

# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE last two or three years has seen a rapidly increasing number of books published on the subject of Spiritualism, which the very heavy price of paper and printing at the present time shows no tendency to check. One of the latest of these is a symposium, edited by Huntly Carter, on *Spiritualism and its Present-Day Meaning*,\* to which all sorts and conditions of writers have been asked to contribute. The Editor, in his preface, makes the observation that "in its rapid progress, Spiritualism is almost universally regarded as an epoch-making movement, of which all other movements must take account, SPIRITUAL- or cease to have any lasting effect." The inquiry ISTIC raised in the book in question, and to which the SYMPOSIUM. twenty-nine-odd contributors give their very divergent answers, is a somewhat comprehensive one. "What," asks the Editor, "is the situation as regards the renewed interest in psychical phenomena? Does this psychic renewal denote a passing from a logical and scientific to a spiritual and mystic conception of life, or a reconciliation between the two —i.e., between Science and Faith? What is the most powerful

\* *Spiritualism: Its Present-Day Meaning*. A Symposium. Edited by Huntly Carter. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 18s. net.

argument for or against human survival, and what is the best means of organizing the Spiritualistic movement in the highest interests of the nation, especially as a factor of durable peace ? ”

Most of the contributors devote themselves to one or another of these problems, passing more or less lightly over the remainder, while a representative of Eastern Philosophy, K. J. Tarachand, attempts to cut the ground from beneath the whole field of inquiry by arguing in favour of the illusory character of all phenomenal life, and the futility of individual existence as such. Mr. Tarachand observes :—

Phenomena are bound together by inexorable laws. Each science has its own special laws, and all have to work under the strict laws of thought. When a phenomenon is alleged to be not in conformity with scientific laws or logical rules, it forfeits its claim to credibility. There can thus be no transition from the region of logic and science to that of spirituality and mysticism, for the two belong to entirely different spheres. A sharp line divides the two, and reconciliation is impossible. The present renewal is not, therefore, a passing from the domain of science to that of the noumenal. Such a thing is inconceivable. For metaphysics is not an extension of physics (in the widest sense) ; metaphysics is based on the ruins of physics. The manifold universe vanishes before the metaphysical vision. Metaphysics is the negation of physics. The noumenal is the denial of the phenomenal. The so-called spiritual revival of to-day is really a step backward. It is a relapse from the certainty of science to the uncertainty and imposture of charlatanry. We have opened the door to all sorts of fraud. We are guilty of ingratitude to the patient workers in the various fields of science. Let us close it in time.

Mr. Tarachand apparently labours under the delusion that the investigation of psychical phenomena is an exercise in pseudo-metaphysics. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. It is the scientific investigation of hitherto unrecognized laws of nature, or “supernature” if you will. There is nothing metaphysical about an astral body, any more than there is anything metaphysical about a cloud or the steam from a kettle or any vaporous substance.

The idea that we pass at death into the domain of the unconditioned and the absolute is one of those delusions which I have already exposed in these columns. The wording of the terms of the inquiry, however, must be admitted to be hardly satisfactory. The present psychic renewal can, I think, hardly be held to be either (a) a passing from a logical and scientific to a spiritual and mystic conception of life, or (b), a reconciliation between the two, i.e., between Science and Faith. I should rather suggest that it denotes the extension of scientific methods to a wider

field of inquiry than that to which they have hitherto been applied ; and the recognition that these methods, subject to the necessary modifications involved by the conditions dealt with, are as applicable to psychical phenomena as they are to investigations on the normal physical plane. The new departure involves, however, a breaking with the old conception of materialistic science which our author paraphrases with apparent approval, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, and the adoption in its place of the hypothesis that thought is itself a creative force and not a product of chemical combinations ; that consciousness, in short, is anterior, not posterior, to the organism through which it functions. Failing a recognition of this fact, the whole movement must inevitably appear, as it does to Mr. Tarachand, in the light of charlatanry. As regards metaphysical conceptions generally, Mr. Tarachand makes some very pertinent observations.

" Eternity," he says, " or immortality, is not endless continuance. Everything begins, continues and ends in time, which itself is beginningless and endless, but infinite time is not eternity.

Eternity is not an infinite extension of time. It is

WHAT IS the negation of time." Whatever we may think ETERNITY ? with regard to the first of these observations, the

last statement is unquestionably correct. An old and well-known riddle puts before us very plainly just what eternity is not. " What ? " asks the propounder of the problem, " is the difference between temptation and eternity ? " " One," runs the reply, " is a wile of the devil, and the other is the devil of a while." As a matter of fact our author, in stating that eternity is the negation of time, puts the position very clearly. The conception of eternity is the conception of an eternal now, in which time and space and all forms of thought are equally meaningless. Whether the philosophers are right who maintain that time and space are merely conditions under which human thought functions, and have no actual reality, is a problem the solution of which may probably never be found by humanity, as it involves the functioning of the human brain outside the conditions by which it is limited. We may, from a philosophical standpoint, postulate an Absolute existing in eternity, as a corollary to the manifested universe. We can, however, have no sort of conception of what we mean by the terms thus employed.

In reply to the inquiry what is the answer to the question whether human personality survives death or not, our author

responds that the Self is not in time and is not in any way implicated in the phenomenal. By the Self he means the universal Self, which alone apparently he recognizes as having DOES THE real existence. "The body," he continues, "returns INDIVIDUAL to the elements. If the individual consciousness SURVIVE? survives, it can do so only as residing in a body which is ordinarily invisible. But so far as we know, consciousness is a physiological product. It is the function of our brain. This is the real stumbling block. In the present state of our knowledge, discarnate consciousness is inconceivable. It is true that the subtle body (postulated by psychical research) is still a material body, and that its subtle matter may generate consciousness as gross matter does in our coarse body. But we are now travelling from the field of the actual to the region of the possible. A hundred difficulties crop up. To us who are encased in a gross body the world of ghosts is non-existent. Is our gross world equally uncognizable to the ghosts? If it is so, how do they measure time? Have they invisible replicas of the sun, moon, and stars?"

In reply to this last query, one may ask, does not all the evidence we receive from the other side point to the fact that the measure of time in the spirit world does not in any way correspond to ours here? What, in fact, gives its actuality to time? Does it not represent to us a sequence of events and experiences, and is not this the reason why one day or one hour seems to us so much longer or shorter than another? In point of WHAT IS fact, though we claim to do so, we do not actually TIME? measure time by the relative motions of the earth and the sun, but by our own experiences and emotions. This explains why it is that time in childhood seems so much longer than time in maturer years. That there is a transcendental measure of time is evidenced to us by our experiences in dreamland. The duration of time as measured by the clock is, therefore, unquestionably illusory. It is not the same for any two individuals. But if in speaking of time we allude to sequence of events, is this, too, an illusion of our senses? To say so is to take up a very bold position. If time in this sense is an illusion, so also is all progress. Evolution itself is a snare and a fraud. And this is the point at which our Indian philosopher arrives.

No philosopher [he says] has troubled to inquire whether progress is possible; all, with the exception of Shankara and Schopenhauer, have coolly assumed its possibility. Neoplatonism covers a large number of

schools which are guilty of this *petitio principii*. Since the Self, being perfect, does not need to progress, and since matter can IS PROGRESS neither be increased nor decreased, but can only change POSSIBLE? its form, a change for the better in material manifestation is the only meaning we can attach to progress. But all progress can take place only in time, which extends infinitely, and therefore equally, in both directions—past and future. But at whatever point we stand, we find that we have had as much time in the past as we can have in the future. In either direction lies an eternity—behind us and before us. If progress had been possible, we should have reached the culminating point long ago. The argument is as clear as daylight, and has been accepted by orientals with that intellectual courage which is so conspicuous amongst them. Westerners have, however, shirked it.

The point that Mr. Tarachand makes is clear enough. If progress had been possible, we should have reached the culminating point long ago. Is, however, Mr. Tarachand justified in postulating indefinite perpetuity in time? As regards the manifested universe, at least, we may well argue that it had a beginning and will also have an end. Again, we may ask ourselves, is there any culminating point to progress? Is there such a thing as perfection beyond which no greater perfection can be assumed? Mr. Tarachand gets out of all these difficulties by explaining that all existence is illusory. "According to Shankara," he says, "the Self neither undergoes purification through self evolution, nor is it occupied in removing the stain of guilt. The universe has not emanated from the Self for the simple reason that the One cannot become the Many. The universe only seems to be in place of the Self. The Self only seems to act, to enjoy and to suffer. Outside the Self everything is fictitious. Co-eternal with the Self is Maya, the principle of unreality. It is owing to Maya that we remain in ignorance of the true nature of the Self. Maya has projected the illusory cosmos, but Maya itself is as unreal as the phenomenal universe it has given rise to. . . . With a constancy unparalleled in the history of the human mind, and with a courage that staggers and shames every other thinker, Shankara declares that the whole universe has no real existence at all. The Self alone is,

MR. K. J.  
TARACHAND  
AND THE  
RIDDLE  
OF THE  
SPHINX.

and the knowledge of the sole reality of the Self is not, like ordinary knowledge, communicable." If, however, the universe and all its inhabitants have no actual existence, why should we postulate such reality of the Self? Under the circumstances this hypothesis hardly seems to help us out of our difficulties. And what justification has an illusory individual like Mr. K. J. Tarachand for claiming that he has

solved the riddle of the Sphinx? The fact that he has written this essay serves to show that he takes himself much more seriously than from the philosophical point of view he is willing to admit. "Somehow," says the author, "in a manner that will always remain a mystery to us, there arises in it (the original state) the will to live. This is the original sin." It must surely occur to the reader that the mystery of how this will to live arises is one of the weak points in the philosophy of Mr. Tarachand. According to his own account the Self had nothing to do with it, being absolute and void of all desire. It must be a case of "first there was nothing, then there was something." The gap between is no more bridged by Mr. Tarachand's philosophy than by any other.

"When," says Mr. Tarachand, "the intellect reaches a high degree of perfection it realizes that life is a bad mistake, that sin and suffering are inseparable from it, and that its only aim is to discover its illusoriness. It now hastens to retrace the false step by annulling the will. Redemption is synonymous with the will not to live. . . . If sin held us captive in the world, then righteousness would save us, but it is the intellect, that is knowledge, which emancipates us. Ignorance is thus at the root of the whole evil."

"It will be said," continues our author, "that after all life has a purpose—the liberation of the Self. This would be a valid objection if the Self were really involved in sin and suffering, but it is only seemingly so." The solution of the whole problem is, we are told, to be found in self-extinction. "Fortunately," says Mr. Tarachand, "the feeling of hatred has been implanted

A MANLY  
HATRED OF  
LIFE!

in us. Instead of directing it against individuals and nations, let us turn it against life itself. Love of one's neighbour is a tame, passive virtue. Deep-rooted hatred of life is a far more manly creed."

But if Mr. Tarachand proposes to cultivate hatred of life, or of anything else, he will never obtain the condition of desirelessness which he contends should be our final aim. One is left wondering at times that the author has not taken steps to put an end to a distasteful existence. Apparently he considers it more becoming to continue to exist after the lust of life has been rooted out. Perhaps, however, he feels that he has a mission, if but an illusory one, to mankind, in proclaiming the principles of the Vedantic philosophy, and explaining how "Maya, the Sphinx who devours everybody, is at length herself devoured by the sage who boldly solves the riddle by declaring that there is no riddle to solve."

As Kipling says—

East 'is East and West is West,  
And never the twain shall meet,

and in reading Mr. Tarachand's contribution to the solutions of the problem of life, one feels more and more impressed by the truth of this saying, which in some quarters has, as I think unjustifiably, been disputed. The tendency of the philosophical mind is, it has often seemed to me, too much to play with words, and to argue on the assumption that phrases like "The Absolute" possess an actual meaning to the human mind. Herbert Spencer played this game through a long series of volumes, and finally is stated to have come to the conclusion that after all he was only deluding his readers and himself by a philosophy based on phrases and not on essential realities. Mr. Tarachand is, however, far from being as clear a thinker as Mr. Herbert Spencer. He has not even mastered the meaning of the words he employs, even where these words, such as "metaphysical," have a definite connotation to the human mind. The Sphinx may continue to look on and smile at one more fruitless effort to solve her riddle. To one Oriental conception with which all occultists are familiar, Mr. Tarachand takes explicit exception. He calls it the Neo-Platonic conception, but the presumption is that it originated in the East, and Theosophists will recognize it as the inbreathing and outbreathing of Brahma.

The one Self becomes the many, and cannot help doing so. Ultimately the many are withdrawn into the One. The Infinite feels an obligation to limit itself so that it may thereby give of its fulness to each finite Monad. In return for this sacrifice it receives the reward of becoming purer and richer before it is finally merged into its original state of oneness. The weakness of the system is obvious. The infinite cannot become the finite. The One cannot break itself up into the many. That it should be under the necessity of undergoing purification shows that it is neither perfect nor free.

The exposition of this theory is in Mr. Tarachand's own words. We are, however, probably simply making pitfalls for ourselves in talking of the infinite and perfection. Such conceptions arise purely from the conditions by which the human power of thought is limited. It is forced by these conditions to think in terms of opposites. Light suggests darkness, night day, black white, and so on. In the same way the relativity of all things with which we are familiar suggests the idea of the absolute. The imperfections of our present life suggest the

conception of perfection. The fact that all things we know of have an end suggests the opposite idea of endlessness or infinity.

IS THE  
DEITY  
PERFECT ? In the region of reality such conceptions may have no meaning. To us here they are indeed merely expressions that we use of necessity but which convey no corresponding ideas to our mind.

If we predicate perfection of the Deity we at once suggest to our mind the fact that he can rise to no greater heights of virtue or goodness, and in the very thought we introduce the idea of limitation. Perhaps mathematics give a truer parallel in conveying by decimal figures the idea of a number which can be increased without limit, and yet never reach the perfection of unity. Mr. Tarachand is quite right in saying that the infinite cannot become the finite, any more than the absolute can become the relative. There is no conceivable relation between the two, and if once we conceive of the Deity as the absolute and the infinite, we must, if we are logical, deny the possibility of the creation of the universe, for the absolute must ever remain the absolute, and the infinite the infinite. Clearly our Indian philosopher sees this difficulty, and gets over it by telling us that the manifested world is pure illusion. But on the above hypothesis, even admitting Mr. Tarachand's explanation, such illusion could not arise. The difficulty is just the same as if

A WEAK  
POINT IN  
THE ARGU-  
MENT. you accept the manifested world as reality. In any case experience must be in a practical sense a reality to the consciousness that experiences it. In avoiding Scylla Mr. Tarachand has fallen into Charybdis. The same difficulty arises when we deny the reality of time as a succession of events. It does not help us to solve the riddle to postulate eternity as a reality and time as an illusion. It is as difficult to conceive a first dawn of consciousness as to conceive an unending past. We cannot, in short, start on the hypothesis that "first there was nothing, and then there was something." If we believe in a Deity we cannot conceive a time when God came into being. This, however, does not prevent our postulating as a rational hypothesis the beginning of manifestation, the first birth of a manifested universe, which may, however, be one of an interminable series. The inbreathing of Brahma, if this theory is a true one, must have an end, and here again we arrive at limitation, and also succession in time. "If progress had been possible," says our author, "we should have reached the culminating point long ago." But should we? If the mathematical parallel is true,



this is not the case. We never reach unity, however many figures we may add to our decimal. The mind reels at such ideas. It is however, all the more indisputable on this account that dogmatism is out of place, whether Eastern or Western, and we must profoundly distrust the latest philosopher who comes forward and blandly assures us that at length the riddle of the Sphinx has been solved. Progress may not, as the pessimist contends, be a delusion: it may be an interminable approximation towards the ideal. "You may enter the Light, but you will never touch the Flame," as one of the aphorisms of *Light on the Path* puts it.

