiritual, avocations on the astral plane, or whatever plane it may inhabit, and only communicates with those on the earth-plane on special occasions, and for special purposes. If then the analogy holds good, it would only be in the first years of infancy that the incarnate spirit would remember its astral, prenatal life, its comrades, and its work in that life. And what do we know of the memories or fancies of early infancy, before the knowledge of the conditions of the earth life have fairly dawned on the infant mind? May not Wordsworth's fancy of "trailing clouds of glory" have some real substantial truth behind it? And the golden dreams of childhood, the child's love of fairy tales, and ready belief in all the beauties behind the outward veil of things, be in fact a memory of the prenatal state, a perception of a deeper truth than our grosser senses of mature life can reach to? Nay! may not the child possibly be giving help and counsel to its former comrades, in a way we cannot comprehend, and the child cannot explain to us, and which pass from its memory as it gradually adapts itself to the conditions of incarnate life?

THOUGHT-COIN

BY BART KENNEDY

LOOK! See how beautiful it is as it moves out there in the channel! It goes smoothly over the blue waters, a glorious ship of sails. Upon it the sun is shining. Splendid is it as the greatest and mightiest work of art. For it is a thing of absolute consonance and fitness and balance. It is in utter harmony with the blue waters, the shine of the sun, the light breeze, the sky above. This ship of sails: It is a living thing of beauty. See how smoothly it goes. See how proudly it passes on its way! It is going forth, going out to some place in the far distance beyond.

And think! This wondrous ship of sails was once but a vision that lived in the mind of some thinking man. It was a thing that at once lived and did not live. It was unsubstantial as a dream. And still it lived. It was there as a vague golden vision in the mind of some man of genius. And in the end it came that this golden vision passed through the mint—through the subtle and magical fingers of man.

And lo! the wondrous thought was wondrously coined.

* * * * *

These things that you see around you! These things that you call actual! They are the coinings of thought. They grew from dreams, and from dreams within dreams. They are thought-coin! They are things of imagination fashioned so that our eyes may behold them. These houses, these streets, these cities of vastness and the manifold things therein, grew from visions that lived and lived in the minds of men. They were passed from man of genius to man of genius—growing and growing the while—for thousands upon thousands of years. Nay, who knows? Who can tell of the length of the time of the passing of these visions that you now behold, coined? Thousands upon thousands of years? Perhaps it is millions upon millions of years? Mayhap it may be that these visions came even from some world behind the stars. One knows not. One cannot say.

One can but wonder at the omnipotence of the power that we call mind. This power that stretches through the world, that stretches out to worlds, that stretches out to the stars and beyond

and behind even these. Upon this power of powers all things hang. Everything it interpenetrates.

* * * * *

This glorious landscape that you now behold. That too is a coinage of the mind. This splendid plain, these mighty snow-crowned mountains that rise in the distance beyond that shining foaming river that rushes through them, these beautiful colours that move and move in harmony! These are the coinings of the God-mind that is within us. We created them. They came forth at the behest of our imaginings. Forget it not. We are behind this strange and splendid phantasmagoria. We are behind what we see with our eyes.

* * * * *

When this world was a world of intense fire these thoughts that are now coined—that surround us here on earth—lived within it. They were there in the midst of the frightful burning. All the impulses of life were there. Man, bird, beast, fish, insect, reptile were there. All lived together in a fusion of unimaginable heat. All the seeds of all the world-life were there. The seeds of grasses, the flowers, the trees, the seeds of the rocks were there. And likewise the seeds of the strange jewel-stones.

There too was the genesis even of mighty ocean.

This mysterious and mighty and profound world of fire! Within it was all that you now see with your outer eyes. Within it were all the thoughts that now live within your mind. Within it were beautiful things and terrible things.

This stupendous, intense fire dowered all beings with the magical and glorious flame of life. Fire, that wondrous paradox. From out it came all things. From out it came you. You hold within yourself the burning of it. Glorious, transcendent, infinite fire. Forget not that within it was born all the things that you now see around you. Forget not that all the things that you have summoned forth to the ken of your outer vision came long, long ago from its wondrous and terrible womb.

* * * * *

The infinite Universe, that is without beginning and without end, that stretches beyond the power of the imagination to conceive of, that always was, is and ever shall be, this Universe is the mind of the glorious, illimitable God that reigns over, and is, All. And man is God. He is of this glorious, illimitable Being. And even as is man, so are all the beings and all the things of this world as God. The beings of the dark, mighty waters and the

beings of the bright air are God. The light of the sun, and the sun, is God. All the worlds, and the beings thereof and therein, are God. The stars of the illimitable vastness are God. And the worlds that circle around them, going along their appointed paths, are God. All are Thought, and Thought is God. The smallest things are God, even as are the most mighty and most stupendous stars. The leaf is God, the drop of water is God. And so is the insect, and the insect to see which is beyond the power of our eyes. And the atomic worlds, that are to us invisible, are even as the stars of Heaven. The human of the mightiest intellect is no more God than is the smallest thing of earth. All, all is God. All are the same. The flame of life is the sensing of Godhood.

Truth, glorious stupendous and strange ! We humans are of this world, and of the worlds beyond, and of the stars, and of the stars behind the stars, and of the God that reigns over, and is All. We are at one with all the beings of all the worlds. In common with them we are God. Infinite is our heritage, for we die no more than dies God. We but pass along the mysterious path of Change in a journey that never ends.

We are the wondrous coinings of Thought.

BELIEF, CUSTOM, AND MAGIC

By B. R. ROWBOTTOM

IN the urgent present, amid the clamour and hubbub of material concerns, we are disposed to forget that the Past is about us at all times; that the living thought of to-day often is, in a comprehensive sense, the product of bygone beliefs; that the complex grandeur of our Religion and Philosophy and Science is largely due to the exertions of men long since passed away. At times, nevertheless, the truth is evident: we are in a contemplative mood, perhaps, and idly trace the obscure origin of a vulgar custom; or, maybe, an erudite study of some kind opens up unexpected vistas of thought.

A recent book by Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove* is eminently adapted to stimulate the imagination in this way: his subjects are varied—ranging from Architectural Symbolism to the Quest of the Philosopher's Stone—and always interesting; his criticism is generous; and a precise care for scientific accuracy is, in this instance, no hindrance to an agreeable style.

