

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE recent passing away of Mr. Alfred Percy Sinnett removes from our midst one who played a very prominent part in the inauguration and upbuilding of the Theosophical movement. Mr. Sinnett lived to a hale old age, and was in his eighty-second year at the time of his death. His activities were numerous. His father was a journalist, and it was in this capacity that the son first distinguished himself. He was assistant sub-editor of the *Globe* at the early age of nineteen, and later on sub-editor and leader writer on various London papers. Subsequently he became editor of the *Hong Kong Daily Press*, and afterwards on returning to England he did a considerable amount of work as leader writer on the *Standard*. He did not, however, remain in

ALFRED
PERCY
SINNETT.

London very long, obtaining an appointment as editor of the *Pioneer* of India in 1872, where circumstances brought him in touch with the Theosophical movement. For this movement his literary abilities were invaluable, and by his writings he rendered yeoman service in popularizing theosophical ideas in the early stages of the existence of the Society.

Among his books the most notable were *The Occult World*,

written in 1881, and *Esoteric Buddhism*, an admirable summary of occult philosophy as seen from a theosophical standpoint, in 1883. For a period he was vice-president of the Theosophical Society, but he was too uncompromising in his views and opinions to hit it off long with the leaders of the movement. He saw his own point of view too clearly, and made perhaps too little allowance for those who differed from him for it ever to be possible for him to work in unison with the other pioneers of Theosophy. He thus became more of a freelance than an orthodox Theosophist (if such a phrase may be allowed). This, however, in no way lessened the value of the work he did within the rather elastic organization of the Society. Certainly the Theosophical Society owed much of its popularity in its early days to the propaganda work accomplished by Mr. Sinnett, who had a more facile pen than any of the other leaders of the movement, and whose capacity for placing his views clearly before the public was unequalled by that of any other theosophical writer.

Mr. Sinnett in addition to his theosophical treatises was the author of two novels, founded on occult conceptions, *Karma* and *United*. For some time he published a monthly magazine, entitled *Broad Views*, advocating theosophical principles; and he even went so far as to publish a play entitled *Married by Degrees*, which was produced in London in 1911. Needless to

HIS say, he was a contributor to numerous periodicals, LITERARY including the *Nineteenth Century*, and wrote occasional ACTIVITIES. articles for THE OCCULT REVIEW. I did not see a great deal of Mr. Sinnett myself, but such relations as I had with him were of the most cordial nature. His critics would doubtless complain that he was too dogmatic. Sidney Smith said of Macaulay, "I wish I was as sure of anything as Macaulay is of everything," and one can imagine some people who knew and differed from him, making a similar remark about Mr. Sinnett. At one period of his life he speculated in connection with publishing, and as I understand was subsequently a good deal poorer for his ventures in this direction.

Doubtless many owe their first introduction to Theosophy to Mr. Sinnett's writings, and if any one wishes even at the present day to get a general grasp of Theosophical teaching they cannot do better than purchase a copy of *Esoteric Buddhism*, which is still obtainable from the Theosophical Publishing House, and to which work, and also to H. P. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*, I personally owe my first acquaintance with Theosophy.

Like other Theosophists, Mr. Sinnett was an ardent champion

of Reincarnation, but he realized that we should not be justified in regarding the reincarnating entity as the complete spiritual being, but rather as that portion of the higher ego which from time to time by reason of karmic necessity requires the experiences involved in manifestation on the physical plane.

We—the souls within us—are not (he wrote), as it were, altogether contained in the material envelope we actuate during life. We clearly



MR. A. P. SINNETT AND HIS DOG.

retain some rights and interests in the ocean of spirit, so to speak, from which we have been stranded on the shores of incarnation. The process of

HIS VIEWS *alternate* existence on the physical and spiritual planes, and
ON REINCAR- thus picture the soul as a complete entity, slipping entirely
NATION. from the one state of existence to the other. A more
 correct definition of the process might represent incarnation
 as taking place on this physical plane of Nature by reason of an efflux

emanating from the soul. The spiritual realm would all the while be the proper habitat of the soul, which would never entirely quit it; and that non-materializable portion of the soul which abides permanently on the spiritual plane may fitly be spoken of as the Higher Self.*

The subjoined observations from one who knew Mr. Sinnett well (Mr. Arthur Edward Waite) will doubtless be read with interest, throwing as they do a more personal light on his literary relationships.

My acquaintance with Alfred Percy Sinnett was made at the beginning of my literary life, and it was probably at a meeting of the Theosophical Society, where I may have been introduced by Fitzgerald Molloy, who was writing historical memoirs and things of that kind, which were well known at the period, though now, I fear, forgotten. Molloy himself I met in the rooms of an old guardsman, Captain John James, the author of a small, practical work on Mesmerism, which was and is considered good. He was a convinced Spiritualist and held séances regularly with Rita, a private medium who is still alive, I believe, but has long ceased to practise. I had published a volume of poems, and it was, I think, over Eliphas Lévi that Sinnett and I got to know one another. He had just entered into a kind of sleeping partnership with George Redway, who had begun the publication of occult books in York Street, Covent Garden. I had a scheme for the translation and digest of Lévi's writings, about which I must have told Sinnett, and so I got to know Redway, with whom a contract was arranged. The work appeared in the autumn of 1885, but was dated in the following year on the title-page, as appeared to be a custom then. It was the aftermath of the Coulomb revelations and the Hodgson Report on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research, so that occultism, which had been the fashion of a season, was under a serious cloud. It was already a considerable time since Sinnett had left India, having relinquished his editorial connection with *The Pioneer* of Allahabad, but he was writing its London Letter. I remember taking over that work for part of a summer during his absence from London; it was my only excursion in journalism, properly so called, and I have dark recollections of its burden. My book on the Rosicrucians had appeared in the meantime and the monthly magazine *Lucifer* had started in 1887 under the auspices of Madame Blavatsky, with the assistance of Mabel Collins. Sinnett and H. P. B. were living very near one another in the district of Ladbroke Grove. The London Lodge of the Theosophical Society—having passed through certain vicissitudes—was meeting somewhat unofficially and drew various people together at Sinnett's house, under the lightest possible yoke of a common understanding on the "three principles," meaning that we subscribed in our own manner to the idea of universal brotherhood, the importance of comparative religion, and were out for the investigation of unexplained natural laws. My recollection of the meetings is pleasant. Mrs. Sinnett was a good hostess and a woman of peculiar charm, while Sinnett himself was a clear speaker with a sufficiently logical mind and the force of his strong convictions. The occult notabilities of the period met there as at a centre, some of them still well remembered, others whose names spell nothing now—except to a few

