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**EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY**

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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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VOL. XXXIV

JULY 1921

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE more one reads of esoteric literature the more impressed one becomes by the fact that its teaching is essentially the same under the guise of whatever exoteric religion it finds expression. The Islamic Sufi envisages the spiritual world from a similar standpoint to the Christian mystic or the Hindu Brahmin. The differences that exist—with perhaps one exception only, the problem involved in the doctrine of Reincarnation—form no part of the essential teaching, but are merely minor details.

A peculiarly interesting series of studies in Islamic mysticism by Dr. Reynold Nicholson has just been published by the Cambridge University Press, and forms a very valuable addition to the existing literature on the subject of esoteric religion.*

Abu Said, the celebrated Sufi mystic, was born a hundred years before the Norman conquest of England, at Mayhana, in Khurasan; but there is little to differentiate his mysticism from the esoteric doctrines preached at the present day—and this in spite of the fact that he professed himself a true follower of the Prophet Mohammed. His father was a druggist by trade, a

* *Studies in Islamic Mysticism*. By Reynold Alleyne Nicholson, Litt.D., LL.D. Cambridge University Press. Price 24s. net.

pious and religious man, we are told, well acquainted with the sacred lore of Islam, and with the Path of Sufism. The son, from earliest childhood, devoted himself to this Path, and underwent all the rigorous ascetic training requisite for the attainment of illumination. "When I was a novice," he says, "I bound myself to do eighteen things. I fasted continuously. I abstained from unlawful food. I practised 'recollection' uninterruptedly. I kept awake at night. I never reclined on the ground. I never slept but in a sitting posture. I sat facing the Kaaba. I never leaned against anything. I never looked at a handsome youth or at a woman whom it would have been unlawful for me to see unveiled. I did not beg. I was content and resigned to God's will. In all my acts I was a follower of the Prophet. Every four and twenty hours I repeated a recitation of the Koran. In my seeing I was blind; in my hearing, deaf; in my speaking, dumb. For a whole year I conversed with no one." The result of all these practices was that as he sat in his cell Abu Said was, as he described it, enamoured of passing away from himself. "Innumerable," he tells us, "are the ways to God, yet the Way is but a single step. Take one step out of thyself, that thou mayst arrive at God. To pass away from self is to realize that self does not exist, and that nothing exists except God."

Among the sayings of Abu Said, in exposition of his conception of Sufism, the following may be appropriately cited. "Sufism," he says, "is two things, to look in one direction and to live in one way. Sufism is a name attached to its object. When it reaches its ultimate perfection it is God. It is glory in wretchedness, and riches in poverty, and lordship in servitude, and satiety in hunger, and clothedness in nakedness, and freedom in slavery, and life in death, and sweetness in bitterness. The Sufi is he that is pleased with all that God does in order that God may be pleased with all that he does. To be a Sufi is to cease from taking trouble, and there is no greater trouble for thee than thine own self, for when thou art occupied with thyself thou remainest away from God."

At the same time Abu Said's teaching did not imply that the saint must refuse to live the ordinary life of the world. "The true Saint," he says, "goes in and out amongst the people and eats and sleeps with them, and buys and sells in the market and marries and takes part in social intercourse, and never forgets God for a single moment." It appears, then, that the ascetic practices were regarded by him as necessary while the Sufi served

ABU SAID
THE SUFI
MYSTIC.

WHAT IS
SUFISM?

his spiritual apprenticeship ; whereas in his last state he had no further need for such adventitious aids to the attainment of sanctity. Neither does Abu'Said lay stress on the marvellous feats and so-called miraculous performances of the adept. Some celebrated adept being spoken of, it was told to Abu Said that he walked on the water in evidence of his wonderful powers. The Sufi sage replied : " It is easy enough. Frogs and waterfowl do it." Again he is told : " So-and-so goes from one town to another in a moment of time." " Satan," he replied, " goes in one moment from the East to the West. Things like this have no great value." His attendant was by way of being a Boswell to his master. On one occasion Abu Said found that he had been writing anecdotes of him for a certain dervish. " Oh ! Abdul Karim ! " exclaimed the sage, " do not be a writer of anecdotes. Be such a man that anecdotes will be told of thee."

Jili, a later Mohammedan Sufi, and author of a book entitled " The man perfect in knowledge of the last and first things," represents a later development of the same doctrine. The date of his birth is put about 1365-1366, and he is thus some four hundred years posterior to Abu Said. His teaching is of a more philosophical character than that of his predecessor. Existence, he tells us, is of two kinds : pure being, or God, and being joined to not-being ; i.e., the world of created things. Of pure being nothing can be predicated. It has no attributes. Only when it descends from its absoluteness and enters the realm of manifestation do names and attributes appear imprinted on it.* The phenomenal world is not an illusion, but exists as the self-revelation of the Absolute. Our existence is thus merely an objectification of the existence of God. The simple essence or pure being is called by Jili the " dark mist." It develops by passing through three stages of manifestation, eventually taking visible shape in the manifested universe. Ultimately, however, the many, i.e., the universe in manifestation, must again become the One. Man is the cosmic thought taking physical form, and thus bringing the Absolute into relation with the world of nature. According to Jili there are three phases of mystical illumination, which correspond to the stages by which the Absolute passes into manifestation, the aim of the mystic being to reverse in his own experience the order of descent into matter. Life, according to this mystic,

* *Studies in Islamic Mysticism*, p. 33.

denotes the spirit's contemplation of its bodily form. "After death the spirit remains wholly in the spiritual world, retaining the same bodily aspect as it had before. During the intermediate state, between death and the resurrection, the spirit moves in a world of fantasy peopled by the forms, ideas, and essential characters of the actions which it has committed in its earthly life. Thus the drunkard quaffs fiery wine in a cup of fire."

The main interest of Jili, however, is not eschatological. He appeals to us primarily as a pantheistic mystic. The keynote of his doctrine lies in his reiterated statement that nothing exists but the divine essence, and that the universe is the outward expression or vesture of this essence. "Perception of the essence," he tells us, "consists in knowing that thou art He, and that He is thou, and that this is not identification or incarnation; and that the slave is a slave, and the lord a lord; and that the slave does not become a lord, nor the lord become a slave." The existence of a thing for itself, he maintains, is its complete life; its existence for another, its relative life. God alone exists for himself. Created beings exist for God. That which constitutes a thing is its life, and that life is the life of God by which all things subsist.

Another Persian mystic, Ibnu el Farid, describes the relation of the individual to the Universal Self in poetical allegory as the relation of a lover to his mistress.

Lo! [he says], I will unfold the beginning of my oneness and will bring it to its end in a lowly descent from my exaltation. In unveiling herself she unveiled being to mine eye, and I saw her with my sight in every seen thing. And when she appeared, I was brought to contemplate that in me which is hidden, and through the displaying of my secret place I found there that I was she. And in the sobriety following my intoxication I attained the object which during the effacement of my self-existence I contemplated in her by whom it was revealed. If she be called, it is I who answer, and if I am summoned, she answers the one who calls me, and cries "At thy service!" And if she speak it is I who converse, likewise if I tell a story it is she that tells it. The pronoun of the second person has gone out of use between us, and by its removal I am raised above the sect who separate. . . .

And I will establish what I say by evidence, showing forth a parable as one who speaks the truth—for Truth is my stay. The parable of a woman smitten with catalepsy, by whose mouth whilst she is possessed by a spirit, another—not she—gives news to thee; and from words uttered on her tongue by a tongue that is not hers the evidences of the signs are shown to be true, since it is known as a fact that the utterer of the wondrous sayings which thou hearest is another than she, though in the (material) sense she uttered them.

Whatever we may think of the appositeness of this curious parallel, it is not a little interesting to note that the phenomena of mediumship of which we hear so much to-day were familiar ground to the Persians of seven hundred years ago.

The conceptions of the Infinite and the Absolute run through the teachings of all these Persian Sufis. Ibnu 'I'-Arabi contrasts the Gods of the various orthodox religions with his philosophical conception of the Absolute.

"The believer," he says, "praises the God who is in his form of belief. In doing so he praises none but himself, for his God is made by himself, and to praise the work is to praise the maker of it." . . . "Beyond doubt the worshipper of this particular God shows ignorance when he criticizes others on account of their beliefs. If he understood the saying of Junayd, 'The colour of the water is the colour of the vessel containing it,' he would not interfere with the beliefs of others, but would perceive God in every form and in every belief. Therefore God says, 'I am in my servant's opinion of me'; that is, 'I do not manifest myself to him save in the form of his belief.' God is absolute or restricted as he pleases, and the God of religious belief is subject to limitations, for he is the God who is contained in the heart of his servant. But the absolute God is not contained by anything. For he is the being of all things, and the being of himself."

The ideas of these old Sufis have indeed a ring that is modern enough if by modern we imply a harmonious relationship with present-day conceptions. No less modern is our old familiar friend, Omar Khayyám, the very modernity of his outlook being doubtless the main reason for the great vogue he has obtained in Fitzgerald's famous translation. It may be somewhat of a shock to his admirers to learn from Dr. Nicholson that he regards Omar Khayyám's *Rubáiyát* as rather in the nature of an anthology than as the writing of Omar himself.

In reading the doctrines of these Sufis it is impossible to doubt that many of their views derived from Neoplatonic sources. It is clear that the influence of the last of the great Greek philosophies permeated Persia and Arabia. The connection between Eastern and Western thought generally, I am inclined to suppose, was a good deal closer than is generally believed, and the Islamic Sufis found themselves in touch on the one side with the Greek exponents of Neoplatonism, and on the other with the Brahmins of India. Doubtless they absorbed much from either source,

and moulded the ideas of East and West in their own Mohammedan crucible. How narrow and warped, and indeed futile, appear the conceptions of orthodox religion when we compare them with the philosophical ideas that prevailed in India and the Mohammedan world at a time when Europe was under the tyranny of a priesthood that enforced its beliefs by such methods as those of the Inquisition! The Latin saw says that "Fear in the first place made the gods," and it is equally true that it is only fear that has kept the orthodox divinities alive. When actual persecution ceased, a form of social persecution survived which did duty for many years in its stead, and it is only during the last generation or two that the so-called Christian world has been gradually gaining the moral courage to look round and think for itself. It is difficult to gauge the extent to which progress has been hampered by this forcible prevention of the natural development of the human mind.

How far orthodox Christianity has been a curse or a blessing to the world is a problem which has been long and hotly debated. There are many pros and cons to be considered in such an argument. I confess it appears to me that the only condition under which the gospel of Christ can come into its own is one in which freedom of thought is unhampered by the traditions and dogmatism of the past. It is true Pope and Emperor frequently quarrelled on the Continent, as did priest and King in England, but their aims and objects were akin, and the question between them was rather which could secure the largest portion of the spoils, and which could lord it most effectively over the downtrodden masses of the people. "The blood on the hands of the King and the lie at the lips of the priest," have been bracketed by the poet, and bracketed for the very best of reasons. The divine right of kings and the tyranny of the priestly class were but two aspects of a system of repression of which humanity was the victim. We talk boastfully of modern progress, but it is well to remember that the teachings of the Church almost up to the present time represent an intellectual condition which was out of date more than two thousand years ago, and to discover the absurdity of such fables and to obtain a saner and more healthy outlook in regard to the relation of man to the spiritual world means merely to recover the ground lost many centuries ago, and is certainly little to brag about. As to whether mediæval and later Europe ever seriously accepted the dogmatic

FEAR MADE
THE GODS.

WAS DOG-
MATIC CHRIS-
TIANITY A
CURSE OR A
BLESSING?

teachings of the Church, except in the case of isolated individuals, I have long had my doubts. Where it is dangerous to speak openly men naturally hold their tongues. Where force prevails there is no means of gauging what the free opinion of a people may be. The effect in any case of the prevalence of such a force must inevitably be the stunting of the human intelligence, and it is probable that under this influence the average intellectual level of Christendom steadily degenerated. We have seen in the case of Giordano Bruno—and he is, of course, only one of countless others—what was the inevitable fate of the man who dared to think for himself. In spite of many things that may be said on the other side, I cannot help thinking that whatever good the Church achieved on behalf of humanity during the troublous times that succeeded the downfall of the Roman Empire, was more than counterbalanced by this single fact that it cramped and hampered the development of the human spirit. A bird will never learn to fly if it is kept for ever in a cage, and intellectual and spiritual progress are alike impossible when freedom of thought is a crime in the eyes of the law.

Mohammedanism, of course, had also its dogmas, but there was more latitude allowed within the Mohammedan world, and the spirit of persecution was less prevalent. As far as I am aware, there is no record in the history of Mohammedanism to parallel the horrors of the Inquisition. We may say this without blinding ourselves to the fact that the defects of this particular form of religion were and are of a very grave kind, and that the spirit of fatalism to which it gives rise sooner or later strikes at the root of the progress and prosperity of any country that adopts it.

SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE

By EVA GORE-BOOTH

A LITTLE way beyond the village street
The whole wide earth becomes articulate ;
You hear no more the sound of hurrying feet
And clamorous human breath of love and hate—
But the green silence of impenetrable firs
Cries to the light of mountains white with snow.
A little wind the jewelled grasses stirs
And sings unto the unborn columbine,
Till even the river dying on the plain
Doth with that hidden melody vibrate.
And all life shivers with the same refrain,
Crying like Psyche outside Heaven's gate,
" So near so far the living waters flow,
So far so near the Eternal life divine."

Just a few steps beyond our noisy dreams,
Outside our gloomy caves of fear and care,
Over our heads the shaken sunlight gleams
In waves of luminous bright cerulean air,
A little space under our grinding wills,
And lo! all Heaven in peace before us lies ;
Ours are the white clouds shining o'er the hills,
And delicate blueness of all folding skies.
Here on the storm-swept slope of the hill-side,
Where the pines soar above the populous clay
In high eternal beauty without pride ;
To drag them downward from their golden day,
Shall our dreams reach the mountains white with snow
And Psyche find at last her ancient shrine—
So near so far the living waters flow,
So far so near the Eternal life divine.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI : *

THE "TROUBADOUR OF GOD"

BY EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "Stead the Man,"
etc. etc.

"Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again!"
—TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall* ("Sixty Years After").

ON a day in the year 1182 a certain Pietro Bernardone, a rich merchant of Umbria, journeying in France in the interests of his business, received tidings that a son was born to him in the distant city of Assisi. Hastening homeward to welcome his firstborn, Pietro bestowed upon the child the pet-name of "Francesco"—in compliment to that fair land beyond the Apennines where fortune had always favoured him—and, though duly baptized Giovanni, "Francesco" the little one remained, and so remains to this day. . . .

This heaven-sent pilgrim of high destiny opened his eyes in a felicitous hour. It was the Golden Age of the Knights-Templars and of the Troubadours; mediæval splendour at its height; Art, Music, and Literature, glowing with the dreams of chivalry and the glamour of romance. Every ardent youth fell under the spell and longed to win his knighthood by valorous deeds. As heir to the wealth of the Bernardone, Francesco—or Francis, as we name him—revelled in princely luxury and led the youthful gallants of Assisi along "the primrose path." His father had high ambitions for him, and Francis had no less for himself, but they were not exactly those of Pietro who would fain see his son an honoured civic magnate, bearing a hand in politics, a merchant prince, who would perchance one day wed the daughter of some noble house, even as he himself had done when he married the Lady Pica. The ambitions of Francis were of a different order. Spellbound by the romances and songs of the Provençal troubadours, he saw himself winning immortal

* *Life of St. Francis of Assisi.* By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. With thirteen illustrations. New edition. London: Longmans and Co., 39 Paternoster Row; New York: Fourth Avenue and 30th Street; Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. Price 12s. 6d. net.

name and fame, with the crowning love of some as yet unknown Queen of Beauty.