Perhaps the most amazing fact to the student of the human mind is the multifarious nature of its beliefs. There is a God, there is no God. There is a world of spirits, there is no world of spirits. The essential substance of the universe is matter, the essential substance is spirit. The soul is eternal, the soul is not eternal. These seemingly incompatible ideas are held by the learned and the vulgar alike. Amidst beliefs so diverse it is surely wise to tread with a wary step. Mr. Redgrove evidently thinks so too. He is quite at home in the realm of Magic, and Alchemy, and Medical Superstition, but he doesn't dogmatize. He presents the facts so far as they are known, suggests a theory, and then holds his tongue. And some of the facts are very strange indeed: that old superstition concerning the Powder of Sympathy, for example. The powder was actually common vitriol, or, in another form, a mixture composed of desiccated vitriol and gum tragacanth. It was in the applica-

* *Bygone Beliefs: Being a Series of Excursions in the Byways of Thought.* By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc. (Lond.), E.C.S. 8½ ins. × 5½ ins., pp. xxvi + 205 + 32 plates. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 10s. 6d. net.

tion of the powder, however, that a certain novelty was apparent. Instead of being applied to the wound itself, the powder was either sprinkled upon "any article that might have blood from the wound upon it," or else the article was "placed in a basin of water in which the powder had been dissolved, and maintained at a temperate heat." That such a cure was not likely to be efficacious is evident: but, for some curious reason, "the wound was kept clean and cool." Now, if we bear in mind the curious ideas of that day as to the suitable ingredients for drugs, it is clear that the act of merely washing the wound and letting it alone was an important advance; so that doubtless, after all, these "physicians" did perform their magical cures, like their more modern brethren. Sir Kenelm Digby, a man of romantic temperament, of considerable learning, and even greater credulity, seems to have devoted no small portion of his time to the publication of the virtues of the marvellous powder. He even appears to have journeyed to France and delivered a discourse, at Montpellier, before the learned, about the year 1658. Not satisfied with a mere promulgation of its powers, however, Digby and others even attempted a natural explanation of the supposed remedy. "They argued," says Mr. Redgrove, "that particles of the blood would ascend from the bloody cloth or weapon, only coming to rest when they had reached their natural home in the wound from which they had originally issued." Such a theory, no doubt, would be considered rational, and truthful, in a century whose knowledge of the simpler processes of chemistry and physics was so deficient.

It is worthy of note, too, that Francis Bacon has a word to say concerning sympathetic cures in his *Sylva Sylvarum*: though he rather blunts our interest by interpolating in his narration the phrase "though my selfe, as yet, am not fully inclined to believe it."

What a remarkable coincidence it is, that in the history of thought, two men with surprisingly similar views—views of a revolutionary, idealistic appearance in their day—should both have borne the fairly uncommon name of Bacon! Such a coincidence is almost without a parallel. Two Aristotles, two Miltons, why, the very hypothesis is absurd!

There can be no doubt that proper justice has not yet been dealt to the work of the elder man: Roger Bacon has been eclipsed by the more eloquent productions of his successor. Francis, of course, was incomparably greater as a Man of Letters: he shaped the English language to unknown beauties of form;



SIR KENELM DIGBY.

(From an engraved portrait by Houbraken, after Vandyck.)

he composed the rich, delicately balanced, period; he spoke with a tongue so melodious that "the fear of every man that heard him was that he should make an end";—he did all these things, and he did them better than they had ever been done before, but he did not see so clearly as his namesake the true method of Science, the uses of both deduction and induction, the indubitable value of Mathematics.

Roger Bacon was probably born at or near Ilchester in the year 1214. He studied at Oxford, the home of the liberal and advanced spirit at that period; then, between 1230 and 1240, he appears to have taken orders as a Franciscan, and some time afterwards travelled to Paris, where he studied under men considered the most learned theologians in Europe. About the year 1256 his vicissitudes commenced. For some time he had been back in England, probably engaged in study, and teaching, and, maybe, alchemical experiments. Suddenly, he is said to have been banished to Paris—on a charge of holding heterodox views and indulging in magical practices. He may have been banished, or he may not. The evidence is very meagre, and Mr. Little goes so far as to suggest that the tale is an error, due to a misreading of a passage in the *Opus Tertium*. In any case, he was imprisoned in 1277, shortly after the composition of his work entitled *Compendium Studii Philosophiæ*, in which he frankly criticized the clergy. He was not released until fifteen years later; and within a year or two died and was buried at Oxford about 1294.

There is something cruelly familiar in such a life as this: neglect, banishment, imprisonment—these three words are heard as the dominant chords in the symphony of human endeavour. Their sound is yet in our ears. Instinctively we are inclined to oppose what is "new." And Roger Bacon, working amongst his crucibles and flasks, must have seemed to the eyes of the limited folk around him, a scatter-brained enthusiast, an opponent of established truth, one of those questioning spirits who disturb the limpid tranquillity of our orthodox beliefs. Our progress since those Dark Ages is indeed remarkable: the most sceptical mind must admit our modern, hospitable reception of Truth, our anxiety to embrace the merest approximation to novelty.

Bacon, in his alchemical researches, does not seem to have been concerned with other than material results. His was certainly not the worldly motive of the commercially minded of his day; he had no desire to transmute the so-called base metals into gold for his own sensual comfort: he wanted, rather, to

subdue Nature to his will, in order that the knowledge gained might be applied to the relief of mankind.

"Would to God," says that alchemist known as Eireneus Philaethes, ". . . all men might become adepts in our Art—for then gold, the great idol of mankind, would lose its value, and we should prize it only for its scientific teaching." This statement, alone, should make us hesitate to accept the "material wealth" hypothesis. As a matter of fact, however, the goal of the genuine alchemists was certainly of a philosophical character.



SYMBOLIC ALCHEMICAL DESIGN ILLUSTRATING THE WORK OF WOMAN,
FROM MAIER'S "ATALANTA FUGIENS."

(By permission of the British Museum. Photo by Donald Macbeth, London.)

Mr. Redgrove has not only a good deal to say in his book concerning the true nature of the Quest of the Philosopher's Stone, but also has amassed a wealth of documentary evidence in proof of his well-known theory as to the relations of Mysticism and Alchemy: "that the alchemists constructed their chemical theories for the main part by means of *a priori* reasoning, and that the premises from which they started were (i) the truth of mystical theology, especially of the doctrine of the soul's regeneration, and (ii) the truth of mystical philosophy, which asserts that the objects of nature are symbols of spiritual veri-

ties." It would seem that the conclusions reached in a critical examination of the "Phallic Element in Alchemy" undertaken in the following chapter are to be regarded as complementary to this earlier theory.

An Excursion in the Byways of Thought should be a tonic to the understanding. Sometimes we are confronted by curious facts, and must then be prepared to expand the bounds of our sympathies; at other moments, our knowledge and prejudices should be laid aside, that we may endeavour to appreciate a particular point of view common to the people of a distant age. A successful apprehension of bygone beliefs is, of course, mainly dependent on our imagination. We should be able to realize that the most strange ideas, the most incredible superstitions, have been living truths for multitudes of mankind; that our ancestors were not so utterly foolish as a superficial rationalism would have us suppose. For the light of day was as bright then as now; and the light of Truth shone upon those who had eyes to see, with no dimmed splendour.

