

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

I DEALT last month with a book purporting to contain the communications from the unseen world of a boy of thirteen, a boy young for his age, and of a very natural and unaffected character. The communications at least appeared to ring true, and to correspond in nature to the boy's known characteristics, and disposition when on earth. This month I am dealing with a book also claiming to be one of communications from the other side, but in this lies the only resemblance between the two volumes. Both differ markedly in their own way from other books of a similar class. *Our Unseen Guest*,* the title which Messrs. Harper's publication has received, consists of a philosophic disquisition on life here and hereafter, communicated by an American soldier

"OUR UNSEEN GUEST," who was killed in the war, to a husband and wife, both of whom commenced by being sceptics with regard to a future life, and also as regards the genuineness of the communications they received.

The book not only puts forward a philosophy of life, but also treats of the pitfalls and difficulties inherent in communications between this world and the other. In this latter respect it is perhaps more illuminating than any other book of the kind which has yet appeared. As to the validity of Stephen's philosophy—

* *Our Unseen Guest*. Harper & Brothers, London and New York. Price 8s. 6d.

Stephen is the name given to the American soldier who communicates—readers will have to form their own judgment. They will also have to decide how far the philosophy as recorded in *Our Unseen Guest* fairly represents the views of Stephen himself. I confess it seems to me that the various remarks made in the course of the book with regard to the danger of errors and misconceptions creeping into such communications may well be applicable to the interpretation of Stephen's philosophy as recorded by his amanuensis—at least in one very important particular.

The husband and wife who are instrumental in obtaining these communications are labelled for the benefit of the reader "Darby" and "Joan." Stephen is careful to warn Joan of the danger of letting her own strong prejudices mix themselves up with his philosophy and give it a false bias.

Before we go on [he said] there is something I would like to warn you about, especially Joan. Joan, you are the receiving station. As such you are of absolute importance to the delivery of the revelation I bring you two. But you are also a person of strong opinions. I ask you

"JOAN'S PRE-JUDICES." not to let your preconceived ideas and prejudices colour my message. Keep your mind free, especially when I say something with which you do not altogether agree. Darby, you are the conceiving station. Remember that Joan could not communicate alone wholly successfully, nor

could, I think, anyone else. You can differ from me as much as you will; in fact, I rely on your questions to clarify the communication. But above all you must alleviate Joan's prejudices. You must prevent her own opinions colouring my words. And you must also be on the watch for a form of colour that is likely to result, not simply from Joan's opinions, but from all that mass of thought and memory, her own experience, that lies dormant in her subconsciousness.

That this warning was badly needed will, I think, become apparent to the reader who takes the trouble to read through the book from cover to cover, and grasp the at times somewhat abstruse conceptions as regards the relations between this life and the next which Stephen is at pains to impress upon his amanuenses. The bedrock idea of Stephen's theory is that whereas there are two planes of consciousness, on the earth plane man develops what he is pleased to call the *quantity* of consciousness, whereas on the plane to which he passes after death he develops the *quality* of

QUALITY AND QUANTITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS. consciousness. The greater quality of consciousness you possess, when born into the world, the greater is your opportunity for developing quantity of consciousness during your earth-life. Stephen alludes to the parable of the men who possessed respectively one talent, two talents, and five talents. Each

brought with them into the world so much quality of consciousness, and in proportion to this quality was the power of each one to develop quantity. Obviously having evolved the quantity of their consciousness in earth life to the maximum that the quality of consciousness they possessed allowed, they must pass over to the other plane and accumulate quality of consciousness in order to set in a store sufficient for use in a future life on earth. Presumably the quantity of consciousness is transmuted into quality on the other side through the experiences and efforts of earth life shaping themselves into certain specific virtues and natural gifts, and so eventually becoming part and parcel of the spiritual inheritance of the reincarnating ego.

"Had I remained longer on the earth plane," Stephen observes, "I should have had greater opportunity to develop the quantity of my consciousness. Yet here I can develop quality of consciousness, with which to be born again into your world, in order there to develop quantity." The presumption, then, is that the period spent in the other world is regulated, at least to a great extent, by the quantity of consciousness developed in this world. Stephen refuses to pass the word "die." When asked "Will you die again?" he says, "Yes, though by die you mean graduate." "I shall," he says, "graduate many many times into ever higher degrees of consciousness, reaching ultimately the supreme degree. On the other hand, part of the whole is constantly reborn." Joan at this point makes mock of what she calls "the hocus pocus

of reincarnation"; but Stephen adheres to it emphatically. Darby asks him: "Is rebirth the fundamental truth of the oriental doctrine of the transmigration of the soul?" "But surely!" he replies. "Do you mean to tell us," Joan asks, "that you existed prior to your earth existence?" Stephen affirms that this is exactly what he does mean. Here Darby alludes to the transmigration idea of the bodies of men being born into the bodies of animals, and asks him "Surely you do not mean that we should take such a mad notion seriously?" "I have not said so," Stephen replies. "The transmigration thought is but a guess at the truth, a theory in some measure correct, yet highly coloured by emotional reasoning." "But you still insist, do you, Stephen, that you will be born again into this world of men?" "Yes," he replies, "I am sure to be born again. It cannot be otherwise. Yet not all of me as I knew myself before."

Joan still obstinately rebels against the reincarnationist hypothesis. "When you were here," she asks, "why did you not

REBIRTH
A FUNDAMENTAL
TRUTH.

remember your previous earth experiences? You did not, I suppose? I am sure I do not remember ever having had a previous existence." "I did have glimpses," Stephen responded, "just as you have glimpses of previous earth existences. The first time I went to England there were certain places that were startlingly familiar. All people who travel have this experience more or less. Then often I experience that feeling, common to everyone, of having previously done things which were as a matter of fact quite new."

I quote these views of Stephen on reincarnation in some detail, partly because they are the very keystone of the arch of his entire philosophy of life; but also because, a hundred pages later, in the same book, at a time when one seems fairly to have mastered Stephen's whole attitude and standpoint towards existence, the keystone of this very arch is suddenly pulled out—according to Stephen's amanuensis, by Stephen himself—and the entire fabric of his philosophy topples into ruins. By giving a few quotations from these later alleged statements of Stephen, we shall see how supremely important was Stephen's own warning to Joan not to let her preconceived ideas and prejudices colour his message, and the danger that if she did so the whole purport of his messages might thereby be diverted and transmuted into Joan's own views. Here is the manner in which Stephen is made to give the lie to his own teaching.

A STARTLING
CONTRADICTION.

"Rebirth" [says Stephen, on p. 241] "is not in any sense what you know as reincarnation. This Buddhistic thought is on the whole an emotional hypothesis." "Very well, Stephen," says Darby, "the thought is dismissed. I never lived individually prior to my present existence, and never again after my death shall I live here on earth again. That is what you would have me first understand, is it not?"

"Absolutely," he answered.

"But," cried Darby, "what is there about a mortal other than himself to be reborn?"

"A part of his consciousness is reborn, not once, but many times," Stephen replied.

"What part?" Darby demands.

"I have told you already that the quality of consciousness is reborn."

According to Stephen's second thought, it is not the individual at all who is reborn, but something that has a similar relation to the individual that the acorn has to the oak. In short, apparently, some spiritual child of the individual concerned. Obviously if this latter version of Stephen's philosophy is the correct one, having developed quantity of consciousness in the present world he will go on developing quality of consciousness in the after

world, as long as the material for it lasts ; i.e., as long as he has any quantity of consciousness left. When this is used up he (and presumably everyone else equally) will be brought to a dead stop. There can be no further development as the means for that development, the quantity of consciousness, evolved during the earth life, is used up. Let me quote Stephen's previous statements once again, to emphasize this fact. "Had I remained longer on the earth plane," Stephen says, "I should have had greater opportunity to develop quality of consciousness with which to be born again into your world." Because he had not adequate opportunity for this on the earth plane, it seems clear that his development in the other world is hampered or arrested accordingly. In a later passage it is made abundantly clear that Stephen has changed his mind altogether. He no longer insists, as he did a hundred pages earlier in the book, that he would be born again. So far from saying, "I am sure to be born again, it cannot be otherwise," he now says "I shall never live here on earth again." He also denies the definite assertion he made in the earlier passage, that he had lived before on earth. Which Stephen are we to believe? The one which is in keeping with the whole fabric of his philosophy, or the later one which reduces

RELATION OF HIGHER EGO TO VARIOUS LIVES. that philosophy to a chaos of meaningless contradictions? Can it be doubted that there is more of Darby and Joan in the second passage than there is of the real Stephen? Presumably what Stephen is attempting to impress upon Darby and Joan when his philosophy becomes transmogrified, is that the reincarnating entity is not one and the same with the higher ego, but that the higher ego while including the whole series of reincarnating individuals, transcends and is greater than any one of them.

As Mr. Sinnett observes, in an article which I am printing in the current issue of this magazine : "Physical life has for its purpose the acquisition of experience, and its absorption into the permanent ego or higher self. The recognition of that idea is difficult for minds held down by materialistic habits of thought. It seems to make the higher self one person and the incarnate man or woman another. They are in reality part of the whole. The higher part never loses consciousness of the lower, or detached part ; as soon, that is to say, as in the course of evolution, it is worth calling a higher part. All occult students understand how at an early stage of growth the higher self is a mere potentiality."

The difficulty, then, with Joan, is that her sub-conscious self is perpetually obtruding itself and either modifying Stephen's

communications, or introducing observations on its own account. The book before me gives several very interesting instances of this tendency, which is clearly recognized by Darby and Joan themselves.

Here is the story of one of them : There came a time after Joan had become acclimatized to the ouija-board, when the letters that the pointer was about to run to began to appear before her mental vision in such rapid succession that the tripod would sometimes be a whole word behind the word Joan was announcing. This led to the suggestion that if Joan could see the letters while sitting down at the ouija-board, there was no reason why she should not see them if she sat at the typewriter, and employed the machine to type them out, putting the ouija-board entirely on one side. This experiment was made. Joan sat at the typewriter "holding her thought vacant" (the phrase she used for the mental condition into which she relapsed under these conditions). "After a wait of a minute or two [says Darby] Joan began to strike the keys of the typewriter very deliberately. When a pause came I pulled the paper out of the machine and asked Joan if she knew what had been written. She replied that she had only the haziest idea, that the letters came before her vision, as usual, but that, because she was typing them down, she had made no effort to remember them. Here is what I found written on the paper :

this is slow kep at it we are al watching you this is fine i should have answered your letter earlier the trouble here is that joan insists on putting the machine to its ordinary purposes the profesor is here and very much interested if this works out it means a wonderful method of communication joan is doing fine she is making her mind frer than ever before undoubtedly this wil prove a great advance over the ouija board method

Whatever could this mean ? The elucidation came later, an opportunity arriving for Stephen to explain. "One of the difficulties," he says, "in the way of successful communication, lies in the tendency to colour results when the conscious mind of the receiving station overrules the subconscious." "Suppose," he says, "I started to give you a name. I spell M—a—r— By the time I get that far, Joan's conscious mind may have supplied the letter y, because one who is with her much is named Mary. Now the name I tried to give might have been Martha, Marion, etc." The instance just given above is explained by the fact that Joan was in the habit of typing her general correspondence. She had forgotten to answer a letter that called for an early reply. This neglected letter lay on her conscience. The act of sitting

down at the typewriter called up unconsciously the remembrance of the unanswered letter. And this recollection wrote itself down involuntarily, becoming confused with Stephen's own observations. "I should," wrote Joan, "have answered your letter earlier." Then follows Stephen's comment: "The trouble here is that Joan insists on putting the machine (i.e. of course, the typewriter) to its ordinary purposes (her general correspondence)."

COMBATING
SUBCON-
SCIOUS
MEMORIES.

Here we have the simple clue to this mysterious jumble. Commenting on such difficulties Stephen observes, "It is impossible for me to get a message through Joan or through any other receiving station without combating hundreds of such subconscious memories." On one occasion the Professor, the name given to a friend of Stephen's, who communicates occasionally from the other side, makes a practical experiment to show how the subconscious mind works. Joan is sitting in one of her negative moods, apparently in a state of semi-trance, waiting to receive messages from whoever may communicate.* The Professor draws attention to this fact, and adds "I shall now lift the control that we here have been exercising. First [to Darby] you speak a word." Darby speaks the first word that occurs to him, "horse." Thereupon Joan begins to talk in her own character, but quite disjointedly. She says "My saddle—turned—street corner—in front of the hospital—Hobson—George—picnic." This appeared to be nonsense, but when Joan was brought to herself and was shown the words that were written down at her dictation, she explained them at once.

"Why," she said, "here I have been telling you about the time my saddle-horse took fright at a street-cart—long before I knew you, Darby. The girth slipped. Yes, it was in front of a hospital."

"Did it have anything to do with a picnic?" Darby asked.

"No," was the reply, "but George did. George took me to the picnic, and Hobson, my dog, insisted on following me, and George had to chase him back."

"Could Hobson be the link between George and the accident?" questioned Darby.

"Why, of course," Joan answered. "Hobson was trailing along the day my saddle turned, and was very much excited over the spill."

Stephen, along with his profound philosophy, has a keen sense of humour, and this comes as a surprise to Darby, who had been in the habit of taking the view that whatever immortality death might hold for thought or serious endeavour, laughter at least

* By this time Joan has taken to dictating verbally the messages from the other side, instead of typing them.

died here. He shared the opinion of the witty Roman Emperor, who apostrophised his own soul on his death-bed,

Animula vagula blandula
Quae nunc abibis in loca
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca?

Stephen at least continues to crack his little jokes, and probably the Emperor Hadrian continued to do so also. After all, as Darby asks, is not a sense of humour one of the graces accredited to man and denied to all lesser beings? May it not, too, be divine? Yes, undoubtedly Darby's second thoughts are justified. God laughs in heaven, otherwise the sun would not shine on earth.

Joan, throughout these experiments, has to do all the "donkey work." She has our sympathy all the more because it is so apparent that Stephen's persistence in pursuing his philosophic thesis is making her head ache, and that the whole thing is to her a labour of duty rather than of love. Darby is much more interested.

"What you call matter," continues Stephen, "is but the form attribute of consciousness." Consciousness, he maintains, is the one reality, the All. "Really," says Darby, "an inanimate object does not appear to possess consciousness in any degree whatsoever." "But neither," retorts Stephen, "do many forms of life itself. In fact, you do not know so very much about the consciousness of your fellow men. Believe me, some of them have darn little."

CONSCIOUS-
NESS—THE
ONE

REALITY.

The thoroughgoingness both of Stephen's language and of his insight into human character [observes Darby] brought to Joan's face and mine a smile. "Stephen," said I, "would it be possible for me to accept the truth of this revelation, so-called by you, and at the same time hold that in you as a personality distinct from Joan and me there is no truth?"

"Why!" answered the ouija-board, "I suppose so, if your mind be that nimble."

The question, indeed, of the actual existence of Stephen was long in dispute between Darby and Joan, who asked themselves whether the whole communication was not some mysterious product of their combined subconsciousness. Stephen, however (or the ouija-board), was always ready enough in his retorts, and frequently got the better of the argument with his amanuensis. Once, when she had been badly worsted in a duel of wits, Joan consoled herself by retorting to her opponent, "After all, you are only a little bit of wood!"