While these things were dimly shaping, the outer world was full of turbulence. There was bitter strife between Assisi and the neighbouring Perugia, proudest of the cities of Umbria. Pope Innocent III had sought to add them to the Papal diadem. And there were many side-issues and causes of friction in connection with German overlords. Francis Bernardone flung himself into the fray, as did every high-spirited Umbrian youth, eventually finding himself a prisoner in the fortress of victorious Perugia. After a year of captivity the prisoners were released and he returned to Assisi, only to fall ill of a violent fever, the result of the close confinement. It is told that during his imprisonment his blithe insouciance never forsook him and that from pure kindness of heart he attached himself to a certain knight whose gruff and surly disposition had caused him to be shunned by the rest of the prisoners. So softened was this churlish warrior by the winning charm of Francis that his morose mood gradually merged into philosophic patience and friendly intercourse with his fellow-captives.

Here is the vivid word-picture of Francis at twenty years of age, given by Father Cuthbert, to whose recent book, a treasury of eloquent enthusiasm, I would refer all lovers of the gentle "Troubadour of God."

In appearance he was somewhat below middle height, slender of limb and of dark complexion. A general delicacy of feature—the straight well-shaped nose, the smooth brow, the hands rather tenuous with tapering fingers—betokened an idealist temperament; the rather thin lips were sensitive, but with indications of obstinacy, and in the dark eyes was a fearless candour and the possibilities of a boundless hot enthusiasm. The low forehead bespoke a mind intuitive rather than logical. He carried himself straightly and moved with a quick movement. His voice was clear and musical and strong. He dressed sumptuously as one delighting in colour and a certain barbaric splendour. . . . At times one might detect behind the accustomed gaiety a latent seriousness of soul and a tendency to a gentle melancholy.

This touch of "gentle melancholy" deepened. He grew troubled by vague thoughts he found impossible to express in words. As he noticed the beggars and the cripples who stood about the streets watching the revellers at whose head he rode, the sharp contrast saddened him. Even nature began to lose her charm, and, says Thomas of Celano: "The beauty of the fields, the delight of the vineyards and all that is fair to the eye, could in no way gladden him." More than ever he longed for

adventure, for wider scope than bargaining over silken and woollen merchandise. The moment came. War broke out in Southern Italy. The regency of the Two Sicilies was in dispute between the Germans and the Pope. All aspirants for knightly honours sprang to join the Papal army, Francis among them. Magnificently equipped, he set forth for the battle-field of Apulia.



SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

From the thirteenth-century picture at Christ Church, Oxford, ascribed to Margaritone.)
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.)

But on the eve of departure he had a strange dream, which Father Cuthbert thus relates :

Some one called him by his name and taking him, led him to a fair palace, set about with knightly arms, the residence of a beautiful bride ; and as he was gazing in admiration and wondering to whom this fair palace belonged, his guide told him that it was for him and his followers.

B

He took this dream as foreshadowing his glorious earthly destiny, and laughingly told his comrades that he knew of a surety he would one day be a great prince. A second dream came to him at Spoleto on his way to Apulia, but this time, says Father Cuthbert, "he was only half asleep." . . . Again the mysterious voice came to him. . . .

"Francis, whom is it better to serve, the lord or the servant?" And he wonderingly replied: "Surely it is better to serve the lord." "Why, then," asked the voice, "dost thou make a lord of the servant?" Suddenly the light entered his soul, and he replied humbly: "Lord, what dost Thou wish me to do?" "Return," said the voice, "to the land of thy birth, and there it will be told thee what thou shalt do: for it may behove thee to give another meaning to thy dream."

At dawn Francis rode back to Assisi. At last he understood. . . . Eagerly he looked for "sign-posts." Not merely pitying the beggars and outcasts, he sought them out, became their confidant, and gave them lavishly of food and alms. His father, frequently abroad, knew nothing of these things, but the heart of his mother warmed toward her son's enthusiasms.

He now began to spend much time in meditation over the life and teaching of the Divine Nazarene, and in prayer at an old Etruscan tomb near the city. He joined one of the frequent pilgrimages to Rome, and while there became "a beggar for a day," disguised in borrowed rags. The experience intensified his keen sympathy with the forlorn and outcast, but the supreme moment came when, on his return to Assisi from Rome, on a day, as he was riding beyond the outskirts of the city, a leper solicited alms. His first impulse was to throw to the leper a coin in passing, but suddenly overcoming his intense repugnance Francis dismounted, and, says Father Cuthbert, "as he courteously placed his alms in the beggar's hand, he took the hand and kissed it." This was the final turning-point from the old life: "He had not yet found the Lady Poverty, but he had entered her domain, and become a servant of her people." . . .

As scudding clouds chase each other across the sky before a storm, affairs came to a climax. The townsfolk were scandalized to hear of the public disinheritation of Francis by his exasperated father, at the Court and in the presence of Guido, Bishop of Assisi. Francis might squander the parental cash to his heart's content among the gilded youth of the town, but when it came to lavishing it by handfuls to repair the ruined woodland chapel of San Damiano, and taking up his abode with the old priest who served it, that was another matter! But

despite maledictions, even blows, Francis was obdurate. And when, to crown all, his father on the eve of one of his long business journeys, handcuffed him and locked him into a room at home, his mother, the Lady Pica, set him free, and speeded him back to San Damiano. On Pietro's return he made a charge against his son before the Bishop, demanding the restoration of his money, and thus came about the terrible scene of the disinheritance, 16th April, 1207. Francis not only gave back the money but also the very clothes he wore, declaring that they, too, belonged to Pietro Bernardone, and that henceforth he himself had no Father but "Him that is in heaven."

We next find Francis in mendicant garb, steeling himself against the jeers and mockery of the townsfolk and of his former associates, begging in the streets of Assisi for stones, mortar, and implements wherewith to repair three ruined chapels in the woods. The kindly Bishop Guido would have had him enter one of the existing monastic Orders, but this Francis would not do. Traditional monasticism was not for him. He had a song for the world. Again he had heard the Voice Celestial, which bade him "Go and repair My church"—but he had not yet understood the spiritual meaning of the command.

Very soon one or two ardent souls begged leave to join his solitude, and these he joyously called his "Companions in the Knightly Order of Poverty." First came the "grave and courtly" Messer Bernard da Quintavalle, a man of "great possessions," and next Messer Peter Catano, a young Doctor of Laws, who as a necessary step to their initiation dispersed to the poor the whole of their worldly goods. To these was soon added a young farmer named Giles, whose heart had been set afire by the gossip of his neighbours concerning the "mad son" of Pietro Bernardone, who was making others as mad as himself!

Other kindred souls joined them and dwelt in the wattle huts they had built near the Porziuncola. And when, like the Apostles of old, they numbered twelve, Francis boldly resolved to seek Papal sanction for his little Order; for it had been revealed to him in a vision that their number was destined to swell into a mighty multitude and extend into all lands, carrying the Divine message of Peace and Goodwill. He knew that the foes they had to meet and vanquish were those powers of Discord which come "between God and man, and man and man." He drew up his simple Rule—the threefold vow of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, and carrying it with him, accompanied by the brothers, made his way barefoot to Rome, and finally, through

the timely offices of his old friend Bishop Guido, he gained the august presence of Pope Innocent III, who declared his good will and gave his verbal sanction to the Order.

Proud and happy were those Knights of Poverty as they returned on their homeward way. Now must they prove themselves worthy, *not* by expounding theological dogmas, but simply by exhorting people to "live well, and avoid evil, and love God."

For the next few months they found shelter in a tumble-down shed at Rivo-Torto, near Assisi, and near the Leper Settlement, where they continued their work during the long hard winter. Francis was now asked to preach at the Cathedral of Assisi, for the spell of his eloquence was arousing attention everywhere. "He had no studied rhetoric, he spoke from the fulness of the heart in pithy sentences, brittle and swift. His power was in himself, not in his words." "And," says Thomas of Celano, "he seemed to those who beheld him, as a man from another world, whose heart was set on heaven and his face turned toward it and who was seeking to draw them upward with him."

After the winter at Rivo-Torto, Francis felt he must seek some settled habitation for his little fraternity. His heart yearned toward the Porziuncola in the woods, for—

He loved the music in the trees when the wind rustled in the leaves, and the piping of the birds, and the movement of some animal in the undergrowth: all beasts of earth or air were dear to him. He loved too the lights and shadows and the wonderful growth of grass and tree. All these things seemed to him to be close to the heart of created life and to the hand of the Creator, and they warmed his own heart and filled him with a great reverence. . . . It was no strange thing to him that angels' voices should mingle with the voices of the wood in the Creator's praise.*

Eventually his wish was granted by the kindly Abbot of Monte Subasio, who owned the ancient chapel of the Porziuncola. So ancient is it that its origin is obscured by tradition. It was known aforetime as "St. Mary of the Angels," for "the angels loved it," and oftentimes was their singing heard by passing wayfarers. St. Bonaventura, himself a Friar Minor, relates that it was built by four pilgrims from Palestine, as a retreat, and long after they were gone, it was made inhabitable by St. Benedict, who chanced upon it in the wood and who dwelt near it for a time, in a cell he fashioned for himself on a tiny portion of land. Therefore did St. Benedict re-name the chapel *Santa Maria della Porziuncola*—St. Mary of the Little Portion. It next became

* Fr. Cuthbert: *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*.

the home of some Benedictine monks, till those built themselves a Monastery on the neighbouring Monte Subasio. In granting to Francis the perpetual loan of the Porziuncola, the Abbot attached the condition that it should always remain the headquarters of the Franciscan brotherhood. By his own wish, that there might be no thought of possession, Francis sent each year to the Abbot for "rent" a basket of fish "caught in the river," which the gracious Abbot in accepting always acknowledged by a "flask of oil."

To this day [adds Father Cuthbert], is the place of the Porziuncola held sacred in the Catholic Church, "next after the three holiest sanctuaries of the Holy Land: St. Peter's in Rome, and St. James at Compostella. . . . It was the sanctuary wherein the sacred fire was deemed to be enshrined and kept alight, and where the spirit of Francis was held to haunt the earth.

At the Porziuncola, then, the Friars Minor spent their time in prayer and praise and manual work, with a brief portion of sleep for "brother body." They made their own habits, of coarse brown woollen cloth, and Francis himself made wooden bowls for the brothers' use. He strictly forbade his "Minstrels of the Lord" to receive money either as a gift or for services rendered. The only exception was in case of dire need for the sick, when all other resources had for the moment failed. They worked for neighbouring farmers and vine-dressers, and did menial tasks in the kitchens of the "rich and great." We may well believe that, like Gareth of Arthur's Table Round, they—

Wrought all kinds of service with a noble ease
That grac'd the lowliest act in doing it.

They lovingly tended the sick poor and worked constantly among the lepers at the neighbouring settlement of Santa Maddalena. Their only reward was such food as their employers gave them, and this they brought back each evening and shared at the common meal. They lived in faith that they "would never lack." Now and again some churlish "*grippe-sous*" would let their toil go unrewarded, and then and then only, did these "Troubadours of God" solicit food,—a humiliation hard to bear. Francis would tolerate no drones in his hive of merry bees. We learn of a certain neophyte who "worked not at all, prayed but little, besought no alms, yet did eat bravely," whom Francis dubbed "Brother Fly," and forthwith dismissed from the Order.

The year 1212 was a memorable one, because in that year the Lady Clare of Assisi, a daughter of one of the proudest of

the ancient *noblesse* of Umbria, forsook her life of feudal splendour to become a handmaiden of the Lady Poverty. She had been won by the golden message of Francis. But before coming under this personal spell she had loved the poor of Assisi and had gone among them, like a flower diffusing its fragrance. So she was quite ready for the imperious summons of that clarion call. Despite the fury of her kinsfolk, she carried the day. Francis obtained for her the little house and chapel of San Damiano—the first woodland sanctuary he had repaired, and which then he foretold would one day be the sanctuary of a group of gentle ladies. She was joined by her sister Agnes, and others, and there these gracious women lived and toiled in the years that followed.* They tenderly nursed the sick, brought to them in their retreat. Like the brothers, they had renounced all earthly possessions. They received no money; and it became the privilege and joy of the Knights of Poverty to beg food for their Sisters of San Damiano. The Lady Clare made a sweet garden there, where she grew herbs and vegetables, and flowers of three kinds, "roses for love, lilies for purity, and violets for humility." Perhaps this was the garden in which Francis preached to his "little sisters, the flowers." We read in the *Fioretti* how he preached to the birds at Savurniano . . . "Seeing a great concourse of many kinds of birds in a field, Francis asked his companions to 'remain here, whilst I speak to these my little sisters.' Then going among the winged creatures he delivered a most loving discourse, reminding them that, 'though they toiled not, and could not sew,' God had provided them with food and raiment, and the high trees wherein to build their nests and dwell in happiness. Therefore, my little sisters," added he, "beware of the sin of ingratitude, and cease not to praise God."

As the years went by Francis and his paladins went forth in little bands to various parts of the world, bearing their simple message of love and joy. They were never to go about with "sad and gloomy faces like hypocrites, but to be cheerful and merry and of a becoming graciousness." Courtesy, that divine attribute, was ever a sign-manual of the Order. They must never abide in large houses, but on their pilgrimages must take

* This was the beginning of the Second Franciscan Order, "The Poor Clares." Later a Third Order came into being—"The Tertiaries," composed of men and women who, while retaining their places in the world, "were not strictly members of the Fraternity," says Father Cuthbert, "but were bound to it by a sense of spiritual kinship." They gave up all superfluities in food and dress and made the "poor and luckless" their special care.

shelter in caves, or reed huts, or in a "poor man's dwelling." Into France they went, and Spain, Germany, Hungary, other parts of Italy, and in later years to England. To Africa also they set sail, and it was in Morocco that the long'd-for crown of martyrdom was gained by five of their number, a consummation which led to the coming into the Order of one of its most radiant jewels,—the beloved Antony of Padua.*

With a true leader's instinct Francis divined which among his flock were by nature more adapted to the contemplative life than to an evangelizing campaign; so there were always some of them at the Porziuncola, and the hearts of the wanderers turned ever toward it, for like the swallows they were "pilgrims of return." And Francis ordained that every year at Pentecost a Chapter should be held at St. Mary of the Angels, that in such wise all the brethren could keep in touch with the heart's core of the Order, and with him whom they loved.