I confess I regard such an essay as that which I have dealt with in these pages as not only misleading but altogether pernicious in its influence on those minds to which it makes appeal. The undiluted pessimism of the writer is unrelieved by any ray of hope for the sad case of suffering humanity. The utter aimlessness of existence, if his hypothesis were a correct one, would surely impel the race to wholesale suicide. He seems to voice from a philosophic standpoint the fatalistic lines of the poet which, in her case, were but the expression of her own despair:

One thing is like one arrayed.  
 And there is neither false nor true.  
 But in a hideous masquerade  
 All things dance on, the ages through.  
 And Good is Evil; Evil, Good;  
 Nothing is known or understood,  
 Save only pain. I have no faith  
 In God or Devil, Life or Death!

In dealing with Mr. Tarachand's philosophical essay, it must not be supposed that I regard this as typical of the remainder of the book. The wonder, rather, is that a disquisition of the kind should have found place within a volume claiming to deal with "the present-day meaning" of Spiritualism, which is approached elsewhere from many divergent and, indeed, antagonistic standpoints, as the names of some of the contributors, such as Sir William Barrett, Professor Bergson, General Booth, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, David Gow, Mr. McCabe, G. R. S. Mead, A. P. Sinnett, and Father Bernard Vaughan, will indeed, make sufficiently clear. The reader may pay his penny and take his choice where views are so diverse. To dogmatize in such company is surely a dangerous proceeding. If in the multitude of counsellors there is not wisdom, there is at least full recognition of the importance which the subject dealt with has acquired in the eyes of the present generation.

# THE FUTURE LIFE ACCORDING TO SPIRITUALISM

BY F. FIELDING-OULD, M.A.

MANY critics of modern Spiritualism waste their energies in contesting the credibility of the *psychic phenomena*, which it is alleged take place at séances. Whether these physical effects really happen or not is comparatively a matter of little importance, a piano may play by itself and a table rise into the air without the world being much the better or worse.

The really important side of spiritualism is the *doctrine* to which these portents call attention and which they seek to attest. The overthrow of age-long traditions is a much more serious thing than the temporary suspension of gravitation or some kindred natural law, and man's conduct being the result of his convictions what spirits from another world say is more important than what they do. This philosophy has an immense and rapidly growing body of believers, and it is the creed of spiritualists, not their marvels, with which the Church and the world will have to deal.

It may then be of interest at a day when all the world is talking of spiritualism to consider briefly some of its leading dogmas with regard to the spheres of being and conditions of existence which it is said lie beyond. We may put on one side for the moment the question as to whether these messages are really received from another world ; the fact that a multitude maintains that they are so received and adhere to the doctrine as revealed truth, is sufficiently important in itself to warrant their unbiassed examination. Many who at first scorned the claim as to their origin have been converted to a belief in the doctrines by their inherent beauty and reasonableness.

From the *teaching* which has been flowing into the world in a thousand little streams during the last fifty years, in trance addresses, automatic writing and by various mechanical media, it is possible to construct a fairly complete conception of the life which it is said lies beyond this world. Details may vary a little, just as accounts of life here would vary if described by different earth dwellers, but there is on the whole a consistency in the multitudinous records, which, if it carries not conviction of their

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substantial truth, is highly impressive to the unprejudiced investigator.

For many centuries man has had *no certain knowledge* of that bourne from which it was alleged that no traveller returned, and has had to interpret as he was able the symbolic utterances of the Scriptures while the Church has confined herself to generalities. Not seldom the emblematic character of these outpourings was forgotten and the details were taken literally, with the result that the awakening spiritual consciousness revolted at the thought of golden crowns cast upon marble floors, of palm branches and harps, and of unceasing carolling of the Creator's praise. There is a very different description of the wonders of the elevated spheres of being now before the world, and if the authors lack something of the prestige of the writers of Holy Scripture, the teaching itself is sufficiently plausible and consistent to demand careful consideration on its own merits.

First we may note that heaven is said to be both *a place and a condition*. While it may be stated that properly the highest heaven is the aura of God Himself, the circle of uncreated light which immediately surrounds the living Centre of all things, the unknown to man and unimaginable realm of highest attainment and unflawed perfection, within which only beings of whose attributes and qualities we can have no conception, stand and live, so "heaven" may be to a creature infinitely lower in the ranks of creation that condition which is to him in his stage of unfoldment the highest and noblest to which he is able to respond. "Picture," once said a controlling spirit, "the world-weary, worn out with the struggle to keep body and soul together, finding himself in a place where all is provided without effort or anxiety—such a condition would be *to him* heaven; or picture one who, in spite of conscientious labours, has always failed and who now finds himself in a life where there is unlimited scope and where attractive vistas exactly suited to his own capacity open on every side; this he would say is heaven!"

Heaven is just *perfection of environment*, the exact condition to which a soul can intimately respond and to which he can perfectly react—harmony of relationship. And since no two souls are equal or alike and each one's heaven must be in exact proportion to his own degree of capacity and breadth of consciousness, so no two people will really exist in the same identical heaven. For though they may inhabit the same sphere of being, they will not receive exactly similar impressions from what surrounds them. "Spiritual things are spiritually dis-

cerned," and, where all is spiritual, the degree of power of discernment will determine how much is seen, the glory of which a man is aware will depend upon the fineness of his unfolded faculty of perception. To be placed too high would be as painful as to be put too low, and if a comparatively undeveloped spirit were admitted to the lofty spheres, he would, I have heard a control say, fall upon his knees and implore to be allowed to depart from a condition which was to him a continual torture. Mystics, who have experienced ecstasy on earth, have told of joy which was intolerably painful in its excess.

"Do you suppose heaven to be a place like the Elysian Fields," a spirit asked Allan Kardec, "where all good spirits are crowded together pell-mell, with no other care than that of enjoying, throughout eternity, a passive felicity? No, it is universal space, it is the planets, the stars and all the worlds of high degree in which spirits are in the enjoyment of all their faculties without having the tribulations of material life or the sufferings inherent in the state of inferiority . . . it was reserved for spiritualism to give in regard to all these points an explanation which is at once, in the highest degree, rational, sublime and consoling, by showing us that *we have in ourselves our 'hell' and our 'heaven.'*"

It has been said that souls who, though well meaning, have largely neglected the opportunities of this life and failed to develop the higher faculties of the spirit, pass into a condition where the objective surroundings are very similar to those on earth. The landscape is on familiar lines, there are trees and flowers, and the blue hills stand upon the distant horizon. The discarnate spirit will occupy a house, great or small, beautiful or squalid as is his own degree of spiritual development. Most of the spirits who communicate through mediums seem to inhabit such a world, but they are in no doubt as to the existence of other states beyond their own where the earth type is no longer perpetuated but the conditions transcend anything of which man has yet had experience. As it advances, the progressive soul develops new faculties and perceptions, slowly fitting itself for a higher and more refined quality of environment.

To the end that we may more quickly acquire such powers, "controls" frequently insist on the importance of clear thinking even here and the cultivation of the faculty of concentrated and strongly directed thought.

A spirit speaking of his own experience as he stood beside a more enlightened being in the same identical place says: "He now saw visions to which I was blind, heard music which

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could not reach my heavy ears, held communion I could not understand. Across his mobile face passed lights of inspiration I could not read, and through him throbbed a Presence I longed to love but feared to meet" (*The Life Elysian*, 29). A similar condition of affairs is common enough in this world; take the ordinary son of toil by the arm and lead him through the treasure house of the National Gallery, and his comments will prove that it is only the subjects of the pictures which he is able to understand and that few subjects stir the faintest interest in his mind. "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks?" (Ecclus. xxxviii, 25). *Nothing is given to nothing*; there must be something in oneself which goes out towards the proffered revelation, without power of appreciation the wonders of the Universe are poured out in vain and the proverbial primrose is just a yellow flower and a sickly, faded one at that! "To those who have shall be given and no mighty works shall they see who bring no spiritual aptitude to the occasion" (see Mark vi. 5).

The *light* of the higher regions, we are told, is twofold, there is the outer light, diffused on all sides as the light of the sun is here, and proceeding, some have said, from the spiritual counterpart of our sun. And there is the inner light generated by the virtues of the soul itself and in its degree, colours and quality revealing the exact conditions to which the soul has as yet attained. "You are aware that we light our own place. The substance of which our bodies are composed (*sic*) is radiant" ("*Letters from a Living Dead Man*," iii.). "So extreme is the beauty of the glorified bodies," says St. Teresa, who claimed to have seen them, "that the mind is stunned with the glory of a sight so supernaturally beautiful. And so fearful did it make one that I was entirely bewildered and fluttered. Its whiteness and resplendence alone are beyond all what we can imagine here, not a splendour that dazzles, but a soft whiteness, infused with radiance, which gives most great delight to the sight, a light so different from that we see on earth that, after it, the clearness of the sun loses all its lustre and our eyes would never more care to reopen to that of earth."

It is true enough to say this is a *material and that a spiritual* world, but the fundamental changes of condition implied by the latter term are probably beyond our complete apprehension. "In our normal state here we are living almost a subjective life," says a spirit by automatic writing—"if you only knew it

you could come to us at almost any time for a brief visit. I mean, by going deep enough into yourself." The next is largely a *thought life*, which this word "subjective" seems to imply. The far-reaching power of thought to determine the conditions in which the discarnate spirit finds itself has often been asserted by communicating intelligencies. Many spirits have stated, for instance, that the holding at death of a very strong but erroneous conviction may cause the soul new-born into the spirit world to live in a condition of *illusion* perfectly real and objective to itself. Thus those who are persuaded that they will sleep until the crack of doom *may* sleep for a very long period and be only with great difficulty awakened.

The potency of thought here as well as hereafter to mould character, modify the spiritual body which we already possess, and actually assist in building and decorating the future home of the soul, are often insisted upon. It is a man's thought, his aims, ideals and motives which more surely show what he really is than the outward acts, which are so often not a true expression of his character and are so often misjudged by the world. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." A man's heaven will be in strict accord with his powers of perception, with the quality of his thought and his spiritual discernment; it is not an objective End which all comers may share, but something which appears differently and, therefore, is different to each one or each group. So that standing side by side one man may be in the midst of glory and beauty beyond expression, while the other may be aware of nothing but a cheerless and barren wilderness. We not only make, while we are here, our future heaven or hell, but we carry it in ourselves. Jesus, while in Palestine, spoke of Himself as "the Son of Man which is in heaven" (John iii. 13), and Judas, when he threw upon the Temple floor those blood-stained coins, was to all intents and purposes already in hell.

" For within him Hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
By change of place." (*Paradise. Lost.*)

A spirit "who wishes to go to some particular heaven must first feel in himself what those souls feel who enjoy that heaven; then he can enter and commune with them. He can never go as a mere sightseer" ("*Letters from a Living Dead Man,*" 266).

Put in its simplest form, the teaching is that round each planet are a number (variously estimated as seven, fourteen or including subdivisions many more) of *concentric circles or belts*, each one

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of which is a "world" or a graduated sphere of being, the farthest from the planet being the most elevated, ethereal and glorious. Each of the planets in our own and every other solar system is said to be surrounded by successive spheres and circles of spirit life, through which in turn every soul at one time incarnate on that particular planet must pass. Outside and beyond lie, as we have said, the supernal heavens of contemplation where it is taught that an entirely new condition of existence will be entered upon, a condition, however, of which no spirit in the lower spheres claims any even elementary knowledge. Of the conditions which hold in the state of contemplation no spirit who has visited the earth in these latter days is competent to speak, since they lie immeasurably beyond his experience, but some venture to suggest that again even beyond these exist vistas of blessedness of which not the remotest idea can be imagined. Even in the spheres of probation are dwelling places of ineffable joy. "I have told you about the minor heavens," says a spirit control, "where merely good people go; but the passionately devout lovers of God reach heights of contemplation and ecstasy which the words of the world's language were not designed to describe" (*Letters from a Living Dead Man*, 271). "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the good things which God hath laid up for them that love Him." (1 Cor. ii. 9).

With regard to *Clothing*, some interesting and significant information has been given. In this world our dress depends on three variable factors—our "means," our taste, and the fashion of the moment. But in the beyond clothes are a fitting expression of the character of the spirit who is so arrayed. In this world the body itself is taken very much at random, a bent and ailing form and plain face may be the dwelling-place of an enlightened and loving soul, while some of those whose graceful forms and beautiful countenances are the wonder of their fellows, are, in their true character, depraved, selfish and unspiritual. According to the communicating spirits no such incongruity is ever seen in the realms beyond this world. There the bodily appearance is an infallible indication of the quality and attainments of the spirit which dwells within. The clothing of spirit people is equally appropriate. If a degraded spirit assumed gorgeous clothing and jewels, they would lose their splendour at once, the colours would fade and the embroideries become tarnished and mean, for the source of all the goodness is in the spirit itself and not in the dress through which it is manifested. The jewels and gems

of heaven are effects of light, and the true crown symbolized by the golden diadem is a nimbus of exquisitely blended and dazzling colours. Dives can no more array himself in purple and fine linen, for he lacks unselfishness and love and can no longer disguise the fact. "The fine linen is the righteousness of saints" (Rev. xix. 8).

The "man in the street," following the beliefs of some ancient peoples, frequently has an undefined idea that all in the After-life is ethereal, vapoury, shadowy and *unsubstantial*. The impression has, no doubt, been conveyed by what has been observed of apparitions, of which few families are without at least one experience. The "ghost," however, is not to be regarded as a true dweller in the other world in his normal condition. Spirits assure us that though to the fleshy material eye and touch they and their world may seem unsubstantial, they are very far from being so in reality. On the contrary, to them it is our world which is the shadowy one, and it is we who are the wraiths and spooks. The spirit or etheric body through which we function after death, seems to its occupier and his neighbours quite as solid and objective as his old material frame, though it is now endowed with new powers, can pass through space with a rapidity unknown on earth, and converse by thought-exchange without the halting expedient of words.

Of the *hells* I do not propose to speak, but a great mass of information has been received with regard to them. Teaching which may be relied upon, if we accept spirit communications at all, for some of our visitors allege that they have been sent on missions to the dreary and dark regions and some have passed a season there for their purification and in retribution for their wrongdoing.

The authorship of spirit messages may be suspect and the methods employed in receiving them despised and ridiculed, but the body of doctrine which has been accumulated is of such a quality that it demands some thoughtful consideration by every seriously-minded man. Are these really some of the conditions of life which await us? At all events, has the world ever before heard a prediction which is so reasonable and which seems so adequately to meet the necessities of the case?



# THE SHEPHERD OF ETERNITY

By EVA GORE-BOOTH

(Statues of "ὁ ποιμὴν ὁ καλός"\* were carved by early Greek Christians on all the fountains of Constantinople)

JOYFUL and swift who led  
The souls of the dead  
In a shadowy band  
To the twilight land,  
Surely deaf wert thou to our crying  
In silence conceivèd, in darkness dying,  
And we wept as we went  
Down the dark descent,  
Hermes, thou beautiful one, thy smile did but mock our despair,  
Who wept for the light of the sun and the shining and silvery air.