There is one point that Joan raises in connexion with Stephen's observations on the subject of re-birth, about which, it seems to me, some comment is required. It is one that is

raised periodically, and certainly demands a satisfactory answer. "If," says Joan, "the dead are re-born, why do not they bring back to earth the knowledge they acquire while they are dead?" Surely the explanation of this problem is similar to that of the phenomena with which we are familiar under conditions of trance or hypnosis. The hypnotized subject when he returns to normal consciousness no longer recollects what occurred to him during the hypnotic state, but as soon as he is again hypnotized, he at once takes up the thread of his past subjective experiences. He reverts, in short, to his previous stratum of consciousness. This

THE WATERS OF LETHE. parallel will, I think, explain why it is that whereas in a number of instances people can recall, if not in adolescence, at least in childhood, fleeting glimpses of their past lives on earth, we never by any chance hear of a case in which the memory reverts to its life on the spiritual plane. In drinking of the Waters of Lethe the soul has crossed to another plane of being, and though the spiritual life is nearer in point of time to the present earth life, it is easier for the mind to bridge the gulf between two earth lives than it is to recover its memories of the intervening period. Readers will remember the instance of the butler who lost his latch-key when in a state of intoxication and found himself quite unable to recover it until he was once more inebriated, when he immediately recollected where he had mislaid the key.

Joan's ideas seem to be circumscribed in all directions by the local atmosphere in which she lives. When first she takes up the ouija board she is filled with terror lest some one shall discover her operating this mysterious implement, and put her down as a crank, or worse still, as a psychic. Her horror of the idea of Reincarnation seems to be a reflection of what she thinks her neighbours would say of her if they knew she was a Reincarnationist. Her prejudices are obviously those of one whose training and education have been in a very narrow groove. How other-

JOAN'S
HORROR OF
REINCARNATION.

wise could she feel anything but pride in reflecting that in adopting such a philosophic standpoint as that of Reincarnation, she was linking her name with that of many of the world's foremost and deepest thinkers? Surely there must be something in an hypothesis which has been adopted by so many intellectual giants in every age of the world's history, by that splendid galaxy of glorious names, commencing with Plato, Virgil, Plotinus, Apollonius, Origen, and in later times numbering among its champions such master minds as those of Schopen-

hauer, Lessing, Hæeckel, Fichte, Leibnitz, Goethe, and Max Müller! If the opinions of such men as these are to be mocked at, one asks oneself in wonder what sort of support an opinion must obtain before it can be passed for consideration by Stephen's fastidious amanuensis?

Stephen's philosophy is frankly monistic. "Oneness ever more perfectly realized" seems to be the very heart of his revelation. If this is sound philosophy (asks Darby), what becomes of the possibility of individual survival? After the dewdrop has "slipped into the shining sea," how can the dewdrop be identified? In the oneness with the All, surely the individuality will be lost? Stephen demurs at this. What he is in reality preaching is what Darby afterwards christens "pluralistic monism."

PLURALISTIC MONISM. "The height of consciousness is to be found," he tells us, "in the perfect realization of individuality and of that individuality's perfect adjustment to the whole." But the final emphasis, Stephen insists, is always to be laid on oneness rather than on individuality.

Remember this: God's name is "I am." The earthly king, in his proclamation, calls himself "We," and the devils say "Our name is legion, for we are many." But it is in unity, not in multiplicity, that is to be found the true reality. "There was no creation," says Stephen, "there is but the development of higher and higher degrees of consciousness." All life evolves from the lowest to the highest. "All consciousness graduates out of the quantitative world of so-called nature into the qualitative world of super-nature, and even the quality of protoplasm is reborn just as truly as is the quality of human consciousness. "Yes," says Stephen, "protoplasm, too, is immortal; or at least the degree of the quality of consciousness which corresponds to what the scientist terms protoplasm." "Consciousness many-degreed is all there is, and of the all nothing can be lost."

A curious record reaches me from a correspondent in Perth, Western Australia, which illustrates the manner in which a scene vividly visualized by an active imagination can be transferred as an actual picture to another mind with which it is *en rapport*. In the case of the subjoined record it will be noticed that the vision seen had, except in one specific feature, no actual physical counterpart, but merely existed as a day-dream or rather as a keen anticipation of a pleasure in store. Presumably, however, the dreamer who absorbed the thought-atmosphere of her friend mistook her friend's thought forms for a reproduction of a real

scene on the physical plane. The lady in question writes me as follows :—

CARLISLE, PERTH, WEST AUSTRALIA.

My husband and I have lately built a new room, which we call the studio. A short time ago we went into Perth on Friday night (the late shopping night) to buy some of the things needed for it. The walls are yellow ; the paint brown. I chose a brown table-cloth, and we also purchased two pairs of blankets for our bedroom, and wandered through the furniture department of a big store, looking at bedroom suites, etc., etc. I wished for a white enamel duchesse chest of drawers and wardrobe, but we could not afford them. My husband promised that later on, he would try to get some white enamel furniture for the bedroom. I was very pleased with all my new possessions, especially the blankets, which were of excellent quality, better, I reflected, than I should perhaps have ventured to afford had I been shopping alone. We have a short train journey home. We left the goods to be sent on, caught the 9.25, and arrived at the house soon after ten. My husband was very tired ; he lay down on the couch in the living-room (out of which a door leads into the studio, and another across a narrow passage, into the bedroom). This living-room, which I call the "house-place," has also a French window, leading into the garden. While my husband lay down, and, incidentally, went off to sleep, I went out into the kitchen to get some supper, and while I busied myself with lighting the lamp-stove to boil the water for some cocoa, and laying the table, I amused myself making mental pictures of how nice the studio would look with its new brown table-cloth, and also how the white enamel things (when I got them—I haven't got them yet !) would look in the bedroom. I also rejoiced over my superior blankets, and thought how cosy they would be. I pictured a vase of gallardias, of which there were plenty in the garden, on the brown table-cloth, and thought I would arrange some with some yellow autumn leaves. I did not go into the studio. So much for the first part of the story.

We are theosophists. On the Monday we were holding a class for occult study, to which seven or eight people came. We neither of us, as it happened, saw any one, save our two selves and our servant, at home, between the Friday and Monday ; I mentioned to the servant that I had bought blankets, but it was mentioned to no one else, and she saw no one belonging to the class. On Monday night one of the ladies, coming in a little later than the others, said to me :

"I had such a curious dream about you both on Friday night ; I dreamt that I came into this room (the house-place) through the French window, and I saw your husband asleep on the couch, covered with lovely blankets—such nice quality—and you were arranging flowers on a new table-cloth on the studio table—I could see you through the door ; and I said to you, 'What are you doing ?' and you replied, 'I am arranging all my new things !' I also went into the bedroom, and there were a lot of white enamel things ; they looked so dainty and fresh and clean."

Neither of us gave the slightest hint of any sort while she was speaking, we remained silent till she had finished her tale. After she had done telling us, we told the class how exactly her dream tallied with the facts.

This seems to bear out what Mrs. Besant teaches, i.e., that an untrained clairvoyant or dreamer cannot distinguish between a thought-form and

the real thing ; for the only real thing seen was my husband lying on the couch ; for none of the goods arrived till Monday, and, as I said above, the white enamel furniture is not bought yet. All the rest of what she saw were my thought-pictures. I myself was in the kitchen. If, indeed, which we cannot ascertain, the dream came early in the night ; if it came later, of course we were both in bed, out of the room. I do not remember having thought about my friend at all ; so I think she must have paid us a visit in her astral body—the houses in which we live are not far apart.

G. S. T.

In connexion with some observations made in my Notes some months back dealing with the other side of death in battle, I have received from Mr. Tudor Pole a typewritten copy of an unpublished script received through "Private Dowding" in June, 1919, narrating a further episode of a similar character, being the experience of a friend made by Private Dowding since passing over. As it is parallel in character to those already cited, it might be of interest to add it as a sort of appendix to the previous cases recorded. It runs as follows :—

I was a regular soldier and went out to France in 1914 among the first. I was "killed" before the year was out. I cannot tell you much about it. It was night, we were retreating, my horse had been shot beneath me, I was standing looking down upon him when a shell exploded near me. . . . Nothing seemed to happen. I was still looking at my horse ; but he was alive again, which struck me as very strange. I took him by the bridle, mounted and rode away. The whole action was mechanical—I cannot give you many details. I was joined by another man I knew, also riding (a brother officer who had been stunned by the same shell, and his horse killed, I discovered later).

ANOTHER He asked me where we were. I could not tell him. We
WAR-DEATH soon knew that something must have happened, but we
RECORD. did not think that "death" had overtaken us. We both

thought we had lost our way in the retreat and were wandering in strange country, dazed by fatigue and lack of food. We had had no proper sleep or food for four days. I was too dazed to wonder what would happen next. Soon I fell asleep. I could not keep awake although I feared to sleep lest I should fall off my horse. . . . I awoke to find myself in what I now know to be a Hall of Rest. My horse had disappeared, my companion also. It was only recently that I heard he had not been killed at all, but rendered unconscious by the shell that killed me. While senseless he was able to be with me, riding on his own horse that had been killed. He was taken prisoner, but is now alive and well—I am trying to get through to him. There is little more to tell you. I rested until my own Guide found me. He brought me to the Hall of Instruction, where I have spent much time. I learned slowly ; it was all strange to me. Then Dowding joined our Circle and he has brought me to you. We work together—Dowding will tell you about it. There is no moral to my story. I came here quite simply, without distress. I was sorry to leave your world, but I have many friends here

and can work usefully. I have no more regrets and I shall hope to be of service in the Borderland where thousands remain in ignorance and misery. Conditions are improving, and I am told the chaos in your world is to be stilled. We will do our best from here. . . ."

A correspondent, Mrs. E. del Strother, who sends me the subjoined ghostly and dream experiences, laments, as so many others do, that they lead nowhere, and appear to be of no value either to the dead or the living. I have frequently drawn atten-

A SHEAF
OF DEATH
WARNINGŚ.

tion to the fact that this is their chief value from the scientific point of view; that is, that their importance lies in the fact that they are evidences of a law of nature, or super-nature if we prefer to call it so, and that they do not support any theory of the capricious governance of the universe so dear to the orthodox mind. Doubtless one reason why the orthodox, generally speaking, are so much averse to psychical phenomena and manifestations, lies in the fact that the evidence they supply knocks the bottom out of the orthodox teaching with regard to the nature of this life and the next.

I was brought up, [says my correspondent] in an atmosphere of ghosts; my grandfather's house, where we spent many weeks of each year, was supposed to be haunted, and though the children of the family were allowed to be told nothing of the various appearances and noises, as a matter of fact we knew all, and probably more than all, there was to know.

There were three acknowledged warnings of death in the family. The first was the sound of some one carrying a tray of glass or china, and finally setting it down somewhere with a tremendous crash. The second was the crack of a whip, and the third three knocks on the door. I heard the first while seated at a table with a solid oak top, at least three inches thick, and my husband and myself both jumped up at the sound of the crash, feeling as though everything on the table—we were at luncheon at the time—must be broken. I heard of the unexpected death of a relative within a few hours, but, as I had seen very little of her, and cared very little for her, it seemed unnecessary to prepare me in such a startling manner for the event. The crack of the whip I heard twice, while nursing some one near and dear to me. He also heard it, but I did not recognize the sound until two months after his death. I happened to be leaning over a bridge, beneath which flowed a canal. The sound I heard was from the whip of a man driving a horse, which was drawing a barge down the canal.

The three taps on the door I have heard several times, especially when staying with my husband's mother in Bruges. I never heard the ghost in her house myself, but her husband used to say that as

he went down the stairs at night to close the house, he heard sounds of quarrelling and an English voice crying "Don't, Charlie; don't, Charlie." A French lady living in Bruges told us, not knowing of what had been heard, that English people had lived in the house, and that the man shot his wife on the staircase.

The ghost I saw, poor girl, was, I heard many years after seeing her, a grocer's daughter who was murdered by her father in the room I saw her in, and was supposed to sit by the wall grinding coffee. The figure I saw was of a girl with black hair with a wide parting, large dark eyes and a pale face, and she was moving up and down near the wall. The house I lived in after I was married was haunted by the screams of a child. I heard them often myself, and one friend staying with me complained of being awakened by the noise.

And then dreams! I was unfortunately compelled to leave the house I have mentioned above and was away for some years. I used constantly to dream of the house and particularly the drawing-room, but the room was never as I knew it. There was always a door opening out into the garden, which was not there in my time. I used to say to my little son, who slept in my room, "How silly it is to dream of the drawing-room at home, with the door always in the wrong place." After some years I returned, and the man who was papering the drawing-room for me, said to me one day, "This room must have been altered a good deal at some time, the door used to be there," pointing to the very place where I had always seen it in my dreams. I dreamed for years, at frequent intervals, of a little house in a street with a vine growing up the wall. I saw the house, a few years ago, in a small street in Paddington, and I could have gone, I felt, into every room, knowing what would be in it. I often have the feeling, no doubt common to many people, that there is some one invisible in the same room as myself.

I desire to call the attention of readers to the List of Occult and Psychic Periodicals which will be found at the end of this issue, and which, I trust, they will keep for future reference. In view of the frequency of changes, no responsibility can be taken for alterations either in address or price, although every effort has been made to ensure accuracy. The periodicals mentioned should be ordered direct from the addresses given.

THE SUPER-PHYSICAL ASPECT OF SEX

BY A. P. SINNETT

AMONG the problems of life the most deeply interesting are those which have to do with the mutual relations of men and women. And though the world will have to advance to a higher level of knowledge and ethical development than has yet been reached before those relations will flow quite smoothly, some glimpses of future knowledge may be helpful meanwhile. To begin with, sex assumes a new aspect when we realize that in the long course of our visits to this world the reincarnating ego finds itself sometimes embodied in a male, sometimes in a female form. The laws governing these alternations constitute a very interesting study in themselves, as I will endeavour to show, but they do not exhaust the mysteries of sex which have to do with the duality of Nature on lofty planes of consciousness. This is not so much a perpetuation of sex on those higher planes, as the spiritual origin of sex on lower planes. When we attempt to realize in imagination the actual character of this duality we seem at first to be up against difficulties that are insuperable, but for the practical service of thought we must go on using such terms as "male" and "female," unless we fall back on the colourless terms "positive" and "negative"—as misleading by their inevitable connotation as the other pair. And when we arrive at the conclusion that beings of a lofty spiritual order, constituting part of the divine hierarchy, are dual in their nature like ourselves, the terms positive and negative seem absurdly insulting to their sublime condition. In a different way, the connotation inevitably arising in our minds when we use the terms "male" and "female" is also insulting to their sublimity, but this difficulty can to some extent be overcome when we succeed (if we do) in spiritualizing the two ideas, keeping touch with their emotional significance, but forgetting all details of emotion as arising from physical incarnation. It is very difficult to do this, but perhaps in some small degree less difficult when we understand the laws governing the manifestation of the sex principle on earth.

That study by itself carries us far beyond the range of speculation which treats the relationship of men and women as though

each sex included some sort of finality. In physical life men and women undoubtedly look at life from each point of view as though that were a permanently male, or permanently female, point of view. People generally contemplate men in the mass, and women in the mass, and analyse the characteristics of each sex. They account for these in various ways, plausible in varying degrees. But as soon as we realize the way the reincarnating law affects all sex problems, we have to reconsider conclusions reached in ignorance of that law. Let us first get a firm grasp of the facts, as *known* now to students of the Higher Occultism.