At the Pentecost Chapter of 1219 Francis announced his intention of going to the East. God willing, he meant to carry his message right into the very heart of the Moslem stronghold. So on the feast of St. John Baptist of that year he set out on his perilous emprise. With him went twelve of his friars, including Peter of Catano. . . . They were with the Christian forces at the siege of Damietta, but Francis felt sick at heart on realizing how little of true religion was in the ranks of the so-called followers of Christ, who for the most part merely used the Cross as a battle-cry, and the Crusade as an excuse for unlimited plunder and licence. He had sorrowfully prophesied the failure of that attack; the soldiers derided him; but even so it was. The "Christian army" was flung back by the Turks with savage slaughter. Francis then formed the wild resolve of crossing the enemy's lines and seeking audience with the Sultan, and next we find the lowly brown-robed friar standing barefoot in the presence of the fiery potentate, Melek-El-Kamel, telling him, through an interpreter, the story of Love as taught and lived by the gentle Nazarene. The Sultan was profoundly drawn to this strange wandering herald from the West, with his burning eloquence and fearless simplicity, and fain would he have persuaded him to remain a dweller at his Court. When Francis finally left the Sultan's precincts it was with "safe-conduct" and all befitting courtesy.

Tradition tells that when, in after years, the Sultan lay dying,

* A charming article on St. Antony of Padua, by Montague Summers, F.R.S.L., appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW, May, 1919.

St. Francis, then in Paradise, remembered a compact they two had made, and appearing in spirit at the Porziuncola he sent two of the brothers to be with Melek-El-Kamel at the last ; and he himself met the Sultan at the Mystic Gate of that Land where the names "Mohammedan" and "Christian" are forgotten and men are one in the Heart of Love. . . .

When Damietta eventually fell, Francis turned his steps to the Holy Land before at last returning home. . . .

A great shock awaited him. Powers of Evil had been at work. A rumour of his death had found its way from Egypt to the Porziuncola. The two Vicars-General whom he had left in charge of the Order during his absence had proved themselves utterly unworthy of the high trust. Laws and penances had been introduced at total variance with the simple Rule ; austerities, even cruelties, were practised to enforce these new regulations, so that many of the brothers fled to such refuges as they could find, in the hills or elsewhere. News of all this first reached Francis at Acre on his homeward way. He was at supper with Peter Catano, when a certain Brother Stephen arrived, having fled from Italy, bearing an urgent message from some of the brothers "begging that Francis if he were yet alive should come back at once and save his Order !" Among the new rules was a rigid embargo on all flesh meats. Francis turned to Peter Catano and asked him what he thought of it : "Messer Francis, replied Peter, "do as you think well, for authority is yours." "Then we will eat what is set before us, according to the Gospel," said Francis.

This bitter homecoming was but the beginning of darker days. The breach widened, some of the brethren, during the absence of Francis in the East, had built a College or House of Learning at Bologna, and in this he foresaw with dread a gradual usurpation, by secular scholarship, of the deepest truths which are known only through the spirit. Theological hair-splitting would never win the world. The song of his minstrels must only and ever ring the changes on the Christ-message, that Love is All and the Kingdom of Heaven is within the human heart. . . . It was no scorn of learning ; but to Francis,—poet, mystic, genius, as he was—the subtle mazes of logic, the cold speculations of philosophy, were as dust thrown in the eyes of the soul. He expressed it all when he said : "They who rely upon book-learning in the day of sorrow and battle, will find their hands empty." Cardinal Ugolino, watching the struggle of Francis for the primitive simplicity of his Rule, saw both sides with the keen

eye of a statesman. His judgment argued that the ineffable spiritual genius of Francis was rare indeed, and that uninspired zealots let loose upon the world might do infinite harm.

So after many days of acute controversy the problem was solved thus: the House of Learning at Bologna was declared to be Papal property, in no way a "possession" of the Order, but those of the Friars Minor who wished might study within its walls. But that was not all. Many of the later brethren rebelled against the Rule of absolute poverty, and beyond all else, this, to Francis, was as a traitorous undermining of the essential life of the Brotherhood. He rewrote his Rule, but as it retained all the vital points many of the brethren refused to accept it. . . . The struggle told bitterly upon Francis. It was the dark night of the soul. Truly the crown of thorns was pressing heavily upon his brow.

After these stormy days, he turned his face toward the mountain retreat of Greccio. He had vindicated his Order. It seemed now that his life's work was done. With him were a few chosen souls from the Brotherhood. And there, in the stillness and peace of harmonious communion, somewhat of happiness returned to him. But it was a prelude to an event of transcendent mystery. In Father Cuthbert's exquisite words:

Perhaps to those of them who had stood by and ministered to him in his last days of trial, there came a sense of loneliness as they felt his spirit being thus withdrawn from the need of their ministrations by the caress of the Divine Love, and a sweet sadness would at times mingle with their worshipful reverence: for they knew they could but stand at the door of the sanctuary into which he was entering. . . .

For a brief space they returned to the Porziuncola. Then Francis repaired to yet another retreat: that beautiful spot on Monte Alvernia assigned to him some years before by his loving friend and follower the Lord Orlando. Among the brothers with him there was Brother Leo, whom Francis was wont playfully to call "the little lamb," and to whom in the old days he had taught his Parable of Perfect Joy. . . . And there, in the silent and solemn heights—"far above the world's highway,"—we are told that the Mystery of the Stigmata came upon him—the Sign Manual of the Passion. . . . So that from that time he bore in his own body the semblance of the Five Wounds of the Crucified.

* * * * *

There were yet two years of the earth pilgrimage. To his intense physical sufferings were added the total loss of his failing eyesight. For awhile he rested at San Damiano, where Clare

had the bitter-sweet privilege of ministering to him in body and soul. Even then there were flashes of the old gaiety, and in one period of ineffable ecstasy he composed his marvellous Cantic to Brother Sun, singing it to a melody of his own in the soft Italian tongue, and teaching it to the brothers, so that they might go out as God's "*jongleurs*" and sing it to the world. To please Cardinal Ugolino he allowed himself to be carried in a litter to Rieti, for the Cardinal had there at his court certain "physicians very cunning for the eyes." But Francis was now far beyond human help, and when he returned to the Porziuncola it was to welcome "dear Sister Death" with a glad smile, "for," he said, "she opens for me the Gate of Life." Among his last acts was to dictate a little message of comfort to the Lady Clare, and yet another to the Lady Giacoma di Settesoli, begging her to come to him and to bring with her "some sweet-cake, such as she had sometimes made for him when he visited her house." For he would that "brother body" should at last share "in the joy of his soul." But even before the message went, she had divined it, and was on her way from Rome to the Porziuncola with what he had desired, and, so runs the *Fioretti*, she "abode there until such time as Saint Francis passed away from this life; and she paid great honour unto his burying, she and all her company, and she bore the charges of whatever was needed." . . .

One would fain linger on the last lovely memories of him who belongs to us all: on how he asked for the music of the viol, "to soothe his pain," but when that failed, how a seraph played to him instead; how he blessed his beloved city of Assisi, and the weeping brothers, after they had sung to him for the last time the "Cantic of Brother Sun"; how the larks gathered together at his window and made heavenly melody at eventide, as though to pleasure the last earth moments of him who "loved them above all other birds," and to sing him sweetly to the "White Gate, where the honeysuckle grows." . . .

In such wise, on 4th October, in the year of grace 1226, Francis opened his eyes at last to the greeting of the Dawn.

* * * * *

On 16th July, 1228, they made him "Saint Francis," and afterwards built to his memory a resplendent shrine, the Sagro Convento, the pompous homage of a wondering world. . . . But those on whom the fragrance of his living spirit falls love best to think of him as just "Francesco," the loyal Knight of the Lady Poverty, the "Troubadour of God."

ART AND OCCULTISM

BY BARON ARILD ROSENKRANTZ

LIKE a lost child, forsaken and bewildered in a great city, Art cries out to us to-day: "Whence do I come? Whither must I be led?"

Who is to guide this child safely home?

In this short article I will attempt to address a plea to Occultism for this child of the human spirit stranded among us who fight in the outer world with manifold motives for good and ill.

First let us ask: What is Art? Where does it spring from, and what is its goal? These questions arise naturally in the soul of anyone seeking to probe the mysteries of life, for Art is indeed bound up with the deepest problems of our existence.

We must go back to the fountain head of modern culture to find the original impulse for Art, as it has developed down to our own times. In Greece we see that Art, in those early times, arose out of the ancient mysteries as the natural expression of the human spirit in its contact with life. The Greek had no science of æsthetics; to him Nature manifested Spirit; he saw the gods around him in everything, and he craved for no higher goal than to dwell on earth for ever. To him the land beyond was a shadowy realm from which he recoiled in dismay.

Now leap forward across the pomp of Roman days, when the gods were the mere servants of human ambition, see the sun of Pagan culture sink into the threatening clouds of oncoming barbarism which was destined to sweep over the fair southern lands. Watch that other dawn which was to illumine the inner soul of man—see how it grows in those dark ages from its cradle in Palestine! For when Christianity spread its influence over mankind, Art again diffuses its fragrance into life. But mark the change! No longer as a message from the outer world does Art whisper to the human spirit the reality of the gods; now it points to the divine world as something aloof from outer sensuous life. The mystic of the Middle Ages knows a world infinitely removed from all the illusions of outer pomp and beauty. In horror he shrinks from the life that nature gives. St. Francis hands his riches to the poor, and dons the rough cloak

of asceticism so that he may, through self-denial and penitence, find the inner path to God. The dim realm of the shades from which the pagan turned away becomes the world of eternal life and recompense for those who follow the Christ. Thus thought the Middle Ages, and Dante gives us in Art the supreme expression of this world concept, inspired from the hidden occult sources of his teachers.

Two glorious epochs of Art, we therefore see, have arisen. Two utterly different spiritual concepts. Greek Art on the one hand which gives us in imaginative form all that nature can give of Spirit, and on the other hand the Art of the Middle Ages, which gives us the language of the Spirit, when Spirit reveals itself inwardly in soul images.

When the Renaissance raised its proud head in defiance of the anathemas of holy men, it linked triumphantly a new-born science to its aspirations. Then the mystic artist sadly laid aside his brush and chisel, for now two streams of spiritual forces came into conflict: Art and Science. This is the prologue to the tragedy of to-day. Slowly the icy blast of reason has frozen the vast ocean of mystic imagination, and if we want to understand modern Art and its present decadence, we must realize that modern Art, in the form it has developed to-day, is the result of the conflict which arose in the Renaissance. Gradually during the development of the sensuous glory of the Renaissance, Art lost that character which stamps the primitive paintings, in which men gave expression to the aspirations of the human soul. Why should the painting by Cimabue so stir a people that his picture of the Virgin and Child was carried in procession through the Florentine streets, adored and revered by a kneeling multitude? Surely we can understand this when we realize that the Florentine saw in the mystery of the Nativity what takes place in the innermost sanctuary of the soul when the Christ consciousness is born in man! Herein lies the explanation of that intense power which this mystic subject had over men of old, and those who realize all that is contained in this subject will understand why, even to-day, nearly every artist with spiritual intuitions has at some time or other painted the Nativity. To-day the Child should have reached manhood in the human soul, but alas! where do we to-day find a development of this beautiful intuition? Look around at the galleries of modern Art, see the grinning nightmares which meet us on every side from the walls of the most modern art galleries. Let us ask ourselves: Why has Art become thus debased? In the light of what

Occultism can reveal, let us rescue Art from those influences which destroy the spirit !

The Renaissance blinded even its greatest artists to the true mission of Art. Nature on the one hand captivated their senses and the dim yearnings of the soul were lulled into sleep under her seduction. Then Science, in its battle with the riddle of the Sphinx, on the other hand drew the artist into this conflict, and the prayers which stimulated Fra Angelico faded in the lips of Mona Lisa, into her immortal, ironical smile; Art decayed as a natural result of this battle between Doubt and Faith. In some instances, notably with Raphael, can be seen the watershed of the conflicting streams, the mighty torrent of profane love united with the holy stream of spiritual adoration.

To-day it is possible to trace back, step by step, the disintegrating forces which are wrecking Art. A slight survey of modern Art will reveal the havoc wrought. Last century saw the apotheosis of Realism. The Renaissance had passed through an unspiritual revival of Paganism, unspiritual because the Renaissance could not possess that fructifying impulse existing in the Mysteries of the Pagan sanctuaries. The gods were no longer an outer reality. The inevitable result was brought to a climax last century, when Art, separated from spiritual impulses, became more and more a manifestation of material ideals. The retrograde paganism of the Renaissance strangled the Mysticism of Christianity and the Art of the latter part of the nineteenth century is the ultimate outcome. Art without any spiritual background ! Naturalism which sees in physical form the origin and goal of all. Outraged human spirit cries in wrath to Heaven. Yet this is the inheritance which the artist of to-day has received from the nineteenth century !

Those who follow the tendencies of modern Art with insight into the undercurrents of existence, must notice how two types of Art are becoming more and more definitely manifested to-day. On the one hand a cold intellectual Art which builds abstract concepts on a philosophy founded on scientific investigations, on the other hand an Art arising from the mystic cravings of the soul which finds expression in a curious mediumistic Art.

Both forms are equally dangerous, and will ultimately swamp the less pronounced schools, for either a man throws his whole will power into his thinking capacity, or else he sinks himself in his emotions. The two opposite poles of his nature are at constant war, and sooner or later one or the other will win unless he regains the balance through a spiritual adjustment. For only in the

balance between these two can perfection reside, and this spiritual adjustment, so sorely needed to-day, must come from occult sources where the springs of life are known. Art must seek help from this source.

About 39 years ago an attempt was made in France by an occultist to rescue Art from the materialistic quagmire into which it had fallen. Sar Peladan issued a memorable manifesto in the French Press which, although hailed at first with derision, enabled him to establish the short-lived Salon de la Rose Croix, in which a few artists of eminence, among less-gifted contributors, took part. Several artists who came into the movement have since gained universal recognition; among these are Ferdinand Knopff, Schwabe, Henry Martin, Hodler. Peladan's ideals were sound but he failed to convince the world of his sincerity, and to-day his name has passed into the history of literature as that of a gifted but eccentric poet. His mystery plays have fine inspired passages and are an interesting contribution to occult literature.

A very different and infinitely more profound movement to rescue Art has been inaugurated by Dr. Rudolf Steiner. Slowly through years of patient preparation he has ultimately formulated a complete Science of Æsthetics which, starting from Goethe's concepts of Art, has culminated in the—to many people—disconcerting structure, the "Goetheanum" in Switzerland. Dr. Steiner has been able to realize what was a far-off ideal of Peladan. He has built a theatre for the production of Mystery Plays and for the study of a new Spiritual Science. He has been able through the enormous amount of human material he possesses in his students, to train a complete staff of actors and musicians, and to develop the new art of Eurhythm, which will play so important a part in the education of the future. Dr. Steiner stands to-day independently before the world of culture with the message he brings from hidden sources of occult research, and already Art lovers in many countries, through visiting the Goetheanum have begun to realize that the contribution which occultism is able to make to our cultural life contains the vitalizing forces which enable us again to use Art in the service of eternal Truth.

ON THINKING DIFFERENTLY

BY EUSTACE MILES, M.A.

THE first part of the Greek word *metanoia* had two main meanings in compounds. First of all, it meant "after," as in the word "Metaphysics," which originally meant the part of Aristotle's work which came "after the Physics." Secondly, it meant change: sometimes it meant something in the opposite direction.

The "after" idea may have been present in the idea of "Repentance," which is a very gross mistranslation of the Greek word, accepted by orthodox Religion, and still persisting in the Authorized and Revised Translations of the New Testament and in the Prayer Book. The idea conveyed by the word "Repentance" is not so much "Be transformed; have a new mind," as "Be sorry"; in fact, it is almost a Commandment to regret what has happened, though *metanoia* should properly lead to our putting away the thought of the wrong thing, and substituting the thought of the right thing.