Glad shepherd of joyless sheep,  
We children of those who weep,  
We who have lost all things,  
Shudder at thy swift wings,  
For thou wert deaf to our crying,  
In silence conceivèd, in darkness dying,  
And thy smile so fair  
Knew not woe or despair [tears ;  
As thou leddest thy people to Hades with sorrow and sighing and  
Small profit had they in their dying of thee and thy radiant years.

Through the grave and the gloom  
And the gateway of doom,  
Through Hades' dim pain,  
Back to hard earth again,  
With bitterness striving, reviling  
The grace of thy passionless smiling,  
Dull and helpless and blind  
Did we drift with the wind, [shone,  
Now shall you seek us in vain where no sun of the world ever  
But the shadows flit by the gloomy waves of tideless Acheron.

\* The Shepherd, the Beautiful One.

Now do we kneel at ease  
 Under the cypress trees,  
 For the new God who leads the dead  
 His own tears has shed ;  
 We have carved on all the fountains  
 A young shepherd from the mountains,  
 Being the image of him  
 Whose sorrow made the sunlight dim,  
 A shepherd of strange melodies playing the pipes of goat-foot  
 Pan,  
 To call out of her sepulchre the earth's dim soul, the soul of man.

Somewhere beyond the earth  
 There is respite from birth  
 For the mourners who stray  
 Down the desolate way,  
 He who lives in Life, Life-bringing,  
 Gives a new song for our singing,  
 And we who were doomed to go,  
 In darkness to and fro,  
 Like the wind in the trees or the driven clouds or the wandering  
 tide,  
 Have found at last the place of that peace where the weary soul  
 may abide.

Every fountain to the skies  
 Clear and foamless shall arise,  
 There are bright wings for all things ;  
 Even the worm shall have wings,  
 The living waters ascending  
 Rainbow-coloured, shining, blending  
 With the Everlasting Light,  
 Transfigure the world's night.  
 This is the song the shepherd sang with many runs and shakes  
 and trills,  
 The Shepherd of Eternity piping o'er cypress-shaded hills.

# DIVERS HAUNTINGS

## AN ATTEMPTED CLASSIFICATION

BY J. W. BRODIE-INNES

GHOST stories of many kinds have been familiar from the earliest ages, and their character has varied little. The yarns that are spun to-day could mostly be matched in ancient Egypt, and probably were chestnuts then. Sir Richard Burton once said to me that there were only twenty-five original stories in the world, and he had heard variants of them in every country he knew. Be that as it may, the ghost stories that I have heard myself, and those that have come within my own experience, seem to fall naturally into well-defined groups, and yet strange to say there has been very little attempt at classification. In trying to trace the origin of various well-known types of hauntings it has occurred to me that in the causes of the appearances, if only we could form some fairly reasonable theory, there might lie the germ of a system of classifying, which might be of some assistance to scientific investigators, and also a help to those who have an interesting experience to relate. I would premise, however, that this is no more than a very rough and crude attempt, as it were, to make a sort of sketch map of a little-known country, in the hope that it may be of some service to future better-equipped explorers.

Perhaps the commonest class of experiences is that in which some dramatic happening, usually a crime, is re-enacted in detail before a clairvoyante; sometimes, indeed, before persons who are not consciously clairvoyant at all; sometimes in waking consciousness, sometimes in dream. The ordinary theory that the unfortunate souls or astrals of the actors were compelled to remain on the scene of the tragedy, perpetually reproducing the drama, seemed to me to present well-nigh insuperable difficulties. For one thing it involved the necessity of the innocent victim being compelled to share in the punishment, and act out his or her part in the story. This was contrary to all one's ideas of justice. And again, did all these poor ghosts remain, always waiting until there was an audience, or what gave them the clue to start? Did they ever perform without an audience? I never heard of anyone arriving late, and seeing only the conclusion of the scene. One well-defined instance of this kind occurred to

myself in an old house in Fife, about which there was a somewhat grisly story of an old man who had murdered his daughter's lover, and with his butler's assistance had disposed of the body. The crime had never been discovered, and the story was generally regarded as a mere romantic invention, on which various embroideries had grown. One day, when I chanced to be staying in the house, I was in the garret where the murder was said to have been committed, with a companion who had something of a clairvoyant gift, and suddenly we both saw the whole scene enacted clearly as in a cinema picture. Especially we both saw the girl rush screaming through the room and throw herself apparently through a blank wall. Coming down from the garret we passed a long line of family portraits, and simultaneously stopped before one. "That was the girl," we both said almost at once. The family history was hunted up, and though there was no hint of the tragedy, there was the record of the girl having had a severe accident, and a broken leg, and some grave suspicions of a scandal which had caused her father and herself to go abroad for some years. Subsequently walking in the garden, we saw in the outer wall of the garret the clear marks of a bricked-up window, just where the girl had appeared to throw herself out.

For all that, and vivid as the appearances were, the impression on both our minds was not that of having seen ghosts, but rather pictures as though recorded in some astral cinematograph. I had read some speculations, I think of Sir Oliver Lodge, to the effect that every event that happens in a place gets itself somehow photographed, preserving a permanent record, which, under certain circumstances, may be recovered. I also recalled Camille Flammarion's wonderful speculations in *Lumen*, wherein he shows how, if we could only get a sufficient distance from the earth, we could see an event an hour, or a year, or any given time, after it actually happened, and therefore that there exists a series of pictures like an enormous cinema film extending from any spot on the earth's surface, recording everything that has happened there.

Modern psychologists are great on the subjective consciousness, and its powers of memory and projection and perception at almost any distance. For details refer to almost any recent book on psychology—T. J. Hudson, for example. Now assuming that these two theories which are already widely accepted be taken as a basis, the origin of this type of haunting becomes simple and scientific. The subjective consciousness contacting at the place the end of what I may venture to call the

astral film, would travel along it with incredible rapidity. We may conceive that the pictures of the tragedy would be so striking and so definitely traced as to attract the physical consciousness. The subjective perception, passing rapidly from picture to picture, would produce the same effect as a material film passing through the lantern and projected on the screen, and the impression on the physical consciousness would be that of a moving picture. This theory, it will be seen, involves no suggestion of a ghost, no idea of any participation of the actors, criminal or victim, who have passed over, and may well be taken as one class of hauntings which form the subject of many dramatic tales.

Yet this does not, of course, exclude the possibility of earth-bound astrals of the dead, or of thought forms projected by the memories or the concentrated thoughts of the living. These form an entirely different class, one or two examples of which have come under my own observation. From the concurrent testimony of ages it may be inferred that the process of death is not instantaneous, but very gradual; the spirit leaving the body passes out much as the dream consciousness passes out, or even in deep meditation of waking dream; it appears to itself to have still a body, the counterpart of that which it has left, and this to itself appears as solid and material as in life. In fact, often the spirit does not recognize that death has taken place. Many stories now told of those who have been killed in battle bear this out. Whether this body be in fact the astral of the person, similar in all respect to the physical body, only far more tenuous, or whether it be a thought form projected at the moment of death to be a habitation or clothing for the freed spirit, I do not pretend to say. Either suggestion would account for many of the experiences which we often hear, and also for the very common class of stories of appearances at the moment of death. At all events there seems to be a form sufficiently material to be seen and recognized by certain persons immediately after death. The many well-authenticated stories of appearances of this kind leave no reasonable doubt of this.

Comparing many stories that I have heard of appearances of this kind, the principle seems to emerge that the more material the person in life the more material will the *post mortem* wraith be; and in cases of sudden or violent death also it is likely to be extremely vivid at first, though soon fading away. There are multitudes of stories of men killed in the War that illustrate this. The appearance of the clothes they wore in life, often as is recorded with the very rags or stains they had, is in favour of

the idea of a thought form projected at the moment of death, and forming a temporary habitation of the spirit.

Now considering that it is at least probable that the thoughts, ideals and character of the person largely determine the thought form of himself that he projects, the astral image that is the temporary habitation of his spirit after death, it would seem to follow that the more material and gross his ideals, the thicker and harder will be the shell in which he finds himself enveloped, and consequently the more difficult to get quit of. And so the spirit becomes as it is called earth-bound, in a species of prison, retaining much of the characteristics of his earth life, especially the most material and earthly characteristics, and therefore often producing the same effect on surroundings, as his earthly body produced, exciting the same attractions and repulsions as he did in life.

A distinct case of this nature came under my own observation in an old house not far from Westminster Abbey. Nothing particular was heard or seen there. Occasional creakings and knockings, sounds that might be footsteps, but equally might be the natural movements of old panelled walls, or of rats behind wainscots. Yet the house was persistently unlucky, persistently undesirable persons were attracted there, and were hard to get rid of, while pleasant and desirable persons were repelled, and either would not come or would not stay. Especially was this the case with domestic servants. At length a clairvoyant contrived to make a figure visible in the dining-room. It was that of an old man in the dress of the later Georges, untidy, dissipated, and thoroughly disreputable in appearance. A communication being established, the ghost confessed that he was in fact the cause of all the trouble in the house. He had been in life an evil and dissipated man, whose associates were like unto himself, and after death he found himself imprisoned in a body like that which he had inhabited in life, and in spite of himself involuntarily he still attracted the disreputable and vicious, and repelled all who were clean and virtuous. Being interrogated as to whether he desired to get away, he replied that he wished this above all things. Further asked if it would hurt him if his astral shell could be destroyed, he replied on the contrary it would be the greatest possible blessing to him if he could be released. A brief formula of exorcism was sufficient, the shell was destroyed, and thereafter the ill-luck that had haunted the house absolutely and entirely ceased. I have been told many similar cases. Some in which the earth-bound spirit was released by an exorcism performed by a priest, according to a formula known and practised in the

Roman Church, and contained in old editions of the Ritual, but now I understand only permitted to Bishops, though every priest is still ordained as an exorcist. I have cited this case because it came within my own personal experience, but similar ones are by no means uncommon. In one case, also well known to me, the earth-bound spirit had both the appearance and the odour of a decaying corpse, and though the owners of the house where it appeared, being very material and sceptical people, neither saw nor heard anything, yet perpetual illness utterly unaccountable permeated the house, and every one who entered it felt immediately depressed and uncomfortable for no assignable cause. It will be seen that the earth-bound spirit is entirely in a different category from the astral memory which I have described, and constitutes a second class of haunting. But it may well happen in some cases that the two may be combined. An earth-bound spirit may be imprisoned in some place, and the story of his life and the reason for his being thus imprisoned may be recorded in what I have venture to liken to a species of astral cinematograph. A priest in one of the Western Islands has told me several stories of haunted houses, the history of which he has seen in moving pictures, and the haunting spirits of which he has himself liberated, by the simple and well-known formula of blessing the house with incense and holy water.

A similar instance was given me by the late Mr. Eglinton, who was asked to investigate a haunted house in Belgium, where ghostly footsteps were constantly heard, and weird shrieks and cries sounded at night. He succeeded in seeing the previous history of the house, which had been part of a monastery whose monks had become very corrupt and dissipated, and had contrived to burrow an underground passage to a neighbouring nunnery. A monk and nun being caught *in flagrante delicto* had been walled up alive in the passage, which had been closed and forgotten. Mr. Eglinton indicated the place, and on examination the two skeletons were found. They were given Christian burial, the place was exorcised and blessed, and the hauntings ceased. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, and merely give it as it was told to me. But it clearly comes under the category of a combination of the earth-bound spirits and the astral cinematograph or memory pictures.

Another and closely allied class is that of the obsessing earth-bound spirit. Assuming the theory that the material husk which imprisons the spirit retains the characteristics of its earth-life, it would naturally follow that about this material husk should

linger the desires and passions that were rampant in life, but the body whereby those desires might be gratified is gone. Yet these *revenants* seem to possess a certain volition and consciousness, and a quasi-hypnotic power of influencing some types of weak and sensitive persons. Whether by this means they obtain some kind of vicarious enjoyment or satisfaction, or whether they actually enter into and use the body of the victim, I will not presume to decide. I have heard many arguments for both theories. Certainly some Eastern schools firmly maintain the theory that a spirit can take possession of another body, and use it as its own. Many Oriental tales are based on this idea, and Indian magicians are credited with the power of throwing their own souls into the bodies of other men, and even of dispossessing and casting out the souls of their victims. But all or nearly all the authentic stories of this class can be equally well explained by well-known phenomena of hypnotism. The obsession by a discarnate spirit is a different matter, and as a rule cannot be so easily explained. A clairvoyant seer of the Western Islands told me that he had actually seen the earth-bound spirits lurking about a burial-ground, and had seen one attach itself to a weak dreamy youth who was wandering near by, and as it were melt into his body, and that the boy, though previously exceedingly temperate, almost suddenly became an incurable drunkard. This he maintained without doubt was the reason of many sudden and violent accessions of criminal passions. And he also instanced the well-known fact, that wherever there has been a suicide it is almost certain that others will follow. This he maintained was due to the obsession of the earth-bound spirit of the suicide, driven by some strange force to endeavour to repeat the fatal act.

We find, then, two types of earth-bound spirits: the former though often terrifying and generally unpleasant, yet quite harmless, except it may be to weak nerves; the latter distinctly evil and mischievous. The manifestations of the latter class of obsessing spirits are obscure, being often hard to distinguish from auto-suggestion, or some other known psychic phenomenon, or in many cases deliberate hypnotism.

There is, moreover, a distinct difference in the appearances of these contrasted types, as described by those who profess to have seen them; the latter, the obsessing spirits as described by clairvoyants, being only vaguely human in shape, fragments of grey mist, with distorted heads and faces, but usually with malignant gleaming eyes. Most clairvoyants, especially in the Western



Islands, insist strongly on the eyes, "like the eyes of a soul in hell," one old dame said to me once. But the former type, whether of the truly earth-bound spirit, or that which merely lingers here for a short time after death, is generally definitely human and recognizable, even in clothes, peculiarities of action, and such like; suggesting clearly the idea of the thought form. But the question may arise: Whose thought was it that projected the form?

Two markedly illustrative cases occur to me here. One happened in my father's parish in Kent, where two women simultaneously saw the figure of an old man, the father of one and uncle of the other at the moment of his death, of which at the time they were unaware. The daughter saw him drive past in his gig, as he frequently did, and wondered at his not stopping as usual for a chat on his way. The niece saw him in his Sunday clothes, as though going to church, and carrying his Bible in his hand, and wondered if he had mistaken the day, and why he did not stop and speak. Both were convinced that they had seen the old man actually alive, until they heard of his death. The probability seems to be that the discarnate spirit had passed by, rousing the memory of his personal appearance, and each of the two women had projected a thought form of him in the shape that they most clearly remembered. The other case was told me by a lady whose brother was killed in some small native riot in India. She being, as she said, more than half asleep at the time, saw suddenly and distinctly her brother in an utterly unfamiliar dress, lying dead just outside of a bungalow, with a native knife in his heart. She had never seen any picture of the bungalow, but subsequent inquiry demonstrated that the appearance was absolutely correct in every detail. This would seem to be a thought form projected at the moment of death, or possibly some species of telepathy whereby her subconscious mind was momentarily brought in contact with the actual scene. Many cases have also been recorded in the late war of persons at home, who have seen their friends or relatives wounded, and know exactly how it occurred though they have lived and recovered. These must, therefore, be carefully distinguished from the true earth-bound spirits. Both classes seem probably to be thought forms, but while the former are merely temporary vehicles, which may probably for a short while be informed by the newly discarnate spirit, the latter are veritable prisons, presumably built up by the thoughts and ideals cherished in earth life.