An ego, functioning on the higher *spiritual* plane for part of the long time that separates one incarnation from the next, is of no sex, or of both—the two phrases are identical in meaning. In its last incarnation it was very definitely one or the other. For a long time, on the astral plane after that life has been spent, he or she remained man or woman as the case might have been, with all the loves, emotions and companionships of that condition surviving, changed only in so far as a new embodiment in a finer order of matter entirely rescues them from grossness. But physical life has for its purpose the acquisition of experience and its absorption into the permanent ego, or higher self. The recognition of that idea is difficult for minds held down by materialistic habits of thought. It seems to make the higher self one person and the incarnate man or woman another. They are each part of the whole. The higher part never loses consciousness of the lower or detached part, as soon (that is to say) as in the course of evolution it is worth calling a higher part. This is the A B C of the subject. All occult students understand how, at an early stage of growth, the higher self is a mere potentiality on the higher spiritual plane. Only when illuminated by a long series of life experiences, does it become something worth calling a higher self. But when discussing the sex problems of civilized life we are dealing with egos assuredly developed to an important extent on the spiritual plane.

With such a one as I say, the last life on earth continues on the astral plane in the same sex with all its loves and companionships for periods as a rule so protracted that the time between the passage across or "death" to use the common stupid expression, of truly loving husband and wife (for example) seems negligible in the long account.

This is a very important truth worth fuller emphasis. It constantly happens that when one of a loving pair passes on first he or she finds perfect happiness on the other plane and complains

THE SUPER-PHYSICAL ASPECT OF SEX 323

of the one left as getting so surrounded with a thick grey mist, the auric consequences of grief, that he or she cannot get at the other. I have sometimes found fault as it were with the astral entity for being so selfishly happy when the other is miserable. The answer is: "How can I help it? There has been no separation from my point of view. The other is with me in full consciousness when the body is asleep. I am with him or her all the time, more or less. We shall be more closely united than ever after a while." All the same for the one left behind the grief is inevitable, unless indeed by sublime unselfishness he or she (how tiresome are pronouns) can be content in simply knowing that the other is extremely happy.

Going back now to the ultimate reunion on the astral plane, and beyond that—for there is a beyond, however protracted the astral life may be—in both cases there is a gradual absorption of the last life experiences into the higher selves. The mutual love is amongst the experiences so absorbed, and is preparing for re-manifestation in the next life, and then there may come a change of sex.

The physical plane thinker will perhaps resent the idea, failing to understand how love so closely interwoven with the sex relationship in physical life is—if we can get deeply enough into consciousness to realize this—independent of it in reality. Anyhow, it is certain—the certainty gathered from the observation of past lives possible under some circumstances—that the husband and wife relationship if we look back far enough through past ages, is interchangeable—the love relationship being steadily maintained. Leaving the cases of this kind aside for the moment, let us consider the laws which rule the changes of sex throughout the human race, subject in special cases like those referred to above to influences peculiar to themselves.

Normally for every one, as I have repeatedly said, the purpose of coming into physical life is—the gathering of experience. The experience of life for any man differs so widely from the experience of any woman that no ego always incarnating in the same sex could be otherwise than lop-sided in growth. To feel this we must escape from physical plane habits of thought. Each man and woman in physical incarnation feels a complete being. Neither is so in reality. The being is only complete when any given physical manifestation is reunited to the accumulated volume of feeling and consciousness awaiting its return on the higher plane. While going on as man or woman it is not so much lop-sided as a part only of itself. Only when complete

on a higher plane can it be recognized as representing equilibrium or perhaps lop-sidedness of one kind or the other. If it is lop-sided either way, that state of things will operate as a natural force directing it into a new incarnation that will tend to remedy the defect. The natural force in question is, of course, the guiding will of those powers within the divine hierarchy concerned with the management of incarnations.

Normally in most cases equilibrium is maintained as naturally as a pendulum swings backwards and forwards. Taking the pendulum as the symbol of sex variation, each swing represents several lives. The alternations of sex are not arranged to succeed one another from life to life. An ego throws off a part—may be a great part—of itself into incarnation—say as a man. It has plenty still to learn in that sex, and remains in it for several lives in succession. As also of course it does if we consider the beginning of a series of female incarnations. But a time comes when the need for change in either case becomes emphatic in the interest of equilibrium. Then the change takes place, the septenary law so constantly operating in this world applies to the case we are considering. After seven lives in either sex, the ego falls naturally into the other for its next visit to the earth. The seven lives represent, in the pendulum symbol, the whole swing from the highest level touched on either side to the highest point on the other, but, as in all kinds of human progress, each of us in incarnation has power over its own normal destinies. By exercising that power without understanding it, the change from one sex to the other may be hastened. In normal cases, leaving for the moment out of account those in which definite progress has been made in the direction of understanding the mysteries of life, it will be difficult for an entity to enforce a change of sex during the first three lives of the current series. The pendulum symbol again helps us to understand the idea. It is difficult, relatively, to arrest its swing as it comes down from the highest point on either side. After it has passed the midway point and is beginning the upward swing, bound even if left alone to exhaust itself, checking its swing is relatively easy. Thus during the first three lives of a new series it is difficult, as already said, for the ego to enforce a change. After the three lives it is relatively easy, and how is it accomplished?

Not simply by wishing. In some connexions wishing is a definite force, but in the matter of choosing sex it would be apt to blunder. That which is more effective than wishing, is the direction of activity. A man, let us say, without being in any

THE SUPER-PHYSICAL ASPECT OF SEX 325

way effeminate, may be mainly guided in life by his love of domestic happiness. He dwells in thought on the charms of a happy family home. Perhaps the karmic forces of his current life have denied him the kind of life he would like, though he has done his best to secure it. If he has had three male lives besides the one in which he cherishes this desire, in doing so he makes it very probable that he will pass over into the female sex next time, that being the one offering special facilities for realizing the aspirations described. On the other hand, think of a woman who, becoming deeply interested in some public cause, works hard to promote it, not necessarily neglecting the duties of her current life as a woman, but devoting all available energy to the cause to which she is devoted. Just because at the present stage of human evolution public affairs are more naturally those with which men are concerned, the woman, if she has already had three female lives, will be very likely to find herself next time in a male body. That does not mean that the sweet womanly qualities she may have been manifesting as a woman, in addition to her public work, will be extinguished. They will pass into the composition of her higher self and be again available for use at some future time.

An inference that is rather amusing at the present day follows obviously from what has just been said. Many women for several years before the war were engaged with passionate earnestness and self-devotion in the struggle to secure political rights for women. Happily, as most people now think, with ultimate success, though the success was actually attained less by the struggle than by the magnificent part they played during the terrible period of the war. But anyhow they showed so ardent a zeal for a great public cause, entirely outside the domestic interests by which their energies had been more or less absorbed previously, that they have been unconsciously establishing a claim on nature for improved facilities in carrying on public work, or in other words for male incarnations, which however feminine participation in public work may be now provided for, will long remain the sex best adapted to such work. So the most impassioned "suffragettes" are very likely to be men next time—whether that suits their present aspirations or not. Of course the change would depend very much on the place they have been occupying for this life in the septenary cycle of lives. If still in the first three incarnations, the change would be improbable; if in the midway incarnation or in the latter three, it would be highly probable.

When we turn our attention to the aspect of sex on super-physical planes we approach mental problems far more difficult of solution than those which confront legislation in dealing with matrimonial and other sex problems on the physical plane. Raised to regions of transcendental thinking, what are the respective functions of the male and female principles on planes of activity where the distinction of sex, as apparent down here, disappear altogether? Occult teaching gives us the answer in broad and comprehensive terms: Divine energy working through the female principle has to do with the generation of form; working through the male principle with the expansion of spiritual consciousness within form. We must not make the mistake of regarding either task as superior to the other. The value or efficiency of consciousness depends on the character of the form or vehicle within which it is working. This is a supremely important idea to keep hold of in all speculation concerning human evolution. But if for a moment we leave out of account the will of exalted beings directing evolution, we may think of the spiritual pressure or expanding energy within form as determining its further development. However, it is always a mistake in contemplating the phenomena of life to ignore the operation of intelligent will, and in studying super-physical sex, that would be to miss the whole purpose of the study.

Our gradually expanding comprehension of the dazzling mechanism of Nature introduces us to two great agencies associated with the distribution of functions in the divine hierarchy. On humbler levels the "division of labour" helps to make the idea intelligible. We dimly realize that on levels of the divine hierarchy, which incarnate imagination can but imperfectly apprehend, there are beings superintending the two great processes of Nature—the improvement of form, and the improvement of spiritual efficiency within form. The first of these processes we may think of as directed by the supreme female principle—call it or her "Isis" for the convenience of speech,—the second is directed by a Lord of Life through Whom divine power is transmitted—the highly super-physical embodiment of the male principle. In both cases, of course, a vast hierarchy of subordinate deva, and elemental agency has to be included in our survey. Along that line of thought we approach the infinitely minute, and we can even vaguely extend imagination in the other direction and realize that Isis and the Lord of Life are partial manifestations on the level of this world of inconceivably stupendous manifestations of Divinity on the levels of the loftier cosmos of which our solar system is a part.

THE SUPER-PHYSICAL ASPECT OF SEX 327

For more precise comprehension of such exalted mysteries we must each of us wait till our own consciousness functions on higher levels than the physical, but meanwhile the attempt even to trace the idea of sex up from its manifestations on this plane, with which we are so familiar, to infinite planes above cannot but tend to ennoble all thought connected with the relations of men and women in the world around us. The tossing waves of social activity are for the moment concerned with breaking up the stagnation in which those relations have long lain undisturbed—change is moving in the direction of setting women free from a multitude of restraints that have impeded the development of the race that cannot grow healthily by a lop-sided progress that deforms the figure of the whole. Strange consequences may emerge for a while from the rearrangement of the all-important sex relationship, as also from the social evolution relating to the distribution of power and welfare in those that have hitherto been called the upper and lower classes. Occult students who may be to some extent in touch with the interpretation of events by the light of a loftier wisdom than generally prevails amongst us, know full well that such periods of change as this through which we are passing cannot but be associated with embarrassments and trouble, but these will cure themselves eventually. The loftiest wisdom gazing into the future wears always the predominant tint of optimism and certainty. If we concentrate attention on the main purpose of this essay, our recognition of the sublimity of purpose underlying the duality of sex, we shall feel that the emancipation of women from the fetters of old-established convention has a much deeper significance than is assigned to it even by most of those who have been struggling to bring it about. Sex on spiritual levels, though as clearly defined as with us in this world, is an expression of perfect harmony. In some cases even on the physical plane it reflects that harmony and bestows on incarnate life the greatest happiness it can enjoy. The better it is understood the more widely diffused that reflection will be, and in this matter, as in many others, the withdrawal, by occult teaching, of the veil that has hitherto concealed the sublime aspect of divine Nature that cruder civilization could only caricature, will clear our vision of the path before us and promote the progress along that path of the whole human race.

SOME PRESCIENT DREAMS

By WINIFRED HURLSTONE JONES

"This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams."—COLERIDGE.

DREAMS which have a whole literature of their own, a literature which is added to yearly by names of light and leading, were on the other hand dismissed by one of the master-minds of his age, Lord Bacon, with the contemptuous remark that "Dreams and predictions ought to serve but for winter talk by the fire-side." But dreams and their interpretation are things apart, and even the most unenlightened—and therefore the readiest—scoffer is reduced to the murmur of "Coincidence!" (thrice-blessed word to the unbeliever!) when he is confronted with the details of a dream which has foretold with uncanny accuracy some event which duly transpired.

A friend of mine, a well-educated unimaginative woman of middle age, had the following dream, or vision—she could never be absolutely certain which it was. She was asleep in her own room and the night was pitch-dark, when on the wall facing her bed was formed a vivid circle of light. Gradually in this circle was shown the staircase of the house she was in, and up this staircase a stretcher was carried by four men, whose faces she could see, but she could get no glimpse of who was on the stretcher. When she woke in the morning this dream—or vision—was absolutely clear to her and she told her husband the details of it, to be met with the usual "Don't worry yourself! There's nothing in it." Shortly after, this lady and her husband had to go to town for a time, and while there she became unwell and consulted a doctor, who advised her to return home and rest. This she did, and while travelling back by train she was taken seriously ill, so much so that her husband wired to the local doctor to meet their train with an ambulance. She was carried out of the train and put in the ambulance, and on arrival at her home she observed that the four men who carried her up on the stretcher were the four she had seen carrying the stretcher up in her dream.

A really remarkable dream was that of a lady I know who, fortunately for the proof of her dream, wrote it out and sent it

to a friend in Ireland the morning after, and having done this curiously enough, she absolutely forgot all about it. In this dream she foresaw about three weeks prior to the event, the sinking of the *Leinster*. She did not see the ship go down, but she found herself on the coast meeting ambulances on which were the bodies of Red Cross nurses. Though filled with a sense of woe, her strongest sensation was a surprised feeling at the look of peace on the faces of the drowned nurses. Though she had never been to Ireland, she saw each detail of the coast line. About a week after the *Leinster* sank she went to pay a—first—visit to Ireland, and curiously enough the friend with whom she stayed was the man to whom she had written the account of her dream some weeks previously. He reminded her of it, as, strange to say, her recollection of this dream had not even been awakened by the wreck, but on seeing the Irish coast she recognized the scene as the one seen in her dream. Her friend, who had had much to do with the identification of the bodies and had been closely connected with the tragedies arising out of the wreck, told her that her dream was extraordinarily accurate, even to the look of peace on the faces of the drowned nurses.

Another remarkable dream was recounted to me by a lady who quoted it as the one psychic experience of her life. Her parents had been sent for to go and see a married brother who was very ill. They drove over in the evening, and as they did not intend to return that night, she retired early and was soon asleep. In her sleep she saw her brother's sick-room, and her parents in it. She noticed each little detail, who came in and out, and she heard the few words muttered by the sick man and the parents' replies. With them she watched through the night, hearing and seeing what went on, and finally just before dawn her brother said in a loud clear voice: "I shall never go in the cart again, but into my coffin," and with that he relapsed into insensibility and died, and her dream ended. An hour or two later she heard her parents return, and getting up and throwing on a dressing-gown she went to meet them. Before they could speak she said hurriedly, "Don't say a word! Wait, and I will tell you my dream," and to their astonishment she related what had passed in her brother's room, and they confirmed the accuracy of every word and detail.

Another concurrent dream—if I may term them so—occurred to a relative of mine who was then a young girl. She was sleeping with a cousin, and twice she woke this girl up to tell her of

a horrible dream she had had, of a little boy who was murdered in a barn or shed by a man, but though she dreamt this twice she could not succeed in catching any view of the murderer's face; always he was bending in the shadow over his victim. On that very night took place the once-notorious Bradford murder. But the scene of the murder was the scene of my relative's dream, and it took place about the same time.

A dream of no special import, but interesting in that "coming events throw their shadows before" was one of my own last year. I was staying in a hotel with a family one of whose sons was a cadet on a training ship. The holidays being over, this boy duly returned, and nothing was further from the thoughts of any one than that he should return. But soon after he left I dreamt he came back at breakfast time—at least I saw him first at breakfast—and over one eye was tied a white handkerchief with a knot in it over the right ear. I queried his unexpected return, and learnt that there was some trouble on the ship. This dream I related to his relatives the next morning, to their amusement. A fortnight later influenza broke out in a virulent form, and the boys were sent to their homes. It was a long journey for this boy, and on the way home he caught something in his eye, which was terribly inflamed on arrival at one in the morning. It was tied up in a white handkerchief, and to my utter surprise the next morning this boy put in an appearance at breakfast; he came over and spoke to me exactly as in my dream, and when I saw his eye was terribly inflamed I asked him if it had not been tied up. His reply was that it had been tied with a large white handkerchief as in my dream, and with the knot over the ear as I had seen it.