The question as to what is of permanent value in the Magic, Alchemy and Superstition of the past is not so easy to answer as it may at first appear. Should the fundamental philosophic conceptions be considered as of primary importance, or the desultory fumbling at the processes of Nature in a more restricted sense? When all is said, although some of the alchemists and the magicians may have pierced through the inmost veil of Truth in their ontological speculation, the actual heritage of chemical and physical Science as we have it to-day is the work either of the more prosaic of these men, or the product of those experiments upon which they set the least value. To some minds—often of the finest quality we know—a scientific theory, based on a determined experiment, is more spiritually satisfactory than the most subtle scholastic logic or the most beautiful speculations of Neo-Platonic philosophers. Perhaps this is a passing phase of the more cultivated modern thought. A second Renaissance, full of the promise of high achievement, may yet be born in this dull and heavy modern world. Then, more spiritual conceptions may dominate the thoughts of men, and we shall see once again flourish that love of high Philosophy and Beauty, and Letters, so insecure and so careworn to-day. When that hour comes the Magic of the past may have a new significance.

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.*]

THE PINEAL DOORWAY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Oliver Fox's article on "The Pineal Doorway" is one of the best things I have seen, and shows the genuine knowledge of the practical student. I was particularly interested in his suggestion that one needs to recognize that one *is* dreaming. I do not always know this, but well remember the first instance, when, as a child, I dreamt I was pursued by a fierce animal. Escape being impossible, I said, "Oh well, I'm only dreaming," and lay down and waited for the dream-animal to pass over me.

More lately I frequently find myself dealing with long sets of figures which I endeavour to check, or words which I am arranging. The first hint that I have that I am dreaming is the fact that the figures and words will not remain steady, but will change! The first response is to "will" them into rigidity, the second is to say, "Oh, this is a dream, I won't waste time on dream figures."

Other points in the article are of more importance, but I can only express appreciation, I cannot add to what is so well written there.

Yours faithfully,

P. H. PALMER.

THE ALCHEMICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I think it is admitted on all hands that during the three and a half years of its existence the Alchemical Society performed good and useful service in the cause of the advancement of knowledge, and there have been numerous expressions of regret that, as a result of the recent war, its activities were stayed. It has occurred to myself and some of my friends who were active members thereof that an effort should be made to revive the Alchemical Society, preferably with somewhat enlarged aims and under a name corresponding thereto. The idea is that the reconstituted Society should not devote its attention to Alchemy exclusively, but to all the other branches of Hermetic Philosophy—such as the Kabbalah, Astrology, Talismanic

and Ceremonial Magic, Medicinal Magic, etc.—as well. It is felt that Alchemy can only be studied profitably in relation to the whole of which it formed part ; moreover there are many problems concerning the nature and origin of the other branches of Hermeticism which stand in urgent need of solution, and the very interesting question of the validity of the doctrines of Occultism—especially those of Astrology—is one which ought to be approached and if possible answered, in the same manner and spirit as that in which the Society of Psychical Research approaches and endeavours to answer the question of the validity of psychic phenomena.

There are, of course, many difficulties in the way of achieving the reorganization of the Society. The loss, through death, of Professor John Ferguson and Mr. Sijil Abdul-Ali, is irremediable. Moreover, the present paper shortage would prohibit for the time being at any rate the publication of a journal eight times a year as formerly.

But . . . if there is a desire on the part of students, whether formerly members of the Alchemical Society or not, to form part of an organization for the elucidation of the many problems presented by Hermeticism, something certainly can be achieved.

My object in writing this letter is to discover if such a desire is existent and widespread. Mr. B. R. Rowbottom, of 28 Stapleton Hall Road, Stroud Green, London, N.4, has very kindly promised to deal with all correspondence on the matter ; and all readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who would care to join a Society of the nature suggested above are cordially invited to communicate with him at once. Any suggestions relating to the organization and constitution of the Society will be gladly welcomed by him.

Thanking you in anticipation for giving this letter the hospitality of your pages.

Yours very faithfully,

H. STANLEY REDGROVE.

191 CAMDEN ROAD,
LONDON, N.W.1.

UNCANNY ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read Mr. J. W. Phillips' article on Uncanny Animals, and a true experience of my own may not prove uninteresting.

In March, 1911, I was staying at Fiesole, having gone thither to assist the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony in the preparation of "My Own Story." The Princess lived in the Villa Paganucci, a modern house half way up a steep hill beyond the little town, and one evening when I had remained at the Villa later than usual, Signor Toselli courteously offered to walk back with me to the *Hôtel Aurora*.

It was a bright moonlight night—dazzling is the best word to describe the white radiance which flooded the landscape. We walked down the hill, chatting on trivial subjects, and then stood for a moment at the top of the Piazza admiring the effect of the moonlight on the old church (I must explain that this church is quite an imposing one, with Greek columns and a long wide flight of stone steps leading to the great doors). As we looked at the graceful outline of the building, silhouetted against the deep blue sky, *something* suddenly rose from the steps and faced us. We were both too surprised to speak, as the *something* was, to say the least of it, terrifying. It was a large animal, larger than a large dog—and in shape a sort of blend of a bloodhound and a calf. It was black, and its eyes were *horrid*. It stood for a moment looking at us, and then shambled down the steps, and went half way across the Piazza (which was entirely deserted—all good Fiesolians being abed)—then it vanished.

"Where did it go?" I asked Signor Toselli.

"I don't *know*," he said. "Did you notice its eyes?"

"Yes," I answered.

* * * * *

The next morning I asked the Italian maid whether any stories of "animal" hauntings were current in Fiesole. She told me that it was "an old, a very old place, and many ancient dwellings and tombs had been disturbed by modern buildings. As for the black animal that frightened the Signora—some say these are often seen in the neighbourhood."

This is a true experience, and I do not wish to repeat it. I have never forgotten the weird animal—or its eyes.

Years ago I used to hear about animal hauntings in the North Riding of Yorkshire. Swale Hall, the old home of the Swales, boasted a ghostly dog which roamed the lanes after dark, and a certain road leading from the village of Muker was haunted by a white horse.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

MAUDE M. C. FFOULKES.

OBSTACLES TO THE GIFT OF HEALING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your "Notes of the Month" in this month's OCCULT REVIEW are to me for various reasons particularly interesting, and the sentence on page 180—"Is it an idiot spirit, or a spirit with a shattered vehicle for its expression?" prompts me to write this letter.