We arrive, then, at various sub-classes of this second class of

hauntings, to which must be added the note that the thought form or astral appearance is not necessarily that of the person as we know or knew him or her, but sometimes that person's ideal of himself, or what he would wish to be like. This idea is well brought out in George Du Maurier's wonderful romance of *Peter Ibbetson*. I have heard Du Maurier describe to a select company of intimates how he had himself endeavoured to appear to his friends as he thought of himself and wished to be.

These classes are all of hauntings connected with human beings living or dead. A totally different class is connected with the manifestations of sub-human or super-human entities.

Leaving aside altogether the vexed and often debated question of the survival of animal souls, which have nothing to do with hauntings in the ordinary acceptation of the term, it seems impossible, when we consider the almost infinite variety of life upon the earth, to conclude that the astral plane can be peopled only by beings connected with human life. Inevitably, if we postulate life at all, we must postulate as great a variety of nature. If here on earth we see the mischievousness of the monkey, the active malevolence of some kinds of snake, the ghastly cruelty as we should deem it of some creatures, the fidelity of the dog, and multitudes of other variations, not only of form but of character and nature, we naturally assume that some similar variations exist on other planes outside of human experience, and as difficult to contact and comprehend as are animals. The folklore of many races and countries has to some extent classified and described these. The Poltergeist, the Leprecaun, the Banshee, under various names are met with in almost every country. The fauns and nymphs, the nereids and dryads of ancient Greece, have their congeners to-day in pixies and fairies and brownies. But the more terrible forms of were-wolf, ghouls and vampire are more rare, and only met with in certain localities. These all clearly belong to the sub-human types, and of them some seem to be more material, and therefore to manifest more easily, than others. Thus though the fairy type is of almost universal distribution, and every country has its fairy legends, with a marked similarity, they are seldom seen save by special persons; they produce few, if any, material or physical phenomena. On the other hand we meet with constant cases of material disturbances apparently causeless and frivolous, furniture thrown about, articles dragged from their places, sometimes even persons struck and injured by things thrown by no human hand.

This is no uncommon experience in haunted houses, and is

sometimes the only evidence of haunting that is alleged. Some well-authenticated stories have appeared in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW, and have generally been ascribed to Poltergeists. But the nature of a Poltergeist, why or how he plays these seemingly meaningless pranks, or why his activities seem to be confined to certain places, remains utterly obscure. We can only dimly know him by his effects. Yet he is a definite haunting, and may or may not be accompanied by an earth-bound spirit, or other manifestation of human connection. So far as the ordinary stories go, the Poltergeist seems to be invisible and immaterial, at least in our sense of gross ponderable and perceptible matter, and yet to have the power of exerting a physical force, often a very considerable force, and a certain consciousness and will mischievous and purposeless rather than malevolent.

If we assume that to produce a physical effect some physical cause is necessary, and that the recorded pranks of the Poltergeist seem to indicate a definite, if purposeless, intention, the conclusion seems to be that a discarnate being is able to set in motion some unknown force; perhaps the same force which causes levitation in the séance room. Many of us have seen heavy tables lifted and whirled about a room without the contact of a human hand, and many tales have been told of heavy furniture, boxes, etc., having been heard dragged about in empty rooms, and found displaced in the morning. There seems at least a probability that the two classes of phenomena may be connected, and if we assume, as I believe Sir Oliver Lodge assumes, that there may be some force as yet unknown to science, which may be set in motion and to some extent, albeit unconsciously, controlled by human sitters at a séance, it is not a very wild assumption that there may exist a discarnate entity, whose will may equally set in motion and control the same or a similar force.

Granting these assumptions, the Poltergeist falls into line and becomes a recognizable class of, haunt.

But the question still remains, why should the Poltergeist manifest only in certain places? the localities being apparently as meaningless as his actions. No satisfactory reason, so far as I know, has ever been assigned for this type of haunting. It may be a house, or a cave, or a wood; it may or may not have a history behind it; but generally it appears to be quite independent of any human actions good or bad. Yet a possible solution might be suggested in the nature of the unknown force which produces the manifestations.

Many guesses have been made at the nature of this force.

The Hertzian waves have been suggested, Radium and the forces of disintegrating atoms, even X-rays have been discussed with a certain degree of superficial learning, but the results have not been convincing. The force remains unknown, save for certain unexplained, perhaps unexplainable, effects. Yet some suggestions emerge which may be productive of a solution of these problems in the future. It is possible to control the motions of a floating vessel from the shore, or the motions of a balloon in the air. It is but a short step from this to move, and control the motions of, a table or chair without any physical contact, and assuming the existence of a discarnate will capable of exercising that control, the problem of the Poltergeist is half solved. But one asks why the manifestations should take place only in certain definite places? why, in fact, should the Poltergeist be a haunt? An ingenious suggestion is that in the places where the manifestations occur there are electric, or magnetic, or other conditions of soil or conformation of the ground, or the like, favourable to the generation of the unknown force (which perforce we must call by this clumsy name till we get a better acquaintance with it). If, therefore, we look on the discarnate will as an engineer or electrician, of mad mischievous mood and a playful disposition, and a particular locality from soil or conformation as the dynamo and engine, we have our Poltergeist full blown, and fully equipped, and even liable to some kind of scientific investigation.

Clearly, then, here we have a totally different class of haunting, as to which it would be useless to try to interrogate what I have called the astral cinematograph, and the Poltergeist and his congeners instead of being among the most inexplicable of phenomena, may ultimately come to be the most nearly within the domain of physical science, and his relation to the phenomena of levitation and other manifestations of the séance room may also be fruitful sources of inquiry; though these may perhaps dethrone some of our pet dreams of spirit hands, and may rob the Poltergeist of some of his terrors.

If there be any truth in this theory of the Poltergeist, the same would be applicable to the more definitely evil and sinister manifestations of the were-wolf, the ghoul, and the vampire. The locality of their manifestation is much more limited than that of the others whom I have mentioned, but the records of their activities is as clear and fully attested, and their haunting, that is to say their practical confinement to a special locality, equally definite.

These sinister and terrible manifestations are, therefore, true

hauntings, the basis of which appears to be that of a discarnate will, able to set in motion and control some physical force, whose nature is at present unknown, or only dimly guessed at. But they are distinguished from the activities of the Poltergeist and similar entities, in that they are not merely mischievous with a comparatively harmless mischief, they are malignantly hostile to humanity. And if we may compare the will of the Poltergeist to that of a monkey who snatches a lady's hat, these seem rather like that of the deadly snake who hangs from a tree waiting for its victim, and strikes to kill without any provocation. In this country we have but little experience of these malignant hauntings, and are forced to depend on records from remote places in the Carpathians and elsewhere, which are usually regarded as travellers' tales, and either wholly discredited, or scarcely seriously considered. Yet they are vouched for in many cases by the sworn testimony of well-known and capable witnesses. Some of these are cited by H. P. Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine*, and may be investigated by the curious.

Moreover, in hauntings of this class there is often a suggestion (if no more) of the earth-bound spirit. Thus, taking the Vampire legend, the basis is usually a corpse preserved in some ghastly half-life by physical blood drawn from living bodies, and conveyed to it by the haunting entity. This is sometimes taken to be the earth-bound spirit that once inhabited that body, but in other tales an obsessing spirit. This materializes at one time in the form of a bat, at another in the form of a body, apparently human, in which form it throws its victims into an hypnotic sleep. The fact that only in certain districts, as for example in the Carpathians, are Vampire legends frequently met with might indicate that some geological formation or some electric or magnetic peculiarity rendered possible the generation of an obscure force in those localities favourable to these special manifestations, even as on the material plane certain localities are favourable to certain types of deadly mosquitoes. Some scientific truth may underlie Bram Stoker's conception in *Dracula* of the necessity of bringing earth from the Carpathians for the manifestation of his vampire count in England.

With these manifestations may be compared those of certain materializing séances, where the thought form projected seems to draw the material whereby it becomes visible and tangible from the physical body of the medium, leaving him drained and exhausted.

That this effect can take place in a séance room or anywhere,

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distinguishes this phenomenon from a haunting properly so called. But it raises the question how far the conditions favourable to the generation of the force producing the physical effects can be artificially created. Assuming this to be possible, we may have here the clue to yet another class closely akin to hauntings, of curses on lands and on families possessing them, as in all the well-known tales of curses resting on the owners of stolen Church lands. In a former number of the OCCULT REVIEW I have told the story of a haunted church in Munich, which may well be an example of this class. The converse of this would be the blessing resting on sacred sites, such for instance as Lourdes.

The detailed examination of this class, however, would occupy, and would well deserve, an article to itself. My object in this very rough sketch is merely to indicate some general principles of classification. Without some such principle our ghost stories, and our psychic experiences, lose a great part of their value, and we perhaps too readily accept the popular theory that would explain every psychic phenomenon as the work of some one who has passed over, or as an enthusiastic lady said to me not long since, "the dear spirits, who are always close round us, and trying to talk to us." Personally, I set no value on this attempt at classification, save as an attempt which I hope may induce others of wider experience in such matters to formulâte definite categories to which well-authenticated stories may be reduced. I am convinced that such a classification on truly scientific lines would add enormously to the value of the experiences of which we have now such an abundant crop.

## THE VISITOR

By MAUDE ANNESLEY

A SIGH in the passage, a step in the night  
Was the first that I knew of you, little strange child.  
And when I looked up from my circle of light  
I could faintly perceive your small form, and I smiled.

You seemed to be waiting for that, for you crept  
To the fire, and you held out your poor little hands.  
'Twas stormy outside in the dark, Nature wept,  
And the sea sent great billows to torture the sands.

Oh why, little ghost, do you come here to me ?  
For I knew you not ; know not, and never have known  
The home of your birth. You are perfectly free,  
Yet you come in each night, as I sit here alone !

And are there no toys in that bright Spirit-Land ?  
Are there no little children to laugh with, and play ?  
And no Mother-Ghost, with her sheltering hand,  
To enfold you, and love you, and bid you to stay ?

Nay, come if you wish it. Perhaps you will creep  
To my arms, on some ev'ning, when all are at rest.  
I'll lull you, and rock you, and send you to sleep ;  
Then some angel may take you, my little strange guest !

## SOME REMARKABLE HEIRLOOMS

By WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

THERE are still preserved in certain old English and Scottish families some curious ancient relics which have come down to them "through the long vista of departed years" to the present day. Some of these relics were, until a comparatively recent period, believed to bring good fortune to their possessors, while others again were endowed with the power of healing diseases.

Of the former class of relics, the most famous is the "Luck of Eden Hall," which belongs to the Musgraves of Eden Hall, Cumberland.\* It is a tall goblet of the most delicate venetian glass, and is covered with enamelled designs in crimson, blue and yellow, on a green ground. The pattern is very intricate, but lovely, crossing and curving, and intermingled with trefoils and foliage. It is kept in a leather case, which is also ornamented with scrolls and vine leaves, and bears the letters I. H. S., from which it has been inferred that it was for sacred use. But superstition has connected it with the prosperity of the family; and thereby "hangs a tale." In one corner of the garden there is a spring of water, cold and crystal clear, known as St. Cuthbert's well. To this well went the butler one night to fetch water, and there surprised a company of fairies dancing on the grass. On perceiving him, they began immediately to flee away, and in their haste, dropped the goblet. The butler seized it and refused to part with it; then the queen of the fairies uttered the following couplet—

If e'er this cup shall break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Edenhall.

Whatever the tradition, the glass is and has been from time immemorial at Edenhall. On one occasion it came perilously near a fall. It was in the days of heavy drinking, when it was brought from its sanctuary "filled to the brim with the choicest vintage, and presented to each guest in succession. One guest was a Duke of Wharton of evil fame, who, having drunk, amused himself by tossing it up and catching it in his mad revelry, and was doing it once too often, but fortunately as it was falling to the floor the butler caught it in a napkin. In reference to this it is

\* Eden Hall is at the moment being offered for sale, having been in the possession of the Musgrave family for 450 years.



said the duke composed a doleful parody on "Chevy Chase," beginning :

God prosper long from being broke,  
The luck of Edenhall.

and after nearly forty verses of burlesque, ending—

God bless the king,  
And keep the land in peace,  
And grant that drunkenness henceforth  
'Mong noblemen may cease.

Sir Walter Scott says it was not Wharton who wrote the parody, but one of his jovial companions of the name of Lloyd, and adds that "the cup is not now subjected to such risks, but the lees of wine are still apparent at the bottom," from which it may be inferred that it is long since it has been actually used.\*

The family of Graham of Inchbrakie in Perthshire have in their possession a small blue stone—said to be a sapphire—set in a ring, regarding which the following story is told: Some time in the seventeenth century, as the then laird of Inchbrakie was passing the Knock Hill of Crieff, he encountered a large crowd, headed by a Campbell of Glenorchy, preparing to execute a witch. On approaching nearer, he discovered in the victim his old nurse, Catherine Niven, who had latterly resided in a rocky cave not far from the spot where she was about to suffer. Whether the old woman had become liable to the charge of witchcraft through the workings of a disordered mind, or had nefariously endeavoured to practise upon the credulity of the people, Graham did not inquire, but used all his eloquence to save her life, without avail. In gratitude, however, for his generous intercession on her behalf, the poor woman threw from her mouth a small blue stone, like a bead, which she desired her foster-child to keep for her sake. Furthermore she told him that as long as the stone should remain in his family, good fortune would attend it, while to the Campbells of Glenorchy, on the other hand, there would never be born a male heir—both of which predictions are said to have come true.

Even more remarkable than the sapphire of the Grahams is the pear now in the possession of the Earl of Dalhousie. It is known as the Coalstoun Pear, with which the welfare of the Coal-

\* Readers of Longfellow will remember his translation from the German of Uhland's ballad, "The Luck of Eden Hall." There the goblet is broken by the heir, who thus brings destruction upon his house. This story, however, is incorrect. The goblet was not broken, as Longfellow, when in England in 1868, visited Eden Hall and saw the goblet himself, and found that it was still entire, in spite of Uhland's ballad.

stoun family, in East Lothian, was believed to be connected. About four hundred years ago, one of the Barons of Coalstoun married Jean Hay, daughter of John, third Lord Yester, with whom he received as dowry nothing more or less than a pear, "only that and nothing more." Such a pear as this, however, was never seen, for some remote ancestor of the lady, famed for his necromantic powers, was supposed to have invested it with some enchantment which, besides preserving it from decay, rendered it perfectly invaluable. Lord Yester, in giving away the pear along with his daughter, informed his son-in-law that, good as the lady might be, her dowry was even better, because while she could only have value in her own generation, the pear so long as it remained in the family would bring good fortune to it. Accordingly the pear was preserved as something sacred, both by the laird who received it first and by his descendants, until one of their ladies, taking a longing for forbidden fruit while pregnant, took a bite out of it, in consequence of which some of the best farms in the estate came into the market shortly afterwards. Immediately after the lady had bitten it, the pear became as hard as a stone, and in this condition it remains to the present day, with the marks of the lady's teeth indelibly imprinted on it. The estate of Coalstoun and the pear now belong to the Earl of Dalhousie, having descended to him through a long line of heirs. The pear is now locked in a chest, the key of which is kept by the Earl. Apart from the story connected with it, the Coalstoun Pear is, in its way, a remarkable heirloom, having in all probability existed for six hundred years.