The real meaning of the Greek word was "A change of thought or view." There is a familiar story of some one being told to go out into the garden and tell the children, whatever they were doing, not to do it! The change in the children's action would be at the command of another, whereas the Greek word *metanoia* referred to a change of thought, a change of our own thinking, not excluding, of course, a change of our own feeling. The order to the children assumed that what was usual was wrong.

The second part of the word was obviously connected with the word *nous*. This word, in a broad sense, can refer not only to the senses, sensations, memories, reasoning, and will, but also to the imagination; nor can the idea of the mind or *nous* altogether be separated from the heart, feelings, emotions, and desires.

There are some who would identify *nous* with the consciousness only; *nous* may be the whole Consciousness, but it must also include some of the Sub-consciousness and some of the Super-consciousness.

The real meaning of the Greek word *metanoia* may be said

to be the regeneration of the Consciousness, and of the Sub-consciousness also, by a change of thought, and also by a change of heart, so that a new set of values is developed. Charles Wase, in *The Inner Teaching and Yoga*, gives a good example of *metanoia*. He says :

" You will have to change your whole conception and mental attitude towards the visibly objective universe. . . . Ether is force acting in space ; and what we call matter is only the coarsest and feeblest expression of its activity. . . . The Infinite Creative Mind is perfect, and in power it transcends the power of the ether infinitely more than the power latent in the ether transcends material appearances. . . . That Power, the All-mighty, Infinite, Perfect, Creative Intelligence, is lying latent around and within all, in just the same way as the ether itself is lying latent."

To give this idea a welcome as a new idea in the mind would be *metanoia* to many of the orthodox " Scientists."

The first recorded Commandment of the New Testament was *Metanoete*. It is a great pity that the rendering of " repent " is still persisted in, rather than such a rendering as " Think differently," " Look at things in a new way," " Alter your point of view," " Be open-minded," " Be receptive to fresh ideas." We need not, once again, confine the word to an intellectual perception of ideas : we can make it involve feeling and emotion ; as a matter of fact, we cannot separate the intellect from the feelings and emotions : the two interpenetrate.

Now it is noticeable that among the chief objects of the Master's condemnation were not so much criminalities, as conventionalities, respectabilities, and fixed ideas. When he condemned the " hypocrites," as the word *hupokritai* is mistranslated, he was not so much condemning hypocrisy, as condemning the motive of these people ; we cannot fairly translate the word by " actors " ; the idea was rather " people who wished to be praised (or not to be blamed) by others."

We may mention here that probably the New Testament condemnations were not so much of persons as of ideas ; we should translate some of the condemnations as being of Pharisism, not of the Pharisees ; of " playing to the gallery," rather than condemnation of those who do it ; we may mention also that the word *ouai*, translated " Woe unto you ! " had no such meaning : the proper meaning of the word was " I am sorry for you."

Now *metanoia*, or the art of thinking differently, is perhaps

the least cultivated art in England. For instance, in examinations scarcely ever is a person allowed to think differently: he must reproduce the ideas of the text-book, or he gets no marks.

A person is trained to conservatism from his or her earliest years.

One reason may be the authorities' ignorance of the new idea; another reason certainly is the fear of the authorities (whether they are the Government, or the Church, or the Educational Authorities, or Business men), that open-minded thinking might be a severe blow to their old-established position and power! I remember an incident at Rugby, when I was a master under the late Dr. Percival. A boy showed me a mistake in the Greek Grammar, which was a school text-book. I told him he was right. Dr. Percival said I should not have done this. He said it was essential to keep to the text-book, as any admission of an error in it might "disorganize the system"!

It may be well to give a few examples, taken at random, of the idea of *metanoia*, or thinking differently.

In business we have the man going along in the old ways. Perhaps these ways once were good, perhaps not; but anyhow he persists in them. He begins to fail; then he analyses his business and finds mistakes in it; he stops the leakages; he reorganises; he delegates work; he advertises; and he succeeds—through *metanoia*.

In Science we constantly get the necessity for *metanoia*. Most of the dogmatic statements of the text-books, not only of twenty years ago, but also of to-day, forbid *metanoia*. We find nothing, in certain books, which allows us to accept the discoveries of Kilner with regard to the Aura, or even the discoveries of Sir J. J. Thomson with regard to the atom and its constituents.

Here are three absolute statements which we find in many so-called scientific books. Each one needs to have *metanoia* applied to it.

1. "What lasts for ever, must have lasted for ever." A Latin phrase was *nihil immortale ex mortali*.

But can we not suppose that there are two things, each of which would be perishable by itself, but each of which is complementary to the other? If these two things unite, they may unite to form a complete whole which would be imperishable.

2. The second dictum is that "the sum total of matter, and of energy, is constant." I find this persisting even in one or two

of the latest books on Physiology. Here we must apply *metanoia*. Can we lay down any "laws" as to what is the state of affairs as regards the sum total of matter or energy millions of miles away, or even near here? Suppose that a thousand people combined together to think good, kind, helpful thoughts for an hour at a time, is it true, or is it a scientific statement, that the sum total of energy would be the same as if these thousand people had combined together to send out hateful, spiteful, destructive thoughts for an hour together?

3. It has often been stated that any movement, however small, reaches the stars, and to infinity, and that nothing stops it. But the Master said that we could destroy—and that we were to destroy—evil by good; he did not assert that evil persisted and went on to infinity; he gave us to understand that we could destroy evil by the opposite—namely, by good.

We have to alter our ideas, as gathered from the orthodox text-books, in the light of what we may call Dietotherapy, judicious Fasting, Osteotherapy, Barkerotherapy, Phrenology (according to the idea of Gall, as supported by Dr. Bernard Hollander, or according to the ideas of C. D. Larson). We must take into account the truth underlying the diagnosis by the eyes. Ask a doctor what he thinks of this, and he will probably tell you it is rubbish. Doctors are not trained in *metanoia*. Again, we shall have to alter our ideas of breathing. Some of the orthodox specialists tell us that we can only inhale oxygen; they deny that it is possible to inhale *Prána* or energy. These people need to practise *metanoia*.

Constantly we must be prepared to open our minds and take in new ideas, in the light of new evidence. We need not accept all new ideas; but at least we must be open towards them, and give them a welcome as provisional guests. We must look in this way upon Clairvoyance, Telepathy, Psychic Phenomena, the Fourth Dimension, the idea of Reincarnation, and so forth.

"Thinking differently," therefore, need not be in one direction only. Indeed, it often necessitates looking in a number of different directions in turn. It is opposed to thinking fixedly and conservatively.

It is not essentially a changing of one's opinion or judgment. It is—once again—giving the new idea (or ideas) a fair and impartial hearing.

It is an interesting psychological problem why some people are open-minded in one direction, but absolutely close-minded

in all others. At first, when one learns this revolutionary thought of a certain kind, one expects general *metanoia*. But no! They will listen to no argument along certain lines.

Thus T. J. Hudson, who has made such useful contributions to truth with regard to the sub-conscious mind, dismisses the theory of Reincarnation as not worth consideration! He gives no valid arguments against it. He had a slice of *metanoia*, and this seemed to be all he could digest. And I doubt if any amount of criticism of his theory of the sub-conscious mind could make him emend any item in that theory, as stated in several of his books.

What is the virtue of *metanoia*? it will be asked. It has many virtues. Here I can only mention a few.

It tends towards Poise, partly because of the corrective principle of the opposite exaggeration, as when a paper is folded in one way, and we fold it the other way so as to make it flat. *Metanoia* of the right kind tends towards Harmony and Symmetry. We may compare the physical habit of Stretching, so as to put right the physical habit of Gripping and Tension. Another contrast to the Gripping and Tension is Muscular Relaxing. There may be two kinds of *metanoia*. It is not always that there is one contrast to an idea; there may be several contrasts, as we must consider that the opposites to Fear are not only Courage, but also Love, or Power and Efficiency, or Happiness.

Boole laid down a wonderful law, that inspiration can come when we have considered first of all one side of a thing, and then the other side, and ultimately we have considered the two opposites as forming a complete unity. A very simple illustration of this is to take a yellow flower and a blue flower, and to consider first of all how they are contrasted as regards colour, etc., and then what points they have in common, so that we can construct a flower which is a composite flower, like a composite photograph of several people. I generally give the instance of Children as a good example of practice in *metanoia*. Take first of all the good features of children, those features in respect of which it is wise for us to "become like little children"; then the other features as mentioned in a booklet called *The Way of the Childish*, features which it is not good to imitate.

Another capital example of Boole's idea is Forgiveness. Our tendency is to think of a person's faults, and the supposed injury which he has done us. It is *metanoia* to wish him well, and, as an alternative, to think of his good points, and the blessings which he has brought to others.

Metanoia tends not only to Inspiration, but also to Sympathy rather than to Antipathy. It helps to produce a feeling of kindness, and it gives us power to help people and to enlighten them. It tends towards unity with others, and towards realization of our Brotherhood with them, or our identity with them.

Apply, for example, the idea of *metanoia* to the quarrel between the Miners with their Trade Union on the one hand, and the Employers on the other hand, and perhaps the Government as a third party; what a bungle it has all been! What chance of a strike would there have been if *metanoia* had been a frequent practice, both of the Miners and of the Employers and of the Government.

Metanoia overcomes stupid pride. The ordinary person says to himself, "I gave out this view; I pledged myself to this or that; now I must not give way; I must not concede anything." *Metanoia* has its own pride; *metanoia* is proud to concede, when concession is fair and really helps.

Metanoia brings Perspective. Most of us have no sound ideas of real values. We do things, or do not do things, we choose things, or do not choose things, on most inadequate grounds. When we have practised *metanoia*, we see things in truer perspective.

Metanoia is the work of the new architect, like the new architect of a house. It does away with the old-fashioned, unhealthy ideas in houses, and reconstructs a new house on different principles.

It may be asked why *metanoia* is not taught? I must repeat what I consider to be the main explanation, in so far as the non-teaching is conscious and deliberate. Very few would preserve their authority and power and money to-day in schools and universities and elsewhere, if *metanoia* were cultivated; at once the barrenness of their teaching and their ideas, at once their bad methods would be exposed. This is true of both local and national Government. *Metanoia*, as a matter of fact, should be one of the main practices in all schools and universities. It should not be confined to debating societies!

What a handicap *a-metanoia* (the opposite of *metanoia*) may be to true intercourse is obvious. Most of us can parallel this experience of Prof. William James, the psychologist. He says: "I have numbered among my dearest friends persons inhibited intellectually, with whom I would gladly have been able to talk freely about certain interests of mine, certain authors, say, as Bernard Shaw, Chesterton, Edward Carpenter, H. G. Wells;

but it would not do ; it made them too uncomfortable ; they wouldn't play ; I had to be silent. An intellect thus tied down by literality and decorum makes on one the same sort of impression that an able-bodied man would who should habituate himself to do his work with only one of his fingers, locking up the rest of his organism and leaving it unused."

THE GROUPING

By BART KENNEDY

YOU saw this grouping in a flash. It moved as the crossing of many fates. Never again will you see these people as you saw them but a second or so ago. They have passed out on their ways to their adventures. Who they are, where they are going, you know not. What the mightiest of all the gods, Chance, has in store for them is hidden from you. All that you know is that they will arrive some time or another at their various destinations.

You pause and think of them. You are here at the corner of a street in the world-town—the vast labyrinth where millions are passing and re-passing, crossing and re-crossing, coming and going. You listen to the mysterious soundings of the life around you.

And you wonder concerning the grouping that you noted but a little while ago. Your glance grasped it suddenly. It has now gone away for ever. No trace of it exists. Never could it come again. You might come here to this corner at this hour day after day, day after day, and you would see it not. The chance would be millions and millions and millions against it. Nay, it would be beyond even the power of numerals to express the immensity of the number of the odds against the chance of this grouping again appearing. A string of numerals that stretched from earth to the most distant star could not express it. It appeared. And now it is gone into the strangeness of the unknown.

It is now but a picture in your consciousness. With the power of your will you hold it. Where was that man going whom you saw in the grouping? The fine, straight man with the resolute face. The soldier who had come from the wars. He was one who had lived amid the dread turmoil of death. He had come from out a maze of dread adventure. When you saw him in the grouping he was going—whither? And the man with the beard. On what mission was he? Where was his destination? And the man whom you did not see fully. The one who was at the outer edge of the grouping. What of him?

And the girl with the pleasant face. Where had she come from? What was her errand? Where was she going? What

were the thoughts that were in her mind as she formed for an instant part of the grouping the memory of which is living now in your consciousness? There were other people too. But they form the part of the picture that is indistinct. But that part is as real as the other. Ah, there was a man with a furtive face. Whither was he going? And there was a slowly-passing car with people sitting in it whom you did not see fully.

This grouping. It came into existence in obedience to a law as definite as the law that causes the world to swing on its path through space. This grouping was destined to come as surely as that to-morrow will follow to-day. The genesis of it had its roots in the profoundness of interweaving mysteries. These roots were buried in many beginnings. Beginnings that occurred not yesterday nor yester year. Thousands upon thousands of years ago, nay, long, long before—in the dawn of time—there occurred the beginnings that were destined to bring about this grouping. These beginnings grew and grew and passed and passed through many phases. There were all kinds of comings and goings that appeared to be unrelated. Trifles light as air affected the culmination that your glance grasped a while ago. They appeared and disappeared through the vastness of the stretching mystery that man calls Time. If the slightest and most variable of them had not happened, the grouping could not have appeared before you in this immense sounding town of the passing myriads. There would have been no consummation.

And well may the thought come to you that the affairs of man are guided by the profoundly obscure law that produced this picture, the memory of which lives in your consciousness. The affairs of individuals, the affairs of nations and empires and civilization, hang upon things light as thistle-down. Thus it is to our eyes. But might it not be otherwise if our eyes possessed the gift of the full sight? For we move on our way through life in the midst of a complex and shifting light that is to us but as a puzzling darkness. We know not the way of our going. We know not the thing that is in front of us. We pass from day to day through a surrounding unknown. We know not what will be upon us to-morrow. Nay, it may be that we will have passed through the strange gate of Death before to-morrow comes. From moment to moment, from hour to hour, we pass upon our journey through inscrutable changing shadows. Carrying the flame of a life that Fate may blow out at any instant. Travellers are we through a wondrous, sounding labyrinth. Lone travellers through a myriad-peopled place of a myriad paths—a place that

to us is even as a desert. Going alone in the midst of a stupendous moving multitude. Passing, ever passing. Crossing, ever crossing. Holding within us the magical, variable flame of light.

Wondrous is our journey. Wondrous is the mighty and splendid law that guides us. What matters it if the workings of this law are beyond our ken? What matters it if we know but the burning of the instant that we call the present?

We live. We are dowered with the consciousness that is of the All-God that upholds, and is the Universe. We are of the glow of the distant stars even as we are of the glow of the sun around which our earth swings in its path.

We move along, though our eyes are as in a darkness.

We come and go and pass and pass through a wondrous, sounding labyrinth.