* *The Growth of the Soul.* Theosophical Publishing House. 7s. 6d. net.

survivors of those days. Edward Maitland was always in evidence, but Anna Kingsford was already a personality of the past. The Countess Wachmeister was a fairly familiar presence ; H. P. B. was living in her house then. Dr. Arabella Kenealey was seen occasionally and William Eldon Serjeant, who seemed to have revelations of his own. Among the rest was Dr. E. W. Herridge, with vague feelings towards alchemy and a definite belief in the mission of Thomas Lake Harris, as also in the Kabalistic pretensions of MacGregor Mathers. There was also Rosa Baughan, with a palmist's reputation, and Dora de Blaquièrè—in a very different category—an informed and thoughtful woman ; it was she, if I remember, who first made me familiar with the wonderful correspondence between L. C. de Saint-Martin and Baron de Leibistorf.

Among Sinnett's good qualities, being many, I count in the forefront his abstinence from personal propaganda. I question whether he and I ever talked of Theosophy. Mrs. Atwood, somewhere about this period, sent him her admirable library of alchemical texts. They were mostly in Latin and not of much use to him, but I went over all the treasures, and one of our subjects—over and above the literature as it stood—was the construction placed upon it by *The Suggestive Enquiry*, the uncritical nature of which was manifest to myself, even in those early stages of research.

Sinnett was a man of varied interest, outside his main dedication. In India, as indeed subsequently, he was an ardent supporter and exponent of bimetallism, which—no doubt—he had every reason to be, as the editor of a prominent Anglo-Indian newspaper. He had also financial activities, a fact which led to my having some experience in the editorship of commercial magazines and papers, in which Sinnett and others were interested. From that time forward I saw more of him in those circles than elsewhere. When the London Lodge was removed to Avenue Road my casual membership ceased. I was translating and editing texts of alchemical literature, and when I brought out *The Unknown World*, Sinnett wrote, I think, an article on Theosophy in the first or an early issue. But we met seldom subsequently and then in business circles—the West Australian Market Trust and activities of that kind.

These are unconcerted reminiscences, and as I pretend to no accuracy in the matter of dates I have cited very few. I will end with one further point, which interested and no doubt diverted me a good deal at the time. It shows again the versatility of the friend who is lost now to those theosophical circles in which he worked so long. When my book on the Rosicrucians came out in 1886–1887 the Baconians fell upon it in rapture. It had never occurred to them previously that Bacon was not only a Brother of the Rosy Cross but the founder or at least the restorer of that mysterious Order. The explanation is that in 1662 the mountebank John Heydon stole Bacon's *New Atlantis* and reproduced it as a Rosicrucian text, by the aid of fraudulent alterations. My book unfolded the fact, and the Baconians discovered wonders behind it, to which they would fain have converted me. I remember leaving the house of their chief evangelist, Mrs. Henry Pott, to dine one evening with Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, where I related how I had been amused. A remark of Sinnett has always remained with me ; he could not understand people spending their lives over a mere question of authorship. Subsequently, however, he became an ardent Baconian and—as usual with him—it was the only possible standpoint for any person of understanding.

To conclude, I have refrained from all but the barest allusion to Theosophy itself and Sinnett's connection therewith: it might lead up to controversial matters, which there is every reason to avoid.

A recent appeal which came before the Lord Chief Justice and four other High Court judges, against a conviction for fortune telling, raised some stir at the time, on account of a ruling of the judges in diametrical opposition to numerous previous decisions. The Lord Chief Justice, who had quite recently been appointed to his position, stated that he did not think it necessary in a case of this kind for the magistrate to find that there was an intention to deceive; and the other judges—one, at least, with some apparent reluctance—concurred in this decision. The contrary view to this has been so widely held and affirmed in the past, and seems so entirely in accordance with the spirit and wording of the law referred to, that the decision very

naturally caused great astonishment. The decision of Lord Young in this connection has been frequently cited, in the case of *Smith v. Neilson*. Lord Young took the view that it was necessary to prove an intent to deceive. In a later case,* Mr. Justice Darling—one of the four judges concerned in the recent case—actually concurred in this view, so that in supporting the Lord Chief Justice he was going back on his own previously expressed opinion. Mr. Justice Sankey, in giving judgment in the case of *Rex v. Davis*, October, 1917, stated that an intention to deceive was one of the ingredients of the offence. Mr. Asquith, as Home Secretary, stated in the House of Commons, June 16, 1893, that the essence of the offence created by the statute is the intention to impose, and another Home Secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, on May 23, 1898, stated also in the House of Commons that "the practice of palmistry is not in itself illegal. An offence is only committed when there is an intention to impose." † In the well-known case of *Rex v. Penny*, the same position was adopted by Mr. Justice Denman, and again in the case of *Rex v. Leo*, both prosecuting and defending counsel were agreed on the point that it was necessary in order to convict, to establish the fact that the predictions had been made with an intent to deceive in order to come within the purview of the statute. The over-ruling of so many authoritative opinions by the new Lord Chief Justice has naturally not been allowed to rest unchallenged, and it has

* *Reg v. Entwistle*, 1899.

† I am indebted to the *International Psychic Gazette* for the above particulars.

been contended—not, as it appears to me, without reason—that Lord Chief Justice Lawrence and his assessors were rather distorting the meaning of the law for the purpose of the suppression of fortune telling, than administering it as it stood.

As a result of this decision two petitions have been drawn up to H.M. the King, through the instrumentality of the *International Psychic Gazette*, the first and general one appealing for a discrimination between law-abiding citizens using their psychic gifts for justifiable purposes, and those who falsely pretend to possess such gifts, with a view to making money by imposing upon the credulous.