The fortunes of the Robertsons of Struan, chief of the Clan Donnachie, were connected with a small stone, spherical in shape, and made of transparent rock crystal. Besides its influence on the family's fortunes, it was supposed to cure all manner of diseases in cattle and horses, and in human beings also. Tradition states that the stone was found by the chief of the clan in 1314, while he and his followers were marching to join Bruce's army before Bannockburn. It was the custom of the clan to carry their standard to battle with them, and one morning, as the standard was lifted from the ground, where it had been stuck while the clan halted for a rest, a stone, about the size of a pigeon's egg, was discovered adhering to a clot of earth on the staff. The clan hailed it as an omen of good fortune, and of victory, for victory rested with the Scots that day at Bannockburn. The stone is known as the "Clanna-Bratach," or "Stone of the Standard" from its origin, and afterwards always accompanied the clan in

warfare, being carried at the top of their standard. When the poet Robertson, the representative of the family, fled to France on account of his share in Dundee's rebellion, he carried the stone with him in a gold box. Being, like a good many other Scottish Jacobites, reduced to the greatest straits for a living, he was forced to sell the gold box, but nothing on earth would have induced him to part with the stone. On the eve of Sheriffmuir, a large flaw was discovered in its centre, and ever since then the influence of the clan has declined.

The fortunes of a nation, and not merely those of a family or a clan, were believed to be connected with the famous "Stone of Destiny," on which the ancient kings of Scotland were crowned at Scone, in Perthshire. There is an old Latin prophecy which, translated, states that :—

Unless the fates are faithless found,  
And prophets' voice be vain,  
Where'er this monument is found,  
The Scottish race shall reign.

When Edward I of England removed this coronation chair to Westminster, he thought he had broken the charm of Scotland's independence ; but he only, according to the belief of the Scottish people, determined that the Scottish race of kings should, in time, supplant those of the House of Plantagenet, which it did when James VI of Scotland became James I of Great Britain on the death of Elizabeth. According to the old historians of Scotland this stone is the very stone on which the patriarch Jacob laid his head in the plain of Luz. It was brought from the East by Gathelus (the supposed founder of the Scottish race) to Ireland, and thence taken to Scone by Fergus, who invaded Scotland and became king. The stone now forms the support of the coronation chair at Westminster, on which all the kings of England, from the time of Edward I, have been crowned. Like the Coalstoun Pear, the "Stone of Destiny" is in itself a curious relic of extreme antiquity.

Of that class of relics which are endowed with the power of healing diseases only, by far the most celebrated is the Lee Penny, which is still preserved at Lee, the residence of the Lockhart family, in Lanarkshire. The tradition (upon which Scott founded his romance of *The Talisman*) connected with it is as follows : Simon Lockhart of Lee, while fighting in the Holy Land during the Crusades, captured an emir of high rank. The warrior's lady came to pay his ransom, and in doing so, dropped a small jewel. Noticing how eager the lady appeared to be regarding it,

Lockhart, on being informed that it was a medicatory talisman, determined to have it, and refused to release his captive unless the jewel was added to the stipulated ransom. The lady complied reluctantly, and Lockhart brought the jewel home to Scotland. It is called the Lee Penny on account of its being set in an old English silver coin, to the edge of which is attached a small chain of silver. The Lee Penny did not lose its talismanic power by being transferred to Scotland. It is especially sovereign in the diseases of horned cattle. The mode of administering it is thus: Holding it by the chain, it is dropped down three times into a quantity of water, and once drawn round it, and the cattle drinking this water are speedily cured. In the reign of Charles I, the people of Newcastle being affected with plague, sent for and obtained a loan of the Lee Penny, leaving the sum of £6,000 as a pledge. They found it so effectual, that they proposed to keep it, and forfeit the money, but the then laird of Lee refused to part with it. One other remarkable instance of its efficacy is recorded. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Lady Baird of Saughton-hall was bitten by a mad dog, and exhibited all the symptoms of hydrophobia. Her husband obtained the loan of the Lee Penny, and the lady, after having drunk and bathed in the water which it had sanctified, was completely cured.

Scotland, it may be remarked, is peculiarly rich in heirlooms, endowed with healing virtues. The majority of these are stones of rock-crystal, for, from a very early period, in that country rock crystal was used for magical purposes and for ornamentation. The sceptre of the Scottish Regalia is surmounted by a globe of rock-crystal, and the mace of the Lord High Treasurer is adorned in a similar manner, and has the surface of its crystal globe cut into facets. The brooches of Horn, of Ballochyle, and of Lochbuy, have each a piece of rock-crystal on the top. These crystals were believed to confer magical powers, and to render their wearers irresistible, particularly in war. The McDougalls of Horn have a couple of very fine rock-crystals, which have been in their possession for generations. As charms they were held in great repute and were used for curing cattle. The "Clach Bhuai," or stone of power, belongs to the Campbells of Glenlyon, and is supposed to cure disease either in man or beast. The "Keppoch charm-stone" belongs to the MacDonells of Keppoch and the Braes. It is an oval of rock-crystal, not very large, fixed in a bird's claw of silver, with a silver chain attached to it by which it can be suspended when about to be dipped.

# LUCK

By BART KENNEDY

TO say that there is no such thing as luck is like saying that there is no such thing as gravitation. For you can't get away from it. It is flying round here and there and all over the place. It doesn't often come your way, of course, but you know it is there right enough.

Some fellows are born lucky. There is no getting away from it. Everything they do is absolutely right. In a manner of speaking, even when they do wrong they do right. They always come out on top. All they have to do is to open their mouths—raise them heavenwards—and the manna tumbles right into them.

If you are born lucky, all will be well with you. The kingdom of the earth will be yours. You can go along, caring not the snap of a finger for anything or anyone. You will be able to live a gay and a beautiful life to the end of your days.

To be born lucky does not mean that you must be born rich. Neither does it mean that you must be born the son of a king. For riches have their own cares and bothers and nuisances. And being born the son of a king will mean that you will have to work harder than any navvy. You will neither be able to strike, nor will you be able to work the *ca'canny* act.

What luck is is difficult to define. It is at once like chance and not like chance. Chance is a mysterious blind kind of a thing that favours no one. It acts where it acts, and that is all there is to be said about it. But luck is different. It sticks to some people closer than a burr, whilst it invariably gives others the go-by. At first sight it might appear in its working as chance appears. But it isn't. For it favours certain people.

The successful man is always a lucky person. He will tell you, of course, that he arrived at his eminence by good, sound, solid work. But all that is mere bogey. There have been men who have worked as hard and as solidly and as soundly as he has. And still they have failed. There have been men who were cleverer than he was. And still they failed.

There is no getting away from it. There are undoubtedly

those who get a good deal from the fates when they are dealing out the cards in the game of life.

According to the people who go in for astrology, it all depends on the state of the heavens when you were born. The science and the practice of astrology is now somewhat under the weather. If you are caught practising it, you will get "time" from an unappreciative State. But there was a time when they could find out all kinds of things through the agency of astrology. At least so a friend of mine, for whom I have a great regard, asserts.

And personally I am inclined to agree with him. I am as sure as sure can be that they were up to many things in the old civilizations that we have no more idea of now than the man who lives in the moon. It may be that they knew all about the laws that govern luck and chance. And they may have been able to predict the future. The mystery of past, present, and future may not have bothered them as it does us. After all is said and done, these three states—of what we call time—are purely coinages of the human mind. And the human mind that was of a civilization, the very name of which is now lost, may not have been as it is now. However, we will let that pass.

That there are people who are favoured by events is certain. That there are people who are not favoured by events is also certain. There are people who can do nothing right, even as there are people who can do nothing wrong. The evidence in favour of this is not to be denied. It is overwhelming. There are people who are favoured by the gods, by luck, even as there are people who are not.

There is a reason for this, even as there is a reason for all things. There can be no effect without a cause. But the law that lies behind what we call luck is beyond us. We cannot grasp it. Its working is to us a mystery.

To say that a thing does not exist just because we do not understand it is nonsense. It is the sign of a narrow and a small mind. We come from out of mystery and we live in the midst of mystery. It is impossible for us to grasp the meaning and the significance of our surroundings. They are of necessity greater and vaster and more complicated than we are. The things that we understand are in reality the minor things. The forces that we have mastered are just the obvious forces. We know not the secrets of birth, nor of change, nor of growth.

Why should not beings be affected at birth by the position and the state of the heavens? This whole wondrous universe, though infinitely vast, is still all of one plan. It moves and has

its being in accord with some inconceivably mighty law. And still, though it is profoundly and inconceivably vast, the essence of it is enclosed in the magical flame of life that is passed and passed from being to being. It is at once infinitely vast and infinitely intimate. The greater is the lesser, and the lesser is the greater. This being so, it is surely not unreasonable to believe that in some way—past the power of understanding—beings are affected by the position of the heavens at birth, and are influenced thereby through the course of their lives.

It is conceivable that this may be behind the mysterious powers that we call chance and luck

## A LOOK

By TERESA HOOLEY

WHAT cruelty have you wrought me in other times and lands—  
 Rose-red gardens of Persia, or gold Egyptian sands;  
 What measure of pain and torment (though I loved you fiercely  
 and well),  
 That, meeting your eyes this moment, I know the terror of hell?

Deep as the sea and as cruel, your eyes hold mine for a space . . .  
 The lights and the people vanish—narrow to one dark face,  
 And the old wild love and the anguish come surging back in a  
 wave  
 With the look in your eyes that draws me to the years behind  
 the grave.

## DR. BARADUC

BY E. KATHARINE BATES

IT was Mrs. Laura Finch, then editing the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, in Paris, who first introduced me to the celebrated Dr. Baraduc. I was ushered into his waiting-room at ten in the morning, and provided with a large album of photographs of the human brain, while the doctor was occupied with his early patients.

These photographs appeared to me very monotonous, looking like a broad belt of striated lines, 5 to 6 inches in depth, with horizontal lines of varying light and dark shadows. The dullness was certainly relieved when on one of these photographs I saw what is generally known by psychics as "an extra." In this case it was a very clear, full face of a man, quite unmistakable in features, occupying almost the space of an ordinary marble in the photograph, but it was so clear that I remember thinking at the time that I should recognize the owner of the face at once if I came across him. When M. le docteur paid me his next flying visit I asked him for an explanation of this head appearing on a brain picture, which otherwise resembled the rest of the show. He looked at it carelessly and then said very casually, "Ah, c'est le cerveau de Madame la Comtesse de X,—elle avait un amant," which seemed to explain this thing as a matter of course and not of any great interest. For myself and purely from the scientific point of view I thought the Comtesse de X. had managed to introduce the only really interesting and suggestive feature of the whole collection. But one trusts this style of photography will never become popular, or we shall have jealous husbands photographing their wives from time to time, to assure themselves that no false friend has been alienating the affections of the latter. Dr. Baraduc begged me to let his assistant photograph my brain and having no fear of "psychic extras" I consented and spent the most gruesome ten minutes of my life. I was placed in a cane chair on a large table, and this in pitch darkness—a darkness that could really be felt. The exposure seemed endless. When I was once more on terra firma I could have declared that I had been a good hour in the torture chamber, by which term I am referring only to mental discomfort.



To my intense surprise I found I had been on that table just *ten minutes!*

Later I heard something of M. Baraduc's methods and theories from one or two patients who were loud in their praises of the benefit they had derived through his wonderful cures.

Having been always a very remarkable clairvoyant the etheric body was open to his vision when desired, and doubtless this fact was an enormous advantage to him in his medical diagnosis and treatment. I have put together as clearly as I can what I gathered from these quondam patients. Much of what they said was far more "miraculous" and difficult of belief ten years ago than it would be nowadays.

Certainly it sounded rather mad! but that after all was simply our ignorance and not Baraduc's extravagant ideas. Were he living now, much that he then accepted as proved by his experiments would be accepted now by our advanced scientists as being at any rate more than possible.

His chief methods of cure remind one of the nursery days, when St. Dunstan's memorable visit from Satan, and the churlish treatment the latter received from the Saint, were the delight of all small children. Nowadays children are too advanced for fairy tales or even for St. Dunstan's encounters with the Prince of Darkness. Dr. Baraduc believed that all diseases needed to be diagnosed and treated from a stronghold very much more *interior* than that of the ordinary medical man of to-day. He not only believed in the etheric body, but had learnt how to deal with it from his own point of view. And the "clippings" round the face, head and shoulders of his patients with large copper scissors, was designed to free the etheric body (the spirit body) from its temporary partnership with the flesh body to enable him to deal with the higher forces, which could then be utilized in the service of the physical body and to repair the ravages caused usually by indiscretions on the latter plane. Another patient says, "When these clippings were used, he was endeavouring to free their higher etheric bodies from the encroachments of the fleshly covering"; and again, "He was opening the windows of the soul to give to it the spiritual oxygen which it needs for the healthy functioning of its organic constitution." "It is of necessity 'now let and hindered' by the physical body, but that hindering is enormously increased when the etheric body is ignored instead of being considered and included in all our calculations." We must also remember that methods of cure perfectly safe for a spiritual clairvoyant of M. Baraduc's

powers would be obviously dangerous for any one with less acute sensitiveness. Keeping the physical in its proper place must be as difficult and ticklish a job as keeping your wife in order when she is on the rampage and has waved the flag of her independence under your very nose and may proceed to smash up all your cherished Derby china if you are not diplomatic as well as determined.

Having asked my unseen friends if they could help Baraduc to communicate with me, I was rejoiced to hear from them that he would try to take control himself for a short time. He then told me that being a very strong as well as sensitive clairvoyant, the etheric bodies of his patients were clearly visible to him when in the secondary state, and this fact was the secret of his great success where others had failed. The etheric body and its atmosphere can be dealt with through the physical, and this not by helping it to health; the standpoint through which ordinary doctors treat the physical body. The etheric body does not need help of that nature, in fact could not receive it, although the physical can be helped by the etheric. The only help that can be given on the etheric plane to the *real* human and spirit body is by releasing the etheric body as you release a prisoner by opening the door of the cell so that he may use his powers free from the handicap of imprisonment. As we get more and more in touch with our etheric bodies we become less and less in thrall to the physical body and the ills as well as the physical demands that "flesh is heir to." Plunged in the mortal body, we take on all its conditions and possibilities so long as we allow it to be the governing spirit and usurper.

I did not gather that Dr. Baraduc's experiments touched so much upon moral control; as for instance in hypnosis, etc. Although etheric they belonged to the higher physical order rather than to those conditions which the spiritual and immortal parts of us can alone influence; but in saying this I refer only to the short time that I had the pleasure of knowing him, and I had no opportunity of discussing these other interesting subjects with him. He spoke, if I mistake not, of the highest on a lower plane blending by slow degrees with the lowest on a higher plane and thus ensuring continuity. Also we spoke of the *Problem of Pain*. Pain has been described as the warning messenger sent up to head-quarters from the battle-field, but one might with equal truth speak of it as the bell which warns us that the subconscious region has been crossed and the normal consciousness reigns supreme for the time being. When we enter the higher consci-

ousness, as in the blessed repose-of the body in sleep, the super-consciousness is once more master of the human entity for the time being.