ILLUMINATIONS OF ÉLIPHAS LÉVI

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

AS Francis Bacon affirmed on his own part that he had taken all learning for his province, so, I think, it may be said with much truth of Eliphas Lévi that he had assumed to himself as an expositor the whole field of occult science and philosophy. The term learning must be understood in a particular sense so far as Bacon is concerned, and in like manner the assumption which I am placing to the credit of the brilliant French *littérateur* and so-called Magus must not be held to signify that he was a profound and much less an exhaustive exponent of the wide domain connoted by my reference. That which he brought to the subject was not unchallengeable knowledge as the outcome of extraordinary research, but a marked and often illuminating genius of interpretation. In the sense applicable to the word according to its familiar French use, he created a certain kind of occult synthesis. It is provisional and tentative enough from my own standpoint, and I should question further whether there is a real synthesis possible because of the precarious position occupied by the alleged sciences and by the speculative philosophical considerations which have emerged therefrom. But for the present purpose at least I may call this a personal matter. Eliphas Lévi has given us, in any case, a comprehensive method of surveying the whole field, and one which is original to himself. If we take his precursors, the historians of Magic in the early nineteenth century, like Jules Garinet and Eusèbe Salverte, they are tolerably safe guides on bare questions of fact, so far as facts were before them, but they reflected no light thereon. There was indeed no light to reflect, for in the first place they were annalists and not men of genius in the sense that Lévi may be called a man of genius, by his gifts of divination and insight, while in the second place, for them all—and for Salverte more than all—the occult sciences had only two radical component elements, being those of delusion and imposture in about equal proportions. A little prior to their day the great romance-period represented by Court de Gebelin, Jacques Cazotte, the Hermetic and Kabalistic Grades of Masonry, the Rite of the Philaethes, not to speak of professional Magi like

Martines de Pasqually and Cagliostro, had closed in the French Revolution. On the other hand, Éliphas Lévi had enough of the Magus-mentality to discern that behind the follies, enthusiasm and false-seeming of the occult sciences and their exponents there are veridic vestiges which are like portents pointing to a hidden science of the soul.

Baron Dupotet had done something to elucidate the pretensions of Magic in the light of animal magnetism, and the phenomena which are covered by the loose term Spiritualism had come over from America to France when Lévi began to write on the occult sciences and occult happenings of the past, and to offer his authoritative thesis as to that which lay behind them.* Within the measures of the present notice I am not concerned with his thesis but am indicating only how he calls to be regarded and judged, as also and more especially how it comes about that for all French occultism he has taken a place definitely as the exponent-in-chief of its concern. Other names of importance have risen up since he passed from this life in 1875, and other contributions to the subject-general and its particular departments have been made and are held in varying, often in high repute. But Lévi heads the list, is the point of departure for all, and the chief source of authority. He acknowledges a debt on his own part to the mathematician Hœne Wronski—who had also some singular gifts, but was handicapped heavily by his eccentricities—and Wronski counts still, but not in the manner of his pupil, who did not, I think, owe to him so much as he himself supposed, or alternatively had set out to do more than justice to his precursor—in the spirit of chivalry.

I have made Lévi familiar to English readers by a considerable scheme of translation, but only the *History of Magic* now remains in print. He published during his life-time six volumes in all on the occult sciences, between the years 1860 and 1865, and several others have been issued since his death.† There

* I do not regard *Le Livre Rouge*, published in 1841, as his point of departure, though it was called a summary of Magism, the occult sciences and Hermetic Philosophy. It appeared under the name of Hortensius Flamel and is not of much real consequence. Whether it is ascribed rightly by French makers of catalogues does not seem beyond question.

† (1) *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, 2 vols., 1861. Described as the second edition, *très augmentée*. I have never been able to trace the first, either in libraries or bibliographical lists. (2) *Histoire de la Magie*, 1860. (3) *La Clef des Grands Mystères*, 1861. (4) *Fables et Symboles*, 1863. (5) *La Science des Esprits*, 1865. The chief posthumous publications are (1) *Le Livre des Splendeurs*; (2) *Clefs Majeures et Clavicules de Salomon*;

would appear, however, to be quite a collection of MSS. held in various hands, and in the present extraordinary renewal of occult and psychic activities in Paris they are not unlikely to see the light in rapid succession. We know that *Le Voile d'Isis* has begun to publish in its pages the voluminous correspondence on Kabalistic subjects with Baron Spedalieri, extending, I believe, to several centuries of letters. Moreover, the proprietors of this magazine—that is, the Bibliothèque Chacornac—have marked the year 1921 by reprinting *Le Grand Arcane*, while another publisher has issued, within the last few months, an ornate and elaborate work entitled *Les Mystères de la Kabbale*,* illustrated by coloured and other designs, which are productions of the author. They bear much the same relation to pictorial art that Lévi's occasional metrical exercises bear to poetry. The fact signifies little, and it is possible indeed that the painfully crude figures are in better accord with the strange spirit of Kabalistic and Apocalyptic writings than anything that might be offered by creative art in things of beauty and anthropomorphic joys for ever.

It calls to be said that the posthumous writings published previously to this one are not altogether in the same category as some of the earlier texts, especially the *Dogme et Rituel*, the *Histoire de la Magie*, or certain sections of *La Clef des Grands Mystères* and *La Science des Esprits*. There are naturally pages of considerable moment in *Le Livre des Splendeurs*, as there are others in *Le Grand Arcane*; but the little books on Tarot Trump Cards and *Le Livre des Sages* are not of any real moment. *Les Clefs Majeures* was addressed to initiates, but if it was received by them in the grandiloquent spirit of its dedication, then it is certain that they belonged as such to no school that matters. *Le Livre des Sages*, chiefly in dialogue form, is prolonged expatiation and repetition of things that had been said better by the same writer long previously to its appearance. All are interesting in a certain way, for Lévi is eminently readable at best

(3) *Le Grand Arcane, ou L'Occultisme Dévoilé*; (4) *Le Livre des Sages*. An autograph MS., entitled *The Gates of the Future*, is in private hands and seems unknown to French collectors. There are also two posthumous tracts which—so far as I am able to trace—have appeared in English only: (1) *Paradoxes of the Highest Science*, issued many years ago by the Theosophical Society in India, and (2) *The Sanctum Regnum, interpreted by the Tarot Trumps*.

* Éliphas Lévi: *Les Mystères de la Kabbale, ou L'Harmonie Occulte des Deux Testaments. Illustré de 12 Planches hors-texte et 95 figures*. Paris: Emile Nourry. Prix 40 francs.

or worst, is suggestive almost always, even when he is least convincing, and is inspired not less invariably with unflinching zeal of certitude, however often he may happen to be at issue with himself.

Now, the new posthumous publication which is here especially under notice, though it is actually nothing more than a running commentary on Ezekiel and the Apocalypse of St. John, seems to present Eliphas Lévi in his most persuasive form as interpreter, and would be altogether a work of remarkable insight were it possible to accept his methods and general canon of criticism—which of course it is not. I did not turn to the publisher's preface, at least from this point of view, till I had formed the opinion here noted; but the preface provides an explanation quite unawares, for it puts on record that the work belongs to the year 1861, having been written at that period for Baron Spedalieri. It says also that Lévi was then "in the plenitude of his intelligence and talent," thus recognizing by implication that some of the later productions are of another order. It seems probable that it was produced immediately after *La Clef des Grands Mystères* and considerably prior to *La Science des Esprits*. It remained in manuscript, no doubt because Biblical exegesis of an unorthodox and occult kind would have commanded no public in France *circa* 1861. Perhaps in the last resource it will command readers now on anything but its own merits—that is to say, on the authority of its author and by the magic of the name of *Maître Eliphas*, as his admirers and successors call him; since it is a fashion—as I have noted elsewhere—to hold from and appeal to a Master in the occult circles of Paris. For myself it must be said that I have derived from its pages the same kind of intellectual satisfaction, if not in the same degree, that I have found in the great book of the *Zohar*. I mean that I have been delighted with its *tours de force* in the way of interpretation, with the wonderland of its suggestions and the occasional wealth of its images.

The serious intention is to connect Ezekiel and St. John. "It is by the prophecy of Ezekiel that the high theology of Israel joins hands with Christianity. This has furnished St. John in his Apocalypse at once with groundwork and model." But scheme and basis in the view of Eliphas Lévi connote what he calls the Kabbalah. The prophet of the Old Testament "develops a Kabbalistical theory of the Divine Ideal, conceived in the image and after the likeness of the Mysteries of Nature," and it is under Kabbalistic emblems that the prophet and apostle

of the New Testament "conceals the most profound secrets of Christian theology." His description of the New Jerusalem is analogous to the Temple of Ezekiel: "It is the pantacle of absolute and universal truth; it is the key of sciences and religion; it is the hieroglyphical synthesis of all the conquests of human genius." Furthermore, as we hear in a later place, it is in analogy with the allegorical city of Thebes and with "the mysterious plan of the Garden of Eden." In other terms, it is no literal city, as the Temple of Ezekiel was not an edifice built with hands: it is a great "hieroglyphic symbol." As such, it is the mystic city of initiation, and its twelve gates are the twelve stations of the sun and the twelve signs of the zodiac, but understood spiritually as the twelve fruits of the Holy Spirit, while the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, inscribed upon the gates, signify presumably twelve schools or classes of the elect, called out of all nations into the light of God, shining in the Lamp of the Lamb—otherwise, that Sun of Intelligence Which is also the Sun of Beauty and of Righteousness.

This is in the characteristic manner of the French Magus, at his best in the chair of seership, and similar suggestive intimations fill the volume. The Word made flesh of the Apocalypse is the Word of Truth, the Man of Light and Creator of the moral world. The seven seals of the Book of the Everlasting Gospel are the seven Christian virtues, corresponding to the Seven Gifts of the Spirit; and the seven heads of the beast are the seven deadly sins. The seven trumpets proclaim the triumph of truth, otherwise the victories of that Lamb Who is the Word. The seven cups or vials contain seven medicines for the diseases of the old world, and after these have been poured out there appear the Sun and Moon of the new heaven and the new earth, otherwise Jesus Christ and His Church, the Angel of the Sun and the Woman clothed with the Sun, having the Moon beneath her feet. The interpretation proceeds after this manner, from chapter to chapter, until Babylon the great has fallen in a last social cataclysm, when the descent of the New Jerusalem from heaven to earth signifies that at such long last the will of God is done on earth, even as it is done in heaven. Thereafter it is the great Messianic Reign.

Such is the outline offered of the great epical mystery in summary form, and I present it as a poet's explanation, without pretending to indicate that it can be accepted in any literal sense. So also as regards the Seven Churches of Asia, which others before Lévi have regarded as seven ages of the Universal

Church. The Church of Ephesus corresponds here to Apostolic times; the Church of Smyrna represents the age of persecutions; the Church of Pergamos is that of Christianity established under the empire of Constantine; the Church of Thyatira is the day of great doctors and great saints, but that also of the *bas empire* in decadence; the Church of Sardis belongs to the epoch of Attila; Philadelphia corresponds to the Renaissance, an age of mediocrity in virtue and pregnant with a crisis to come; in fine, the Church of Laodicea is that of the seventh epoch, and—one would say—the close of the dispensation, a Church which is neither hot nor cold, poor, miserable blind and deaf, having no power of regeneration within itself, or—as Lévi puts it—a Church without charity, and the enemy of all progressive movement. It was the Church of his day, as he viewed it, and of morrows to follow, looking towards the end of all, but thereafter to a great “new birth of time.”

Éliphas Lévi claims to have provided an “occult harmony of the two Testaments,” because the Apocalypse is planned by his hypothesis upon Ezekiel; but that which he really gives us is a book of his own illuminations on the Scripture texts, and my thesis concerning them is that they move in a strange atmosphere of theosophical enchantment: that is their value, and this is the only possible criticism concerning them. They are not “Mysteries of the Kabalah,” their title notwithstanding, not even of that Kabalah which Lévi has made up otherwise to his own image and likeness. There is otherwise nothing like them in exegetical literature, or in the literature called occult.

Like some other writings of Éliphas Lévi, *Le Grand Arcane* had become very scarce, and the new edition is welcome.* It was divided originally into three parts, entitled respectively *The Hieratic Mystery*, *The Royal Mystery* and *The Sacerdotal Mystery*; but the first of these is now omitted on the ground that it corresponds to *Le Livre des Splendeurs*, which the publishers hope to re-issue later on. *Le Grand Arcane* was written in 1868 and is important for comparison with the earlier works. I regard it in fact as a commentary on *Le Dogme et Rituel*.

* *Le Grand Arcane, ou l'Occultisme Dévoilé. Deuxième édition, revue et Corrigée.* Bibliothèque Chacornac, Paris. Prix, 20 francs.

ZEPHYR—THE GENIUS OF ART

BY MEREDITH STARR

LIGHTLY dancing on light feet,
Fairy-like the world you greet,
Fluttering to fantastic tunes
Which the Ancient Sybil croons
(Nature named by those who spell
Alphabets of heaven in hell);
Sighing sylph-like with the wind
That stirs the leaves of every mind
And trembles in delicious trills
In every soul where Love distils
Translucent witcheries that gleam
Like amber in a poet's dream;
Fluting with the birds that greet
Renascent day in chorus sweet;
Flirting with the fauns that dance
Round the Maypole of Romance;
Dancing with the dancing hours
Through the Spring's ambrosial bowers;
Caprice incarnate! breathing bliss
From the beryline abyss
Where thy lovers bask in rays
Which the wanton world amaze:
Where the joyous and the free
Experience immortality,
And the light soul soars on wings
Of exquisite imaginings.

Shy creature of the woodland wild,
Thou hast the soul of a sweet child,
And whoso hearkens thee is straight
Rapt through the Kingdom's middle gate;
And save man cometh unto thee
He wins not immortality.

Above thee stand the august Great,
The Calm and the Compassionate,

The mighty Lords of life and death
Whose Will the whole world witnesseth.

Lead us aloft, seraphic sprite,
Into the inmost arc of light,
Above the fluctuating rays
That trouble our terrestrial days,
Above the realm of the Ideal
Into the kingdom of the Real,
Where, one with all created things,
We pass beyond on arduous wings
Into the silence of the Wise
Who stand unmoved through centuries.

The absolute Adepts of Time,
They have no need of the Sublime ;
Dissolved in Love, their hearts are still ;
They have no need of their own will.
Incorporate with Life, they are
The breath of life in man and star,
The essence of the Rose, the Light
Extended in the Infinite ;
And humbly in the dust they lie
Beneath the feet of passers-by,
Beneath, and so above, all things
As are all spiritual kings.

But step by step the Way is trod
Unto the Ultimate Abode.
Lead us aloft, seraphic sprite,
Into the inmost arc of Light !

THE PSYCHIC CENTRES AND THEIR POSSIBLE INFLUENCE ON CERTAIN OBSCURE CONDITIONS

By N. F. F. KING

THE subject of the psychic centres or *chakras* is one of which it is difficult to find detailed information; and the information available is both obscure and misleading. It is a subject which should repay scientific study on the part of the physician and psychologist; it may throw light on certain questions of moral progress and evolution, and to the student of higher thought and to the developing psychic, it is of the most vital importance.