The general preamble to this petition has been drafted by Sir Oliver Lodge, and it has received many weighty signatures, including those of Sir W. F. Barrett, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Professor Gilbert Murray, Professor F. C. Schiller, Lady Glenconner, and a number of others. The second petition deals specifically with the injustice alleged to have been done to Miss Jean Stonehouse and Mrs. Kate Smythe, who were convicted under the statute, and whose appeal was dismissed.

The Lord Chief Justice took the view—surely a preposterous one—that it was impossible under any circumstances to predict the future. The date of the trial was April 19, the time when the miners' dispute was dislocating the entire industrial organization of the country. Under the date of April, 1921, their lordships might have read in *Zadkiel's Almanac* the following words:

IMPOSSIBLE "Troubles connected with mines and miners may
BUT TRUE! probably occur in the first half, and with railway
 men in the latter half of the month." And under
the remarks in reference to the vernal equinox, March 21, to
June 21, the following: "Mercury in the ascendant with
Uranus and in parallel with Mars indicates litigation, disputes,
and quarrels. Young communists will endeavour to make
strikes and may cause much trouble to the authorities and the
public." It is noteworthy that the strike came to an end with
the expiration of the vernal equinox, the positions in which were
the main cause of the prediction.

In referring to the annular eclipse of the sun on April 8, visible in England, Zadkiel quoted the old astrologer, Junctinus, as stating that this would be followed by "acute fevers, excess of heat, and scarcity of rain, especially in countries subjected to the sign in which the eclipse happens." It will be noted that the eclipse took place in Aries, which has always been recognized as England's ruling sign. Men of science have speculated in vain as

regards the cause of the long continued drought and heat, which has no parallel in British meteorological records, but it will be noted that it was clearly and plainly foretold, from the astronomical

THE
DROUGHT
FORETOLD.

positions at the recent Solar Eclipse, in *Zadkiel's Almanac* for the year. In face of these predictions synchronizing with the date of the trial, the Lord Chief Justice's statements ring singularly false. It would be easy to cite numerous other cases in which clairvoyants and others have made predictions which have been fulfilled with singular accuracy. I gave one myself in an earlier number of this magazine, the clairvoyante in the case being Madame Voyer. She predicted to a cousin of mine, to whom she was a total stranger, that he would come into money in the second week of the month following that of his visit to her. As a matter of fact, he came into £5,000 on the thirteenth day of the following month.

The very fatuous statement made by the Lord Chief Justice that if predictions could be made, any one could become a millionaire, carries its own refutation on the face of it. It has never been contended that predictions could be given to order on any and every possible subject, and the gifts of clairvoyance in particular are not available under all conditions. A definite question put at a moment of urgent need is much more likely to meet with a correct response than vague or frivolous inquiries with regard to the future. I confess it seems to me that a judge

A SENSELESS
OBSERVATION

who disputes the possibility of predicting the future must be ignorant alike of science and of history. As to the interpretation of the law, this is an entirely different matter. The new Lord Chief Justice took it upon himself to adopt a diametrically opposite opinion to that which has hitherto been held in relation to a statute, the original object of which was to suppress fortune telling by gypsies. I venture to suggest that he should have brought forward arguments to make good his position which he entirely failed to do, if he wished to establish the fact that his learned predecessors were so uniformly in error.

The summer Course at the Goetheanum is inspired by the wish to bring art back to its true place in life.* Occultism shows that we possess latent supersensible organs of perception which when rightly developed put us in conscious contact with the higher

* This note is contributed by Baron Arild Rosenkrantz.

worlds. Art depends upon imaginative vision, and this vision is brought about by the development of these supersensible organs. Training develops them, and this training is intimately bound up with the development of humanity in the future. Occultism can reveal to the artist how he can fulfil his mission in life, for it contains the hidden wisdom which at present is suffocated by the trend of modern culture.

Dr. Steiner has formulated it in the Anthroposophical teaching which is given out at the Goetheanum. The art Course should awaken in people the realization that all imperishable art springs from spiritual impulses which are the bases of true occultism. The art Course will deal with the various branches of Art. There will be performances of Mystery Plays. The new art of Eurhythmics will be taught. This art is founded on occult research and seeks to counteract the destructive elements in modern life. It produces a harmonious balance in the individual. It is being extensively taught to children also at the School.

Other important Courses have already taken place at the Goetheanum dealing with Science and Education. At these Courses men of science and educationalists from many countries took part, many of these being students of Anthroposophy who are beginning to bring occult researches to bear on their various branches of Science.

The educational Courses have resulted in the foundation of the Warldorf School at Stuttgart where all the teachers are pupils of the Goetheanum. Already over 250 children are being taught in the Warldorf School.

JEANNE D'ARC

By F. FIELDING-OULD

THE recent canonization of Jeanne d'Arc is an important event for Spiritualists. Jeannette, as she was called at home, though she was skilled with the needle and so expert in all such housewifery mysteries that she protested she feared no rival in all Rouen, could neither read nor write, and was a true child of the peasantry of Lorraine. Yet she was called to play a great part in the world, and her short career is marked with most unmistakable evidences of the inspiration and guidance of very high intelligences. Dunois, the bastard son of Orleans, one of the leading captains of the age, said: "I think Jeanne was sent by God, and that her behaviour in war was a fact divine rather than human. Putting herself at the head of the army, she executed many marvellous manœuvres that had not been thought of by two or three accomplished generals working together." The Duke d'Alencon testified at the trial for rehabilitation: "In war-like things, assembling an army, ordering military operations, directing artillery, she was most skilful. Every one wondered that she could act with as much wisdom and foresight as a Captain who had fought for twenty or thirty years. It was above all in making use of artillery that she was so wonderful." Thibault d'Armagnac and others who had been present with Jeanne on the field were no less emphatic in praising her military genius. Whence Jeanne received guidance is well seen in Dunois' evidence. In a moment of special difficulty and perplexity, he says, "She mounted her horse, retired to a vineyard, all alone by herself, remained in prayer about half an hour; then returning and seizing her banner by both hands, she placed herself on the edge of the trench. At sight of her, the English trembled and were seized with sudden fear."