Before leaving my kind host on that morning I had the pleasure and interest of watching a very pretty little psychical phenomenon. When the doctor returned to me in the midst of his busy morning, he had no time to sit down, and therefore stood by the side of my chair, which was drawn up against his study table. He stood at my left hand, and the window faced us both. As he spoke to me I noticed suddenly that three or four bars of very beautiful colours were constantly moving up and down his right cheek—the one nearest to me. I took for granted that it was the reflection from some curtain or silk pillow perhaps—behind the study table, but on bending forward I realized that the curtains were all one shade of some very ordinary colour—crimson I think. Still, this play of several colours up and down his cheek went on constantly. The bars were of five shades in all, and I think there were four, if not five, of these bars quivering up and down his cheek all the time that he was discussing quite other matters. At last I felt so curious, and to some extent restless, that I could not refrain from asking if he felt anything on his cheek which he could not explain. And I was going to describe the exact colours and how they were blended, when he interrupted me politely, “Pardon, madame, ne vous donnez pas la peine d’expliquer. Madame voit cinq couleurs en tout, n’est-ce pas? Un bleu très foncé—ce qu’on appelle bleu royal? Aussi un vert de la même qualité; puis un bleu nattier, un vert très léger, puis une rose presque invisible.” It was an absolutely exact description of the colours as I had seen them. He laughed at my perplexity and began to explain—the explanation involving another countess! no I think this was a marchioness. “Regardez donc l’heure, madame—onze heures juste, n’est ce pas? C’est justement l’heure quand j’aurais du visiter madame la marquise. Quiconque—quand je n’arrive pas à l’heure indiquée, elle m’envoie un petit dépêche, n’est-ce pas, mais un dépêche charmant.” I replied, “*Un dépêche coloré.*” “Madame, peut se figurer que je connais bien ces couleurs maintenant puisque ce sont toujours la même et je crains que je suis très souvent en retard. Mais enfin que voulez-vous? Je suis très occupé et je fais mon possible, n’est-ce pas?” I conclude that the marchioness must have known of my presence in his room and concluded that I should mention the curious phenomenon—otherwise she would have chosen some more convenient spot

than a man's cheek in a room bereft of mirrors, strange to say, in a French house.

Mr. Baraduc's name will always be identified with Lourdes. He had paid many a visit there and his photographs taken by himself of the pool were intensely interesting. No outside assistance was invited on these occasions—at least not during his earlier visits and researches. He photographed the pilgrims before they entered the pool of healing, whilst they passed through it, and as they emerged from it on the other side. It was exceedingly interesting to note, falling on their heads from the sky apparently, a fine spray (invisible to the physical eye) of drops of celestial origin (for they were restricted to the parts of the sky overshadowing the pilgrims). One was irresistibly reminded of the well-known hymn, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," etc. So we may believe that spiritual as well as material blessings must reward their faith in the healing powers concentrated on the spot where the little peasant girl saw her wonderful vision.

When I belonged to the Society for Psychical Research I heard a most interesting paper, on Lourdes, read by a Roman Catholic priest, Father Clarke. He stood a searching cross-examination on the exact type of the diseases dealt with at Lourdes. Father Clarke assured us that the most business-like entries were made of each pilgrim as he or she arrived—a diagnosis made by the doctor in attendance, the length of the immersion, and, in fact, every medical detail obtainable. These details were all entered before the immersion, and later compared with the entries made by the doctors of all symptoms as the pilgrim emerged from the pool. It was therefore practically impossible that any mistake could be made in any ordinary medical or surgical case. This would leave no possible grounds for mistakes except as regarded the diagnosis itself, which would only apply to some obscure case. I remember that Mr. Myers asked Father Clarke whether he knew that there were fractures called "green fractures." In these the bones were not actually and entirely broken in spite of appearances, but would re-unite after careful surgical care. Mr. Myers suggested that such cases might be wrongly entered as real fractures and not as green fractures? "Not in books so carefully kept as ours," Father Clarke answered quietly. He added that the curing of such a fracture as the one suggested would not be entered as a "miracle," but as a "grace of God." The former word, as he explained, was only used in cases where no human means as yet known could bring entire and lasting cure.

\* \* \* \* \*

I look forward with great faith and little doubt to the gradual emergence of the etheric body as a most fascinating example of higher research ; and if centuries are still to be passed by our descendants on the earth, then with absolute confidence we may be assured that the discoveries already made through the zeal and endurance of the pioneers of science in the past, will be exceeded by others still more remarkable in the immediate future, and each succeeding generation will with increasing confidence follow in the footsteps of these early seekers after truth, no matter where it may lead them—that brave band of martyrs, not only to religion, but also to science. In her paths it has been the fate of many to have found their spiritual development. Then shall they raise altars to the spirit of the whole creation groaning and travailing until their release from lower to higher conditions has been achieved. The walls of separation between man's higher and his lower self will be thrown down and he will have discovered his true self and his true spiritual home—in no blood-stained city upon earth, but in that silent chamber of his own heart, where alone can be found that Pearl of Great Price—the Love that triumphs over Death—the Love that has redeemed a world.

## A RADIANT VISION

By A. G. A.

MY father was in India with his regiment ; he had had to send my mother with my sister and myself to England, as it was not considered advisable for us to remain longer in a hot climate. My grandfather was also commanding his regiment abroad, and my grandmother, being, like my mother, a temporary grass-widow, they determined to live together, and took the upper part of a large house at a well-known and, at that time, very fashionable watering-place in the South of England, much frequented by the wives and families of Anglo-Indian officers on account of its educational advantages, moderate house-rents, and cheap and excellent shops. When my mother and grandmother had for some little time been comfortably installed in their new quarters, another Anglo-Indian officer with his wife and baby son came to live in the lower part of the house. The young wife was an invalid, and all saw plainly that she had come home only to die. She was a *perfect skeleton*. Her dark hair was cropped close to her head, in each cheek was a deep hollow, her large black eyes were so prominent that it seemed as if they were kept from falling out by an invisible thread, and her small hands were like claws. She was quite unable to walk or to stand, and the room behind the sitting-room being a bedroom, her devoted husband, whose loving care of her was most touching and pathetic, carried her from her bed to a comfortable sofa in the front room, where she remained all day. After a little, my mother, who knew her, took me down to see her. Though very young, I read remarkably well, and it soon became an established custom for me to go down every day and to sit on a small chair by the side of the sofa and read to her. She became very fond of me, and I returned her affection with interest and loved to be with her. I never saw her laugh ; she was too weak for that, but often she would smile faintly and tell me I was a great comfort to her, and thank me.

At last the day, much dreaded by me, to go to school arrived, and I had to say "good-bye" to my beloved friend. I felt the parting very keenly, for I was a shy child of deep feelings, and only *loved* a few, though I made many, friends. I had not been more than a few weeks at school when my mother wrote me a sweet

loving letter to tell me that my dear friend had gone to God, that He had taken her to a beautiful home where she would never be ill or suffer any more, and that some day we should meet again. I was really broken-hearted. My mother did not wish for my mind to dwell on this sorrow, for she knew how much I took things to heart, and therefore alluded no more to it, as she hoped that by the time the holidays arrived my sorrow would be softened. When it was time to go home, I was nearly wild with joy at the thought of seeing again that darling mother whom I loved so passionately, and thought of nothing else. My mother planned all sorts of little amusements to keep my mind from dwelling on the past; and after the first outburst of grief at missing my dear friend, when she spoke sweet loving words to comfort me, and to show that she had understood my natural sorrow, we did not allude to the subject again. My mother had a large front bedroom with a big mahogany four-post bed with old-fashioned moreen curtains, of which there were two on either side. I slept with her, and when my nurse put me to bed she always drew the curtain at my head to keep out any draught. One night I went to bed as usual and soon fell fast asleep. How long I had slept I know not, but I suddenly became wide-awake, and to my inexpressible joy saw my dearly-loved friend standing by my bedside; she was holding the curtains back with her right hand and was *laughing*. She was, indeed, radiant with health and happiness. Her laughing face was rosy and plump, the dreadful hollows had given place to dimples. I started up to throw my arms round her neck and kiss her, when the curtain dropped and she had gone! I instantly awoke my mother, who was fast asleep. "Oh, mamma darling, Mrs. X has been here; she is quite well and, just imagine, she was *standing and laughing*, and is so *rosy and plump*! I never saw her standing or laughing before! When I tried to kiss her she dropped the curtain. I *must* find her." My mother took me into her arms and said: "God has sent you a beautiful dream, dear, about dear Mrs. X, to let you know that she is well and happy. Now go to sleep again like a good child." I did go to sleep, but twice again I was awakened to find my friend holding back the curtains and looking at me with an ineffably radiant smile, and each time I awoke my mother to tell her. The next morning, to our surprise, dear grannie (who, by the way, was a very lovely woman not much over fifty), had not come down. She was a very early riser, so, after waiting for some time, my mother said, "Run up, dear, and see if grannie would like her breakfast to be sent up to her."

When I entered the room, which had no communication whatever with my mother's room, I found her nearly dressed, but looking rather pale and tired. I gave her my mother's message, and she said: "Run, dear, and tell your mother that I shall be down directly." When she came into the dining-room, my mother said: "I was afraid, mother darling, that you were not well, for you are always down the first." "I am quite well, dear," said grannie, "but I have had such 'a disturbed night. Three times Mrs. X came and woke me up, and the wonderful thing is that she is perfectly well! She was actually *standing and laughing*, she was so *plump and rosy*, but before I could speak a word she always disappeared." "What an extraordinary thing," exclaimed my mother; "this child woke me up three times and told me the same thing, and, like you, was so surprised to see her standing and laughing and so plump and rosy."

I have often thought that just as she appeared to us, so radiant and joyous, so must she have looked when she captured the heart of her young, gallant, soldier husband!

Many years have passed since that remarkable night, but the events I have set down are imperishably imprinted on my mind. As I grew older and thought more seriously, the recollection of that radiant vision that three times visited me impressed me with an absolute belief in the existence of that "Home not made with hands, where sickness and sighing flee away and where the tears shall be wiped from every eye."



## 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 PROBLEM OF THE TAROT CARDS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In your May issue Mr. Lachner adds one more to the ingenious speculations concerning the Tarot, and in the June number he apparently changes his mind as to some of them, staking out yet another claim on the field already occupied by the guesses of Eliphaz Levi, Papus, A. E. Waite, Paul Case, and many others, all of whom Mr. Lachner pronounces to be in error. But he gives us no authority, beyond his own speculations and his *ipse dixit*, for assuming that his view is any more accurate than the others. It never seems to have occurred to any of these authors that there may be an authentic ancient tradition concerning the meaning and attribution of these cards, which has never been given to the world. Yet I am assured that this is the case. A friend who has been a life-long student of the Tarot said to me not long since—"The test is not the ingenuity of the guess, or the appropriateness of the symbology, but—Does it work? Now the Rosicrucian Order has a system that does work, which not one of the published systems does." As to this I would express no opinion, beyond the obvious one that their very diversity seems to indicate that none of them fulfil the test.

Mr. Lachner cites Waite's *Secret Tradition in Israel*, and as to this a learned Kabbalist said to me—"There certainly is a Secret Tradition in Israel, but it is secret, and the secret has not been revealed to Mr. Waite, and is not likely to be revealed to a Gentile, nor indeed to very many even of our own race." He told me, moreover, of a learned Jewish author of a work on the Kabala, which is still cited as a great authority, but who, some years after its publication, became an initiated Kabbalist, and then expressed a strong wish to call in and destroy every copy of his book, on account of the erroneous teaching contained in it. My own studies have convinced me that there still are secret traditions and teachings which have been kept secret, and which those who know do not publish.

There remains, however, much that can be done by patient research, and this is especially the case with the Tarot cards. All down the line of their history there are indications, from variations of design and from casual references in books of different nations, which might

well be pieced together by a diligent student, to form a really valuable work of reference, if only a writer could be found who would collate all the authentic information, and abstain from dogmatic statements, and unproved speculations, and above all from denials. Every lawyer knows well the difficulty, indeed in many cases the impossibility, of proving a negative.

Yours faithfully,  
J. W. BRODIE-INNES.

### THE "HANGED MAN" OF THE TAROT.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The writer of Periodical Literature in your June issue, in criticizing my article on "The Hanged Man of the Tarot" in *Vision*, says:—

The author '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 [incorrect]. It is time that a period was put to reveries of this kind."

If the writer of the article in question will take the trouble to refer to *Richardson's Manual of Freemasonry*, a standard work on the subject, he will find on page 125 the following:—"First minister (taking a live coal in the tongs from the altar, and touching candidate's lips with it)—If ye believe, thine iniquities shall be taken away, thy sins shall be purged." No doubt the actual practices vary considerably in different lodges, but the above is part of the Rite.

I should feel obliged if you would kindly insert this communication, as people might think that when I write I simply draw on my imagination.

Yours faithfully,  
W. P. SWAINSON.

### DREAM HOUSES.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested in reading the account of Mrs. E. del Strother's dreams in your June issue. She says that she constantly dreamt of a house, particularly the drawing-room, which she once occupied. But the room in her dream was never the same as she knew it, the door being in a different place. She found afterwards that the door had at one time been in the position she saw it to fill in her dream.

A somewhat similar experience has been mine. Some of my childhood's happiest hours were spent in the country at a house which I loved and continually dreamt about. But in my dream it was quite different, small and old and with tiny windows, and yet I *knew* it was the same house. Now the original building *was* old, very old I believe, but it had been considerably added to back and

front so that any one giving just a casual glance would have thought the place fairly modern.

I have always believed that the house of my dream was the old original building as it was before any alterations or additions were made.

My great-grandfather bought the house in 1791, but in his time the old middle bit of building had been "fronted" and looked more like I remember it as a child.

What I cannot understand is why I should skip over all the years it has belonged to my family (it does still) and go and dream of it as it looked when it belonged to some one else!

Yours truly,  
MARGARET MOORES.

### THE WELSH "HWYL."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Let me tell you a story!

A few years ago three men set out to collect the true "modes" of the Welsh "hwyl," that curious characteristic of Welsh preaching wherein the preacher breaks off from his discourse and begins a "chant" or *howl*, mostly consisting of a repetition of the attributes of the Almighty. They hunted up and down Wales and only found some thirty old men who could recall it and sing it. To their astonishment they found that it was in three distinct "modes," which they carefully copied down.

Some time after, two of them set out for East Africa to take down the native chants at their great ceremonies. I forget which tribe it was they visited, but I think it was the Masai.

The chief, being very friendly, collected his warriors and commanded them to dance, which they did, accompanying their graceful attitudes with low "monotonous" chants. When they had finished, the chief invited them to look at the bare sand on which they had been dancing. To their astonishment, they found that the bare feet had made a beautiful and intricate pattern on the sand!

"Well," said the chief, "that's one dance, now we'll have another." So, moving off from that site they found another bare patch of sand and danced again, a quite different dance, and to a different tune. When that was finished, the visitors examined the ground and found a totally different pattern was left on the ground.

Then followed a third, with similar result. In each case, a different "mode" or chant, and a different pattern. "But what," said the guests, "is the meaning of the different patterns?"

"Well," said the chief, "the first dance represented War, the second Peace, and the third Love. So that when we strike camp and move elsewhere, the next tribe that comes along will know our dispositions and inclinations."

Well, when our friends returned they at once compared their notes of the Masai dance music with their notes on the Welsh "hwyl"; somehow it seemed as if there were a correspondence. Could it be so!

They found on comparing their notes, that the three modes of the "hwyl" corresponded exactly with the three chants of Love, Peace, and War.

So that for centuries the Welsh preacher had been thus delivering messages, messages of Love, Peace, and War, I suppose entirely unknown to himself or to his people.

To what or to whom can we attribute this identity? There is no room for coincidence or chance here, if indeed there is room for such anywhere.