I

The chakras or "lotuses" are the organs of psychic perception. They perform for the astral body the same functions that the ordinary sense-organs perform for the physical body, at the same time forming a link between the astral and the physical. They are the accumulators and generators, the sending and receiving stations of that mysterious force which is, for want of a better name, popularly called "magnetism." Their flower-like structure is, of course, symbolic. If they are bodily organs at all,* they are probably minute agglomerations of grey matter in the spinal cord and brain. So far they have not been located by dissection, but they are as capable, when stimulated, of filling the whole field of consciousness as is the tiny pulp of a tooth when inflamed. Their location roughly corresponds (in some cases at least) to the important nerve ganglia (e.g. the solar plexus). They form a link in some inexplicable way between the physical and psychical natures; certain states of consciousness arouse them to activity which simulates ordinary physical sensation (experience alone teaches one to discriminate); while their development or "awakening" seems to open the way for states of consciousness before unknown. As organs of perception they seem to respond to subtler forms of vibration which penetrate the surface structures and act directly on the centres. †

* Slight enlargements during development suggest that they do exist in the physical body; this, however, may be due to the concentration of attention on an apparently local sensation.

† Some clairvoyants see with normal sight and mistake their visions

II

Whether the process of "awakening" the centres is really constructive or destructive I cannot say. It may be a process of building up accumulations of grey matter by stimulation such as is sometimes experimentally applied to the growth of plants. It may, as I am inclined to think, be a process of purification, or "burning through" applied to already existing structures. The Hindu view is that they have to be "pierced." Whatever the process, it is marked by a vibratory sensation, causing, in a new centre (i.e. one becoming active for the first time), discomfort which may reach the degree of acute pain, and in a fully developed centre a rather pleasant feeling akin to the effect of a very mild electric current. Some centres develop easily (varying of course in different individuals). These, presumably, are the centres developed by the subject in former incarnations.* Others resist, causing discomfort and suffering which may be prolonged for months or years. The centres are affected in an order proceeding, generally speaking, in an upward direction, but the order is not absolutely fixed. They cannot develop very much out of this regular order, however.

III

The authorities who recognize the existence of these organs hold that they can only be developed consciously and voluntarily by a recognized discipline directed to that end, a discipline comprising postures, breath control and other practices quite impossible to those brought up under western conditions (*vide The Serpent Power*, by Arthur Avalon; Luzac & Co., 1919). This is a view which is responsible for a great deal of suffering and misconception. The centres can be awakened quite accidentally. And their awakening is not in the slightest degree abnormal. In some they *seem* to be aroused quite spontaneously. Probably this is never actually the case, and this awakening is in response to magnetic force applied (quite ignorantly) by some one else. In other cases, studies and efforts undertaken without the slightest intention of arousing the centres—without even the knowledge that there are centres to be aroused—set the force in motion. The student of various forms of "higher thought" is advised to practise concentration and meditation: but he is not warned

for their actual surroundings. Others "see" with the eyes closed, the effect being directly on the optic nerve or corresponding brain centre.

* *The Serpent Power*, p. 258.

of the physical and moral upheaval which will inevitably result from successful practice of this kind.

An enormous number of people are now undergoing the process without having any idea of what is taking place. Their ignorance is a menace to themselves and (for the chakras are centres of positive force) to others. Many of us are conscious of development at one or more of the centres ; many others have developed one or more without knowing it (it is immediately perceptible to a sensitive, however), and it is desirable that these people should not be left groping in the dark.

IV

I am not attempting to put forward the accidental awakening of the chakras as an explanation of all obscure psychopathic conditions. I merely suggest that it is a factor as well worth taking into account in diagnosis as some of (e.g.) the theories advanced by Freud and the school of psycho-analysts.

Under present conditions, should a developing psychic, alarmed at her inexplicable sensations, consult a physician and tell him of pain and discomfort—now in one place, now in another—which cannot be referred to any bodily condition, he will pronounce her hysterical. And should he have psychological leanings, and discover by experiment that she has some unusual powers, he will plume himself on having found a new confirmation of the famous theory that suggestibility, clairvoyance, etc., are always associated with “hysteria.” Incidentally he will put her into a morbid frame of mind about herself which will tend to produce the conditions he thinks exist. Should she complain to her friends, she is either ridiculed as a *malade imaginaire* (which is the best thing that can happen) or petted and coddled into actual invalidism. The sensitiveness of temperament which this condition presupposes renders the balance of mind and body delicate. Yet, if there be virtue in evolutionary progress, these people are not only not diseased, but are as far as possible from being diseased. They have taken, or are taking, the next step in evolution.

A glance at Scot's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, or at the accounts of the New England trials, will convince anyone that unconscious development and misuse of the chakras lay at the root of the “witchcraft” of past centuries. The victims saw visions of the witches whom they accused of causing their definitely located sufferings ; their pains were increased when these persons came near them (whether in astral or bodily form) ;

they ceased at their death. As far as the victims were concerned, it was all probably quite true. On the side of the "witches," the influence, though very real, was most likely quite unconscious. *Rapport* had been established by some accident (contact is quite unnecessary, as I have proved by many experiments), and the vicious circle of fear and hatred, hatred and fear, was set up. The same sort of thing is going on to-day, and will go on until we train ourselves to control our own forces with a due sense of responsibility and due reverence for the individuality of others; and to resist forces which may be accidentally or purposely adverse to us. It is no use saying that people should do nothing to arouse these forces unless under competent direction. That they are being aroused accidentally and unconsciously every day is a fact.

V

In the orderly development of the centres lies the explanation of the moral difficulties of psychic development. However mysterious the connection between these centres and the moral nature may be, it is impossible to overrate its importance. Certain centres are the home of certain instincts, once essential to life and progress, now regarded as moral defects—such as egotism, jealousy, fear, envy, etc., just as other and higher centres are the homes of moral qualities of the highest order.

How many earnest and aspiring students say something like this: "I began the practice of concentration, but I found I had to give it up. It seemed to be unfitting me for ordinary life—it was making me self-centred and self-seeking, impatient, and irritable—or, it was affecting my capacity for work and my health—so I gave it up!"

This experience, in the first stages of development, seems inevitable. The result of stimulating a given centre is not to transform the defects or qualities there located, but to intensify them.* Thus it is that in the early stages of a training, undertaken with the highest and purest motives, the horrified student seems to feel all that is evil and self-seeking in himself trebly armed against his efforts. He does not realize that the whole nature is being tuned up to a higher pitch, that the notes are not being tuned simultaneously, but one by one, and it is not, therefore, surprising that until the process is complete, there should be a disharmony infinitely more painful than the previous dullness.

* *The Serpent Power*, p. 171-3.

There is little wonder that nine students out of ten abandon the whole business as of the evil one, thanking their stars for a fortunate escape out of his clutches—only to discover, perhaps in their next incarnation, perhaps only after a few years' quiescence, the development going on in spite of themselves, and to their intense bewilderment.*

Now if we are all eventually to go through and complete this training it would seem that such a turning back from the plough is no lucky escape or temptation resisted, but rather an ignominious flight. The path must be trodden—if not in this life, in one or many succeeding ones. The goal is sure. For, once the lower centres are developed the process continues rapidly in the higher ones, where the intellectual powers and moral qualities are located, these being in their turn intensified. It is better, then, to press forward, in spite of pain and even what looks like danger, than to be daunted by these small obstacles on the path: for to allow oneself to be turned back is to postpone, not merely the evil day, but the exceeding great reward, the first and smallest part of which is the gradual purification and transmutation of the lower elements of the personality which war so constantly against the higher.

VI

This development may supply a key to those difficult natures which combine great magnetic force with propensities which seem to be wholly evil and which are a painful mystery to every sensitive. Probably it will in time be recognized that, however disagreeable, this condition is no more unnatural than the real and severe growing pains by which the astral vehicle makes its progressive development known. In these natures the tuning-up process has begun, and all that can be done is to hasten it so as to awaken the higher centres which control the lower as soon as possible. Obstinacy and ignorance may arrest the process at its lowest stage for a lifetime, but it will eventually be completed, and these natures will possess beauty and goodness in proportion to their strength.

* Is this the case with some of the accidental awakenings? are they the completion of a process begun in former life?

MINERS' SUPERSTITIONS

BY G. M. HORT

MINERS, like sailors, have their own set of superstitions. Few of the older mines but have some local legend attached to them of strange things heard and seen in their depths, and there are also some time-honoured "traditions of the trade," which apply equally to all places where mining is carried on.

The ancient idea that mines and, indeed, underground caverns of any sort were the haunt of demons, was once very widely spread. Demons guarded all the mineral treasures concealed in the earth, and destroyed rash intruders by breathing out fire or poisonous vapours! The shadow of this old deeply-rooted belief can still be traced. A mine is said, in local legend, to have its own "luck" or "ill-luck"; in other words, its own good or evil spirit. And among the older miners there is (or was) an impulse to attribute fatal accidents to supernatural means.

The conditions of life underground tend to encourage this mode of thought. It is, after all, not so very many hundreds of years ago since mines and other places of darkness were regarded, quite simply and literally, as part of the supernatural world. Hell itself was believed, we know, to be situated under the earth. The old and curious prejudice against making the sign of the Cross when you are in a mine is probably associated with this idea. The demon inhabitants of the place might, in their anger at your action, do you a deadly injury.

Most miners of the last generation can tell some tale of ghostly experience—of the sound of a pick working near them, when no earthly comrade is by; of the fingers of a hand moving from rung to rung of a ladder, as in the act of ascending or descending, without the body of any mortal climber attached to it!

In Wales and Cornwall mining superstitions are particularly plentiful. For instance, there is the Cornish legend of "the knockers"—ghostly unseen workers, whose presence in the mine is indicated by knockings of the rock. In a sense, it is really lucky to hear the Knockers, as they are supposed to haunt places where treasure is hidden, and to use their phantom tools on a vein of precious metal. But since, by pious tradition, they are

credited with being the "ghosts of the Jews who crucified our Lord, and who were sent by the Roman Emperors to work as slaves in the mines," they are regarded as spirits of evil.

A good churchman or chapel-goer would hesitate to try to get rich by their help!

The prejudice against working in the mines on certain days of the year would seem to be a religious one, inherited from Catholic times. A notably "unlucky" day for working is Ascension Day; and a certain mine in South Wales has a tradition of accidents that invariably occurred, in the past, to those who persisted in working on that festival.

Midsummer Eve—probably for its associations with ghosts and goblins—is also unlucky for mining.

On Christmas Eve a very old Cornish tradition tells how the Pixies assemble in the depths of the mines "to hear Midnight Mass," and how their little shrill voices can be heard waking the echoes with cries of "Nowell! Nowell!"

Of all superstitions connected with mines and miners, perhaps the strongest is the belief in signs and omens.

A miner on his way to work did not, in the old days, like to have his path crossed by a hare or a rabbit; or to hear the sound of whistling.

To meet a woman was also an eerie thing! Not so very long ago, a woman, employed as a messenger in an English mining community, had to be dismissed for no other reason than the mysterious ill-luck which some of the men declared her presence brought it!

But the strongest and most persistent belief of all is the pathetic idea that any terrible disaster in the pit is preceded by a premonition on the part of the doomed men; by the strange dream of one, the unexplainable feeling of uneasiness of another. "He knew something was going to happen!" "He didn't want to go down into the pit that day!" This, or something like this, we are almost sure to hear in sad reminiscence from the survivors.

Yet no warning, from natural sources, could have been possible.

These workers in underground darkness have, it would almost seem, their own second-sight.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

A STRANGE VISION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As a reader of your REVIEW I have for some time had it in my mind to ask whether you, or any readers of this your paper, might solve for me the following puzzle :—

About thirty-seven years ago my beloved mother died. On account of the death of two of my sisters during the last eighteen months, I naturally came to think more again of my mother, in my mind wondering whether the Lord would permit her to descend to the plane where my sisters would be, to receive them, as naturally they would not be able to ascend to her plane.

About six months ago, one evening, as I was comfortably seated in an easy-chair, much absorbed in reading a new book, I felt I must leave my chair, walk over to the mantelpiece and look into the glass covering a little picture hanging there on the wall. As I looked, instead of seeing my own face reflected in the glass, I saw my mother's face, looking just as she did while in this world. My surprise was intense, and I shouted out : " Mother, mother, how *near* you are to me ! " Her vision then vanished.

I walked back to my easy chair, but feeling a different woman than I did a minute before.

About two weeks later, again seated in the same chair, reading, I felt as before, without knowing why, that I must stop reading, walk over to the mantelpiece and look at this same small glass-covered picture. I now beheld the most beautiful vision of my mother, full-sized and quite different from the first, when I saw only her face. She had on a white robe, which seemed to be draped in deep folds from her shoulders, all the way down her figure, and a drapery over her head, which she seemed to hold out with her hands. She was standing in a circle of wonderful light, smiling at me in a way as if to say : " This is what I look like now." Her face seemed to reflect the most perfect happiness and perfect love such as we never see in this world.

I would be glad if anyone would give me a reasonable explanation. Did my mother take possession of my physical frame, standing with her spiritual body inside my natural body, and so made me look at her with her own spiritual eyes ?

Two years ago my life was miraculously saved twice, through the sudden appearance of materialized *spirits*.—Yours truly,

MARCUS HILDE.

FIRST PART OF J. T. FORELAND'S DREAM: A SUGGESTED INTERPRETATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

A PERSON most envious on the mundane plane has passed to the astral or etheric plane, and being cut to the heart for the injuries caused to J. T. Foreland, has returned in spirit form seeking pardon. But J. T. F. being unable to understand the appeal for pardon, is left in meditation of the vision or dream. The Rider of the Black Horse is a confederate or urger. Hope J. T. F. will forgive all trespasses, then a light will shine of a clearer realization.

LEWIS PHILLIPS APL ASHO LEO.

WHITCHURCH, CARDIFF.

PSYCHOMETRY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In July, 1862, I happened as a midshipman in H.M. fleet to be in Hampton Roads, Va.

It was just after the disastrous conflict between the *Merrimac*, Confederate ironclad and the *Cumberland*, U.S. frigate, in which the *Cumberland* was sunk, and shortly after the *Merrimac* was blown up and beached, owing to her not having sufficient water in which to manœuvre.

When we arrived in the Roads, the topmasts of the *Cumberland* were visible above water, the *Merrimac's* still smoking on the beach. We midshipmen having obtained leave, went off to visit both the wrecks, and here my true narration begins.

I secured as "relics" of the great fight a piece of cordage from the *Cumberland* and a piece of wood and of copper from the *Merrimac*. I fastened them safely in a box which I have now. One day I met a lady whom I knew to be a psychometrist, and I asked her if she would do something for me (this was about four years ago).

I told her that I had some "relics," not giving her the slightest clue as to what they were or where they came from.

She said she would try her best. So I fastened up the box, sealed it, and wrapping it in brown paper, gave it to her, begging her to return it to me just as it was. She was going to town that day, so I begged her to carry it in her hands—and concentrate. Two or three days after I received the parcel with the seals unbroken, and the following message:

"I am afraid I have made a horrid mess of it, as I don't understand the vivid messages that the box seemed to transmit to me.

"A. America.

"B. A flushed man tugging at a box.

"C. A violent explosion.

"D. A crowd of men in grey."

A. Well, America was all right.

B. When a ship is in danger of capture or of sinking, the commanding officer's first duty is to see that the sign books are thrown overboard in their box, which is clamped with brass clamps to the bridge, heavily weighted with lead. This the unfortunate officer of the ill-starred ship was endeavouring to do, only he could not get the box unclamped in time.