The voices and apparitions which came unbidden to this country girl show her to have been, in modern language, a very powerful clairvoyante, clairaudient and materializing medium, and the character and quality of the spirits who communicated with her from her thirteenth year onwards are an additional proof, if one were needed, of the transparent purity, sincerity, and piety

of her soul. Jeanne's enemies made the most searching inquiry into her past life, with the object of blackening her character, the incredulous and cautious Dauphin instituted inquiries at her first appearance, and in the process of Rehabilitation a third minute search was made into all the circumstances of her short life. The result of all these investigations was completely and triumphantly in favour of her blameless and beautiful soul.

In spite of all, the enemies of the Maid, to please the dreaded English and in accordance with benighted mediæval prejudices, set themselves resolutely and unscrupulously to bring about her death. And in all history, since Christ stood in the early morning before Pilate, no more pathetic figure has been seen than that of the brave girl of nineteen sitting among a throng of subtle churchmen to defend herself against their deceitful and harassing accusations.

But if there is plain evidence of inspiration in Jeanne's activities in the field, it is no less conspicuous in her answers and demeanour before her judges. "I will give you a mouth, and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to withstand or to gainsay" (St. Luke xxi. 15) was a promise clearly fulfilled in her case.

"You say you are a devout Christian," said the inquisitors in effect, "and that your voices came from God; will you then, for you are only an unlearned country girl, submit the facts to the mature and competent judgment of the Church?" What could have been more reasonable, and yet what would have been more certainly fatal to her whole contention? "Take me then before the Pope, the head of the Church," said Jeanne, "and I will address myself to him, or before the General Council of Bale." "Hold your tongue, in the devil's name!" exclaimed the Bishop of Beauvais, seeing his victim likely to escape him altogether. Indeed, a wary and experienced ecclesiastical lawyer could not have extricated himself more skilfully.

"Such difficult, subtle and crafty questions were asked of and propounded to poor Jeanne," says a Dominican friar who was there, "that the great clerics and learned people present would have found it hard to reply." G. Mauchon, the Registrar who was present at the trial, confesses, "She could not have defended herself before such great doctors, had she not been inspired."

The martyr was refused the aid of Counsel before the court, but in her prison cell it was clear and unfailing. The spirits whom she confidently recognized as St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to her there, and advised her day by day as to what she should answer her enemies. "Do you call them, or do they

come without being called ? ” she was asked. “ They often come without being called,” she replied, “ and other times if they do not come soon, I pray Our Lord to send them.”

The intimacy and vivid reality of these apparitions is clear from the evidence of Jeanne herself taken under oath. St. Michael had first appeared to her and announced the coming of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, who, he said, had been appointed as her special guides and helpers in her great work. These two saints she had often, during a course of years, both heard and seen ; they had given her their names and she had no difficulty in recognizing and distinguishing them. She speaks of their beauty and of their crowns of glory “ very rich and precious,” and asserts that she has embraced their materialized forms. She knows they are good spirits by the “ good counsel, comfort and good doctrine ” which they had given her. They had been “ pleased from time to time to receive her confession, each in turn.” “ Did you ever kiss or embrace St. Catherine or St. Margaret ? ” asked her judges. “ I have embraced them both,” Jeanne replied. “ In embracing them, did you feel any heat or anything else ? ” “ I could not have embraced them without feeling and touching them.” “ What part did you kiss—face or feet ? ” “ It is more proper and respectful to kiss their feet.”

It might have been thought that any heart would have been softened and touched by the sight of the young girl with her black short hair and her boy's jerkin and hose, defending herself so bravely and with so many appeals to God and all that is sweet and holy ; but her judges, and especially the infamous Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, were determined to have her life and strained every nerve to entrap her to her undoing. We see her at last weeping bitterly and wringing her hands as they lead her to the stake—there, as they fasten the chain about her, she calls to St. Michael to aid her, and later, as the flames envelop her girlish form, the old market-place rings with her voice as she cries upon the name of the Saviour.

“ We are all lost, we have burned a saint ! ” says the executioner, as he turns from his horrid work ; and his estimate of Jeanne the Maid has been solemnly confirmed at last by the Church which murdered her.

It is easy to say it was not the Church, but a few misguided churchmen who were responsible, but it was an Ecclesiastical Court which condemned her, and for an ecclesiastical offence ; and Jeanne's name must be placed with Gallileo's, Fra Bruno's, Savonarola's, and those of a host of others who have been the

victims of the ignorance, prejudice and cruelty of the professed servants of Christ.

Jeanne was burned on May 30, 1431; on July 7, 1456, the sentence was revoked. Pius X in 1904 declared her "Venerable," in 1908 she was "Beatified," and in 1920 added to the golden roll of Saints. Pierre Cauchon, it is said, repented and built a chapel by way of expiation. This, however, did not prevent his ecclesiastical disgrace, for after dying suddenly while being shaved on December 18, 1442, he was excommunicated posthumously by Calixtus IV and his body exhumed and cast into a sewer. One might have hoped that the story ended there, but there is a sequel in our own day, for though Jeanne has been "raised to the altars," there are mediums still, and there are still found occupants of Pierre Cauchon's chair of condemnation.

Jeanne's "saints" were pronounced by the Church of her day to be devils. "She hath invoked demons and evil spirits, consulted them, associated with them, hath made and had with them compacts, treaties and conventions," so run the articles of condemnation. In the sentence of excommunication we read, "Thou hast been on the subject of thy pretended divine revelations and apparitions lying, seducing, pernicious, presumptuous, lightly believing, rash, superstitious, a divineress and blasphemer towards God and the Saints." There are to be found many ecclesiastics in our own day who are equally ready to incur the risk of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost—"Say we not well that Thou hast a devil?" From many pulpits modern spiritualism has been condemned as the work of evil spirits seeking to seduce the faithful from the following of Christ. When Master Guillaume Erard preached against her in the Square at Rouen, Jeanne heard her spirit friends say, "Answer this preacher boldly!" and all through her trial she was urged to take a positive and defiant attitude, to refuse to be intimidated and brow-beaten by the learned Doctors of a Church, from whose ignorance and prejudice she appealed to God Himself.