Over thirty years ago I was told by a chance acquaintance that I had the "gift of healing," and strongly advised to use the divine gift. Very, very sceptically at first I tried my "powers," and to my continual amazement I was remarkably successful, cures being practi-

cally instant and permanent. Then I had a couple of failures which more than puzzled me, for there was nothing on the surface to account for the failures. I soon discovered the reason for one failure, that of neuralgia in a gentleman. I found I could do no healing if I had the slightest antipathy to the person. Even if I had the greatest desire to heal the patient, it made no difference. I could do nothing unless any feeling of dislike or antipathy was totally absent. That was very satisfactory to know, but it in no way explained my other failure, which was that of a boy nine years of age. And I didn't get the real explanation (what I believed and still believe to be the true one) till years afterwards, when I was experimenting on the action of drugs on the etheric body. I then realized as the result of these experiments that my failure to heal the boy years before had been due to the fact that he was just a little, a very little, "soft." In Lancashire they would have described him as a bit "gormless." And the reason of the softness was *that his etheric body did not quite fit his physical body*. From my experiments on the etheric body, I believe that to be the true reason for most cases of mental unbalance, whether very mild, as in the case of this boy, or severer ones, *so long as the physical frame is perfect*, this last point being an important one. I still have the gift of healing as strongly developed, but it is, I find, after a long experience, quite impossible for me to benefit in the slightest degree the mentally afflicted.

There may be idiot spirits, but I do believe that a shattered or misshapen vehicle, as well as a badly fitting etheric body, may be cause of many cases ranging from simply "softness" to idiocy. Was the case of blindness from birth brought to Christ due to a badly fitting etheric body, as it was not due to Karma?

Yours faithfully,

A. COSGRAVE GEORGE.

FAKED MESSAGES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Further to my letter published in your April number, I regret that my friend has now admitted that the messages in question were faked with intention of proving to one the ease with which this is possible—and in which he completely succeeded.

Please accept my apologies for encroaching upon your space in error.

Yours sincerely,

T. H. REDFERN.

[Obviously it does not take a very clever person to play this game. The value of such a book as Mrs. Travers Smith's *Voices from the Void* lies in the fact that the Ouija Board was used under strictly test conditions, so that any such pranks as this were impossible.—ED.]

MODERN NUMEROLOGY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Clifford Cheasley's article on "Modern Numerology" is very interesting, as it gives a new meaning to a very interesting subject, but it is disappointingly incomplete—as his one example only gives the surname—Lloyd-George, while I thought the whole name should be taken.

Surely all the members of a family name must have different lives and characters.

I am in a peculiar position. I have signed my name, since ten years of age, Helen Lee—a childish whim—until just lately, when I realized difficulties might arise with regard to property, etc., and have gone back to the name I was registered under—Ellen Lee—the former final digit gives 3 and the latter 7.

3 improvement of personality, etc.

7 improvement of subjective understanding, etc.

I re-changed soon after beginning the study of Occultism.

Will Mr. Cheasley give a little extra explanation.

Yours faithfully,

ELLEN LEE.

BROAD VALLEY,
MANITOBA.

P.S.—Should the whole of the names be used? *e.g.*, the ex-Kaiser has a long list.

"THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I want to second the suggestion of Mr. J. Scott Battams in the March REVIEW that Mr. Walter Winans (and all others who seem puzzled in similar ways) read the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, and also another book issued by the same publishers called *The Rosicrucian Philosophy in Questions and Answers*. The language in both books is in no way ambiguous, but clear and plain. It is just plain English with no big words or Hindu terms to wrestle with.

Sincerely yours,

F. L. MORGAN.

MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Round balls of light were in Byron's time much talked of and called odeon balls! At that time they seem to have been frequently seen! As a rule they came in pairs and passed through walls and ceilings. They were thought to be made from an accumulation of phosphorus, and were most often seen near old churchyards. I have never seen them myself, as the subject seems to have died down

since Byron's day, but I met a few years ago a lady who saw them when staying in an old vicarage close to the churchyard. When in bed one night to her horror and surprise two balls of light floated up through the floor, hovered at the foot of her bed and then went up through the ceiling. I have never heard odeon balls regarded in the light of warnings, merely in the light of gasses forming balls in old and unwholesome places! No doubt modern sanitation accounts for their disappearance since Byron's day!

It is curious how one-time myths such as odeon balls, wills-o'-the-wisp, salamanders and the Wandering Jew, seem to have died out!

P. D.

A PHANTOM OF THE LIVING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—An explanation of the following peculiar experience from any of your readers would be very acceptable. Some three weeks ago my wife, who is an excellent clairvoyante, attended a sitting at the house of a friend. During the sitting she distinctly heard a voice say, "I'm Sarah Brown," and she then saw a little old lady whom she described in much detail, getting also points of character and other peculiarities. No one recognized her. The appearance was so clear and vivid that she was able to remember it in every detail. We knew a lady by name of Brown, not by any means an intimate acquaintance, but just on speaking terms.

My wife was impressed to mention it to her. Strange to say she knew the lady and every particular was correct. My wife had never heard of the old lady in any way. How did she get in touch with my wife, also how did she know she was attending a sitting on that particular evening? The most peculiar thing is the old lady *has not passed over*, but was lying very ill at the time. Since then she has again manifested, but still she is in the body.

Suggestions as to the cause and other points will be very interesting. Personally I can see no theory to account for it.

Faithfully yours,

93 COWGATE STREET,
NORWICH.

FREDK. VAUGHAN.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF OCCULTISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest your comments in the March issue of the OCCULT REVIEW on Mr. Lewis Spence's Encyclopædia, and note that you draw attention to several regrettable omissions. I have not yet had time to read the volume carefully, and even had I done so, should feel hardly entitled to pass judgment. But I feel surprised that no mention is made of the work of Algernon Blackwood in the

article on Occult Fiction, as it surely deserves inclusion if only—to cite but one example—for his "Ancient Sorceries." It will probably generally be conceded that the work of this author ranks higher than that of any living writer in this particular vein.

Yours faithfully,
G. M. MAYHEW.

THE HOROSCOPE OF THE ACRE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.— Can you, or any of your readers, tell me anything about a belief or superstition of the Chinese, called "the horoscope of the acre"? I know nothing about it beyond the mere phrase, and cannot remember where I saw it mentioned, but it has always interested me.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
"OKANAGAN."