A prescient dream of particular interest was that of a friend of mine which he dreamt many years before I made his acquaintance. I give it in his own words: "I can vouch for the following account of a dream which was singularly verified by the event, and within three days. I may mention that I had had no interest in or dealing with the Turf and knew nothing about current racing matters for some seven or eight years previously. One night in the autumn of 1887 or 1888 I dreamt that I was at a race meeting. I had seen the Derby two or three times and had been at several Ascot meetings, so that the usual scene, huge crowds in eager expectation, were familiar to me. Suddenly I distinctly heard the cry 'Gloriation wins! Gloriation wins!' I saw the throng of horses and their jockeys sweep towards the winning post, but awoke before the decision

was made known. In referring to the morning paper next day I noted that the Cambridgeshire Handicap at Newmarket was to be decided on the Wednesday following; that in the betting list there was a horse named Gloriation quoted at 40 to 1. The dream had been such an unusually vivid one that I mentioned the fact to an intimate friend who though, like myself, uninterested in betting, was of a more enterprising nature than I. He promptly went down to the West End and got a racing acquaintance to invest £1 on Gloriation for himself and 10s. for me at 33 to 1. The issue was quite satisfactory for us both and I well remember my friend driving up in a hansom on the Wednesday afternoon waving a newspaper. Gloriation had won!" I recount this dream with special satisfaction, as I have often heard materialists declare that if any medium or dreamer could give them a Derby winner they would be converts at once.

Perchance Poe with his fantastic imagination and visionary's eyes saw further into the truth than the majority of mortals when he declared that :

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MADAME BLAVATSKY *

BY EDMUND RUSSELL

WELL do I remember the evening I first saw Mrs. Besant. One night I had taken some theosophists from Washington to visit the great seeress. She was sitting in seamless robe before her table. On the floor at her feet crouched a little grey woman who pressed one of the "card dealer's" hands to her cheek, who only inclined at the introductions, who did not speak, whose name I did not catch. All the evening she held the hand as if this time the shipwrecked mariner was drawing force from the giant octopus to whose tentacle he clung. Walking home I happened to mention the simile.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Coues, "that your little grey woman was the great Annie Besant?"

In Annie Besant Blavatsky found that power of *union* which Mrs. Besant possessed to such a marvellous degree and to which she could subordinate all her forces, unfascinated by the temptations of individuality. The world is full of great people dying in misery because they cannot do this. Mr. Gladstone told me Mrs. Besant was one of the finest orators he ever heard—men not excepted. Yet in the few evenings when Madame Blavatsky sat on the platform of the hall in St. John's Wood and simply said, "No—no, Annie—that is not so," one felt as if the mountain had spoken.

Sometimes in those days one encountered the beautiful Princess Helena Racovitza—still beautiful, a living Titian of ineffable charm, as when the now forgotten Lassalle duel thrilled all Europe and George Meredith wrote his "Tragic Comedians" around her. I had known her in America, so we met as old friends. "A Princess of a Thousand-and-one Nights," said Blavatsky.

* Portions of these reminiscences have appeared in *The Herald of the Star*. May, 1916; January, 1917.

Sometimes I dined with the then Russian Bishop of London. He spoke of Madame with great affection: "She is too generous. She gives more than she has. When I go with any distress of our people she simply points to a drawer and says: 'Take what you need if it is there.'" William T. Stead, W. Q. Judge, A. P. Sinnett, of course were often present. Edward Maitland listened with gravity. At home I had been given a most remarkable pamphlet printed for private circulation, and thought to have something to startle him with when I asked: "Did you ever see 'The Keys of the Creeds'?" "Yes, I wrote it."

Blavatsky said that every great religious mystery was unlocked with seven golden keys.

Anna Kingsford made a cult of the beautiful as well as the occult. I last met her with Mr. Maitland in St. Peter's, Rome, on an Easter morning when the handkerchief of Santa Veronica was being shown above the high altar. This interesting pair of *collaborateurs* were both very distinguished looking. Anna was then near her doom and the waxen pallor of her face showed cameo like against the folds of her black lace mantilla.

* * * * *

The Ganges of Madame Blavatsky's guests was an ethnological congress—Bengali Brahmins, Italian, French and Russian officers, patriarchs of the Greek Church, mystics of every land. All felt her penetration, her naturalness, her power, though the creed-bound literal Jonah-swallowing-the-whale order who were frightened of symbolic interpretation were uncomfortable in the light of her logic and deep-dredged knowledge.

It was in Thomas Carlyle's house I heard my first "spirit-rappings." The Carlyle house before it was turned into a museum. My portrait was being painted by the artist who used as a studio that little retreat with no windows the sage of Cheyne-Chelsea had built for himself on top of the house. I stopped on to dinner. One of the celebrated "Fox Sisters" was visiting the old lady of cats and emeralds who then occupied, and in the evening there was a séance. I don't remember that the spirit of Thomas Carlyle appeared to remonstrate at this desecration, but Charlotte Cushman told me she always protected me. It was all very unconvincing, though the raps were extraordinary. The next morning I happened to be with Blavatsky at breakfast time and told her I had heard strange things the night before.

"What like?"

"Louder than I could crash my fist on a door."

"Oh, that was Katie Fox!"

"Madam, is there anything *spiritual* in such manifestations?"

"Not the slightest. Her baby made them in the cradle. She does not even know herself. For money she professed to make public confession that the rappings were produced by cracking the joint of her big toe."

"What were they then?"

"There are as many undiscovered forces in the human body as in external nature, but as yet we have no Edison of the body. She automatically controls or is controlled by one of these forces which the future may universally awaken and develop to some use. All possess them now in ignorance. There is nothing not common to all. As we are built on the same structure of bones and muscles, so the gamuts of thought and emotion are the same."

"And your own phenomena?" I ventured.

Here was the chance for Cagliostro—I—young, impressionable, *wanting* to be duped. She did not drape the mantle of high priestess around her, drawing back with: "How dare you confound my divine powers with these vulgar mummeries. We have nothing in common."

She replied simply: "Of the same order though different."

"Were *yours* spiritual?"

"No, psychic, but on the material plane."

I then questioned about certain strange impulses which often come over me. To return home suddenly, to let a dozen buses go by, then take a certain number. To cross the middle of a muddy street apparently without reason. How I am always saved in danger by a warning that sometimes arises to a scream. No! No! No! How one can argue with the promptings—no time to turn—impossible now—yet the warning persists—seems to plead—you know we have never sent you wrong—and yet even obeying perhaps nothing happens. If you had gone on your way something evil might have come. Such guidance *cannot* lead to wrong. Only good can be so far-reaching. The vibrations of harm clash and break in discord. All have these admonitions. Most do not trust, laugh down, disobey, till they no longer knock at the door.*

* See "My Escape from Paris," Edmund Russell, OCCULT REVIEW, Dec. 1916. "The Finding of the Jewel," Edmund Russell, OCCULT REVIEW, Feb. 1917. "Mr. Isaacs of Simla," Edmund Russell, OCCULT REVIEW, Mar. 1917. "More about Mr. Isaacs," Edmund Russell, OCCULT REVIEW. "Magic Weapons of India," Edmund Russell, OCCULT REVIEW, Aug. 1918.

"Your astral bell of which we read so much?"

"The same category."

"Why do you never now——?"

"I cannot—I am too old—the physical effort of concentration necessary to produce such vibration might kill me."

It is true that psychic powers are more closely allied to the physical than to the mental, and belong to youth as do all our talents. It is said that we do not originate after twenty-five years old. Later work is all repetition. Old-fogyism then begins. The poet dies young. Our Swinburnes give us nothing of value in their later years.

She was very cultured in all the arts, as high-class Russians always are. Even sad Maxim Gorky told me once that Russia was the only country having a cultured aristocracy—the others but here-and-there. Very few must be left now. Friends with whom she lived in the "Isis Unveiled" days say she was a wonderful musician, in bursts of savage improvisation like nothing else in the world, foreshadowing the Rimsky-Korsakoff school. She also painted and was excellent in caricatures and sketches which she used to sell to the New York papers when her father's remittances (he always kept in touch with her during her wanderings) did not arrive in time or were spent the day they came. They said her room was piled with the MSS. of her forthcoming book. If the publishers pressed her and she got angry she would seize a sheaf regardless of sequence and pack it off to them, which may account for the apparent lack of continuity one occasionally finds.

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The Countess Constance Wachtmeister presided over the household at Holland Park. A lovely woman of *blonde-cendrée* hair, and Lost-Lenore expression. She reminded me of Bulwer's violet-velvet heroines. They kept open house if not Fechter's and Boucicault's eternal feast. No one ever saw such hospitality. With five or six in the family the table was spread for twenty. Once-invited-always-invited. One took any vacant seat without ceremony. Came in at any time. Left in the middle of a meal. Sat by some poor student during one course. Moved over beside a duchess for another, or with special delight finished the repast by "the old lady" herself. *Cuisine végétarienne*, but no one would have known it, so rich and varied were the magical dishes. The platter of chicken-fricasse or the like, supplied for the carnivorous, was usually carried away untouched.

Commonly addressed as the Old Lady at home, for the public she liked best H. P. B. I could never say it. The meaninglessness of initials seemed not great enough for her. It was like calling Queen Victoria—"Vic." She loved to catch at the picturesque and popular in words. We all do in foreign tongues. "Flapdoodle" thus became her special pet. It knocked people out of the ring so easily, and when some one gave her its real alliterative meaning she never tired of it—"Flapdoodle: the Food Fed to Fools." She caught at each novel and rugged expression: mugwump—blatherskite—bamboozle—gyascutum—highcockolorum—used copiously and inappropriately till another came along, just as strangers in Paris pick up *apache argot*. She was once carried off to a modern problem-play which every one declared she *must* see, but sat solid-ivory to the Ibsenites of the then, untitled dramatist.

It did not matter much what covered her. She picked up the robe most convenient. Sometimes it was the seamless garment I have spoken of, which greatly became her. It envelopes everything, but requires skilful manipulation of its massive folds such as Ellen Terry gave to the draperies of Lady Macbeth with such consummate style and art. Square spread, it seems a shapeless rectangle, but drops from chin to foot in lines which become classic in lifting the immense pieces which make the sleeves, and with her dropped to the floor, to be piled three or four times over the arms in most impressive fashion. If one had said the word impressive she would never have worn it again, but in this she was "immense"—like Rodin's Balzac—like those formless Easter Island statues in the British Museum she often referred to, declaring them antediluvian, even to Lemurian origin.

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She sometimes dwelt on that great mystery, the origin of the Aryan race. A picnic party of angels, not fallen but willing to fall, must have visited this planet. For it is a missing touch rather than a missing link that we should seek. They looked upon the daughters of man and found them fair. Loved a day and flew away. From that time divine light shone in savage eyes. Men rose and stood erect with sense of wings. They saw the star in the east and followed it.

She talked much, too, these Thursday evenings of the separation of the sexes, for the first pre-Adamic spirit race which is described as falling into matter when the Elohim "gave them coats of skin" was bi-sexual. "The Lord made man. He made

them male-and-female." (This was long before the account of the creation story of Adam and Eve.) I remember how she would laugh as I used to say: "Yes, I understand that, Madame, but I am sure that when the cutting in two came the knife sometimes slipped. You are all a woman, but have more than your share too of man." Somewhere a poor little creature wanders. A mere slice of humanity. We should not call him effeminate. He is merely demi-masculine. He is the left-over scrap of Blavatsky.

When the separate sex first came men did not know what to do with it. They caught great reptiles. Thence mammals which are really half man. That is why we seem to have such relation with them. Why our eyes look out of dogs and cows and deer. Why they love us in more or less degree and would cling to us though we beat them away.

Once at a Parisian garden-party I entered the cage of a lion-tamer on a wager. Afterwards a friend asked: "Why did you smile so when you gazed into the eyes of the lioness?" I nearly laughed at that lioness. She looked like Blavatsky. Her eyes were the eyes I saw when I said: "Now let all the devil in you shine out." I almost expected her to turn—there is no devil in me. Those eyes were the eyes of Blavatsky—eternal—pitiless—loving.

Her own were amber flecked with gold and streaked with turquoise. Her hair ashy African wool. Her one real beauty her hands. Oriental hands with long subtle fingers which bent back till they almost touched her wrist. A sign of psychic pliancy.

A fashionable woman of New York who thought she highered higher thought by being really quite interested in it, once said to me: "I shall never invite Baba Bharati to a dinner party again—he snuffles." The great ones often retain signs of their avatars of boar and tortoise, so she returned to her lower thought friends who did not snuffle.

The "culture" of most people was to our *jogini* only a joke. To their repetition of scarce-comprehended phrases she listened as would a Himalayan rishi. She knew they would say anything as they would wear anything thought at the moment to be proper, imagining themselves spiritual if repeating scraps of spiritual jargon.

One evening we were discussing that strange vision of Anna Kingsford about the burning of the library at Alexandria. One of the seven wonders of the ancient world, history declares it destroyed by iconoclastic Saracenic zeal, but the beautiful

blonde-star-soul found an unknown reason for this holocaust. For years the framers of the new had been building from the seven hundred thousand accumulated manuscripts of the royal Ptolemys the hope to offer to the world. Co-ordinating the virtues—throwing out the faults of older faiths—then hurling the torch to destroy all evidence of former haloes and older Christs. Madame said it was and is still to-day a pious crime in the Roman Catholic church to remove such trace. In spirit with the famous answer of Caliph Omar: "If those Greek writings agree with the Koran they are useless and need not be preserved. If they disagree they are pernicious and should be destroyed."

A little later I had a strange corroboration of this. Visiting Professor Magnusson at Cambridge University, that learned Icelander who used to accompany William Morris in his northern rambles, I surprised him one day writing an essay on a most wonderful subject—"The Man who Discovered the Edge." An awakening so fraught with good and evil to mankind! Later he took me over the great college library and opened the cases holding their priceless volumes of ancient days. Asking if one were left alone with free access to such treasures: "Yes, if you are not a Roman Catholic." How then? "Then you would be given a little table in the middle of the room by yourself, and watched all the time. A page might be torn out—a sentence changed—a single word erased—a drop of acid let fall to alter a turn of phrase if disagreeing with—"

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Reverence was a broad facet of her nature, but to her Christian and Pagan were meaningless terms. Things were respected only when real in the sense of being fundamental, immutable, cosmic. If a cross shone to her on the faultless Parthenon of truth, it was because it was an eternal symbol which has existed for ever and not a modern invention. The esoteric meaning of God on His Throne meant only to her that man must build his temple in his own heart. She said the suffragettes could not be considered consistent till they put the Virgin Mary back in heaven.

She knew her Bible well, though to her it was only one of many sacred books, all sacred to her; for through her theosophy—god-wisdom or good-wisdom—she taught us to drop the final s from religions, and that little letter seems at last to be losing its grip. A deep student of universal analogies, some of her interpretations were electrical. The last words of Christ, "Eli!

Eli! Lama Sabachthani," a sorrow to many and which some make with George Moore a renunciation of his mission, she turned into a joy: "My God! My God! How Thou hast glorified me!" In most oriental languages vowels are left to the imagination or only indicated by easily-confused dots and dashes. Some overlooked or missing sign brought back the lost and precious significance.

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Opinion varies as to the individual and the personal. She said all souls in essence and entity are alike. And declared them with equal rights and equal powers to be more different in a future state than here. This is quite possible. Every keyboard is alike. It is the music that varies. Varies in delight, not rivalry. Pre-eminence ever more pronounced. Angels and archangels. A spiritualist told me that Sarah Bernhardt is eagerly awaited in heaven. Blavatsky will always have her regnant place there. Here she was the keystone of an arch and felt her perilous position. G. K. Chesterton speaks of the "foundation stones on either side, which might fancy they were two buildings; but the stones nearest the keystone would know there was only one." Those who lived near her realized all that her dominant power was building and unselfishly seeking to build. She would have enjoyed the wit of Chesterton, so like her own in vision and frankness, his: "In a universe without God there is not room enough for man"; "The funeral of God is always a premature burial." With him she felt that snobbishness was in danger of becoming our only religion, that it has turned rich men into a mythology and changed the tragedy of choice into a tragedy of chance. She would have enjoyed too H. G. Wells, though she might have scarcely appreciated his juggling with the planets, feeling that an intrusion on the sports of her own realm. Cryptograms were writ for her on every flower and gem—the irised sphere of every drop of dew. Each chapter of the Secret Doctrine she went over and over again with us. To her it was an open book where all who flew might read.