But the arrogant Roman Church, which has never dared on any subject to say "I do not know," and so has continually put itself in the wrong, has in the matter of Jeanne the Maid confessed that an error was committed and has sought to dissociate itself from the doings of Cauchon, the Abbot of Fécamp, the University of Paris, and the rest of them. But what is the value of a repentance without amendment? The lesson is still unlearned, and any one who presumes to say he has had communications from good spirits sent by Christ Himself is met with the old chorus of

scoffing incredulity and condemnation. Is then Jeanne the only genuine medium, and is her case the only believable example of God's working for man's welfare by such a method?

Jeanne's test of the high origin of her "Voices," that they "gave her good counsel, comfort and good doctrine," is the only, but quite adequate, test we can apply in the case of the modern medium, and the impassioned addresses on the beauty of holiness, on the joy and privilege of obedience to God, and on the unmeasured love which lies at the root of all the Divine activities, which the present writer has himself heard from controlling spirits, proclaim unmistakably their exalted origin.

Cauchon, who prided himself on his knowledge of the English tongue, wished beyond all else to ingratiate himself with that nation, and attain his ambition, so it is said, the Archbishopric of Rouen. "He loved the praise of men more than the praise of God," and to gratify the Earl of Warwick, closed his heart and conscience against the appeal of Jeanne's sincerity and innocence. Very dreadful was his crime. "Bishop, I die by you," exclaimed the Maid. "I summon you before God!"

I would bid the opponents of the Higher Spiritualism beware lest perchance they should find themselves also to be fighting against God. He fulfils Himself in many ways, and we should confine ourselves to scrutinizing the quality of the revelation rather than presume to scoff at the method He sees fit to employ. He has been known, so it is said, to have once rebuked a prophet by the mouth of an ass.

The reputation of the venerable Church is at the mercy of the handful who speak in her name in any generation, just as most people judge of her entirely by the conduct of their own parish priest. If Cauchon and his associates had but been able to perceive it, Jeanne was bringing honour to their Church and greatly strengthening her doctrine of the Communion of Saints and of the Divine favours conferred sometimes upon a holy life. It is an important thing to be able to recognize one's real friends and allies, and the Church to-day should show herself more ready to admit the great impulse which is being given to her own essential teaching by the more enlightened exponents of what is despised as Spiritualism. After all, it is not the Church, but Christ Whom we must seek to please, and the two things have not always gone together.

There is a great deal which passes under the name of Spiritualism which is contemptible and mischievous, but at its best it is a mighty power to arouse the sluggish, worldly soul. There are

many who have as surely talked with the departed servants of God as did Jeanne d'Arc five hundred years ago, and who live renewed lives in the joy and hope of their consoling and uplifting inspiration, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the Church may not require another five hundred years to get the fact into her beautiful, and rather stupid, head.*

* The quotations in the above article are, for the most part, from Douglas Murray's admirable *Jeanne d'Arc*.

GHOSTS

By D. S. GOODWIN

I LINGERED in a garden grave yet gay,
 Grave with the ghosts of mem'ries that had been,
 Gay with the glinting sunshine and the sheen
 Of flowers that dream the sunlit hours away
 And leaves against the sky that softly sway
 In the faint languor of a summer day.

There came no echo of past joys and dead,
 The still old house drowsed in the quiet noon
 And all lay silent 'neath the spell of June.
 Only the shadows o'er the grass were shed,
 As o'er the terraced walks whence life had fled
 Leaves murmured while the hours of noontide sped

Until it seemed no more the leaves that stirred,
 It was instead the swish of silken gown
 That rustled as the ghosts came softly down.
 And sheen of flow'rs all dim became and blurred
 To silks and satins changed, and then I heard
 Just here and there a voice—a phantom word!

And now soft laughter, faint yet crystal clear,
 And now the sadness of a swift-drawn sigh
 Breathing, "Ah, life was sweet, why did we die
 Who sang love's music in the garden here?"
 Do spirits weep? I seemed to see a tear
 Droop on the cheek of one who lingered near.

ALCHEMY AND MODERN SCIENCE

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.S.

THE science of radioactivity, by the remarkable nature of its achievements and the extraordinary advances it has already made during the few years of its existence, has perhaps more than any other caught the attention of the man in the street and fired his imagination. Its importance alike for philosophy and for its two sister-sciences, chemistry and physics, can hardly be over-estimated; and to the serious student of Occultism it is of the greatest interest, not only because of its intrinsic philosophical significance, but also because it has provided something approximating to a complete vindication of the speculations of the old-time alchemists.

The science numbers amongst its workers many men of distinction. Not least amongst these is Frederick Soddy. Moreover, Professor Soddy possesses in a marked degree the happy power of putting scientific ideas into clear and simple language devoid of technicalities. His *The Interpretation of Radium** is essentially a work for the reader who desires a survey of the science of radioactivity at once scientific in its accuracy and popular in its mode of presentation. Professor Soddy has been so much impressed by the similarity between the fruits of modern science and those of ancient speculation, that he suggests that what we call the speculations of the alchemists may perchance be all that has remained of a body of knowledge, vaster far than is ours, which an ancient race of mankind, long since perished, had wrested from Nature. The hypothesis is frankly given as imaginative, but it will certainly be of interest to those who credit the existence of an Atlantean civilization in prehistoric times.

For my own part I prefer to envisage the philosophical achievements of the alchemists as the result of highly intuitive minds pursuing the *a priori* method. Intuition is—so to speak—a short cut to knowledge. It gives a splendid sweep, a magnificent survey. But it sacrifices detail to achieve this end. The induc-

* *The Interpretation of Radium and the Structure of the Atom.* By Frederick Soddy, M.A., F.R.S. With illustrations. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. 8½ in. by 5½ in., pp. xvi+260+14 plates. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. Price 15s. net.

tive method of modern science proceeds far more slowly, but certainly more surely. Matters of detail are of the greatest importance when it comes to a question of making practical use of knowledge. A philosophy of the universe complete in broad outline is, no doubt, very satisfying to the mind. A philosophy less in its extent, but more precise in its details—a single mathematical formula summing up innumerable facts into one single generalization inductively achieved—is, perhaps, more useful.