C. The *Cumberland* sank so rapidly, 360 of her men being drowned, that the fixed air of the main deck blew up the upper deck. Hence the explosion.

D. When it came to the "men in grey" I was, for the moment, puzzled. I could not think what she meant (which shows, by the way, that my knowledge of what the "relics" were, could hardly have affected my psychometrist!), when suddenly I remembered that whereas the U.S. sailors were in blue, the Confederate sailors were all in "grey."

When I told my friend all this, she said she had never heard of the naval battle in Hampton Roads. It happened long before she was born. So there it is.

I think, sir, that you will agree to its being a very fair sample of genuine psychometry, a faculty which may one day take the place of history in our educational schemes.

Yours obediently,
F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

I might add as I am writing to you, that on one occasion I was with a very intelligent man, a "reader" for one of our publishing firms, and the conversation turning on W. Africa, I said to him: "Have you ever seen an 'aggr' bead?" "No," he said; "what on earth is it?" I happened to have one in my pocket from the first Ashanti War. So I made him shut his eyes, hold out his hand, into which I slipped the bead, holding his hand tight. "Now," I said, "what do you see." "I see," said he, "a strip of yellow sand, waving palm trees, and naked savages with oval shields and long spears."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AN important contribution to our knowledge of the so-called "Jewish Peril," its origin and evidence, appears in the last issue to hand of *The New Age*, published at Washington as the official organ of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry in that Jurisdiction, and well known to all our readers by frequent notices in these pages. The standpoint taken up by writers in the OCCULT REVIEW from the beginning of the debate is being more than justified. It appears that special investigations have been made by Mr. Herman Bernstein, who is well known in America as a war-correspondent and journalist. He is evidently of German parentage or descent, but his loyalty as an American citizen is illustrated by the fact that "it was he who made public the famous Willy-Nicky telegrams and secret correspondence between the former Kaiser and the late Tsar of Russia." The result of his latest activities is a book just recently issued in New York and entitled the *History of a Lie*. It offers three stages of variant affirmations on the part of that alleged Russian mystic, Serge Nilus, who published the Protocol documents, as to the manner in which they came into his hands: (1) That they were given to him by a nameless "Russian conservative," who had received them from a nameless woman, by whom they were stolen "from one of the most influential leaders of Freemasonry at the close of a secret meeting of the initiated in France"; (2) That the putative Russian had stolen them himself from the "headquarters of the Society of Zion in France"; and (3) That a spy saw and copied the Protocols while they were "being taken by a messenger to the Masons at Frankfort." These statements are taken from successive editions of the Nilus pamphlet, going back to the year 1905, and their contradictions are significant at least as to the real position of those documents which constitute the sole supposed evidence for the "Jewish peril" and the hand of Freemasonry in certain past and coming revolutions. But Mr. Bernstein has gone further and has traced the Nilus dossier to its original in a German novel by Herman Goedsche, a writer of evil repute, who posed, however, for the moment as an Englishman, under the name of Sir John Retcliffe. This novel belongs to the period 1886 and contains the notorious "Rabbi's Speech to the Jewish People," incorporated subsequently as part of the Protocols. In 1890 the supposed Retcliffe reissued the novel, but this time as a plain statement of facts. Goedsche is said to have played "an infamous role" in the Waldeck forgery case. We have expressed previously in no uncertain terms our conviction that the Protocols unmask themselves, but their criticism has entered now on a new stage in America—whether final or not, it is of course impossible to say. According to *The New Age*, neither Germany nor Russia originated

these new features of the anti-Semitic and anti-Masonic crusade. It looks to France, which has carried on the crusade for years in respect of the Jews and for generations in respect of Freemasonry under a considerable variety of forms, the motive power being always the Roman Church. We are disposed to agree, on the understanding that it is a speculative case, for there is at present no evidence that the Protocols are of French origin. *The New Age* discovers also the hand of the Jesuits, because it is inclined to regard Jesuitry as a term interchangeable with Latin Catholicism everywhere and at all times—subsequent to St. Ignatius Loyola. It is not an important question, but on the whole we think that the Society is sufficiently acute and competent to have done its work better, had it produced the forgeries. We think further that the *astucia Jesuitica* would hesitate twice and many times over before it was committed to the dangerous and somewhat primitive device of inventing fraudulent documents. We suggest to our friends in Washington that it is not wise to take our enemy for a fool.

Modern Astrology presents the horoscope of a pseudo-Christ and explains it to be that of a man who has achieved a certain notoriety in several parts of Germany by announcing that he is "a new Christ." He is a native of Württemberg, named Louis Haeusser, born in the year 1881 and originally a manufacturer of champagne. His views are said to be radical on religious and political matters. As to the former, he condemns churches and priests, proclaims himself as "the Truth" and as that "Greater One," of whom Christ is said to have spoken, "according to the Scriptures." But so far as the New Testament is concerned, we remember only that "the Father is greater than I am," and it does not appear that Haeusser regards himself as the First Person of the Christian Trinity. There are some impostors in religion whose pretensions are made void in due course by the normal effluxion of time, and there are others whose rascality or hallucination is made evident by their own incompetence. Haeusser belongs, it would seem, to the second class, for in the matter of religion he offers no more than platitudes on the necessity of living what was taught by the Christ of Palestine rather than talking about it. Politically he condemns the present state of society and the civilization of which it is an outcome, his agitation being on Bolshevik lines. From either point of view there is nothing new under his particular Messianic sun, and we can accept unreservedly the judgment of *Modern Astrology* when it says that his horoscope is not that of a true Christ or a Master of Life and Wisdom. It is rather that of a fanatic who overshoots his mark.

We are reminded by a correspondent of *Light* that one hypothesis in explanation of automatic writing postulates "a cosmic reservoir" of memories, to which the subliminal of mediums has access. The editorial comment is, of course, above challenge, namely, that there is no evidence whatever as to the existence of such a reservoir. The

point which escapes, however, on both sides is the source of the idea, which is neither in spiritistic speculation nor in psychical research, but in the writings of Eliphas Lévi, who first formulated the doctrine concerning the Astral Light, so far back as 1859, though he claimed to hold from authorities in the past of occult literature—*e.g.*, Paracelsus. The Astral Light was for Lévi a universal medium of communication for all minds: all memories were held therein and could be evoked therefrom by the natural magician and the trained magus. It is from this source that Theosophy derived its first intimations concerning the Akasic Records, the new name and some new aspects of the hypothesis being referable to eastern lore. Hypothesis or not, there is in any case action between mind and mind, and according to the thesis of Spiritualism such communication is not suspended or broken by the event of physical death. Moreover, in virtue of some faculty about which we understand too little, it is certain that the clairvoyant sees, and as the name of clairvoyants is legion, it is not incredible to assume that there is some common medium of vision. Indeed to accept the hypothesis of the so-called cosmic reservoir looks, so far, like following the line of least resistance. . . . Writing in *The Two Worlds*, Mr. G. F. Berry, who is President of the Spiritualist National Union, claims that it is a religious organization and demands for it recognition as such. We may be in agreement or not—on the whole, most probably not—that Spiritualism is itself a religion, but it is useful at least to have the position of one of its active organizations thus defined clearly. There is also a plea for pantheism made on the part of Mr. Denby Chambers. It proves, however, to be pantheism of a qualified kind, being described as the realization of a Supreme Being Who is manifest throughout Nature. This may signify what Pope Leo XIII called in his *Humanum Genus* Encyclical—directed against Freemasons—“the identification of the universe with God,” but on the other hand it may mean only that the cosmos is the body of God, which is not a pantheistic conception, and indeed it is not easy to see how a pure theism like the doctrine of Divine Immanence can escape therefrom.

The correspondence of Eliphas Lévi in *Le Voile d'Isis* reminds us occasionally of many things, furnishes from time to time a new point of fact, and is otherwise like a strange glass of divination. Among the letters in the last issue one is incidentally concerned with Masonic symbolism, and we should like to know the precise source of a presumable rabbinical legend, according to which the Pillars Jakin and Boaz, at the door of the Temple of Solomon, were of wood from the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge respectively. Lévi says that this is true symbolically but not in the literal sense, because they were of white and black marble. As it happens, however, they were brass according to Scripture, and it is not on record that they were painted, so that Lévi is wrong on the point of fact and also on the point of analogy, namely, that white answers to the Tree of Life and black to that Tree which “brought death into the world.” There are other

matters of interest in the correspondence, and chief among these is the account of a visit to the thaumaturge Eugène Vintras, who connects with the Saviours of Louis XVII and at the date in question was working a priestly rite which included miraculous masses, celebrated in the Marylebone Road, Lévi being then in England. . . . *La Rose Croix* illustrates curiously the flux of occult thought in Paris, on the one hand, a strong reaction towards Catholic doctrine, variously understood, and on the other an implied protest against such reaction. Here is a writer on religion and its inherent mystery who bears all marks and seals of metaphysical incompetence, who discusses Trinitarian doctrine and compares the affirmation that three are one to the idea that a circle may be square, as if the Trinity were a mathematical problem, whereas it is a triplicity of function postulated in a unity of being. There another writer derides the sceptics and "hard heads" who rail at devotees kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament and yet pay homage on their own part to the flag of the Republic. Again the Immaculate Conception, defined in 1870, is reviewed with theosophical sympathy: it is held that the Blessed Virgin typifies (1) Nature and the Universal Mother; (2) the Catholic Church, over and above which she is; (3) at once the Mother of Jesus and Bride of the Holy Spirit. Above all things, however, *La Rose Croix* is a synthetic review of the Hermetic sciences, so it discusses also in an article of considerable interest the question whether an occult synthesis is possible in the present partial state of our occult knowledge. The writer falls back on the law of correspondence as a law of co-ordination for the different elements of occult science, and seeks to demonstrate its validity in application to Astrology, Magic, Alchemy, Spagyric Medicine, and the secret arts generally. Speaking of the occult movement in Paris, far apart as it is from paths of official theology and all that belongs to the orthodox faith, there is no doubt that the French schools are now on the quest of Christ, and this is not—as it seems to us—the fashion of a moment but a motive spurred by zeal. We need have no hesitation in referring it to Martinistic influence, which—however it may have passed beyond the theosophical circle represented by *Des Erreurs et de la Vérité* or *Le Ministère de l'Homme Esprit*—derives from Saint-Martin and refers back to him, who was the highest of Christian influences at the end of the eighteenth century in France, while there is none who can compare with him in succeeding days and generations.

The *Bulletin Officiel du Bureau International du Spiritisme* gives account of activities during the past three months, including an exhaustive record of correspondence, of publications received, and so forth. The notes on new periodicals and on those which have suspended issue are of importance for our press directory. We learn in this manner that *Le Spiritisme Kardéciste* and *La Vie Mystérieuse* will no longer reach us. A letter is printed from the editor of *The Two Worlds* on the progress of spiritualism in England.

REVIEWS

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA. By Lewis Spence. London : William Rider & Son. Price 2s. net. *Mystics and Occultists Series.*

THIS new volume in the *Mystics and Occultists Series* deals with one who, to many readers, is a comparatively unknown personality.

A short popular biography of the sixteenth-century scholar and magus, Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, has long been needed ; and Mr. Lewis Spence, from the stores of his considerable erudition in this and kindred subjects, has now supplied that need.

Agrippa was born at Cologne in 1486 ; and died at Grenoble in or about, the year 1535. Into this comparatively short life was pressed much labour, and much misfortune.

Agrippa did not, like Giordano Bruno, actually die a martyr to his love of truth and fearless unconciliating pursuit of it ; but we may say, without exaggeration, that his existence was one long martyrdom ; and that he surrendered to his love of truth almost all that, for ordinary men, makes life worth living.

He himself said of himself that it was his labour and intent, from early years, to vindicate the venerable art of Magic from the errors of impiety and of superstition, and to set it in its rightful place among the Sciences ; and, through evil report and good report, in grinding poverty or humiliating disappointment, he never wavered in his unprofitable allegiance, nor lost faith in the worthiness of his aim.

It is not generally realized how much later and more successful occultists owe to the patient, persistent labours of Agrippa. Fiercely hated and opposed in his lifetime, he fell, after his death, into comparative oblivion. The usual foolish popular legends about his "dealings with the devil," his supposed power of being in two places at once, and his "familiar spirits" in the shape of dogs who followed him everywhere, have done much to obscure the real man from the eyes of posterity. In truth, the reputed wizard was a great scholar, a skilled and devoted physician, and, like many another occultist, a man of fervent and sincere piety, delighting in the mystic ceremonial of the Catholic Church.

Himself of noble birth, Agrippa was at one time in high favour with the royal house of Austria ; and, in 1524, held the office of physician to the Queen-Mother, Louisa of Savoy. But he was too outspoken and too mercilessly sincere to keep Court favour ; just as he was too fearless and independent in his researches into the mysteries of nature to live in peace with the Orthodox.

His treatise *On the Vanity of the Arts and Sciences* set the great ones of the Court against him ; and his monumental work *The Occult Philosophy* (to which Mr. Spence devotes an interesting and informative chapter) caused him to be regarded, by all save a few of the more enlightened Catholics, as a lost soul, and dealer in forbidden arts.

The volume, we may add, has for frontispiece a reproduction of the only authentic portrait of Agrippa ; a woodcut which appeared in the first complete edition of *De Occulta Philosophia*. And the book, in type

and general up-get, fully maintains the standard of the charming little series to which it belongs, and which is already familiar to most of us.

G. M. H.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD. An Occult Story. By Prentiss Tucker. Published by the Rosicrucian Fellowship, International Headquarters, Mt. Ecclesia, Oceanside, California. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus.

THIS is a pleasantly written story embodying much simple teaching along familiar occult lines. The activities of the sleep state, the results of thoughts and wishes, Cosmic consciousness, and the power of passing into the Invisible Planes, are some of the subjects touched upon. How a young officer in the American Army is supposed to have been killed but returned to his physical body after some thrilling experiences, which continued in the earth conditions, is interwoven with elements of romance. These involve a pretty nurse, and just enough obstacles in the course of true love to give a human heart touch to the whole. Stress is laid on the vital importance of eliminating purely selfish motives and common curiosity from the field of occult study. This cannot be over-emphasized. There is a particularly delightful chapter concerning an experience with Nature Spirits which makes one wish the author would give us yet further glimpses into this enchanting byway of the Universal Kingdom.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DAY-DREAMS. By Dr. J. Varendnock. With an Introduction by Prof. S. Freud. Pp. 367. London: Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 18s. net.

THIS book is a treatise dealing with a development of psycho-analysis. It is concerned with the mechanism of thinking and traces the evolution of the animal mind into human intelligence. The thesis which the learned author sets forth is that, whereas the animal mind is dependent upon the external world for its excitations, the human intellect, thanks to the development of the faculty of memory, can find material for its mental processes within itself. Such is the main theme of this interesting volume, and the author brings to bear upon his subject a wealth of learning and great powers of clear and original thinking.

In a preliminary chapter the author writes of the two methods of thought; the one dominated by "affects," that is, by the sum of excitation or emotion, and the other by the logical faculty. From this, the book proceeds to a careful analysis of day-dreams. An immense amount of carefully accumulated evidence is critically considered, and the result is a definition of day-dreams as "thought-structures which have been elaborated without the intervention of the will, but under the direction of affective elements."