To-day the crash of cathedrals would not have dismayed her. She knew that the universal awakening was soon to come. She accepted the ascending and the descending—the twin processions of the Milky Way whose streams of stars sweep in opposite directions, and so was deeply held by the foretelling by the Vedic seers of a new race to appear about this time, and which she felt to be already on the ascending arc.

It was in America she said the thrill would be first perceived.

From the congeries of all Europe the streams had been poured into the melting-pot. The pure gold now flamed in the crucible. In far Western cradles the dawn had already come. Sub-races overlap without cataclysm. Some of the parents who bend over these cradles have vaguely felt premonitions and draw the new ones to them by their own longings. We all thrill with the rising of the sun; and will all have our part in the full light later on. Those who understand transmigration and reincarnation know that there are no such things as parents in the sense of creators, though none the less dear and closely related they and we may be. She said parents resemble children, not children parents.

These babes speak with a new note. They will experience new joys and lift themselves above ancestral tradition of sorrow. They are the race and soon will all close together in their beauty till we, now so proud, will be but mongrels of the past, the left over remnants, the plates of cold rice (as the Japanese say) of a former feast—*morituri te salutamus*.

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This coming together will be the further awakening of god-consciousness, and the multiplex mind of the individual ego will then realize the experiences of previous births and profit by them. We are now working out Adam's primal curse which was self-created and not of God. Man painted the terrible Cain picture of the Paris Luxembourg. The lessons of karma will have been learned. Every man shall be his own priest and fashion his own altar, and the "living Vedas" again return to earth. Maxim Gorky once told me *real man* has not yet appeared on this planet.

Those suddenly taken away in the late war—who have "gone west," as the English Tommies say—to follow the sun and dawn, again we might interpret—have "flown to another tree," which is the Indian warrior's expression—will be speedily brought back to play their part, with greater power to guide and help in the new light which is coming to all and for all.

I saw him from yon crucifix, and came with noiseless tread
 And took his heart and placed it in a babe unborn instead,
 And his soul sped in the moonlight and with God's in Heaven was wed.
 And the babe shall be a hero, of that soldier's valour bred,
 He shall live to lead his brothers, but not in battle red,
 He shall lead them to the sunlight when the hell of war is dead.

(Private J. B. Nicholson, who fell on the field July 12, 1915.)

A MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY IN DERBYSHIRE

BY LEOPOLD A. D. MONTAGUE

AMONG my duties is to answer questions on certain subjects, sent by readers of the journal to which I am attached; and the extraordinary story here given first came to my notice in this way. The matter, however, would be more suitably followed up in such a publication as the OCCULT REVIEW, as there seems to be no explanation on the ordinary lines, and it is clearly a case for investigators of psychic phenomena.

The correspondence commenced with a letter from Mr. C. Brown (of Ashbourne, Derbyshire), who asked for information about "a perfectly round stone, about an inch across, found in a field, about a foot below the surface," and stated that a very bright light appeared on the same spot for several nights, and that the stone was dug up exactly where the light appeared. The stone was described as having several old markings upon it, which could not be made out. I replied that no explanation was possible without fuller particulars, and wrote privately to Mr. Brown, asking him to answer the questions below, and to send me the stone for examination if possible.

In due course my questions were answered as follows:—

(1) Where was the stone found?

At Kniveton, Derbyshire.

(2) Was it discovered on cultivated land, grass land, or down land?

On down land.

(3) How many times was the light seen, and by how many persons?

The light was seen twice, by two persons.

(4) Can you name the persons who saw the light, and give dates?

Mr. Charles Massey, of Petthills Cottage, Kniveton, and another (since deceased). Exact dates forgotten, but in autumn, 1908 (November).

(5) Were there any ancient ruins or earthworks near where the light was seen?

No.

(6) Describe the light and its position.

Very bright light similar to an acetylene lamp in colour and shape (but brighter), and about 1 foot from the ground.

(7) At what distance was it first observed?

Seen from a distance of about 200 yards.

(8) Was it walked up to? If so, what happened?

When observer walked up to it it disappeared.

The stone was sent to me, and turned out to be a sphere, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, weighing nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. The surface is greenish-brown, and at first sight the material appears to be chert, but examination shows that the interior is white and soft. I took the ball to the curator of the Exeter Museum for report, but it could not be identified with any common stone, and no definite opinion could be given without injuring the object by removing a small portion for analysis. It is certainly not metallic, and may possibly be made from some heavy composition, and altogether artificial. The surface is slightly glossy, and on it are painted, apparently with some kind of black ink, the curious



CHARACTERS MARKED ON THE BALL FOUND AT KNIVETON.

letters or signs of which I append as accurate a copy as I was able to make, aided by a lens. They would seem to be either ancient Oriental characters or a magical sigil; but resemble no sigil or sign published in the standard works on magic which I have consulted.

The ball has every appearance of great antiquity, and is not in the least suggestive of a fake of any kind, but I cannot imagine any use for it, unless possibly as a sling-stone or missile.

I am aware that the information I have gleaned leaves many questions to be answered, and is merely a basis for fuller investigation, which I hope may be carried on by others, and that, at any rate, some explanation may be suggested.

I have submitted the ball to a clairvoyante (Mrs. Letheren, of Exeter) on the chance of getting something interesting about it by means of psychometry. The first impression it gave her (not having been told anything about its history) was one of horror, causing her to tremble and perspire, and impelling her to hurl it away. She said it had been connected with some terrible catastrophe in which many persons, including its owner,

had lost their lives, and that it had been through terrible conditions in various times, and had been from one place to another —“ a bloodthirsty, fiery influence.” She thought it had come from a land inhabited by brown people, and saw, in connexion with it, a hairy human hand like the hand of a gorilla.

Mr. Brown informs me that a similar ball was found in the same district some years ago, and it would be interesting to find out more about this, and whether such “ stones ” have been elsewhere discovered in Derbyshire. Whether the ball had any connexion with the mysterious light is another question to which no answer has as yet been found. As far as I am aware, such lights have never been accounted for by any object buried beneath the place where they were observed.

A VISION AND ITS SEQUEL

BY LILIAN WHITING

(Author of "They Who Understand"; "The Adventure Beautiful"; "The Spiritual Significance"; "After Her Death"; "Life Transfigured," etc, etc.)

ON the afternoon of July 4 of last year (1919), I was engaged in work in my own rooms in the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, which has been my permanent home from early girlhood. The day was extremely warm; it was our national holiday, but in the Back Bay residence region of Boston it was very quiet. Private residences were largely closed, their owners having gone to seashore or mountains, and the crowds and celebration of the day were located afar in other portions of the city. I was in my bedroom, which served me also as a study, opening out of my sitting-room. The doorway between the two rooms was defined only by a heavy velvet *portière*, the door itself having been removed. On account of the heat I had darkened my sitting-room, and left the door opening into the hotel corridor ajar for greater coolness. In my little study-sleeping-room I was absorbed in writing, the holiday being an especial treasure-trove of a day unlikely to be in any way interrupted. About 3 p.m. I stepped out into my sitting-room to get a book, and touched the spring of the heavy shade at a window, for light, when, turning (the room being fully light), I was startled to see a casket (coffin) leaning against the farther end of my mantel, not six feet away from where I stood. It was of a dark mahogany brown, of a size for a grown person, and was just as distinct and as solid to the view as was any piece of furniture in the room. I was so startled that I jumped backward, inadvertently, and there went through my mind the explanation that some one in the hotel had died; that the casket was brought for that person; that it had been placed in my room by some mistake, and that my outer door being ajar, and I in the other room, deeply absorbed in my writing, accounted for its having been placed there without my hearing or knowing of it. All this flashed instantaneously through my mind, and then . . . no casket was there! I was gazing at empty space! And I was, if anything, even more startled at the

disappearance of the casket than I was when I seemed to see it.

To a person who, like myself, is always more or less pursued and attended by intimations of the ethereal realm, in which we all live and move and have our being to a greater or less extent, it might have been not unnatural to regard this vision, hallucination, or whatever we may call it, as a prophecy of my own death. But it did not so translate itself to me, although I did feel the assurance that it had a significance; that it was in some way closely connected with my life in the loss of some friend who had passed on. That evening my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Christopher (the lady being better known to literature as Alice Herring Christopher), came to see me. Mr. Christopher is a young Englishman who has established a prosperous publishing house in Boston and now regards our country as his home. I had especially invited the Christophers to come that evening that we might watch the fireworks from my window. I told them of the curious picture on the air I had seen that afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher are domiciled in a lovely apartment at No. 143 Worthington Street, in the Park, next door to the Venetian Palace ("Fenway Court") of Mrs. John Gardner, a palace filled with treasures of art which Mrs. Gardner opens to the public, twice a year, for a few days, and which she intends ultimately to bequeath to the city of Boston as a public museum of the choicest order. It is this palace which Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard (our finest art connoisseur in the country), called the most beautiful thing in the United States. As I said, I told Mr. and Mrs. Christopher of this occurrence that very evening. On Sunday evening (July 6) Dr. James H. Hyslop (the head of the American Society for Psychical Research) came, and I told him, and, at his request, wrote it out with signature and date for his official records. So I have abundant proof of the details at the moment when fresh in my mind. I am giving the real names and circumstances of these friends to whom I related the incident at the time. Dr. Hyslop comes from New York to Boston every Sunday night for his psychical work, carried on through the mediumship of Mrs. Minnie M. Soule (the "Mrs. Chenoweth" of his records), having *séances* on Monday to Thursday inclusive, and returning to New York on Thursday noon. While in Boston he always stops in the Hotel Brunswick, in which I permanently live.

Several days passed by and I heard nothing whatever connected in any way with this gruesome manifestation, on July 4, until some two weeks, or more, had gone by. Then came a letter

from Miss Faith Chevallier (2226 Rodgers Avenue, Los Angeles) telling me of the death of a mutual friend, Miss Josephine C. Locke, and establishing the fact that the funeral took place on Saturday, July 5, although not mentioning the date of Miss Locke's death. On receipt of this I said to Dr. Hyslop that, inferentially, as the funeral service for Miss Locke was on Saturday, it was very possible that her form was placed in the casket on Friday, the day I had seemed to see the casket. But this, of course, was only inferential on my part. I wrote to Miss Chevallier asking further details, but received from her no reply. So the time ran on until toward the last of September, when I received a letter from Miss Katherine Elizabeth Knudsen (whose address is in care of Mrs. Philip H. Dodge, R.F.D. 502 B, Santa Cruz, California) giving me more details regarding our friend, Miss Knudsen having been with Miss Locke at that time.

The two ladies had been in intimate companionship for many years, travelling together and domiciled together, of late years, in Los Angeles. Miss Knudsen had also been an intimate friend of the late Countess Wachtmeister, who was also a special friend and sometime travelling companion of Annie Besant. The Countess Wachtmeister passed away in Los Angeles some few years ago, and Miss Knudsen was her executrix. To this letter I at once replied, telling Miss Knudsen of the occurrence on the afternoon of July 4, and asking her for all special details, and especially whether it had been on that day that the body of Miss Locke had been placed in the casket? To that letter I received a reply on October 25, and I confess that its information startled me almost more than the apparent seeing of the casket did. For Miss Knudsen told me that at about twelve noon on July 4, the casket was brought into the room where lay the form of Miss Locke, and that, as the body was not quite prepared to be placed in it, the casket was *leaned against the mantel in the room.* ("Just as you saw it in your room," writes Miss Knudsen.) She also reminded me that twelve o'clock in Los Angeles would be about three o'clock in Boston, the difference in time, from ocean to ocean, across our country being about three hours. Furthermore, Miss Knudsen told me in this letter that at this time, while these last preparations for the funeral service of the next day were being made; while the casket leaned against the mantel, and last loving touches arranged the drapery about the body, that during these details my name was mentioned between herself and one or two other friends in the room, in their remembrance of my own warm friendship for Miss Locke. "Could

this mention of your name have produced a vibration in the ether that assisted in placing before you a vision of a casket leaning against a mantel?" questions Miss Knudsen in this letter.

I have just completed the final data on this matter for Dr. Hyslop's records; but I find in my memory many other things, too, bearing indirectly upon this problem. For life is a continued story; it is so absolutely a matter of evolutionary continuity that we cannot but trace the visible and actual progress in many things that have happened before. They have their roots in the past. Thus, the antecedent causes that resulted in some mysterious sympathy which apparently gave me this vision on July 4, 1919, date back a great many years.

It was in the summer of 1893, at the great exposition in Chicago, that I first met Josephine Carson Locke. She was then the superintendent of drawing in the Chicago public schools. She was an art connoisseur of enthusiasm and of a measurable degree of exact knowledge and an almost immeasurable degree of artistic feeling. Withal she was a mystic by nature, but she had also a balance of practicality that made her singularly efficient in a work requiring a balance of judgment. She had an entrancing personality, and I now seem to realize how there was established between us a current of magnetic sympathy that has been a strong influence in my life. Some time, a year or two later, Miss Locke suddenly wrote asking me to come from Boston to see an exhibition that the pupils in drawing were to hold, and to write an article about the methods employed in the teaching of drawing in the public schools of Chicago, for the *Arena Magazine*, then published in Boston, edited by Mr. B. O. Flower. When I read the letter I dismissed, at once, the suggestion that I should go out to Chicago for this. I knew that Miss Locke had introduced original theories of her own in this teaching, and that it was quite possible they would be of interest to the public; but still I had no idea at all of going, and expected to write at once and explain my inability to do so. Does some one say that sleep is a good counsellor? At all events, after a night's sleep, I awakened with no thought at all, save the most positive intention of complying with her request. I really could not conceive how I could have intended otherwise. Those were the easy days of railroad passes for the press, so that the running out to Chicago involved little expense. But my starting was preceded by a curious occurrence. I had decided to leave the next evening, and had taken my reservations in the Pullman for that time. On the night between I had a singular dream of being in a vast, gloomy interior

of a vacant building, and toiling up an interminable iron stairway in the middle of the place, the stairway being far from any wall. The next evening found me bestowed with my impedimenta in the Pullman sleeping car of the evening train. But as I opened my bag, behold ! it was not mine, although an alligator skin bag almost identical. It was packed with strange and unfamiliar things, and I at once saw that I could not proceed on my journey with this. The mistake of exchange had been made by the porter in the hotel. There was barely time to get out of the train ; to explain to the conductor ; to give up my reservation for that night, and the train went off. Then I found that in the confusion I had left my small handbag in the car. I was advised to go to the telegraph operator for the road who would telegraph to the conductor to care for it and to bring it back with him the next day, as his " run " was only part way to Chicago. The telegraph office was located in an immense building adjoining the station, a building that I had never before entered. But here was the vast, gloomy interior ; the few lights of which seemed only to serve to make the darkness visible ; here was the endless iron staircase, going up in the middle of the room, out in space, just as I had dreamed of toiling up it the night before. The entire scene was precisely that of my dream. The next evening I did leave for Chicago ; finding on my arrival that the exhibition had been, at the last moment, deferred for a day or so, and that I was in good time for it. The article was written and duly published by Mr. Flower, and looking back now I wonder if there were not some occult connexion between the mind of Miss Locke and my own that had enabled her to transform my first intention not to go, into the positive and rather eager decision to fulfil her suggestion.