The mistake is often made of supposing that the science of radioactivity has exploded Dalton's atomic theory. Nothing could be further from the truth. The most severe attack on Dalton's theory came from Professors Wald and Ostwald about twenty years ago: but their objections were not based on radioactive grounds. If radioactivity has considerably modified the atomic theory, it has at the same time greatly strengthened it, as Professor Soddy well shows, inasmuch as the at-first-sight inexplicable facts of radioactivity have received so complete and satisfying an explanation in terms of this theory. But no longer is the atom conceived to be the ultimate unit of matter—it is the unit for the purposes of chemistry only; and no longer can we regard the atoms of one and the same chemical element as necessarily identical in weight.

From its very inception men of science resented the implication of the atomic theory that the physical universe was composed of some seventy-odd irresolvable elements. Their philosophical bias was towards monism. The hypothesis was put forward (by Prout in 1815) that all the varying elements are composed of hydrogen; but it failed then to be substantiated. We now know that Prout was fundamentally in the right. The alchemical hypothesis of the unity of all matter has triumphed.

Recent research has shown that an atom consists of essentially two parts, and resembles in a way a solar system. The sun of this system (the nucleus) is relatively massive. It is made up of hydrogen nuclei (i.e. hydrogen atoms each deprived of one electron or negative unit of electricity) and (or) helium nuclei or α -particles (i.e. helium atoms each deprived of two electrons) together with (in most cases at any rate) electrons or β -particles. The latter, however, are not sufficient to neutralize the positive charge of the former, so that the nucleus of every atom is positively charged. Around this nucleus, as planets around a sun, revolve β -particles or electrons, sufficient in number to neutralize its net charge.

The atomic weight of an element, and, in fact, all its mass properties, depend entirely upon the magnitude of the nucleus.

Its chemical properties, on the other hand, depend solely upon the number of electrons (called "the atomic number") revolving about this. It is possible, therefore—and the fact necessitates a radical revision of ideas in chemistry—to have elements of different atomic weight (different size nucleus) with identical chemical properties (same "atomic number"), as well as those of identical atomic weight (same size nucleus) with different chemical properties (different "atomic number"). The former are called "isotopes," the latter "isobares." Many cases of each are now known. Isotopes cannot be separated by means of any chemical method, and the recent brilliant researches of Dr. F. W. Aston* have demonstrated that many of the common chemical elements are mixtures of isotopes.

The radioactive elements are, as is now well known, spontaneously undergoing transmutation into other elements, as a result of the expulsion of either α - or β -particles from their nuclei. Their complicated but fascinating life-histories are well told by Mr. Soddy in the work already referred to. In every case the final products appear to be the two elements helium and lead (or rather isotopes of the latter). It is interesting to note that determinations of the atomic weight and density of lead from radioactive sources have shown slight divergences from those of ordinary lead agreeing with those predicted by the theory of isotopy.

Not yet has science discovered how to modify these changes. Each radioactive element disintegrates in its own way and at its own speed, independently of whatever treatment is meted out to it. No doubt the non-radioactive elements are also undergoing similar changes, but at rates too slow to allow of this being perceived. The late Sir William Ramsay thought that by using the tremendous energy of radioactive changes he might succeed in bringing about the transmutation of other elements, and claimed to have been successful in several cases. Repetition of certain of his experiments has, however, proved abortive; but the transmutation of minute quantities of nitrogen into hydrogen by bombarding it with α -particles does appear to have been achieved by Sir Ernest Rutherford.†

Could the control of radioactive change be achieved, then

* See F. W. Aston: "Mass-spectra and Atomic Weights," *Journal of the Chemical Society*, vol. cxix., pp. 677 *et seq.* (May, 1921).

† E. Rutherford: "Collision of α -Particles with Light Atoms," *Philosophical Magazine*, 6th series, vol. xxxvii., pp. 537 *et seq.* (June, 1919).

the artificial production of gold—the *magnum opus* of alchemy—might be readily effected. Thus, the expulsion of two α -particles per atom from bismuth or one from thallium would yield the required result. Or lead could be converted into mercury by the expulsion of one α -particle and this into gold by the expulsion of an α - and a β -particle. In each case, it is interesting to note, in view of some of the remarks of the old-time alchemists concerning the qualities of philosophical gold, the gold made by such processes would have a slightly higher atomic weight than ordinary gold, and would, in all probability, be somewhat more dense.

It must be understood, however, that in radioactive changes the particles (whether α or β) are, as already mentioned, expelled from the nucleus. The outer ring of electrons seems to act as a barrier to the effecting of changes within, and the expulsion or addition of electrons to the outer rings of elements results, not in transmutation, but in ordinary chemical reactions.

But, as Professor Soddy has elsewhere remarked* and again emphasizes in the present work: "if man ever achieves this further control over Nature, it is quite certain that the last thing he would want to do would be to turn lead or mercury into gold—for the sake of gold. The energy that would be liberated, if the control of these sub-atomic processes were as possible as is the control of ordinary chemical changes, such as combustion, would far exceed the gold in importance and value. Rather it would pay to transmute gold into silver or some base metal."

The recent lock-out in the coal-mining industry has brought vividly to our minds the value of energy and our absolute dependence on it. Energy is not only the Philosopher's Stone; it is also the Elixir of Life. In the course of the years a new source of energy must be made available for man's use if he is to survive on this globe. That science will achieve this great end and discover the means by which interatomic energy may be utilized is, to my mind, certain. Not merely will transmutation then be achieved, but what is more important, the tremendous stores of energy then unlocked will make possible a life of ease and luxury—a paradise on earth—for all mankind. The old-time philosophers dreamt of such a world. It may be initiated in our own generation. Professor Soddy utters a wise word of warning: "Should that day ever arrive, let no one be blind to the magnitude of the issues at stake, or suppose that such an acquisition of the physical resources of humanity can safely be entrusted to those who in the past have converted the blessings already con-

* F. Soddy: *Science and Life* (London, 1920), p. 107.

ferred by science into a curse. As suddenly and unexpectedly as the discovery of radioactivity itself, at any moment some fortunate one among the little group of researchers engrossed in these inquiries might find the clue and follow it up. So would be diverted into the channels of human consciousness and purpose the full primary fountain of natural energy at its source, for use or misuse by men, according to whether the long and bitter lessons of the painful past and present have even yet been really learned." *

Not idly did the old-time alchemists dream and not idly shall their dreams be fulfilled.