I would rather attribute it to the Keltic people, to those who "occupied all cities and possessed none." To them, taught as I believe by the gods, I would attribute the chant, the dance and the identity of that which, chanted from Welsh pulpits, found its abiding echo in the hearts of so-called savages.

Yours truly,

F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

[I can vouch for the genuineness of the above. My authority is quite unimpeachable. A friend acutely remarks that the three sets of vibrations caused by the three separate emotions of Love, Peace, and War might well be set up by any nation at any time, and would hence be the same the world over. As would be natural, the Welsh Church became the legatee of these phenomena.—F. G. M. P.]

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

DR. R. A. NICHOLSON presents a new poet of the East in the last issue of *The Quest*, including specimens of his work in prose translation. The personality in question is Shaik Muhammad Iqbál, of Lahore, concerning whom it is claimed that "his message is not for the Mohammedans of India alone, but for Moslems everywhere," and for this reason he has chosen Persian as his medium of communication with the world. Professor Nicholson says further that Iqbál is a religious enthusiast who aims at the regeneration of Israel. He is neither nationalist nor imperialist, his ideal being a "free and independent Moslem fraternity"—rather a national aspiration—"knit together in spiritual union by love of Allah and devotion to the prophet." Admittedly this is not new, but "the revolutionary force of Western philosophy" is behind it on this occasion, for the poet is said to have drunk deeply from this fountain. He is the apostle of personality, self-consciousness, self-affirmation and development, the antithesis of Hafiz, of "Hindu intellectualism and Islamic pantheism." Life, in his view, is "an endeavour for freedom," and it is attained in proportion as the individual "approaches" God, Who is "the most unique individual." The poems of Iqbál are represented so far by *The Secrets of the Self*, 1915, and *The Mysteries of Selflessness*, 1919. We venture to think that, unlike Hafiz or Rabindranath Tagore, they are incapable of assuming the vesture of English poetry, and Professor Nicholson's excerpts justify this view, though they are admirable as theses in prose. *The Quest* is otherwise of considerable and varied interest. Sir John Woodroffe's *Shakti*, or "the World as Power," reminds us that Western science "speaks of Energy as the physical ultimate of all forms of matter," and then proceeds to show that it has been regarded as such for ages by the Sháktas, or worshippers of Shakti, a term meaning Power. Mr. Mead surveys the "Cradle of Christendom." The thesis is that membership of any Christian Church means the profession of a creed, which creed consists largely of historical dogmas, and these dogmas are no longer tenable in the light of modern research. The study is apparently to continue in future issues, and after this preliminary statement, to which we have done scant justice, Mr. Mead reviews "the Palestinian enclosure," wherein Christianity began as a Jewish sect or heresy, amidst an atmosphere "surcharged with prophetic and apocalyptic hopes." Within the space at our disposal we cannot even summarize, but the article is of real importance, and Mr. Mead has contributed nothing better to *The Quest*.

Under the auspices of Messrs. Kegan Paul, *The Psychic Research Quarterly* makes a serious and substantial beginning. We offer our

best wishes for its maintenance and success. It represents no society, there is no controlling board, and we are quite in the dark even as to its responsible editor. A foreword to this first issue says that the undertaking needs no apology, because interest is universal in the subject; that official publications by Societies for Psychical Research are comparatively inaccessible; and that professedly Spiritualistic journals are committed to definite solutions of the involved problems. The undertaking holds no brief for Spiritualism, though admitting some "plausible foundation for its doctrines" and that it is not easy to account for the facts in terms of "telepathy" or "subconscious mental activity." There are well-known names among the contributors. Sir William Barrett sketches the history of the Divining Rod and gives interesting personal experiments. Mr. J. Arthur Hill offers further evidence of "supernormal and possibly discarnate agency," and Dr. Schiller discusses "Scientific Method in Psychical Research."

Theosophical periodicals have several points of interest, within and without their more particular official concerns. Mr. Leo French, writing in *The Theosophist*, offers in pictorial language some examples of an astrologer's views on Jupiter as "the planet of exuberance" and as "the planet of imperial largesse." The word "exuberance" is to be understood in the sense of beauty, according to a memorable definition of William Blake. But Jupiter connotes also the realms of power and vision, eternal hope and indomitable optimism, of which "the great tone poet" Beethoven, who was a son of Jupiter in the genealogy of the starry heavens, is taken as a typical example. . . . In *Ultra*, an old-established theosophical magazine issued at Rome in Italian, we hear again of Beethoven in connection with "the search after our Divine Ego." The whole life of the musician is regarded as an "impassioned" research, a quest pursued at white heat. . . . A writer in *The Messenger* observes that members of the Society should keep in touch with its old days and should know their history. *Theosophy*, of Los Angeles, though it belongs to an independent group, continues to provide its readers with ample opportunities to follow this counsel: we are now in the sixth chapter of its historical account of the movement, which is devoted to the Coulomb accusations against Madame Blavatsky and things connected therewith or arising therefrom. The story is told with much care and precision; it is of course a case for the defence re-opened, and it is naturally full of special pleading; but it presents both sides of the subject, with adequate reference to sources, so that the matter can be pursued further by those who will, if there are any at the present day. For ourselves we are especially interested in the following points, which we owe to the sincerity of the writers: (1) That Colonel Olcott had come to regard H. P. B. as "neither herself an Adept nor the trusted Chela of the Masters, but a medium used by the Masters"; (2) that by long experience in Spiritualism he was convinced that mediums were

irresponsible and "equally open to good and bad influences"; (3) that "Mr. Sinnett had similar ideas to his own regarding the nature of H. P. B."; and (4) that Mr. A. O. Hume, an "influential friend of the Society in India," seems to have taken much the same view. . . . *Reincarnation* quotes Lafcadio Hearn on the subject of metempsychosis, his version of which is presented in characteristic terms: that we have lived in the flowers and birds, slept in the silence of solid rocks, moved in the thunder-chanting sea, changed our sex a thousand times, and "shall continue the everlasting transmigration long after the present universe has passed away." There is another side of the subject, for these things have lived in us, even as we in them, because man is a centre through which the universe passes, not only the material cosmos, but also the spiritual world and that which is Divine in the worlds, whether unseen or seen. . . . There was such an intimation surely present in the mind of an unknown poet, Mr. G. L. Scott, when he wrote in the last issue of *Divine Life* certain verses on "Cosmic Consciousness" which are perfect in simplicity and of great beauty: they contain the whole *theosophia* of Thou in me and I in Thee. . . . Yet another theosophical periodical is a comparatively new venture entitled *Service*, the official organ of an "Order of Service" which is an offshoot of the Theosophical Society. It seeks to put in practice the principle of universal brotherhood by the incorporation of "all who love for the service of all who suffer," whether human or sub-human, man or beast. There are papers on old and new methods of healing, the influence of music and the National Health Insurance Act. It is curious and interesting to note that here—as through the magazine literature under notice—there is a recurring Christian appeal, offering a marked contrast to the animus of those early days when we first made acquaintance with the movement. For example, in the last issue, Mr. J. S. Pattinson unfolds the symbolism of Palestine as its divisions stand on the map. He is not the first to make this suggestive experiment, but the point is that for him "those holy fields" are that place in which "the Mystery of Mysteries was enacted." It is of course without prejudice to the Lord Krishna and the Lord Buddha that we find this recurring and ever expanding appeal to the Lord Christ; but the appeal itself is the notable point of fact by way of comparison with the past; and although neo-Catholicism and its extra-official priesthood which has arisen within the Society has been a rock of offence to many, it remains exceedingly eloquent from this point of view.

The psychic and spiritistic journals of France may not carry in the last resource any greater conviction to the minds of serious readers than do those of England or a few of those in America, but they have the merit of great clearness—alike in thought and expression. The *Journal du Magnétisme* offers a striking comparison between that which counts now as evidence for the reality of a magnetic force

and that which did duty too often as positive proof in the past, in the days of Mesmer himself, of Aubin Gauthier, Deleuze and Du Potet, when the intervention of auto-suggestion had not come within the purview of practitioners or theorists. It is now, as M. Durville points out in another paper, the principal lever of the instructed magnetic operator and provides something more than a working hypothesis for the explanation of so-called "miraculous" cures at Lourdes and other shrines of pilgrimage. . . . In *Psychic Magazine*, which is under the same editorship, the sub-conscious part of our nature is regarded as a great magazine or storehouse peopled by thoughts transmitted from the conscious plane. These thoughts manifest incessantly in action, and the counsel is therefore for each one of us to be vigilant guardians of this reservoir and of that which goes therein. To fill the sub-conscious past with thoughts of illness is to open the doors thereto, so that disease enters easily. The truth is so obvious that it deserves to be called self-evident, but it obtains in all directions, in the pathology of the mind as in that of the body and also in the moral and spiritual order. He who said first that a man is that which he thinks spoke far more wisely than he knew, and he only who directs ever into his sub-conscious realm the living thoughts of goodness shall reach that ideal state in which goodness fills the heart entirely. . . . *La Revue Spirite* affirms that the problem-question "to be or not to be" has been answered once and for all by the experimental method of spiritism, for it has demonstrated the existence of the human soul and its independence of the physical organism.

It is suggested by *Light* that the psychic element is sometimes implicit in literature, and it does well to quote in this connection the unique case of William Sharp and his literary *alter ego*, Fiona Macleod. It is by no means intended to suggest that Fiona was a spirit dictating to a singularly receptive medium. She was another and greater aspect of William Sharp, how much greater can be appreciated only by those who know at first hand the work under both names. In the one case there was a denizen of the Celtic Faerie who had the freedom of all its world, in the other an accomplished littérateur who wrote hard for a living and produced nothing that is memorable. Mrs. Sharp has told us how the mood of the one passed into that of the other, as if Sharp had a key which opened a secret door in his own consciousness and went out through it into another self. It might have carried him further than Fiona herself could go, and in place of the psychic side we should have had that of the pure mystic. . . . There is something of both sides—psychic and mystic—in the last issue of *Vision*. Mrs. Grenside tells us of the "science of Divine Love," which opens all doors: she offers a certain distinction between the quest of Wisdom and the quest of Love, the intellectual union with the Absolute, and of God and the Soul in Love. But for her and for us the distinction is only formal; "the two are one"; and at the great height Love is the only Wisdom.



## REVIEWS

THE CRITERION OF DIVINE AUTHORSHIP. By the Rev. James Frederick Buss. 8 ins. × 5½ ins., pp. viii + 324. London: The New Church Press, Ltd. (for The Missionary & Tract Society of the New Church), 1 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

THIS work is a very full exposition and defence of the Swedenborgian view of the Bible, by a whole-hearted and enthusiastic disciple of the great Swedish seer. There is a practically unanimous testimony on the part of the great Christian mystics that the Bible is a work of symbolism, dealing in parabolic form with the history of the soul of man—its trials and travails, its evolution and destiny, and final victory through the Grace of God. The Kabalists also taught—as concerns the Old Testament—that there is a deeper meaning than that of the letter, which they endeavoured to extract by the ingenious, if somewhat mechanical, means known as *Gematria*, *Notarikon* and *Temura*. It is to the credit of Swedenborg that his method of interpretation by means of "correspondences" is at once more systematic and inherently probable and leads to more consistent results than any other effort in the same direction. Mr. Buss, however, beyond a passing reference to Origen, makes no reference to other Christian mystics or the Kabalists, but endeavours to establish the truth of the Swedenborgian position *de novo*, and claims both for the Bible and for Swedenborg's interpretation of its words a uniqueness and a divine authority which can hardly be allowed. For if we admit that God is at once infinitely powerful and infinitely beneficent, then His activities cannot be limited in this way, and we must be prepared to see the divine hand in every noble work of man.

In his chapter on the "Higher Criticism," Mr. Buss calls attention to the interesting and important fact that Swedenborg noted and explained by means of his method of interpretation the peculiarities in the construction of *The Book of Genesis*, which a few years afterwards were used by Astruc—who may well be regarded as the father of the "Higher Criticism"—as the grounds for his well-known Jehovistic-Elohistic hypothesis. Swedenborg's view is that the name יהוה is employed when God as Divine Goodness is meant, whilst אלהים refers to God in the aspect of Divine Truth. Other peculiarities in the use of certain words are similarly explained.

Altogether Mr. Buss has written an instructive and interesting volume; but its value would have, in my opinion, been greatly increased had he, on the one hand, moderated his claims on behalf of Swedenborg, realizing that this great and noble man, whilst a genius undoubtedly, was nevertheless not infallible; and on the other hand, instituted some comparisons between Swedenborg's contributions to the problem of Biblical exegesis and those of the Kabalists and other mystical writers.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE QUEST OF THE UNSEEN. By G. R. Dennis. London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2. Price 1s. net.

IN this admirable booklet the author begins by assuming the proved realities of spirit-communion, for, as he truly says, "The evidence on the subject is so overwhelming that it is difficult to see how any one can examine it with an impartial mind without being convinced." His aim in these thirty-two interesting and concise pages, is to present "Spiritualism in the Light of Christianity," as other high-minded thinkers have also done, in particular the Rev. Arthur Chambers and the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould. "Spiritualism is not a religion, but its teachings lie at the root of all religions." In this, as in much else, one is in cordial agreement with Mr. Dennis, also that "It is a mistake to suppose that spirit-communion implies visiting professional mediums or attending public séances," and that "there are grave objections to any form of mediumship which involves the surrender of the will into the charge of any spirit-entity." It would be well indeed were inquirers and antagonists to study the subject from the standpoint of this little book, rather than from the ignorant misstatements of a hostile portion of the press, and of rabid ecclesiastical prejudice.

EDITH K. HARPER.

VISIONS OF THE CHRIST, AND OTHER EXPERIENCES OF A QUAKER MYSTIC. Pp. 128. London: John M. Watkins. Price 3s. 6d. net.

WE can give a whole-hearted welcome to this wonderful little book. It breathes the very spirit of that mystical experience which is of the essence of Quakerism. The subject-matter of the book is a collection of passages which deal with the appearances and messages of the mystic's spirit-friend Beatrice. Of surpassing beauty, we doubt if any happier description has been given, in these latter days, of a life lived beyond the sense-world in that Presence where alone is to be found "the fullness of joy." No one who reads this book will do other than hope that further extracts from this wonderful journal may be made public in the near future. The reviewer—also "a clergyman of the Church of England"—fully shares the hope of his brother-priest, the Editor, that "there is much . . . which will interest many classes of readers, and there is not a little of it which should do more than interest."

H.

THE TWENTIETH PLANE: A PSYCHIC REVELATION. Reported by Albert Durrant Watson, M.D. London: Sampson, Low. Price 10s. 6d.

THIS is one of those productions which, in E. T. Raymond's stinging phrase, make the world to come a kind of "pleasant annexe to the Hampstead Garden Suburb." Plato, Socrates and Shakespeare come pottering in and out to be interviewed in the usual small-beer and skittles manner. Shakespeare, however, is wisely cautious. He manifests, certainly, but owing to the express desire of "Mother," only to a limited extent. Otherwise he might have saved the puzzled Shakespearean scholars of our day much unavailing trouble and research. It is perfectly delightful to hear Poe and Sappho indulge in Yankeeisms, whilst Coleridge informs us that the spirits on the Twentieth Plane still find a sort of meat-extract an

essential form of nourishment! Emerson, after kissing Jesus, Plato and Socrates, confesses to have tumbled through many clouds into the lower society of Lincoln and Carlyle! But perhaps the most comical utterance is ascribed to Shelley (p. 130):

"Greetings, Dear Friends. Bathed in the effulgence of a mutual love, in the pale pink lovelight, I kiss the soul of all. Of course you know 'tis I, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and so we will proceed to the elucidation of the essentials of the poet's art."