The winter of 1900 found me in Rome and Miss Locke in Egypt. She wrote urging me to join her in Cairo. It was the mistake of my life that I did not do this. It was the one season, out of all my eighteen consecutive years of partial sojourn abroad, each year (rushing home for a few weeks to see a book through the press, and then returning to Europe again), it was the one season when time, place, and circumstance combined to have allowed me to visit Egypt. By some unfortunate perversity I did not accede to the request of one who was acting as my good angel, and so, while England and the Continent and Greece have been the scenes of many a happy sojourn, I have never yet seen Egypt. Later years often brought Miss Locke and myself together in Paris, in Washington, in New York, and in Boston ; and not one of

these meetings is without some rather striking psychical experience. The narration of these would involve too much time and too great space. She became a theosophist of the utmost devotion. But I cannot but recognize how absolutely evident are the various sequences, and these seem to me to have probably established conditions that made it possible that I should see the picture of the closing scene of her earthly life.

All these data are simply noted as leading up to what I think we shall find true—namely, that no psychical experience is isolated. That it has its roots, its causes, in previous sequences of events and of personal relations.

Dr. Hyslop assures me that (scientifically) it is only the fact, or the message, that matters in any narration, and that the real names of the persons involved need not be given. I had remarked to him that it was trying to me to give Kate Field's name, and make public so many personal details, when writing *After Her Death*, but that it seemed to me a good part of faith to reveal the real personality (Kate Field), and not designate her by a pseudonym. The learned psychologist assures me that I am wrong in this; that "Mary Smith" would have done just as well as the real name; but with all my reliance on learned authority, I cannot divest myself of the feeling that in all these psychical data, perfect frankness is an essential part of the perfect truth. So in this little account I give the true names, and trust to the reader's indulgence and sympathy in the inevitably personal character of the story.

I do not in the least suppose that Miss Locke intended to throw the picture of the casket on my mind; but, rather, that this was an involuntary result (perhaps even unknown to her) a result of her presence with me and her own seeing these last details; or else, that by some magnetic sympathy, by some wave in the ether, my spiritual vision caught the scene, as clairvoyants see scenes at a distance. Vibration is a law that will doubtless account for much phenomena hitherto left in doubt. That Miss Locke, by many years of occult study and intense interest in theosophy, had so trained and developed her spiritual faculties that she was entitled to bring to bear strong influence, seems to me a factor in the matter. There is an immense contrast in the power of a spiritually developed person, and one who has not yet attained much development, after they enter on the "life more abundant." Those spiritually developed have an equipment, so to speak, that at once assures their effectiveness in the new environment. To a degree they have already acquired some

measure of adaptability to the new conditions. Well did one of our poets (Louise Chandler Moulton) offer true counsel in the lines —

Some day or other I shall surely come
 Where true hearts wait for me ;
 Then let me learn the language of that home
 While still on earth I be,
 Lest my poor lips for want of words be dumb
 In that High Company.

MOTHER EVE

By ARTHUR E. LLOYD MAUNSELL

FROM the savour of subtle roses ;
 From the shadows scarce begun ;
 Of the silence of the twilight ;
 Of the failing winter sun ;
 A garment and a vestment,
 A consecrating vestment
 For the naked soul within her—
 These she spun.

From the hills and hidden places ;
 From the voiceless praying there ;
 Out of midnight's cavernous spaces
 She wove that garment spare.
 A garment and a vestment,
 A consecrating vestment,
 For the naked soul within her—
 Wakening there.

And for girdle, she girded and bound her
 With the mists that creep at dawn ;
 For her heart's need drew it round her,
 Crying " so are all things born,
 But a garment, but a vestment—
 Aye ! a consecrated vestment
 For th' eternity within us,
 That is born."

BIRD LORE AND SUPERSTITION

By M. L. LEWES

SO many curious beliefs and traditions are associated with birds that the subject forms a most interesting department in the collection and study of popular superstitions and folk-lore. Sometimes these beliefs are local, as in the case of the yellow-hammer, which is said to be greatly disliked in Scotland, and often called the "devil's bird." But this rude name used elsewhere to be applied to magpies, birds almost universally considered unlucky, especially seen singly. Many quite wise and reasonable people will own to a feeling of uneasiness should a magpie fly across their path when starting on a journey. It is a good plan to cross one's self, or stop and turn round thrice, to avert this evil omen!

In his *Demonologie* (1650), Dr. Nathaniel Home, writing of common superstitions, says: "By the chattering of magpies, they know they shall have strangers." A modern writer quotes a quaint reason for the general dislike to a magpie. "It was the only bird which did not go into the Ark with Noah; it liked better to sit outside jabbering over the drowned world."

That most familiar inmate of our gardens, the robin, was in old days regarded with a strange mixture of fear and veneration. In Wales and Ireland particularly, robins were held in awe, and bold was the man who dared to kill one of "the blessed birds." The Welsh thought that anyone daring enough to shoot a robin would certainly have the shots returned at himself. It was also believed that robins came and pecked at the window of a house before one of the family died; and even in these days, many people think it is unlucky for a robin to enter a house. There is perhaps something rather uncanny about the tameness of our friend the redbreast; for he seems not merely to tolerate human beings, but almost to despise them, so independent and fearless is his air. The pretty old mediæval legend declared that robins and wrens covered "the friendless bodies of unburied men" with dry leaves, by way of burial.

In Wales, the wren used to share in the respect paid to the robin and the swallow ("God's birds," as they were called), and

a curious old Christmas custom in Pembrokeshire was the carrying round of a caged wren by the village children, while they sang in Welsh or English,

Cursed is the man
Who kills a robin or a wren.

As for swallows, the old Romans thought it was fortunate if they built on or near a house, and in these days it is in many country districts considered very unlucky to kill one, punishment swiftly following by cows going dry, or rain falling continuously. Very curious was the old notion about swallows, that they sought on the sea-shore for a certain kind of pebble, which when found they carried home to give sight to their nestlings. Longfellow in *Evangeline* refers to this idea :

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings.

An odd superstition says that one should never let a bird use a hair from one's head in the building of its nest. Should this happen, the person thus robbed will "dwindle, peak and pine."

Ravens have ever had a bad name as birds of ill-omen. They were thought to possess the gift of prophecy, their appearance and dismal croakings being a sure sign of approaching death or misfortune. And in times of pestilence, they were supposed to carry infection. According to one old authority, "ravens bear the character of Saturn, the author of calamities, and have a very early perception of the bad disposition of that planet."

A legend relates that ravens were once as white as swans, but one day Apollo was told by a raven of the faithless conduct of his favourite nymph Coronis. Whereupon the god not only slew the nymph in his anger, but detesting the talebearing bird, he blackened its white plumage for evermore.

It requires no great effort of the imagination to produce a shudder of foreboding as the white owl's screech suddenly rends the gloom of an autumn evening. It is indeed a melancholy sound, and one does not wonder that superstitious people should hear it with dread. White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, writes: "I have known a whole village up in arms on such an occasion, imagining the churchyard to be full of goblins and spectres." Welsh people believe that if an owl is heard hooting in the day-time near a house where a person lies ill, it means the invalid will die. But it is a very general idea that the cry of the screech-owl at night close to a house, bodes misfortune.

The writer was once staying at a country house where a death occurred somewhat unexpectedly; and well remembers the

extraordinary and incessant noise made by the owls during a few evenings before and immediately after the event. Shriek followed shriek, often appearing to be just outside the windows, and it would be difficult to describe the uncanny, disturbing effect produced on one's mind by such an unearthly-sounding clamour. No doubt this was mere coincidence, but whether prophetic or not, "the gloom-bird's hated screech," as Keats calls it, is not a cheerful sound, and seems the fitting accompaniment to that hour "in the dead vast and middle of the night," when "churchyards yawn."

There is a saying that he who is sprinkled with pigeon's blood will never die a natural death. The story goes that a sculptor was carrying home a bust of Charles I, and as he stopped a moment to rest, a pigeon flying overhead was struck by a hawk, and its blood dropped down on the neck of the bust. The sculptor took this as a bad omen, and when King Charles was beheaded, the saying became current. John Aubrey, in his delightful *Miscellanies*, writes of the same occurrence, giving a slightly different version. "The bust of King Charles I, carved by Bernini, as it was brought in a boat upon the Thames, a strange bird (the like whereof the bargemen had never seen) dropped a drop of blood upon it; which left a stain not to be wiped off."

In many parts of England it is believed that a person cannot die comfortably in a bed containing pigeons' feathers, and the same idea is said to prevail amongst the Russian peasantry. Some people regard it as a bad omen if a stray pigeon appears near a house—especially if it be white. Shortly before the death of a certain person well-known to the writer, a strange pigeon one day came to a window of his house. It was extraordinarily tame, and would not be driven away, returning again and again to the same window-ledge. After the death occurred, the bird disappeared and returned no more.

It is difficult to imagine any importance ever having been attached to such an ordinary sound as the crowing of cocks. Yet the Persians were very superstitious about this most prosaic noise: if a cock crowed at the proper hours, i.e., at nine, noon, and midnight, well and good. But if at any other time, it was a bad omen, and poor Chanticleer was instantly killed. A cock's eye worn as an amulet had great power, for according to mediæval ideas, all bad spirits, demons and witches feared the noisy bird. Cocks were said to crow all night on Christmas Eve, when (as is well known) no ghost dare stir abroad.

In the south-west of Scotland, there used formerly to exist a curious dislike of lapwings; though this was originally for no superstitious reason, but because, as it frequented solitary places, its haunts were often intruded on by the fugitive Presbyterians during the persecutions they suffered in the reigns of Charles I and James II, when they were sometimes discovered by the cries of the lapwing.

Another bird of marsh and moor, the bittern, used to be dreaded as a harbinger of death. An old writer, describing "the Superstitious Man," says: "If a bittourne fly over his head by night, he makes his will."

In Rona, one of the Western Islands of Scotland, the cuckoo's note was formerly an ominous sound. "For," say the islanders, "the bird was never seen nor heard there, but after the death of the Earl of Seaforth or the minister." The neighbouring island of Lingay was a great resort of swans, and the natives, if they killed one, always made a negative vow, that is, they swore never to do a thing in itself impracticable, before tasting the flesh. This was a remnant of a very ancient Celtic belief that the swan was a sacred bird, and that misfortune would inevitably overtake the man who killed one.

Every one knows of a very common prejudice that exists against peacock's feathers; some persons having merely a vague dislike of the gay plumes; while others go farther, and say that if they are brought into a house, the eldest son of the family will die and the daughters never marry. The writer once asked a Northamptonshire woman (well versed in all kinds of quaint superstitions and country lore) why she so strongly disliked peacock's feathers. "Well, it's because of the evil eye," was the reply. And it transpired that she referred to the beautiful eye-markings of the tail-feathers. The idea of these markings having this sinister import was new to the writer, and certainly seems sufficient to account for the feathers being considered unlucky by unenlightened people.

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 SPIRIT'S RETURN."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me a line regarding your review of my anthology, "The Spirit's Return," in the issue of March, 1920?

With regret, I notice your review unintentionally missed the point of my little book, and the only excuse for the work,—namely, to convey the unconscious spiritism in literature, as taken from anti-spiritualistic writers instead of the usual spiritualistic pen, which my Preface explains. The criticism of "ghosts" and "spectres," therefore, is misapplied, because misunderstood.

However, as the definition of *ghost* is "the soul of man; of a deceased person; an apparition," so, accordingly, to even the spiritualistic view-point, the term is permissible, and should be acceptable as decidedly appropriate.

My quotations simply are the anti-spiritualistic way of expressing spiritualistic thought—my only object.

Thanking you for your courtesy and kindness,

I am, very truly yours,

PHILANA R. PEABODY-LLOYD.

905 MINONA AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

KARMA AND THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As a student of esoteric philosophy I appreciate Mr. Morgan's reference to the Rosicrucian teachings, and cordially agree as to the light they shed on many of the perplexing problems discussed in your columns.

In addition to the two books he mentions, I would add *The Rosicrucian Mysteries*, in which Max Heindel reveals many of the secret teachings of the Order. If I understand them rightly, they scarcely seem to justify your attitude towards those unilluminated souls who are not "Knowers of Karma" except as taught by the Churches. In the well-known lines you quote, Edwin Arnold seems to condense the Buddha's teaching into a rigid algebraical formula from which there is no appeal.

True, we know where we are when guiding our lives by a law

that is unerring, immutable, impersonal, with Perfect Love as well as Infinite Wisdom behind it. "Do one wrong—the equal retribution must be paid . . ." would certainly seem to justify your contempt for the folly and futility of "sychophantic wheedling of any tyrant of the skies." But does it forbid the hope, or even the assurance that here and now forgiveness of sin is to be found *via* the rough road of repentance, restitution and reform?

It was the Lord of Love who pointed out this way, even though He also taught that the reaping is ever according to the sowing. This teaching was not contrary to immutable law, but was made possible by the application of a higher law, for *love* is higher than *law*.

Max Heindel deals fully with this subject, giving the *modus operandi* whereby sins are blotted out from the book of the Recording Angels, and therefore will not swell our adverse record on the other side. And the utmost importance is given to a "scientific" method whereby such expurgation may be compassed continually.

Such teachings may seem somewhat too "scientific" and mechanical to those who do not recognize law in the spiritual as in the physical world.

Yours faithfully,

J. SCOTT BATTAMS.

[There seems to be nothing said in my correspondent's letter which is in the nature of a criticism of my observations. He seems to have misunderstood me.—ED.]

THE PROBLEM OF THE TAROT CARDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to my recent article in the May number of the OCCULT REVIEW, there were two cards—the Magician and the Hierophant—regarding which there seemed, at the time of writing, little to choose between in their respective attributions to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. I have since come to the conclusion that a later alternative reading is the correct one, and that these two cards should be transposed; the symbolical meaning of each, of course, remaining unchanged.

I am now of opinion that the HIEROPHANT (the Pope, the Holy Father), representing the Power of the Pontifical Head of the Exoteric Priesthood, should be allocated to Jupiter (the Greek Diu-pitar, or Heaven Father), the letter Gimel and the Sephira Geburah (Severity); while the MAGICIAN, recalling the youthful figure of him whom the Greeks named Hermes, and the Latins Mercury, representing the Hermetic Mystery and the Splendour of the Spirit, should be allotted to Mercury, Peh and Hod (Splendour).

Yours sincerely,

JULIUS L. LACHNER.

3 CHAUCER ROAD,
WANSTEAD, ESSEX.

"BEYOND THE PINEAL DOOR."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to Mr. Fox's article entitled "Beyond the Pineal Door," the author writes "But the beautiful structure [as of a grand cathedral] 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."

Compare with this that singularly noble book of George MacDonald's, *Robert Falconer*. The youth went, it may be remembered, on a Dutch coasting-vessel from Aberdeen to Antwerp in the hope of saving a young girl whom he knew from a disastrous runaway fate: hitherto he had never been anywhere or seen anything save Aberdeen and his own small country town a few miles inland. In Antwerp—

"At length he came upon the open space before the cathedral, whence the poplar-spire rose aloft into a blue sky, glorious in its radiance. . . . He drew near with a kind of tremor, for never before had he gazed upon visible grandeur growing out of the human soul in the majesty of everlastingness—a tree of the Lord's planting, a mighty wonder, awful to the eye, solid to the hand . . ."

The whole passage, in Chapter XXII, is well worth re-reading and pondering in this connexion.