* *The Interpretation of Radium*, p. 252.

THE LOST INHERITANCE

BY FRANK LIND

"If the confidence of children can be gained . . . it is surprising how many claim to have seen fairies."—SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHILDREN, are they not Heaven-born ;
Pure in heart as the white-souled dawn ?—
Tripping with Fancy hand-in-hand,
To earth from some uncharted land.

Every child is a foe to Care,
Friend of the sunlight, song, and air ;
Only they and the angels may
Look up into God's face all day.

Once we too had a faith like these,
Gazed on dryads amidst the trees ;
Where now with heedless feet we pass,
Nor see the fairies in the grass !

OCCULTISM—TRUE AND FALSE

By JOHN SPENCER

III. THE NATURAL PSYCHIC AND THE BLACK MAGICIAN

BEFORE going on to deal with the essential principles of true Occultism, the ultimate aim of which as I endeavoured to emphasize in my last essay, is nothing lower than the attainment of Christhood by the individual, it may not be amiss to devote one of these papers to an effort to make clear the distinction between the genuine follower of the Path of Adeptship and two other very different classes of occultists, with whom he is often confused by those who have only slight knowledge of occult matters. These two classes are themselves absolutely distinct and may be called The Natural Psychic and The Black Magician respectively. It should, however, be pointed out that while the True Occultist and the Black Magician are the poles asunder, and utterly incompatible types, there is no reason why a Natural Psychic should not belong to either of the other two classes, but the great majority belong to neither.

First let us consider the distinction between the True Occultist and the Natural Psychic. The aim of the Occultist is *spiritual* development, not *psychic* development. To him, psychic gifts are not in any sense an end in themselves. Clairvoyance, mediumship, and the development of the power to use the astral body are at the very most means to a higher end, to be cultivated not for their own sake but as steps to the more sublime and exalted faculties which lie nearer his ultimate goal. But, in truth, he prefers to look at the matter from another angle. The greater includes the less, and if he is to be successful in his quest after spiritual consciousness in the highest sense, he can hardly fail on the way to develop the less exalted gifts which belong to the domain of the psychic, not the spiritual, self. A man cannot climb from the plains to the mountain tops without ascending the foothills on his way. Thus to the occultist the development of psychic gifts is an almost inevitable incident of progress. Not that he despises these things: far otherwise—they may be valuable means of enlightenment to himself and of service to others, but they are only a beginning.

Moreover, it is I think true to say, that while all true and earnest followers of the Path probably experience some awakening of psychic powers as they progress (and often at quite an early stage), yet every one's experience is individual, and it by no means follows that all will develop on similar lines. One may be clairvoyant but not clairaudient, another the reverse. One may derive much intuition from a system of symbolism which another finds almost repugnant: it is quite impossible to lay down rules and say: "After so many months you should be able to accomplish this, and so many years later to do that." But in my experience *some* psychic awakening seems to accompany even the early stages of a deliberate effort to ascend the Path of Adeptship, by a person fitted morally and intellectually for the task, and enjoying the guidance of some one more advanced. Without competent and trustworthy guidance no one should attempt the actual development of occult faculties. I can say no more here on the subject of finding that guidance than to quote the old Indian saying that "When the pupil is ready the teacher appears." It is useless to advertise for him or set out on a deliberate search: the person you seek may be living under the same roof. When you are ready to enter on the Path you will find him—it may be by an apparently casual conversation (as happened to myself) or by a seemingly chance introduction, or in some other way, but remember in this matter it is the teacher who chooses the pupil, not the pupil who chooses the teacher. It is far wiser to wait for some one to show you the trodden Path than to try to take the Kingdom of Heaven by storm. Once, in the course of one of my own astral experiences, I was taken by a guide along a narrow and very ill-defined path across an open moor. I should never have found the path, alone and I asked: "What would happen if I missed the path?" "Step off it and see." I did so, and immediately plunged into a bog up to my knee. "That," he said, "is a warning of what may befall those who dabble in occult things without proper guidance and help." I leave it as a warning to those who may be tempted to experiment rashly in the matter of psychic development.

The Natural Psychic, on the other hand, is, as the name implies, merely a person in whom clairvoyance or mediumship is a natural gift (which may or may not have been developed by practice). Such a person may be absolutely devoid of any spiritual aspiration, and of a character wholly unfit for the Path of Adeptship. Natural clairvoyance is no more a guarantee of

moral worth than a natural talent for mathematics or languages. Unless abused, it is, I believe, quite safe, and far less likely to be injurious than *wrongly* trained clairvoyance, though *properly* trained clairvoyance arising as a step in spiritual development is the safest of all, and even beneficial to health. It is obvious that Natural Psychics may have no idea whatever how their faculty works or of the laws governing its use. Their knowledge is purely empirical, and moreover, they are usually unable to control *what* they see. Let us take a simple example which will show the distinction between the trained faculty of the True Occultist and the natural faculty of the Psychic. Suppose an Occultist in London wishes to know what a friend in Birmingham is doing. Assuming a certain stage of knowledge and skill, he can do so quite easily, in more ways than one, either by simple clairvoyance, or by travelling to Birmingham in his astral body (in which case, if the friend is also psychic, he should be aware of it. I have myself performed this experiment successfully over a distance of some 25 miles, correctly describing a room in a house I had never seen, while my friend reported noticing my presence exactly at the correct moment). The Natural Psychic on the other hand may see what is happening in Birmingham, or may not. Glasgow or Plymouth are just as likely to crop up.