Why Shelley should speak worse English in his celestial than in his earthly existence, is beyond comprehension. The author of "Adonais," "The Skylark" and "The Stormwind" proclaims himself in phraseology more reminiscent of the "Abode of Love" than Paradise! There is more jazz than jacinth about *The Twentieth Plane*.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

TIME AND ETERNITY. By Gilbert Cannon. Crown 8vo, pp. viii + 227. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd. Price 7s. net.

THIS is neither a philosophical work nor a study of religious doctrine, but the novel of a practised novelist who has written many stories and is known in that department of creative art. I must admit that the title misled me for a brief moment, and even its supplement, which discloses that it is a tale of three exiles, left me a little dubious, because the soul knows many pilgrimages and has yet others before it. The exiles are a South African Dutch girl, Valerie du Toit; the Russian Perekatov, described by himself and accurately as an honest Jew—more rare in fiction than in what is called real life; and in fine Stephen Lawrie, who appears to be technically a Scotsman, but is not exactly of this world or the next either. Mr. Cannon has certain gripping powers and sees to it, moreover, that there are real people in his books, even if they come to little and if their tale leads nowhere. Did I wish to present his plot, which is not thought fair in reviewing, it would be impossible in the present instance, for there is no such thing in the story: it is of moods and intentions connected casually enough by a slight nexus of episode, a kaleidoscope—as it seems to me—without consequence or moral. Valerie, against all likelihood, is the philosopher and even mystic unawares, who can say: "All this is only happening in time." Perhaps for such reason, Lawrie—as in a waking dream—sees Valerie dancing through eternity. It was one, Ducie, who opened the door to that unending gyration. Having come out of some hell of his own with the not unlikely maxim, "I don't much believe in either life or death: there is either love or nothing," to make sure that it shall be nothing he murders Valerie. . . . After all it is the Russian Jew who is the only person of any value and interest in this strange "tale of little meaning." It is worth while to read it because of him—if not to see that I am right.

A. E. WAITE.

THE CLOUDING CRYSTAL. By Douglas D. Kennedy. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Pp. 315. Price 7s. 6d. net.

ANTI-SPIRITUALISTS will find powder for their guns in this novel, which makes spiritualists and their subconscious selves the victims of a villainous

espionage menacing the life of Great Britain in war-time. From an artistic point of view, however, it is a decidedly second-rate performance, demanding more credulity than the interest of its characters warrants. It is told in the first person by a wealthy bachelor, crippled in his lower limbs, but plucky enough to pit himself against a megalomaniac of genius. There is not a single interesting female character in the book, but Mr. Kennedy shows distinct aptitude for depicting unprepossessing people of the lower classes and for satirizing John Bull's lack of imagination. Probably he would write a far more readable novel if he were not hampered by nebulous occultism and a feeble variety of Fritzhobia.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE WISDOM OF AKHNATON. By A. E. Grantham. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head. Price 6s. net.

A DRAMATIC poem, written round one of the most interesting personalities of the Ancient World—the young Pharaoh, Akhnaton—the “Child of the Sun,” who, more than a thousand years before Christ, established an enlightened monotheism in Egypt, and led his people to leave their many “brute gods” and worship with him the Light of Lights—of Whom the sun's disc was the mystical emblem.

The Pharaoh himself was a mystic, a poet, and a dreamer, yet, as Mr. Grantham well shows, not without practical genius or power to influence men. Like Marcus Aurelius, Akhnaton belongs to the great little company of “pagan saints”; but his was a more buoyant spirit than the great Stoic Emperor's. He had the true mystic's faith in the removability of mountains, and, by dint of that, actually managed to remove them.

The play shows the Pharaoh in one of the great crises of his life and rule—when Horemheb, commander of the national troops, backed by a fanatical militarist party, has wellnigh plunged Egypt into a destructive and unprincipled war. Akhnaton pleads with the people to be faithful to his own policy of a strong defensive peace; and, after a sharp struggle, prevails, the curtain closing on his triumph, and on a beautiful chant of welcome to the rising sun, which, it is interesting to know, is a free rendering of Akhnaton's own “Hymn to the Splendour of Aton.” The play should be effective on the stage; but it also makes a book to read and muse upon.

G. M. H.

EARLY ENGLISH MAGIC AND MEDICINE. By Charles Singer. 9½ ins. × 6 ins., pp. 34. London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.4 (for The British Academy). Price (paper covers) 4s. net.

THIS very interesting contribution to the history of medicine and magic is reprinted from the *Proceedings* of the British Academy. It deals with the theory and practice of medicine in England prior to the advent in the West of Arabian learning, that is, roughly speaking, before the twelfth century. In many respects culture in England lagged behind that in Southern Europe, and thus the magical element predominated in English medicine during the period in question. Dr. Singer distinguishes a number of sources, namely, (i) Greek Medicine filtered through Latin, (ii) Ecclesiastical Elements, (iii) Salernitan texts, (iv) Native Teutonic Magic and

Herblore, (v) Celtic Magic, (vi) South Italian Herblore, (vii) Byzantine Magic and Theurgy, and (viii) Pagan Roman Spells; and traces thereto a number of the theories and practices of early English medicine. A medico-magical device which, it is interesting to note, was very popular with Anglo-Saxon leeches is the so-called sphere of Pythagoras (also attributed to Apuleius, Petosiris and a number of other eminent authorities amongst the ancients). Several examples of these spheres are reproduced from early MSS. in Dr. Singer's pamphlet and add greatly to its interest. The sphere was based on the belief that by a numerical calculation based on the patient's name and the day of the week and of the moon, the course of a disease might be predicted. It was also employed for determining suitable days for blood-letting, etc. The pamphlet also contains many other interesting illustrations. One shows the Anglo-Saxon concept of the relation between microcosm and macrocosm; others reproduce pictures of herbs from early English MSS. The deterioration in point of realism which took place as concerns these latter between the beginning of the twelfth and that of the thirteenth centuries is both curious and interesting. Altogether Dr. Singer has made a valuable contribution to a difficult and little explored subject of great interest.

H. S. REDGROVE.

IS SPIRITUALISM BASED ON FRAUD? By Joseph McCabe. London: Watts & Co. Price 3s. net.

SOME time ago Sir Arthur Conan Doyle good-naturedly consented to a public debate on "Spiritualism" with Mr. Joseph McCabe of the "Rationalist Press Association." It now appears that the latter, feeling himself worsted at the close of the Queen's Hall Meeting, decided to have the last word otherwise. So the present "damning indictment of Spiritualism" is the result. No one will dispute the right of Mr. McCabe to expose spiritualistic frauds, or any other frauds, *pro bono publico*; but when he crudely catalogues the mass of Spiritualists as either knaves or fools, he is only throwing verbal vitriol. In his zeal he merely makes an "Aunt Sally" of many an honoured name; not even Sir William Crookes is spared; and the author is almost pathetic in his sorrow over the ease with which that great scientist was "duped."

Mr. McCabe need have no fear lest his book is dull. It raises a smile by its very vehemence and its determination to give no quarter. The interest, however, flags when we find that after all it contains nothing new, and that the "damning indictment" is but "could kail het again." Incidentally, the author charges Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in effect, with slipshod inaccuracy in regard to certain details. Mr. McCabe himself, however, is a little "down at heel" in this respect. As when he says (p. 124), "In the summer of 1912 our spiritualists were elated by the discovery of a new medium of a most powerful type. Mrs. Ebba Wriedt came," etc., etc. The foregoing contains two inaccuracies.

Mrs. Wriedt first visited London in the *Spring of 1911*, and her name is *not* "Ebba." A mistake of a year may seem a trivial difference in "the timeless ocean of eternity," but in the matter of primogeniture, for instance, it may mean a good deal. Then again, Mr. McCabe says, in reference to what is popularly called the "direct voice": "It must

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take place in complete darkness " (p. 122). There is no " must " about it. I can assure him that several quite sober and righteous persons have, to my own knowledge, heard the Voices in full light, the sitter holding the trumpet at a considerable distance from Mrs. Wriedt.

In speaking of " spirit photography " and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's son, Mr. McCabe declares : " When the son of so distinguished a novelist dies on Active Service his photograph would appear in the Press." Now it so happens that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tells me his son did *not* die " On Active Service." Really Mr. McCabe ought to learn to know " a hawk from a handsaw " before he writes any more " damning indictments " of Spiritualism and its devotees. But one conclusion is certain : what seems light to one type of mind seems darkness to another. The tone-deaf and the colour-blind are always with us !

EDITH K. HARPER.

**HEARTSEASE.** By Jessie Farrell. Published by and obtainable from Mrs. Farrell, Tapson Street, Cambridge, C.P., and all News-agents. The Mackenzie Printing Co., Ltd., East London, South Africa.

THIS brochure is quite evidently the outflow of a heart with a longing desire to give—were it ever so small a portion—of comfort to those who have drunk from life's well of sorrow. The verses are simple in character and language, with a deeply religious vein running through each. The author is herself clairvoyant and gives an account of a beautiful vision which suggested to her the theme of the poem called " Sorrow," of which it is the interpretation.

EDITH K. HARPER.

" GENTLEMEN—THE KING ! " By John Oxenham, Author of " Bees in Amber," etc., etc. London : Methuen & Co. Ltd. Price 2s. net.

YET another volume of verse from Mr. John Oxenham's pen. " Gentlemen—The King ! " is a happy title ; and the author explains in his Foreword that he has " endeavoured to crystallize the story of the most wonderful and heroic personage of all time, and as clearly and simply as possible to show the meaning of the greatest Life ever lived on earth. The quiet heroism and simple beauty of it all, the apparently tragic failure and final triumph, render it unique. It is unrivalled.

The wide circle of appreciative readers who make up Mr. Oxenham's own particular public can easily imagine how faithfully he has achieved his task in the series of poems which compose the book. They are twelve word-pictures, each one a mosaic wherein some event of the Master's life is elaborated with a vivid colouring which must appeal to all for whom that wonderful story offers the supreme example. One cannot but reflect, indeed, that had that golden example been ever so faintly realized in modern life there would have been no world-war, with its present legacy of maimed bodies, broken hearts, and aimless lives. For the whole of that teaching is summed up in the phrase : " God is Love," and its promise in " The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

EDITH K. HARPER.

**THE FOUNDATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.** By W. Whately Smith, Author of "The Mechanism of Survival." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.

It is refreshing in these days to read anything so well printed, on such good paper, and so free from typographical errors, as this volume, which is a sidelight for outsiders based mainly it appears on some results of investigations by the S.P.R. The author is himself a member of the Council of the Society, and he frequently quotes from its proceedings. Mr. Whately Smith explains that for convenience' sake he roughly classifies his subject matter as, "Physical Phenomena; Automatism; and phenomena such as Telepathy, Hallucinations and Apparitions." Materializations he considers "to be very nearly, if not quite, the weakest plank in the spiritualist platform," not even excepting the celebrated "Katie King," which (or who) fully convinced Sir William Crookes, but does not convince Mr. Whately Smith. He quaintly reasons thus:—

" . . . the number of cases in which fraud has been actually exposed are so numerous, and the cases in which it has not been detected have borne so close a resemblance to those in which it has, that no single historical case of full materialization can be regarded as even reasonably convincing."

Certainly spiritualistic frauds are of all frauds most loathsome: they trade upon affection, on an innate delicacy of feeling which makes it repugnant to suspect a fellow-creature of deliberate imposture. But, as often has been said, ten frauds do not minimize one fact. It would be parallel reasoning to say that because some "diamonds" turn out to be paste, this therefore disproves the existence of the true gems, they bear "so close a resemblance" to the others!

At times the author seems inclined to yield to the possibility of "personal survival," and quotes Professor William James with some sympathy, but he seems to be terribly afraid of being mistaken, and though he states his belief in immortality, he says with regard to survival and communication:

"I consider the whole subject to be so obscure that it is at present premature to express any opinion whatever as to the nature of the next life."

This is *Psychical Research* in excelsis! One is forcibly reminded of Carlyle's remark, that "to many a Royal Society, the Creation of a World is little more mysterious than the cooking of a Dumpling; concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, *How the Apples were got in*, presented difficulties!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

**PRE-REQUISITES FOR THE STUDY OF JACOB BÖHME.** By C. J. Barker. 9½ ins. × 5½ ins., pp. 32. London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2. Price (paper cover), 1s. net.

I THINK that the majority of students who have taken the trouble diligently to study the works of Jacob Böhme would agree that the task was arduous, but nevertheless well worth while. There is every need, therefore, for a guide-book detailing the pre-requisites whereby the task may be lightened and its end facilitated. I fear, however, that Mr. Barker—though there are some excellent things in his essay—has not supplied exactly what is

needed. For example, Böhme borrowed many of his terms from the writings of the alchemists—these were very appropriate to his subject, since alchemy was an attempt to apply to chemical and physical phenomena the doctrines of mystical theology—but Mr. Barker fails to stipulate the study of the writings of the alchemical philosophers (Paracelsus especially) as one of the pre-requisites. When, however, he lays it down that the student must endeavour to get into the Böhme "atmosphere," must endeavour to regard the subject-matter of the works from Böhme's point of view, I thoroughly agree. Only thus can any author be understood, and even if one ends by criticizing, one must begin by understanding if the criticism is to be intelligent and valuable. But when Mr. Barker commands the student to lay aside his reason—to still all his faculties that he may hear the voice of God—I, for one, part company with him. What criterion is there for determining that the voice so heard is that of God and not that of the devil—or, as seems most likely, that of man's own vain imagination? No! let us abuse reason as much as we please, but it remains our only guide; and the man who casts it aside becomes as one in a rudderless boat adrift in an infinite sea, the helpless victim of current, wave and wind.

H. S. REDGROVE.

**PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE COMMISSION APPOINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA TO INVESTIGATE MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REQUEST OF THE LATE HENRY SEYBERT.**  
With a Foreword by H. H. Furness, Jr. 8 ins. × 5½ ins., pp. 160.  
Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$1.50 (6s.) net.

THE Seybert Commission was responsible for some good and useful work in the early days of psychical research—their Preliminary Report is dated May, 1887—more especially in the investigation of the alleged mediumship of Dr. Henry Slade. The fraudulent nature of the slate-writing phenomena associated with him was established beyond cavil, and not the least interesting part of the book is Professor Fullerton's Report in the Appendix of his interviews with Professors Fechner, Scheibner, Weber and Wundt, colleagues of Professor Zoellner in his famous experiments with Slade, in which some light is thrown on Zoellner's extraordinary credulity in the matter and the consequent ease Slade had in deceiving him.

It may be said, in short, that in every instance of alleged mediumship thoroughly investigated by the Commission fraud was detected; but this is not difficult to understand in view of the type of medium and the type of phenomenon investigated; and the members of the commission write (in certain cases at any rate) apparently with the consciousness that theirs was not the last word to be said on the subject. The claim of the publishers that the book contains "The Facts," and "covers one of the most thorough investigations of *Spiritualism* ever attempted" seems rather an over-statement. The investigation, so far as it went, was thorough; but psychical research has progressed a long way since 1887, and the Seybert Report, therefore, contains only a portion—a small portion—of the facts as concern Spiritualism. The book is interesting and important, but its interest and importance are historical merely.

H. S. REDGROVE.