Yours truly,
R. N.

UNCANNY ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The following apparently well-established case of haunting by an animal may prove of interest to those who have read Mr. Phillips' article and Miss Ffoulkes' letter in your last issue.

When I and a brother were at Cambridge, my other brothers being abroad, my father took an old farmhouse near by, namely, Thriplow Place, about ten miles out of Cambridge. This occupied the site of an old monastery, I believe, and the garden was surrounded by a raised walk shaded by trees and known as the "Monks' Walk."

I never saw the "haunt" myself, but all the villagers of Thriplow firmly believed that the drive was haunted, near the point where the Monks' Walk debouched upon it, by a *headless* white bear! So firmly were they convinced of this that, at the special request of his mother, a boy that came to work in the garden, clean the boots, etc., during the day, had to be sent home before dark. I believe that, on one or two occasions when he was unavoidably detained after dark, he went home by another way, which involved a walk of about 500 instead of 100 yards, rather than pass the spot where the bear was supposed to appear.

The house itself was audibly, not visibly, haunted by people

walking or running about—or else it creaked (being pretty rickety) in a very human manner!

Another curious tradition of Thriplow village may be of interest. The church is placed on top of a small hill and, being in Cambridgeshire, is exposed to all the winds and weather, so that it is very cold and draughty. The explanation is that the monks tried to build it three times down below, where it would have been sheltered by trees, but it was moved each time during the night to the top of the hill as soon as the foundations were completed and it began to rise above the ground. So finally they gave up resisting and finished it on top of the hill. No explanation of why it should have been moved is given so far as I know.

Yours faithfully,
C. A. WATSON TAYLOR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The animal Miss Ffoulkes saw near Fiesole was probably a wild boar (from the description)—a female one.

The eyes of the wild boar, especially when disturbed, are the wickedest eyes I know, and *very human*, in fact, what one would expect of a devil.

The shape of a wild boar is also very prehistoric; as it comes shambling along, with its wicked eyes, one would think it an animal from the other world.

WALTER WINANS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I read with great interest the article entitled "Uncanny Animals" in this month's issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, and I think it may interest you to hear of an experience I once had not far from the locality mentioned by Mr. Phillips.

A friend and I were "nutting" along a shore, known as "Waterloo shore," which is not very far from Pembroke Ferry, when just as my friend was about to pick a nut I heard a noise behind the hedge and mentioned it to my friend. Instantly, or rather a second or two after this, we heard a most terrific roar and a crashing amid the bushes, but neither of us saw anything, for we both bolted as hard as we could at once. Strange to say, the noise was not repeated, neither were we pursued, at least we heard no pursuing footsteps, nor when we had slightly recovered from our fear and looked round could we see any signs of any one. This occurred in the afternoon. Although the place was somewhat lonely, neither of us had thought of anything of the kind so happening. At the time my friend attributed the noise to a madman who was reputed to live in the neighbourhood, but the roar was so unhuman that I never quite accepted the theory. In the

light of your contributor's article it appears, however, that the noise and the strange crashing may have proceeded from a stranger source.

Perhaps other readers of your excellent periodical have had similar experiences?

I remain,

Yours truly,

EDWARD A. K. DUNNE.

SOME PSYCHIC MEMORIES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In the above paper the question is put: "Now have you ever met man or woman who retained the smallest memory of his or her prenatal work on the astral plane?"

Perhaps the following general reply may give some answer to the particular question.

There are two forms of communication between those still on earth and those who are not on earth. What we may term spirit's function on a plane higher than that of the earth. When *they* communicate with us they necessarily project themselves on to our lower plane. They appear and speak to us as they were on earth. But how can *we* hold communion with them? As human beings we cannot, our anthropomorphic restrictions prevent us: the less cannot understand the greater. But the spirit which is in each of us can hold communion (not communication). How? In ecstasy, that is, spirit with spirit. But ecstasy transcends thought, and expression in language is but the expression of ideas. It is ideas which may be said to constitute thought. So the experience of ecstasy cannot be directly manifest in speech or writing. When assumed to be so manifest it is manifest only in *parables* of speech or writing.

Children come into the world "trailing clouds of glory as they come." But the clouds have no human voice or pen.

J. P.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT will be long no doubt before the *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research* present so remarkable a case as that of Doris Fischer, which occupied three volumes extending to nearly 2,500 pages. The new issue is concerned chiefly with the Harrison Case, covering the years 1909 to 1912, and consisting of the automatic writings of Mrs. Amy H. Harrison, the report concerning them being made by Mr. Ralph H. Goodhue, who is the lady's father, a business man living in Dracut, Mass., U.S.A. The present account is edited and presented by Mr. Prescott F. Hall and occupies nearly two hundred pages, excellently and clearly arranged. It begins with the family history, by which it appears (1) that up to 1908 none of Mr. Goodhue's family was interested in spiritualism, though he had himself attended a few séances; (2) that his wife despised everything pertaining to the subject; (3) that his daughter in consequence knew and cared little about it; (4) that her acquaintance with the writings of certain persons who purported to communicate was very limited at the time of the communications; (5) that her psychic powers seem to be an inheritance from her father, whose personal experiences began in 1900, consisting chiefly of physical phenomena and apparitions. Mrs. Harrison's automatic powers started with a planchette in 1908, an ordinary pencil being substituted soon after and finally a pen, as the writing became more intelligible. The communications were made with the medium apparently in a normal condition, apart from special preparation and with nothing to indicate anæsthesia. Except in a very few cases, the father and daughter were the only persons at the sittings, and the medium was told on one occasion that his presence was essential to success. The records are in two parts, and there is a critical summary at the end of each division. Of these the first series is concerned with information communicated on the subject of three farms owned by Mr. Goodhue's grandfather, he being the chief communicator, but fourteen relatives in all on the other side have intervened, by the hypothesis of the messages. As outside their evidential value the details are not of public interest, it will be sufficient in a summary like this to note the affirmation of the record that the facts stated were not known to the medium in a very large number of instances. In many others Mr. Goodhue himself could not say whether some matters of information were correct or not, and he was obliged to consult living relations. About the whole series there is this notable point, that the results obtained concerning the three farms were best in respect of one which the medium had never seen, while she had no opportunities for gaining acquaintance with it at secondhand. In a note on this point Dr. W. F. Prince—who will be remembered always for his work in connexion with the case of

Doris Fischer—points out aptly its opposition to the doctrine that subconscious memories and telepathy mainly account for correct answers outside the conscious knowledge of the medium.

The second division is concerned with communications from the famous Unitarian preacher, Dr. Theodore Parker. The conclusions concerning them reached by Mr. Prescott Hall are (1) that the good faith of the medium and her father are beyond question; (2) that there is no evidence of somnambulistic tendency on the part of the medium, which precludes the hypothesis that she could have consulted books and papers without being conscious of doing so; (3) that she may have derived some facts telepathically from her father, but he was ignorant as to most of the answers at the time they were given; (4) that taking all the sittings together there seems considerable evidence of the supernormal. The last conclusion has reference of course to that section of the messages which ranks as evidential material, being statements about Parker's life and work. They are again no part of general concern, and it will be sufficient to say that—according to Mr. Hall's computation—ninety-three "specific statements" are practically correct, "as against thirty wrong." He adds that those which are correct were "given in most cases without any guessing or fishing on the first trial," while "some of the wrong ones . . . are repeatedly persisted in after strong hints that they were wrong." The non-evidential material, understood as "comments on religion" and "answers to questions concerning the spirit world," are of great interest. As to the first Mr. Hall points out that "the theological views expressed are in the main consonant with Parker's known opinions." He adds that "they represent also the views of the medium and her father"; but it appears otherwise from the record that Parker's teaching was known to them in a very casual sense only, by "several of his sermons," which had been read to her in the case of the medium, and by "little, if any, more" in the case of her father, as testified by himself. Prior to the communications it is probable that the fact of his collected works existing in about seventeen volumes would have come to them both as a surprise. On the doctrinal side we must be content with saying that the communicator describes himself as "once a pastor in the Church of God," that he was a teacher of religion and not theology, and that "here as in life" he finds "religion is of the soul." He invites his medium to hold in mind with him, so long as they work together, the common sympathy which they share, being trust in a God Who is eternal and infinite. He comes to her as to one who has never doubted "what this life most fully reveals—the eternal goodness of the Creator." This may be taken for a keynote of the messages throughout their whole series, as if in his new sphere of activity he belonged to a "Church of the Unity," as he believed that he did here. It is this more especially which lifts the communications above the normal and too familiar level. The spirit who thus taught his medium

holds that man is a means to the glory of God and that God is "made manifest in flesh that He may be among us and with His creatures." As regards Christianity, "the Church has adopted a mass of theology to hide the face of Christ," Who was "once and for all the exponent of the powers of mankind, when expressed in the ability of mankind towards the attainment of spiritual growth." In deeper moments than this Theodore Parker defines the soul as "a particle of the Divine Essence," because all is truly from God and all is of God. It is, moreover, a part of the plan that "each shall return to his Maker and know his Maker, and be of his Maker." Those who die and "pass to His care during the process of development" are said to reach this end "in spirit"; but it is to be realized also on earth, in this present life. It is affirmed further that the soul is never lost, "be it what it will," for the vital spark is of God. So is also all life from Him, and—whether vegetable, animal or human—all life is "transposed," meaning from sphere to sphere. Parker testifies in later messages that he has seen Christ, Who "is all I thought and more than I ever conceived." He says further that God is personal and yet is more than this; He is known and received, but not seen or manifested. In respect of transition, the state on awaking in the other world is usually one of amazement; in his own case the relief from physical suffering was intense and rather sudden, indeed overwhelming. Many are conscious of the change and watch it; some are afraid and fight. Finally, "some are already alive in spirit," while yet breathing in the body. On the other side it is a life of progress and development, but progress depends on the individual. There is much and very much more which might be added hereto, for some of the questions asked were set by Dr. Hyslop and thus there are intimations concerning the aura; the astral body; the extent and persistence of earthly atmosphere on the departed spirit; the other solar planets and their habitation; the recurring question of raiment in a non-material world; non-human spirits; the sub-conscious and sub-liminal; modes of communication on the other side, and so forth. As to the last point, the answer was: "We ask and receive as we desire, that is, we are so sympathetic that desire answers itself"; of such is the communion and conversation between disembodied beings. And then as to clothing: "Has that to be clothed that feels no frost? that is not impure? that needs no covering? that has no form and in fact is . . . a spirit?" It is significant to compare this intimation with the Vale Owen messages. It remains to say that the doctrine of reincarnation is set aside—"I have never seen the need of that"—while as regards pre-existence, this seems to be only in the Divine Essence. The Harrison Case is certainly a memorable record, in its agreement with other communications and in points of distinction therefrom.

We gather from *Le Voiled' Isis* that Dr. Papus is being raised to the state of a Master, as this denomination is understood in occult circles

of Paris, and in presumably implicit distinction from the unknown Masters of theosophy. Our contemporary promises us a posthumous study on the Magic of Faust, "written by the Master at Vraincourt (Meuse) in December, 1914." Papus has probably left many manuscripts; the publication of all is desirable, and will doubtless take place as opportunity offers. He himself acknowledged Masters, in the sense of teachers—Éliphas Lévi in theoretical and practical Magia, but others in the doctrine of synthesis, the mysticism of numbers, etc. The designation means simply that we have all of us had our authorities in matters of research and our precursors in the life of thought: they are part of our debt to the past. Meanwhile we hear with a certain curiosity that a society has been established recently under the title of "The Friends of St. Yves and Papus." It seems to be influencing the issue and reissue of their new and old works. The records of *Le Voile d'Isis* indicate considerable activity otherwise in the publication of occult books. Dr. Franz Hartmann's *Pronaos of the Temple* has been translated as *Au Seuil du Sanctuaire*, while another work from the same pen is reviewed under the title of *Rose-Croix et Alchimistes*, the English source of which is uncertain, unless it embodies sections of the *Pronaos* omitted in the other translation, the pagination of which scarcely represents the original. We learn nothing as yet from our contemporary concerning the Martinist groups, and we confess to not a little anxiety respecting the present location of their archives, which were certainly at one time in the possession of Papus and are supposed to contain—among other precious memorials—the Grade Rituals of Martines de Pasqually and his "Rite of the Elect Priesthood."

The last issue of *Vision* is a witness to the growing interest in the great mystic, Jan van Ruysbroeck. It began, now long ago, with Maeterlinck's rendering into French of the *Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage*. Translation has followed translation, sometimes from the original Flemish and sometimes from the Latin of Surius. They have found their way also into English, the work of various hands, and a short, sympathetic study—based on these publications—occupies the first place in *Vision*, being from the pen of Mrs. Grenside. She points out truly that many texts still await translation—alike into French and English—as the Latin quarto of Surius bears witness to those who know it. There are some things, of course, that can be missed, for not [all of them mark the same state of spiritual attainment; but there is good work to be done, and it might be well if Mrs. Grenside could herself do something, for, as one who confesses to a hunger for "that time of quiet when we may pass from the outward Active Life of the Servants of God to the Interior Knowing of the Secret Friends," and to be numbered among the Hidden Sons and Daughters of God, she would appear qualified for the task, so far at least as mental disposition is concerned. There are good things in this issue outside the study on Ruysbroeck, and among them Dr. Ingram's essay on marriage, which includes some *dicta* that are worth remembering, e.g.,

that "reverence is the whole armour of love" and that "the State fades into the light of common day along with humanity itself, when circumscribed by the needs, the greeds and the general ineptitude of . . . the common man." For Dr. Ingram the State is "a spiritual pact." The paper by Mr. Clifford Bax, on what he terms rather oddly "four-dimensional literature," is also well worth reading: it is a consideration of existing literary values from the standpoint of the mystic and of those "who approximate to his type." It is to be observed also that the contributors to *Vision* have not yet done with the Tarot, so here is an article which sets out to tell us how the Hanged Man was depicted by the "ancient Egyptians"—as if there were any evidence of Tarot Cards in Egypt. But it goes further than this, for it connects the Hanged Man with the Masonic Mark Degree and affirms that "a live coal is taken from the altar and pressed to the candidate's lips" before he receives the Mark. So the writer's Masonic knowledge is like his Egyptology. It is time that a period was put to reveries of this kind.

Rays from the Rose Cross seems to have adopted with its new volume the title of *Rosicrucian Fellowship Magazine*, which does not seem an improvement, but is so far confined to the cover, while the inner headlines are unchanged. There is an account of Swedenborg and his alleged Masonic connexions. The subject is not concluded in the present issue, and the writer's standpoint remains an open question, but two things may be noted: (1) a brochure on *Swedenborg and his Rite*, by Samuel Beswick, is quoted as affirming that from the moment of his initiation the Swedish Seer never alluded to the fact, either in public or in private. We may add that as a consequence of the alleged silence, or for other and more obvious reasons, there is not the least reason to suppose that Swedenborg was ever made a Mason, and Beswick's tract is without evidential value. (2) There was a Rite of Swedenborg, and it may still circulate on paper, but it is an invention of the nineteenth century. When, however, Beswick states that he conferred it on some one belonging to a Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite—presumably in America—the author of the account under notice seems to feel in the face of real testimony concerning the fact of the Rite. But this proves nothing. There was also a Masonry of Zoroaster, in which Zoroaster had, however, no hand, and there was a Grade of the Round Table, but it was not founded by King Arthur. . . . For some months past *The Freemason* has published by instalments a series of old Masonic Traditions, collected from many sources, including archaic charges and constitutions, under the editorship of Mr. Dudley Wright. . . . Mr. Frank C. Higgins continues his papers on Ancient Craft Masonry in *Azoth*, and is now dealing with the symbolism of the letter G. He draws much on the present occasion from the writings of S. Dunlap, and affirms his own disposition to conclude that Freemasonry "was, at one time, the outer court of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood."