OKANAGAN MISSION,
B.C., CANADA.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

WHEN Madoc the Welsh Prince—commemorated in Southey's metrical romance—or alternatively Christopher Columbus, who-soever it was, went westward over the open sea for the first time in history or legend, he and his fellow adventurers were not drawing to the threshold of a new world more literally than are we now, who approach that still uncharted region wherein the soul abides. There are those of us, a few at least, who feel that the European War has opened some of the doors, not indeed that every avenue was sealed previously; but during that amazing ordeal there was an exchange going on between the two worlds which is unlike anything in all the records of the past. There are some of us also who believe or fear—this is possibly the better word, so only that it is not used in any sense of trepidation—that the mills of the age are grinding the old social order exceeding small and that a *dies iræ* is perhaps coming in which it may be said truly that *solvet sæclum*. There is so much that is gone already, so much in the course of going, and yet more to pass—we know not how hardly. But it is all a means to an end: there is a process at work which is changing the former values, in view of others that are in sight. One is not posing as a seer about it, nor is one recording merely some signs of the times manifested in dark oracles, for coming events are not so much casting their shadows before as testifying concerning themselves in open forms of language, and those who have ears cannot escape from hearing. For the time being it is much truer than in Matthew Arnold's Victorian days that "the end is everywhere," but the refuge is not Art as he understood it—great poet though he was. The refuge is that out of which a new world is already in the process of making, and the immediate heirs are those who can enter into its promise beforehand. A new consciousness is dawning upon us or welling up from within: it is the beginning of consciousness in the spirit, and in virtue of this will that new world open, our exchange unawares with which has been named in connexion with the War. The Great Pan of materialism is dead; we stand upon another threshold. There is a chaos of voices among us and not all of them know what they are saying, though the witness of many is truer than they understand themselves. There are also other voices, which are those of culture and insight, not to speak of the great among us. They are in the highways and byways of current literature: one hears them even in books which are of a season only, and they fill the periodical press with their "notes of warning, notes of counsel and discernment." In the last issue of *The Quest* there are many tokens of awareness in respect of the spirit, indicating after no uncertain manner that people of divers kinds and

interests, belonging to ordered realms of thought, are denizens of a borderland between the two worlds and within the measures of individual audition are hearing from both sides. Professor Caldecott may bring us little conviction enough when he asks us to regard Charles Lamb and Oliver Wendell Holmes as "unchartered mystics," but he himself comes before us plainly as a man of the borderland, discerning "the mystical element in the life of the spirit" as an interpenetrating essence which shines forth there and here "in the ordinary lives and thoughts and characters of men." He asks on his own part to be included among those "in whose nature the mystical element is present, though . . . it does not win sole possession of the soul." The awakening stage could not be put more clearly, and Professor Caldecott reads himself in thereby, an admitted member of that great company to which he refers, and which includes nearly all the poets. Mr. Cloudesley Brereton gives some personal recollections of R. W. Corbet, to whom we owe those *Letters of a Mystic* which have helped quite a few people but are now rather a book of the past. We hear of his "supreme vitalism" as a man, preacher and friendly debater; but vitalism is precisely that which was wanting in those letters, as his friend admits, and one failed therefore to get into sympathetic relation with the author and his message. But Mr. Brereton belongs himself—if a little within doctrinal measures—to that class which regards life *sub specie æternitatis*, and he also is looking for "an abiding Paraclete to the coming generation," to bequeath which he tells us was the "passionate desire" of Corbet. The intimations continue from study to study of *The Quest*. There is one upon the art of Roerich, the Russian painter, about whom we shall know better when his work at large is before us in a coming exhibition. Meanwhile his zealous admirer Leonid Andreiev proclaims that "amid the visible" Roerich "reveals the invisible, and gives to humanity not merely a continuation of the old world, but a wholly new and more beautiful one." He is therefore a spokesman on canvas of the coming time, a precursor of that art for which we look, when—after post-impressionists and cubists—the painter also shall enter into the realization of the all-spirit and the pictures of a new mastery will be as sacraments of the world unseen and "the world of the Holy One." Mr. T. Gustav Holst talks about the Mystic, the Philistine and the Artist, and affirms that each and every one of us are all of these, "because their names stand for three attributes of every human being." He suggests that the Mystic is not he alone "who experiences union with God," but he who is in unity with all men and all life. He says also that "beyond the ordinary world of relationship and comparison there is a world of vision, a direct and intimate realization." It is all familiar enough and a little too smart in the setting, but Mr. Holst conveys the impression of a young man at the beginning of a career in thought, and he has not only an open eye in the general direction of things that matter but a sense of the spirit which directs. As

to the editor of *The Quest*, every one knows for what Mr. Mead stands among us, though he is concerned on the present occasion with the attitude and discipline of *Yoga*, or the elucidation of a complex formal system. One sentence at the end of his analysis sums up the whole subject—namely, purification of will, “that its intention may be centred on the highest.”

Recent issues of *Vision*, which is on the side of “spiritual reconstruction,” do not take us away from things that have been discussed above. Mrs. Grenside’s view of the “practical mystic” is identical with Joubert’s impression of Louis Claude de Saint-Martin: “His feet are on earth, but his head is in heaven,” said the brilliant French critic. Mrs. Grenside proceeds to speak of the mystic’s great ideal, being (1) the vision of a new heaven and earth, but (2) the “passionate bright endeavour” to realize them here and now. She says also that “he keeps open always the windows of his soul, so that the light and glory of God may stream in.” The secret of mystical life is put here within the measures of a brief statement: it was because he “kept open the doors and windows” that the freedom of Faërie and all its cities was given in the end to Asphodel in a certain faërie romance. The soul in this manner becomes all eyes—an eye of wonder and an eye of love, an eye within looking on eternal things, and counter-checking the insistent preoccupations of the outward eye—which is turned of necessity on the flare and pageant of things that pass. But there comes a day in our experience when the outward and inward sight are together but one eye, and then it is the day of God in which all things bloom again because all things are born anew. *Vision* has fulfilled its promise, and from month to month we meet with contributions which reach a marked grade of excellence. The winter pilgrimage of an Italian child in the last issue is a thing of beauty, pictured in one of those moments of real vision which are rare even now in literature. There is also a beautiful catholic insight in some papers by Vera G. Pragnell, meditations on Latin ceremonial and the Latin devotional side, as in the “Way of the Cross” and certain “Conventual Reflections.”

Le Voile d’Isis promises the immediate publication of the letters of Eliphas Lévi addressed to Baron Spedalieri. The Theosophical Publishing Society issued a selection in English many years since, and the thin quarto volume is so exceedingly rare that it may be called almost *introwable*. The collection at length is, we believe, of considerable dimensions, and if the undertaking of our contemporary does not include the whole, we hope at least that it will not be confined to those with which we are acquainted already, though it will be of interest to see these in their original form. We hear also of a *History of Eliphas Lévi*, but in terms so vague that it is impossible to decide whether the reference is to a projected publication of the past or to one that is now forthcoming. We learn further that M. Emile Boutroux—whose name is known in England as well as in France—has received