If this section of the book displays the author as an acute critical philosopher, the synthetical section which follows shows him to be endowed no less with the ability to set forth a constructive philosophy. He works out the correlation of the various elements which go to make up the mental activities, whether conscious or unconscious, such as memory, apperception, ideation and intuition. I have not the space to criticize or appraise this

piece of original thinking ; I must content myself with an expression of the hope that readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will make themselves familiar with this scientific and constructive philosophy of day-dreams. But I cannot refrain from quoting *in extenso* the final summing-up by Dr. Varandonck of his investigation : " The unconscious, fore-conscious and conscious thought-processes are three manifestations, varying only in degree, of the same function. This function, originally regulating the relations of the individual with the outer world, constitutes a manifestation of universal energy, and is as eternal and unceasing as the other organic activities in the service of adaptation."

An excellent bibliography and a full index add considerably to the value of this arresting and important book. An Introduction by Prof. Sigmund Freud may, or may not, be a recommendation to English readers. But the book itself is quite invaluable.

H. L. HUBBARD.

" LET THERE BE LIGHT ! " A Play for the People. . . . In a Prologue and One Act. By Liliás M'Crie. 7½ in. × 5 in., pp. 76. London : G. W. Daniel, Ltd., Graham House, Tudor Street, E.C.4. Price (in illustrated stiff paper cover) 2s. 6d. net.

THIS little book forms No. 12 of a series entitled " Plays for a People's Theatre." Its sub-title informs us that it is a " sequel to *The Growth of Democracy*, in which was related the story of how Demos first met Truth, loved her, and ultimately wedded her." It is a symbolic play, somewhat in the manner of a morality play, but in which the various characters represent various sociological forces. It tells how Humanity, the child of Demos and Truth, overcame the forces of reaction, namely secret diplomacy, high finance, militarism and false ambition, and set free the prisoners of the capitalist régime, typified by a soldier, an outlaw, a woman with her child, an industrial slave, a fettered and servile press and a crowd of the very poor ; and ends with the apotheosis of Demos and the triumph of the forces of Truth, Justice, Liberty, Love and Peace. Very sentimental persons will like the play and perhaps call it " beautiful " ; but it is very unreal. Man is so complex a being, and the social structures he has erected partake so much of his complexity, that it is doubtful whether sociological problems can be handled in the manner Liliás M'Crie adopts. Virtue and vice, truth and falsity, justice and injustice, liberty and bondage, love and hate, peace and war—all are inextricably confused ; and to unravel the tangled skein is needed a far subtler and more penetrating method than is here displayed.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE WAY OF THE WINEPRESS. By John Payne. With an Introduction by Thomas Wright. 9½ in. × 5½ in., pp. viii + 97. Published by The John Payne Society ; Secretary, Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney, Bucks. Price 21s. net (large paper, 42s. net).

THIS work was printed during Payne's lifetime, but publication was prevented by the war. One hundred and nine copies of the sheets (nine of which are on large paper) have been discovered and are now issued. Mr. Wright in his excellent *Life* of the author well says that Payne " enlarged the scope of the sonnet more than any other poet " ; and in

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The Way of the Winepress we have Payne as a writer of sonnets at his best. The technical perfection of his poems is extraordinary, considering the spontaneity and rapidity of their production, and shows how great was Payne's subconscious mental activity. But especially interesting is the philosophy they contain and the element of mysticism that pervades them. Payne was, to a large extent, a disciple of Schopenhauer, and had drunk deep of the wisdom of the *Vedanta*. Life in the actual world he found full of disappointment, and so he sought to build himself an abode in the ideal world of thought and aspiration. His soul was sick with a spiritual nostalgia, and therefrom was born his most beautiful verse. Orthodox religion offered him no consolation: he detested priestcraft and had only scorn for a God whose good favour could be bought by incense or blind belief, as several of his poems testify. But he delighted in the beauties of Nature, and with the instinct of the true mystic perceived something of their spiritual significance and rejoiced thereat:—

“ With flower the almonds are aflame :
 'Gainst March's skies of wind-swept gloom,
 They weave their webs of bridal bloom.
 Defying with a rosy shame
 Long-lingering Winter in Spring's name,
 They character the tyrant's doom,
 With blossom-script, upon his tomb,
 Ere yet he gone is whence he came.
 What stirs you, thus, frail trees, to flout
 Grim Winter's rearguard, ere it driven
 From Earth's face be by Springtide out ?
 Yet to the brave alone 'tis given
 In hours to hearken of defeat
 The tramp of Triumph's future feet.”

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE LIFE BEYOND THE VEIL. Spirit Messages received and written down by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, Vicar of Orford, Lancashire. London: Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., 15 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is the third volume of the Vale Owen Scripts, and as its title, “*The Ministry of Heaven*,” indicates, it deals largely with that life of love and service which is essentially the Kingdom of Heaven, whether it is lived on the “*Sorrowful Star*” or in those fairer spaces we call Paradise.

Apart from the intrinsic beauty and obvious sincerity of these writings, there is much that will be helpful and interesting to readers not hitherto acquainted with the great difficulties and hindrances that lie in the way of our unseen friends when they try to make known to us their presence and their thoughts:

“ The human brain is a very wonderful instrument, but it is of material substance, and even when the stream of our thoughts reaches and impinges upon it, yet, because of its density, the penetration is impeded and sometimes altogether brought to a stop. For the vibrations, as they leave us, are of high intensity, and the fineness of their quality is a hindrance to their effecting a correspondence in the human brain, which is gross by comparison.”

If only this and other difficulties were better understood it would be easier to explain the occasional apparent contradictions in psychic messages.

How much can be taken literally and how much symbolically in such descriptions as that of the "City of Blasphemy" and the whip-driven miscreants in the Mines in the Land of Darkness is, of course, for the reader to determine. Personally I cannot accept whips and black holes as redemptive agencies, either on this side or the other, and can imagine that such experiences would only crush out what little spirituality might exist in the unfortunate victims of circumstance.

EDITH K. HARPER.

INVESTIGATIONS IN OCCULTISM. Based upon Lectures by Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

DR. STEINER prophesies that in a very few years many people will have the vision vouchsafed them which St. Paul had on the road to Damascus, and will realize the Christ within. Whereas formerly we had a consciousness like that of animals guided by such instincts like fear or pleasure, we now have to evolve to the stage of consciousness enjoyed by the angels, and Dr. Steiner's occult exercises on meditation and concentration are designed to lead us to this higher state in which we can literally get outside ourselves and see ourselves as others see us. We shall then no longer reason about an object externally, for we shall develop such sympathy (*understanding* in the Kabalistic sense) with the object that we shall become immersed in it.

Conscience is well defined as the result of experiences in different incarnations. Beauty and the sense of beauty are shown to be karmically developed out of sufferings, pains, privations and illnesses. It is stated that the whole of the natural world of minerals, plants and animals were once contained in man's being and were successively thrown off by him as he evolved higher, so that the things that were once within him are now without him. This is the true meaning of the Indian maxim, *Tatvam asi*: "Thou art that." Dr. Steiner foretells that just as man has externalized the minerals, animals and plants, so will he externalize the principles of good and evil: these will become a human race that will be good by nature, and another race almost wholly and deliberately evil. The Order of the Manichæans is said to be an occult Order who are already instructing their members how to combat and transform the evil in this latter race; and the evil thus recast will become something especially good.

The chapter on "Oriental Training," however, leaves much to be desired. The second division of the eight-fold system of Yoga on p. 222 should be headed "Niyama," not "Asana"; while the remarks in section 3 on p. 223 apply to Asana, not Niyama. And the definitions of Dhâraṇa, Dhyâna, and Samadhi are very incomplete. Otherwise a large amount of practical occult information is packed into the pages of this book.

MEREDITH STARR.

SPIRITUALISM: TRUE AND FALSE: AND THE EXPANSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS. By A. G. Garlick. Pp. 45. London: Daniel. Price 1s. net.

THIS is an extremely valuable little pamphlet for all those who are interested in occult research. There is so much pseudo-occultism in the world to-day that some of Mr. Garlick's warnings are not lightly to be disregarded.

"We cannot but regard the whole thing as dangerous and unhealthy in the extreme unless one can go into it with a balanced mind, open to conviction and fully alert against self-deception." In the OCCULT REVIEW we consistently emphasize the necessity of a scientific spirit in approaching occult phenomena, and try to introduce the same spirit into the work of our opponents. To them as well as to our supporters we commend this pamphlet. It contains in addition to a chapter on Spiritualism another upon the subject of the Fourth Dimension. The author has avoided technicalities, and has written in a style admirably lucid and easy of understanding.

H. L. HUBBARD.

SONNETS. By the Nawab Nizam Jung Bahadur. London: Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.

"As one who wanders lone and wearily
Through desert tracts of Silence and of Night,
Pining for Love's keen utterance and for light,
And chasing shadowy forms that mock and flee,
My soul was wandering in Eternity,
Seeking, within the depth and on the height
Of Being, one with whom it might unite
In life and love and immortality;
When lo! she stood before me, whom I'd sought,
With dying hope, through life's decaying years—
A form, a spirit, human yet divine.
Love gave her eyes the light of heaven, and taught
Her lips the mystic music of the spheres.
Our beings met—I felt her soul in mine."

In spite of a certain technical inequality, the sonnets of the Nawab Nizam Jung Bahadur—of which the above is a fine example—reveal the spirit of the true poet which soars from the world of phenomena into the realm of the ideal, upborne by a love so pure and noble that even to name it is to profane it. To such a love Silence is the only perfect mode of expression and speech, as used in art, it is symbolic of that which can never be spoken, but only pointed to. The Nawab's sonnets depict the very soul of chivalry and self-eclipsing devotion, and they contain lines which claim an equal fellowship with the work of those whose names are sonorous in the spheres of poetic genius. As for instance:—

"Love spake to love without a sign or glance,
And heart to heart its inmost depth revealed
In the deep thrilling silence of that trance,
Till earth and earthly being ceased to be,
And our blent souls at that high altar kneeled
Whence Love doth gaze upon Eternity!"

MEREDITH STARR.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG CIVILIZED AND SAVAGE RACES. By Edward Lawrence. Pp. xiii + 112. London: A. & C. Black, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

SPIRITUALISM as a scientific phenomenon has found both support and opposition of recent years among biologists, chemists, physicists, astro-

nomers, psychologists, theologians and philosophers. Mr. Lawrence approaches the problem from the standpoint of the anthropologist, and rapidly betrays himself as a convinced opponent of the spiritualist position. The major portion of his book is devoted to a survey of the evidence for survival which is to be found among savage races, equally—or even more so—with the civilized peoples. So far, so good. It is when he attempts to draw conclusions from the evidence so admirably set forth that he displays an extraordinary lack of clear and connected reasoning. One or two of his arguments call for special notice and, if possible, for refutation.

He considers it as an argument against the spiritualist position that it is of universal significance, both as regards its world-wide distribution and its age-long acceptance. The fact that a belief in spiritual phenomena has been held among men from the earliest days, and is to be found to-day amongst every race of men, is surely an *a priori* reason for the validity of the phenomena. Mr. Lawrence would lead us to think that civilized man ought, in the process of evolution, to have outgrown such a belief. Against his assertion that "modern spiritualism is essentially atheistic," we would maintain that spiritualism as such is not concerned with God at all, but is devoted to an investigation of man's survival of the experience of death, and the nature of his existence in the spirit-world. It cannot be asserted too often—the fact is frequently overlooked even by spiritualists—that spiritualism is not a religion, but a scientific investigation of certain phenomena. If spiritualists would only keep this fact more clearly before them, and if their opponents would cease from judging the movement by its more illegitimate developments, it would meet with no opposition from religious teachers, and scholars like Mr. Lawrence could no longer point to it as a proof of the "moral and intellectual degeneracy" of the human race.

It is to be hoped that readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will take the trouble to study this book. They will recognize its value from the evidential point of view, and will quarrel violently with its conclusions. That will be all to the good, since it may lead them to re-think out the spiritualist attitude, and bring them with a renewed zest to the study of the most recent as well as most valuable of all scientific investigations.

H. L. HUBBARD.

THE RISE AND CONSUMMATION OF THE ÆON. By the Rev. Holden Edward Sampson, Author of "Progressive Creation," etc. Published by the Ek-Klesia Press. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. 4. Price 6s.

THE contents of this volume do not belie its portentous title. It offers itself as an "Interpretation and Prophecy relating to the Present 'Last Times' of Antichrist." Like so many present-day prophets, the author finds his inspiration in the Apocalypse. Much depends on the angle of vision from which an object is viewed, and from the Rev. Holden Sampson's angle there is an uncomfortable time in store for Spiritualists, Astrologers, Scientists, Papists and other misguided individuals not of the author's way of thinking. He writes with a vigour and directness which give point to his declarations, and whether one agrees with his conclusions or not, there is a certain interest in trying to discover if there be any loophole

of escape for anybody under the sun ! As an ardent believer in reincarnation the author warns the present demon-guided generation (!!) that it rests with them to provide better tenements for reincarnating spirits, otherwise humanity's last state will be worse than the first, and from being merely demon-guided, mankind will emerge as an actual race of demons ! Unhappily a mere glance at the columns of the daily press gives all too much colour to these depressing assertions, but, after all, even at the bottom of Pandora's box of troubles, Hope lay concealed.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE INNER TEACHING AND YOGA. By Charles Wase. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THIS book represents the practical results of a lifetime's study and practice of the subject dealt with, and is in the nature of a unification of Eastern and Western methods of attainment. The subject of mental and spiritual development is approached more particularly from the view-point of the Mystic, and especially from the standpoint of Yoga, and the basis of the work of the Esoteric Schools. Both the East and the West have much to learn from one another, and my experience goes to support Mr. Wase's assertion that the methods of the one act as a continual commentary and explanation of the other. Moreover the two systems balance and equilibrate each other in such a way that they are mutually strengthened and perfected.

In differentiating between appearance and reality Mr. Wase rightly remarks that in proportion as the student progresses into the realm of the abstract, the forces become infinitely more vital, living, and real, than those in the ordinary world of matter. "The forces latent within the ether are infinitely more powerful than those of the highest explosives," the powers of the latter being merely a feeble release of the etheric powers. Matter, as Sir J. J. Thomson said, may be regarded as possessing "a bird-cage kind of structure, in which the volume of the ether displaced by the wires when the structure is moved is infinitesimal in comparison to the volume enclosed by them"; in other words, the visible universe is only the appearance, in form and colour, of the underlying activities and forces. "Some day," prophesies Mr. Wase, "'scientific' people will ask what lies behind their unintelligent ether; and when they seek, they will find, behind it, Mind, and behind mind they will find Will, and behind Will they will find God." The student is, therefore, advised to mentally dissolve the external universe and its phenomena into the ether, and to dissolve the ether into God.

Mr. Wase well defines Prana as "the activity of the Infinite in terms of force," in other words, the cosmic *will to work*. From the occult standpoint, thought itself is a manifestation of a mode of Prana. There are some excellent and reliable chapters on Yoga breathing, and the student will do well to follow Mr. Wase's advice carefully and not to hurry on to more complicated methods of breathing before he has thoroughly mastered the simpler ones.

A great many works have been written on Yoga, but in the West not many have been the fruit of personal experience. Mr. Wase belongs to the few who have lived what they write; his book therefore will be of real assistance to the genuine aspirant.

MEREDITH STARR.