REVIEWS

RETURNED EMPTY. A Novel. By Florence Barclay. London: Putnam's. Price 5s. net.

A RATHER sentimental novel with a relish of elementary psychology, is the best description we can give of this book. Here is an example of the sentiment, chosen at random: "Nigel, my dearest, you have come back to me. My boundless love, my desperate grief, my passionate prayers, have brought you back to me. My lover, my husband, my heart's dearest, try to remember." Here, too, is a specimen of the psychology: "Genius is a natural intellect so attuned to the subconscious mind that its fount of inspiration flows through it unhindered. Madness is the subconscious mind gaining undue control, bursting the dams of reason and restraint, and carrying all before it into mental chaos." It is rather platitudinous and puerile, but the book makes good reading, though the style would not commend itself to a critical reader. It is doubtful, to say the least of it, if Mrs. Barclay's wide circle of readers will care for her latest book.

H. L. H.

SONGS OF THE DEAD. By Margaret Napier. London: John Lane. Pp. 50. Price 5s. net.

MR. EDWARD GARNETT, the writer of the introduction to these poems, is a publisher's reader as well as a well-known writer of criticisms for public perusal. Perhaps there has never been a publisher's reader more heroic in his devotion to the cause of art and more adroit in his management of the spirit of commerce. If he has a fault as a critic, it is to overrate mere sincerity, but when he deliberately goes out of his way to "introduce" a work of art, one may be sure that it deserves attention.

'Tis so in this case. The voice of these songs is that of a woman whose utterance one might almost call prose if it were not for its unprosaisness, its throbs of regret and desire, its life in the heart of the reader. She is dead and far from the "exclusive" restaurants and feverish fatness of fashionable life. She is no longer provincial or cosmopolitan. She is a dreamer, a rememberer, a weeper and a woman to love, though she thinly babbles of sin as so many do. The right praise for such a work as this is not to be found in dimensional adjectives. It is not deep or great. But it has this rare fascination: it expresses the essence of a sad life like a real voice of a disembodied woman fancying herself alone.

W. H. CHESSON.

TEDIOUS BRIEF TALES OF GRANTA AND GRAMARYE. By "Ingulphus" (Arthur Gray, Master of Jesus College). With illustrations by E. Joyce Shillington Scales. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd. Pp. viii. + 93. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THE presence of tediousness in brevity is the only remarkable feature of a very large number of works of art and insincerity, but I am happy to state that this little work is so well worth perusal that the first adjective

in its title must be regarded as a touch of affectation. If "The Everlasting Club," one of the ten tales told by "Ingulphus," be compared with William Mudford's "First and Last," an apt example will be found of the difference between genius and talent in the devisal of a short story. Both are tales of a convivial compact between several men; both present the situation of the solitary survivor; but the fiction writer of 1829 had only the drearily pathetic at his command, whereas "Ingulphus" had the weird, shaped at once for beauty and terror.

The whole work shows a rare faculty for suggesting the atmosphere of the past. It would not be surprising if the eerie fancy of "Ingulphus" made timid undergraduates afraid of wandering about in the dark: it may thus indirectly affect favourably the statistics of rustication. With its careful drawings of interiors and exteriors by Miss Scales, the book has an attractive appearance, and whoever possesses it will need to be very matter of fact not to submit to the spell of its cunning artistry.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE CONFESSIONS OF JACOB BOEHME. Compiled and Edited by W. Scott Palmer. Small 8vo, pp. 154. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 5s.

THOSE who have been deterred from undertaking an exhaustive study of Jacob Boehme as a mystic, on account of the tedious theological and doctrinal discussions with which his spiritual message is weighted, should welcome the appearance of *The Confessions of Jacob Boehme*, which go far towards revealing the inspired cobbler in his true light as one of the greatest of Christian mystics.

Mr. Scott Palmer, compiler and editor of this collection, following a suggestion put forward by Dr. Alexander Whyte, has selected from Boehme's voluminous writings those "priceless morsels of autobiography" which prove the fullness and validity of his mystical experience. The resulting compilation (for Jacob Boehme never wrote any work of a personal nature) is a spiritual autobiography of winning sweetness, which should appeal to all who have ears to hear the authentic message.

An Introduction, contributed by Evelyn Underhill, consisting of a masterly sketch of Boehme's life and teaching, offers a valuable key to an understanding of this mystic's doctrine, and still further enhances the value of the little book.

H. J. S.

THE LOCKED ROOM. By Mabel Collins. Crown 8vo. Paper. Pp. 176. London: Theosophical Publishing House. Price 2s. 9d. post free.

THIS is a very readable little story dealing with a case of obsession rather than with spiritualism in the usual sense. The novel is founded on a straightforward plot. It is a story of a man obsessed, of a captive maiden, of Prince Charming who rescues her, and frees her father from the thrall of an evil entity, which, however, in the end exacts a terrible penalty from its victim.

The characters are natural and life-like, from the unfortunate victim of the evil elemental, down to the bogus medium and his accomplice, while the story carries with it an atmosphere of realism which doubtless arises from its being founded on fact. Mabel Collins is not a sensationalist, or

the dramatic intensity of the climax might have been still further emphasized; but perhaps it is, all the more convincing from being treated with restraint. The culmination of the story, indeed, loses none of its force through being quietly and gradually approached. The author's sincerity is reflected in the epilogue, which, from the novelist's point of view, it might, perhaps, have been better to omit. The danger of impersonation in spiritualistic communications, however, is a very real one, and it is but right that a note of warning should be struck. H. J. S.

THE BROKEN FANG. By Uel Key. Crown 8vo, pp. 303. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE incursion of the fiction-writer into the domain of the occult has resulted in the publication of a number of stories which, from the point of view of the student of occultism, are frankly impossible. A case in point is the collection of short stories here gathered together under the title *The Broken Fang*. This is the first of the series, and by far the most gruesome and creepy of the lot.

Here we are asked to believe that *mediums* (italics ours) are persons who are capable of leaving their bodies at will, and obsessing others! Nay, they may even take possession of dead bodies and turn them into vampires, and compel them to commit atrocities at their will! Not all the stories take such liberties with the underlying theme, although the tendency in each case is to twist the known facts of occultism almost beyond recognition, in order to bring them into conformity with the requirements of sensation. In a word, the stories are not to be taken at all seriously.

The author, however, has a facile pen; knows how to construct an arresting plot, and maintain suspense; so that the interest never flags. If a perusal of the book leaves any reader who is acquainted with occultism a long way from being convinced, even if not actually irritated by the author's lack of intimacy with the subject which he takes for his theme, we can nevertheless promise the reader his full cup of thrills.

H. J. S.

A WORLD'S ASSIZE. Written by Paul Hookham and Published by Basil Blackwell, over against the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford. Price 1s. 6d. net.

"THOSE who are convinced of a spiritual order governing the whole universe no less than this speck of a planet, know that a great blow (great from the planetary view) has been struck on the side of the 'Good Law,' and that a great debt is due to suffering humanity." This healthy sentiment is typical of the vigorous and logical arguments in which the author deals with the ethics of after-the-war conditions. He pleads for an opportunity for each and all to develop the spiritual side of our common human nature, and shows, what must often have been forced on all who will think fairly, that it is not necessarily the leisured and highly placed who possess the greatest natural gifts: "One unalterable fact is that there is a difference in the values of men. A Shakespeare is worth a great deal more than a whole House of Lords, or of Commons either, unless they should chance to possess a member in any degree approaching Shakespeare. If we would but clearly perceive and frankly acknowledge this difference between man

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and man we should not depreciate all that is implied when considering the things in which men may be said, and truly said, to be equal." With confident optimism—in welcome contrast to the croakings of many pessimists—Mr. Hookham predicts a glorious future for this war-weary world.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE NURSERIES OF HEAVEN. Edited by G. Vale Owen, Vicar of Orford, Lancs., and H. A. Dallas, Author of "Across the Barrier." London: Kegan Paul. Price 5s. net.

THIS volume is aptly described by its editors as "A series of essays by various writers concerning the future life of children, with experiences of their manifestation after death." Among the several authors are the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, the Rev. Thomas Roberts, Doris Severn, and an interesting trio of London editors—Dr. Ellis Powell, of *The Financial News*, David Gow, of *Light*, and John Lewis, of *The International Psychic Gazette*. In addition there are many extracts from letters and published books. Miss Dallas, whose name stands for sincerity, consistency, and calm judgment, contributes an opening chapter, in which she recalls some touching episodes concerning the "sweet child Monica," of whom she has told us so much in her former book, *Across the Barrier*. There is no need to remind readers that the Rev. G. Vale Owen has recently caused one of the greatest "stirs" ever suffered by orthodox and conventional thinkers, and non-thinkers! Some of his auto-scripts are included in the present volume. A very beautiful account by the late Mrs. E. T. Massy will be read with deep interest by those whose little ones have never known the earth life, but have grown up on the spirit side of Love's Garden. Indeed there are many evidences given of child life in the Beyond, which must bring the greatest consolation to those for whom in particular this book has been compiled. It is difficult, for lack of space, to make individual references and quotations here, but Mr. David Gow's paper is especially luminous and interesting, particularly so are his remarks on the difficulties attendant upon inter-communication. "For," as he says, "it must be remembered that there is no *direct* contact between the physical and the super-physical worlds. The curtain that separates the two is never raised or parted; it is simply thinner in some places than in others, where indeed it may be quite impenetrable."

EDITH K. HARPER.

WOMAN: THE INSPIRER. By Edouard Schuré. Authorized Translation by Fred Rothwell. Demy 8vo, pp. vii. + 166. London: Power Book Co. Price 4s. 6d. net.

It must be said that M. Schuré is known to us by better things than are found in this volume; but he was acquainted with Wagner and was the intimate friend of one of his own three heroines. It comes about therefore that his title of *Woman: the Inspirer* sums up his impression of two notable personalities connected with the life of the German master musician and his proper experience in the case of Margherita Albana. As regards the last, there is of course no other than he who can judge of inspiration which he has received from any quarter—whether things in heaven or things on earth—and yet we must speak as we find on our own part. I am adequately convinced of M. Schuré's sincerity and that his memorial has been a sacred task; but to a stranger it seems only of moderate

consequence or concern, and by the lady herself I have failed to be convinced at all. She was consecrated by Nature and thought as a mystic naturally; she wrote a little, endured also a little, was clear-seeing, kind and good; above all she had sympathy and understanding for her friend Schuré; her mission is his also. It remains, however, that Margherita Albana and her life are not of public concern. Cosima Liszt, the second wife of Wagner, is to be reckoned with after another manner. She was a brilliant business personality who managed her husband's affairs with conspicuous success; her influence was that of a woman who keeps a variable man moderately up to the mark; whether this is to be called inspiration is another question. About Mathilde Wesendonck and her power to inspire there is no doubt whatever: the tragedy of her love for Wagner is of world-wide knowledge. (To his first devoted and too ordinary wife, to his generous friend and patron—Mathilde's husband—to the woman herself, all his love notwithstanding, he behaved badly enough. The whole disconcerting story is told here once again: whether it was necessary and what good purpose it serves must be left over. M. Schuré speaks of love emerging from the realm of passion into that of pure vision, but somehow it leaves one cold, perhaps remembering a love which begins in vision and grows to white heat in God.

A. E. WAITE.

THE INCREASE OF GOD. By A. H. McNeile, D.D. With an Introduction by the Bishop of London. Crown 8vo, pp. viii + 130. London: Longmans & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.

WE are in the presence of another notion of God, no longer of Him in Whom there is "neither change nor shadow of vicissitude." The author's contention is that man's growth is "God's life striving after self-fulfilment," and that it is such after two manners—physically in the body and spiritually in the soul of each. It reminds one of those who say that the impersonal Deity becomes personal in humanity. Tennyson testified once to that "more life and fuller" which he needed: here it appears to be especially a need of God, of whom Tennyson says also that He "fulfils Himself in many ways." I wonder what kind of mouth St. Thomas Aquinas would have made at the "increase of God," or at the excellent bishop when he expresses a hope that with such increase it may come about that we ourselves shall grow. But the scholastics have gone, and gone is their great master: the modern thought is with us—detached and independent—one would think—of all notions about the "unconditioned" and the "absolute." There are moments, however, when Dr. McNeile's thesis seems to dissolve, and for him, as for all the precursors, that Father Who is God emerges in eternal completeness, while the doctrine of Divine Immanence is presented as His indwelling energy in creation. As such it is said truly that "He needs the correspondence of every atom of it," while "most of all He needs the co-operation of its highest product, Man." A keen and true distinction is made between voluntary growth in the spiritual life of humanity and that growth which is automatic in Nature. It reminds me of something which was said long ago on my own part—that the whole creation works in obedience to its law, men only excepted. I believe that every spiritual mind will be better for reading this book, whatever may be felt towards that part of it which provides the title.

A. E. WAITE.

FOURTEEN LETTERS FROM THE BEYOND. By the hand of Mary Hamilton Coats, with a Preface by G. E. Wright. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is yet another volume in the interesting Series entitled *Evidences of Spiritualism*. (A series which is designed to collect together in convenient form thoroughly well-authenticated accounts of personal experiences and phenomena.) These "Letters" were received inspirationally by a lady, many of them from her father in the Unseen, six of them being addressed to her son, a young Lieutenant on active service in France. The other "Letters" are from different communicators, through the same hand, and several of them had already appeared in the columns of the *International Psychic Gazette*. All are beautiful in thought and feeling, and are couched in direct and simple language, describing principally the initial experiences and conditions of different souls on first passing into the "Beyond" from the fields of battle, to a land of exquisite scenery, tender guardianship, and dear familiar faces. As one reads, one is conscious of a deep and intuitive sense of reality. They have the spiritual touch which is hardly to be expressed in words. Truly as the writer says, "While love lasts, there can be no real separation of those who love one another. The veil between the two worlds He made thin, very thin, and He gave His children the knowledge and power by love to sweep it aside, and stand face to face, those on the one side who, have 'gone west,' and those on the other who are still journeying towards the setting sun."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE PHENOMENON OF THE SOUL. By Sherifa Lucy Goodenough. 7½ ins. × 4½ ins., pp. 60 + 1 plate. London: The Sufi Publishing Society, Ltd., 86 Ladbroke Road, W.11. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a further volume in the "Voice of Inayat" series, in which Miss Goodenough has endeavoured to record the teachings, orally received, of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan. The book is an exposition, in Inayat Khan's characteristic style—very naïve and by no means lacking in charm—of Sufi Pantheism. The soul is a phenomenon—a ray from the Universal Consciousness, which is God. "I realized that that which believed in me, and that which wondered in me, that which persevered in me, and that which found in me, and that which was found at last was no other than my soul. . . . Since then I have seen all souls as my soul, and realized my soul as the soul of All"—such is Inayat Khan's confession of faith. A large portion of the book is devoted to an interesting criticism of the doctrine of Reincarnation. The doctrine, it is argued, finds no place in the teachings of Moses, Jesus and Mahomet; and the Hindu and Buddhist expositions of it are shown to be at variance with each other. The idea of Karma is rejected, for Love is higher than Law, and hence forgiveness overrules justice. The sudden appearance of genius in families otherwise mediocre is accounted for by the influence upon the soul that is preparing for manifestation in earth-life of other souls that have passed before.

Altogether *The Phenomenon of the Soul* is a significant little book, and one which raises many problems of the greatest interest.

H. S. REDGROVE.