the Cross of a Commander of the Legion of Honour. He is an old contributor to *Le Voile d'Isis*. . . . *Theosophy* continues its story of the early Theosophical Movement and presents in this second instalment a picture of the scientific, intellectual and religious environment of Madame Blavatsky at the period of *Isis Unveiled*, with modern Spiritualism as the outstanding factor of the whole. Her first active work is described as "with the Spiritualists," a voice raised in their defence and demanding that "their wonders should be investigated," even while she hinted at other and truer explanations of the phenomena than those of "communications from the dead." We meet again with familiar names, and some of them are precious memories, Robert Hare of Philadelphia, Epes Sargent, Robert Chambers, our old friend C. C. Massey, Serjeant Cox and Professor Zöllner. It is to be hoped that an account which should deal with facts and activities will not be concerned overmuch with the analysis of documents, but there is a tendency in this direction. . . . There are splintered fragments of truth in a paper on "the power of the Word" in *Divine Life*. The Word itself, in its theosophical or mystical understanding, is a mental formula, symbolical of creative power, and this power operates on all planes in harmony with the continuity of law. The spoken word is its sacrament, when utterance is concerned with the reality of things that are, and hence the pregnant warning of Christ respecting idle speech, though it is directed obviously against the frivolity and scattermeal of expressed thought in loose dalliance with the great subjects and not against the chaffer and traffic of light talk on things external and the humours of daily life. . . . The *Bulletin Officiel* of the Belgian International Bureau of Spiritism discusses the proposal to hold an International Spiritualistic Congress in London during 1922, of which we have heard otherwise, and places its agreement on record. We remember an assembly of this kind in the past and its importance as a means of bringing people together from all parts of Europe, from America and the British Colonies. Having regard to the growth of the movement and all for which it now stands, such a Congress --if the plan materializes, and if it is held on very broad lines--might be an event of historical consequence and mark an epoch. . . . We hear yet more in *The Messenger* of Ouspensky and his *Tertium Organum*, this time in the form of excerpts on the mystery of love, regarded as a cosmic phenomenon, and as the source of all ideality and all intuitive creation in man. The views are suggestive but scarcely convincing in character, and we look forward to the publication of the work, about which we hear nothing. . . . We offer our sympathy to *Light*, and express our sincere concurrence with its remarks on the retirement of Mr. Henry Withall, who has been the acting-president of the London Spiritualist Alliance for more than thirty years, an able chairman at all meetings and a friendly presence at the offices of our contemporary. We appreciate the loss sustained, and trust that Mr. Withall will find recuperation in rest at the end of his long activities.

REVIEWS

THE IDOLATRY OF SCIENCE. By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. Pp. viii + 99. London: The Bodley Head. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THAT the people "have gone a-whoring after strange gods" is the firm conviction of the author of this book. For have they not deserted poetry, letters, oratory, history and philosophy which "elevate the taste, ripen the judgment, broaden the mind, and quicken the sympathies"; and have they not given themselves over to the blind idolatry of science "falsely so-called"? Such is the theme of this extraordinary book. The author believes—and so do we—that "conduct is the supreme consideration in human affairs." But he also believes that science has no connection with conduct, and there we take leave to differ. For science is concerned with the revelation of God in the material sphere, while the humanities deal with His workings in the realms of the intellect and æsthetic; and a coherent philosophy of life cannot possibly ignore the material. The author is right to insist that science is not the last court of appeal, but it has a real part to play in human life and thought. The book is of real value in that it puts the scientist in his proper position—as the servant and not the master of the philosopher. We hope the book will be read. It should provide a corrective—if such be needed to-day—of the materialist conception of the universe. It ought not to be taken very seriously in its main conclusions, for the author has a keen sense of humour, which unfortunately is inclined to warp his judgment. H.

A BRAZILIAN MYSTIC. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Heinemann. Pp. xii + 238 and a Map. Price 15s. net.

ONE may not be at the top of life when one stays at home and praises the traveller, and yet if the traveller is a master of the art of communication, the stay-at-home may in a sense travel too. A prince among stylists, Mr. Cunninghame Graham has repeatedly given the present critic sensations of vision, and it is a pleasure again to bear witness to his beautiful mastery of the literary art.

In this volume, to which the publisher has given a tall and dignified format, he relates the history of a fascinating fanatic, Antonio Vicente Mendes Maciel, who acquired the sobriquet of Conselheiro (the Councillor), and who, by the might of personality and promises dear to sinful students of eschatology, founded a pious and heretical community in the State of Bahia opposed to the Republican Government of Brazil, diligent in the practice of fasting and sublimely loyal to its chief. The life of this mystic extends from 1842 (or thereabouts) to September 22, 1897; and though Mr. Graham's sub-title mentions "miracles" as well as "life," the English reader will probably reject the few which are recorded while acknowledging that Antonio's mastery of men, indomitable courage and rigorous starvation of his own physical appetites are features of a career capable of exciting imaginations fed by tales of Paladins and Knights in quest of the Holy Grail. True, Mr. Graham is by no means devoid of the critical spirit which distinguishes between the glory of fire and the effects of

conflagration. He knows what is absurd and he knows that his hero has his absurd moments as have all crude fanatics. But in the heroic drama of Canudos where the Councillor and his mob of sectaries defeated the forces of three Government expeditions, before annihilation effected what fear could not, Mr. Graham's heart warms. He is inspired, and his last words have the charm of a wonderful allegorical picture or the sombre minor chord concluding a subtle funeral march. We can fancy Robert Browning welcoming this book. It brings forward out of limbo, as it were, a man who was not fit for oblivion, and the portrait presented to us is the work of an extraordinary artist with the power (so rare) of conveying place and character in live colours and tones to his pages.

W. H. CHESSON.

NATURE AND SUPER-NATURE. A Key to the Spiritual World. By John Leslie. 7½ ins. × 4¼ ins., pp. 80. Aberdeen: W. Jolly & Sons, Ltd. Price (paper covers) 2s.

THIS is a key, I regret to say, that unlocks no door to the house of knowledge. Mr. Leslie deals with a number of very pressing problems—the nature and validity of psychic phenomena, the origin of life, and man's future and destiny beyond the grave. His motive in writing is unquestionably good, but he does not appear sufficiently to have considered the nature of the problems dealt with or that of the solutions demanded by thinking minds, necessary as a preliminary thereto. The day is happily gone when a quotation from one of the books that happen to form the Bible sufficed as the basis of an argument concerning the nature of things. Research has displaced authority.

The major portion of the book is in the form of a dialogue between Soul and Spirit—the former term signifying for Mr. Leslie self-consciousness, the latter God-consciousness. Soul proves a poor antagonist to Spirit, but an apt pupil. Amongst other curious beliefs held by the author is that in the resurrection of the physical body.

H. S. REDGROVE.

IN CONVERSE WITH ANGELS. By Irene Hallam Elliott. Hallam Elliott, Honiley, Kenilworth. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THIS little book of angelic visions—narrated as the personal experiences of the writer—has a great sincerity and sweetness of tone. The writer is a devout churchwoman, whose glimpses of the Unseen come to her through the media of sacraments and prayers, hallowed hours and hallowed places. Hers is a strong yet gentle faith which, while not asking for sight, often gains it, unasked; and rejoices in it, with a simple child-like joy. The titles of the chapters indicate the line taken, and the atmosphere breathed—"At Sunset Gate: Death," "The Sign of the Cross," "The Wedding Bells," "St. Michael and All Angels."

The style is not literary; but there are many who will like the book none the worse for that; and who will even find its artlessness an additional attraction. As frontispiece, we have a very pleasing little portrait of the writer. The binding is neat, and the type and upget commendable. *In Converse with Angels* should be much in demand and win the writer many new friends. There must be in her, also, we think, some of the characteristics of her own ministering angels.

G. M. H.

Y

THE A B C OF SPIRITUALISM. By B. F. Austin, A.M., D.D. Editor "Reason Quarterly." The Austin Publishing Company, Los Angeles, California.

THIS useful and admirable booklet consists of a series of concise answers to one hundred of the questions most generally asked concerning Spiritualism. These cover for the most part, Spiritualism as a religion, the origin of Modern Spiritualism, the attitude of true Spiritualism to the teaching of Jesus, the effect of Spirit Communion on human conduct, the use and abuse of such communion, unreliable messages and evil spirits, definition of Mediumship and interrelated subjects. The author, Dr. B. F. Austin, deals with each query in a broad and liberal spirit, and reverently maintains that the *true* spiritualism is a practical expression and application of the supremely beautiful teaching of our Divine Master, Jesus the Christ. . . . Dr. Austin strongly discourages the attempt to obtain messages from the Unseen for purely worldly profit, which reminds me of a medium who used to declare with much complacency that her control was "the best business guide in the States!" . . . I cordially commend this little book to all who have the interest of the Higher Spiritualism at heart.

EDITH K. HARPER.

IS MODERN SPIRITUALISM BASED ON FACTS OR FANCY? By James Coates, Ph.D., F.A.S. Author of "Seeing the Invisible," etc. With Four Photographs. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4. Price 2s. net.

THIS interesting little volume by a veteran worker in the cause of Spiritualism, so well-known in the psychic world as Mr. James Coates, is sure to find a host of appreciative readers. There cannot be too many such records of plain and simple facts, whose genuineness is frankly attested by many credible witnesses. The first part of the book deals extensively with what is known as "psychic photography," a subject in which Mr. Coates has had wide experience, and as "psychic photography" has recently been under such an extra heavy fire of discussion, the "Standfast" case, quoted in detail by the author, should be of especial importance.

Mr. Coates has much to say in regard to the Mrs. Susanna Harris, whose séances for the "Direct Voice" are so well-known to psychical investigators, and whose "power" seems in nowise to have diminished. Remarkable accounts are given by the author, in particular of a private séance, under strict "test" conditions—page 86 (reprinted from "Light"). Also of some very interesting results obtained at a gathering at the "W. T. Stead Bureau," where the "Voices" spoke in more than one foreign language. In regard, however, to *all* promiscuous séances, the author truly observes:

"Until there are a greater number of Home Circles constituted of persons with more or less of friendly interest in each other, or possessing a certain amount of intelligent knowledge of Spiritualism, mediums will have a hard time. The phenomena will not rise to the higher evidential values."

With the foregoing remarks all who have had much experience are bound to agree.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE OTHER SIDE GOD'S DOOR. By Mabel Nixon Robertson. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. New York : E. P. Dutton & Co. Price 6s. net.

THE author of this book is a lady living in British Columbia, who after reading Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book, *The New Revelation*, became sufficiently interested to try for herself whether messages would come to her through the table. She sat at first only with her daughter and a girl friend, but later to her small circle was added another friend, alluded to as "The Colonel's Wife." In a very interesting Introduction and Preface, Mrs. Robertson describes how the messages came. The communicating spirit—generally announcing itself through the table—then desiring to write through Mrs. Robertson's hand. This lady, by the way, had never before taken to automatic writing, nor attended a séance of any kind ; was confirmed in the Church of England, and "never believed in angels." As her messages show, her Protestant orthodoxy was destined to a decided overthrow. Quite simply and naturally her story unfolds itself, and as one reads one becomes sympathetically conscious of being in touch with the Beyond. Some quite convincing tests of identity are given, tests which "seem quite final," says Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a letter to the author, printed at the beginning of the book. Other messages, non-evidential, have a certain psychological interest, such as that purporting to come from Mary Baker Eddy, wherein that remarkable woman admits her mistake in formerly denying the truth "of spirit-connection with the earth plane." (Christian Scientists please note!) . . . Another message, which claims to be from Lord Kitchener, certainly does not specially suggest our Great War Lord. Incidentally it offers as a test an episode concerning the appeal of a mother to Lord Kitchener concerning her lost child. The author, in a footnote, asks any reader who may know of such an occurrence to communicate with the publishers of this book, "as the statement has not yet been verified." *A propos*, I remember reading recently another psychic message to the effect that Lord Kitchener is still himself uncertain whether or not he has finally left his earth-body ! It would be interesting, maybe fruitful, if those who have leisure could compare the various messages said to have come from the hero of Khartoum. Also from W. T. Stead !

EDITH K. HARPER.

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

I AM not very partial to the literature of Spiritualism as a whole, on account of the trivial tone of the communications. There is so much that reminds one of what Mr. Shirley in some recent Notes of the Month called "the stuffy corners of the astral plane." But this book is very different from the usual run of spiritualist literature. Through the trellis-work of these utterances shines the vivifying sun of a great spiritual intelligence. The ideas in these *Letters from the Other Side*, apart from the question whether they proceed from a carnate or discarnate entity, are eminently worthy of respect and attention. They evoke sympathy in the reader, and at times something deeper than sympathy, namely, inspiration and enlightenment.

It is noteworthy that the Communicator, who was apparently a divine

of the Church of England before passing over, fully realizes the essential rottenness of the Church of to-day. In reply to a question whether women should be admitted to the Church at present, he says: "To introduce good women into such a decadent institution as is the Church of to-day, would degrade women without elevating the Church." It would be difficult to find a more scathing indictment of Orthodoxy! He adds that "the Church of a few years hence will be utterly transformed. . . . The reformers will come through the withdrawal of the spiritual elements to such an extent that the body will break up, disintegrate." This prophecy is in the course of fulfilment.

Light is shed on many difficult problems in *Letters from the Other Side*. I am convinced that most people will enjoy and be benefitted by reading them in bookform. Their publication is abundantly justified.

MEREDITH STARR.

PRACTICAL VIEWS ON PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. By G. E. Wright. Pp. viii + 136. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE chief difficulty of those who approach the study of psychic phenomena is to do so in a scientific spirit. Yet it is true to say that no subjects need greater care in investigation than those which deal with mental or spiritual states. Mr. Wright has accomplished a valuable piece of work in this connection. He begins with a chapter (*Evidence in General*) in which he discusses with great clearness the validity of different kinds of evidence. This chapter is especially valuable in dealing with the personal element which inevitably enters into the task of sifting and weighing evidence. Just as the mathematician introduces a "coefficient of error" into his calculations, so ought the scientific occultist to make allowances for the integrity of his witnesses. This critical outlook is characteristic of many of the best investigators, and should form a part of every student's mental equipment before he enters upon the task of occult research. Mr. Wright goes on to treat in more detail the evidence for Telepathy, Physical Phenomena, Materialization [and Communication. At every turn he betrays the caution of one who refuses to advance beyond his evidence, and this care gives his book its chief value. For instance, with regard to communication with the departed he makes no greater assertion than to say "the evidence for communication with the disembodied is very strong." A careful study of Mr. Wright's little book will do much to restrain those impulsive people who weave theories of the spirit-world and afterwards try to make the facts square with the theories. Unless occultism is to sink in the popular estimation to the level of a mere amusement we need all the help that a critical and scientific analysis of the evidence can give.

H. L. H.

THE SOUL SLAYER. By J. M. Stuart-Young. London: Arthur H. Stockwell. Pp. 356 + a frontispiece by Paul J. Brown.

IF the reader has no appetite for the horrible he had better not put up at the sign of "The Soul Slayer," unless he has the power on all literary occasions to relish art for its own sake. For Mr. Stuart-Young presents a story of cruelty and woe worthy to pair with Mrs. Voynich's "Jack Raymond," of which its spiritual contents remind me.

The scenes are laid in French Guinea, and the criminal in the title

is the English father of a daring and fastidious boy whose mother is a beautiful negress. Ibra the Unkissed is the lad's descriptive title, and it is justified by his fundamental dislike of prurient eroticism. By the simple expedient of allotting to his hero a father grossly tainted by the lust for witnessing pain, Mr. Stuart-Young prepares the reader for a horrible orgy of violence in which a parent's right to extirpate vice by afflicting the body is insanelly abused. Ibra, ignorant of the intentions of his employers, has been the paid messenger between those whom the law terms "prostitutes" and their customers, and certain drawings by him have been shamelessly altered into obscenity by an unscrupulous art. He finds himself therefore in the disgusting position of purity accused of filthiness and liable to as much physical suffering as he can bear unless he defames himself and professes repentance for what he never did.

When at last a calm falls upon the story the compensations of the next world have been employed to mitigate its gloom.

That Mr. Stuart-Young has written a remarkable book is beyond question, and his ability to create a picturesque illusion of West African life will not be doubted by readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who have read therein his Nigerian essays. But there is at least one point where his craving for the sensations of psychic drama overreaches itself. I allude to the scene on page 277, where the ferocious father acknowledges the true source of his punitive frenzy. Mr. Stuart-Young shows, however, rare powers of narration and character-drawing, and his story has the strength to live as a typical example of the haunting literature of pain.

W. H. CHESSON.

A THEORY OF THE MECHANISM OF SURVIVAL: THE FOURTH DIMENSION AND ITS APPLICATIONS. By W. Whately Smith. 7½ ins. × 4¾ ins., pp. xii. + 195. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Price 5s. net.

THE endeavour to explain psychic phenomena by means of the mathematical concept of four-dimensional space, is, as Mr. Smith points out, by no means new. In fact, claims for its considerable antiquity so far as Eastern philosophy is concerned have been put forward. As concerns Western thinkers, it will suffice to mention Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist, and Professor Zöllner of Leipsic. The latter thought that he had demonstrated the truth of the hypothesis by means of experiments with the medium Slade; but as Mr. Smith well indicates, these experiments were of a most unsatisfactory nature and permit of no conclusion being drawn. At the same time, however, there is a vast mass of hitherto uncorrelated psychic phenomena which Mr. Smith thinks *may* be explained in part by means of this hypothesis; and he has written a very interesting and able work to accomplish this end. I have italicized the "may," in order to convey to the reader the author's own attitude of mind towards the problems with which he deals. It is an altogether admirable one. He never approximates to dogmatism: never flinches from stating difficulties in the way of applying his hypothesis. His prime object, I take it, is to encourage research. It is an excellent one.

Personally, as stated in the chapter devoted to the topic in my *Matter, Spirit and the Cosmos*, I believe the hypothesis of "four-space" to be a

valid and useful one. Mathematics supplies us with another concept applicable to psychic problems, namely, that of an "imaginary quantity" (*vide A Mathematical Theory of Spirit*), which I consider is not only equally valid, but may prove even more useful. I should like Mr. Smith to undertake an inquiry into the question along the lines of his present book, which, as I have indicated, is a very valuable addition to the literature dealing with psychic problems.

H. S. REDGROVE.

PAGES OF PEACE FROM DARTMOOR. By Beatrice Chase, Author of "Through a Dartmoor Window," etc. With six Illustrations. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row. Fourth Avenue and 30th Street, New York; Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. Price 6s. 6d. net.

"COMMON things like sunshine, wind, rain, seedtime and harvest; are things of which one never wearies," writes Beatrice Chase in her latest Dartmoor book. Truly, like Browning, she "touches the toil about our doors with the air of Heaven," and reveals the wonderful blending of the spiritual and the material, which exists everywhere for those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand. And of ourselves she reflects, "Happy creatures that we are, we are neither pure spirit nor pure matter. Our feet are planted upon Mother Earth while our heads are beyond the stars. . . . I would immeasurably rather be a human being than an archangel." These stray musings will reveal to new readers the author's mood, and will remind old friends that the Lady of the Moor has in no wise lost her infinite variety. On almost every page we company her by the glories of tor and stream, and through her eyes we capture their myriad ever-changing beauties. A delightful chapter is called "The Thatcher," and another, even more practical, is the picture of life on Dartmoor without servants during the war, in which "the sanctity of housework" is dwelt upon, and one sighs for a return of this ideal of the mediæval gentlëwoman, who, like the young knight Gareth, could "grace the lowliest task in doing it." Other fascinating chapters, among many, are "Winter Nights," "Through the Window," "A Winter Lane," "Moorland Mist," "Sleep" and "Books,"—in the latter incidentally we learn the secret of this author's particularly charming book covers. Mr. Bluejacket and other familiar figures are happily to the fore, but the Tweed Dog has been gathered to her fathers. Her passing, however, is thus tempered, by Beatrice Chase, for all those who have long known and loved her. "Any one who denies a future life to these loving brutes must be lower than the brutes themselves. . . . I am content in my faith that the Tweed Dog and I shall meet again." Such is my faith also.

EDITH K. HARPER.

DOES THE EARTH ROTATE? By Wm. Westfield. Privately printed by Mr. Goodall, Bath. Price 2s. 6d., post free.

IT is difficult to take this little book seriously. It would take a much stronger collection of arguments to make the scientific world go back upon its conclusions concerning the movements of the earth. The author is very much in earnest, and we respect his enthusiasm; but like so many amateurs he tends to weaken his case by bitterness against the opinions of the professionals in his science. The book is full of diagrams; but the text is spoilt, in our opinion, by an over-abundance of italics.

H. L. H.