Most professional clairvoyants belong to the class of Natural Psychics—most, that is, who are genuine. With the frauds I am not concerned. I am not here going into the somewhat difficult question whether any one is justified in using psychic gifts for profit—it seems difficult to deny the right to make a livelihood by any natural gifts a person may possess, though the temptations in the case of the Psychic to pretend to see what he does not, or to falsify what he does see, must be very great sometimes. I mention this point merely to draw attention to another point of contrast between the Natural Psychic and the True Occultist. The latter never, in any circumstances whatever, takes money for the use of psychic gifts, nor does any genuine Teacher make money out of teaching. Again, I refer not to persons who profess to develop clairvoyance and other purely *psychic* faculties, but to those who having progressed far on the Path of Adeptship themselves are competent to point out the way to others. "The Mysteries of the Kingdom of God" are not to be obtained in "developing circles" at £5 5s. for the course. I limit this financial restriction strictly to the actual use of super-physical powers, or practical instruction in their use. There is no more reason why a writer on occult subjects

should decline remuneration for his work than any one else, but personally I would not take payment for anything which might be *automatically* written through me, nor for psychometry, nor any other process involving clairvoyance or astral work.

The Black Magician is a very different person from the Natural Psychic. Black Magic is not a myth: it is a very terrible reality, and the less a person with any regard for either his moral character or his sanity has to do with it the better. The True Occultist knows only so much of it as will enable him to avoid it like the plague, and protect himself against it if necessary. It is in my opinion regrettable that there should be books published and accessible to any one giving details of black ceremonial magic. For the essential characteristics of the Black Magician are a love of evil for its own sake, and a will deliberately set to work evil. Judging by some of the black rituals I have seen described, he must also be possessed of an iron nerve, and absolutely devoid of any normal human feelings of decency or repulsion from disgusting words or objects. Happily many of the requirements of his arts are practically unobtainable. "Six nails from the coffin of an executed murderer," for example, might give the would-be experimenter considerable trouble. If I remember rightly, they constituted one of the less unpleasant items of the equipment prescribed for a certain invocation which I saw in print somewhere.

It will at once be apparent that the Black Magician is the absolute antithesis of the True Occultist. Where the latter strives to contact and awaken in himself forces of good that he may employ them for the unselfish service of God and man, the Black Magician seeks to evoke forces of evil by evil means that he may use them for his own selfish and wicked purposes.

If it be possible for a man finally and eternally to destroy his soul, the Black Magician is working with all his might in that direction. Compared with him the worst ordinary criminal ever condemned in a court of justice would appear an angel of light. The Black Magician must of necessity possess what Plato called "The lie in the soul," for as a preliminary to his nefarious operations he must have said in his heart, "Evil, be thou my good."

DEATH IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY H. A. DALLAS

IN spite of our Christian profession many fear death both for themselves and others. That we should shrink from it is not unnatural. God has implanted in living creatures an instinctive clinging to life, and without this the development of the animal creation could not have progressed ; the instinct to live promotes that struggle for life which has been so important a factor in evolution. In this instinct man participates, and accordingly he shrinks from dying. There is, also, another reason why he shrinks from death : it involves *apparent* separation from the familiar world and from loved companions, and however much his faith may rise above appearances, this anticipation of change and difference is accompanied by reluctance and sorrow.

These elements in human nature affect our attitude towards death, and cause a sense of shrinking ; but there are other considerations which are not as natural or as justifiable as the above-mentioned. And as science and research have thrown much light on the event of death, these non-natural and unnecessary reasons for shrinking from it can be set aside.

Many persons still regard death as a penalty for human sin, and thus in some sense as a curse. If they are Christians they believe that Christ has changed the curse into a blessing, but, not rarely, there remains a haunting feeling that it is still a penalty due to sin. Now Christ came to reveal the Truth ; that, He declared before Pilate, to be His mission, and His disciple said that He had "brought life and immortality to light" by His "good news." He did not make man immortal : He revealed a Divine fact—a fact which was and is eternally true ; so when He "abolished death," He simply *revealed death as it has ever been in the mind and purpose of God*. Death was never God's curse, but man thought of it so, and therefore it became in his mind a curse. The guilty consciousness of men coloured their view of death. Any notion of a curse as attaching to bodily death is not in the fact itself, but in human consciousness. It is due partly to ignorance, partly to sin. Sin is *spiritual death*, and the consciousness of sin creates in man fear, especially in relation to the Spiritual world and the Unknown.

Science has proved that physical death was a part of the order of nature long before man appeared on earth. Death, as biologists are aware, is neither a reversal of the Divine purpose, nor is it of *necessity* an experience of living creatures. This fact has been clearly set forth in a book by Newman Smyth, published many years ago, called *The Place of Death in Evolution*. There are unicellular organisms which if left to themselves do not die. They propagate by subdivision. Some of them require for their rejuvenescence occasional conjugation. Those that do not conjugate seem to become less capable of propagation. "Death," wrote Mr. Newman Smyth, "enters, as far as is known, in connection with alternations between two methods of reproduction and multiplication of life; it occurs naturally in the course of the change from the asexual method of single cell-division to the method of fertilization, which in time comes to be Nature's dominant method, not only of preserving life, but also of giving it variety, richness and plastic power of adaptation to different environments." (p. 24).

When the organism ceases to propagate by simple cell-division we find death becomes an established fact in multi-cellular organisms, which attain to higher capacities and larger utility *at the cost of self-effacement*.

Mr. Newman Smyth continues: "Biology furnishes thus to philosophy a suggestion of profound truth and of far-reaching significance. For if we recognize the adaptation and use of any factor in the organic world, we are already within sight of some rational apprehension of its benevolent function. . . . Death in the course of Nature is not to be regarded as a disaster. . . . Death, as an adaptation in the Divine economy of Nature, is introduced as a means of life, of ever increasing and happier life." (p. 32).

This view of death may seem to some rather disturbing. What then, they may ask, is the meaning of the story of the Fall in Genesis iii.? Those who recognize that the narrative is a parable, not a precise record of events, do not on that account find it less instructive. The story embodies important truths concerning man's liability to succumb to the appeals of the lower animal nature, and the consequences of surrendering to these appeals to his appetites and pride. We are justified, therefore, in assuming that the sentence of death which is recorded in the narrative as following upon the sin of man, embodies truth, as do other incidents in the parable. We see in it the fact that sin alters the character of the natural incident of dying. "*In the*

day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The penalty is immediate, for spiritual death supervenes. Sin is a process of spiritual decay, and spiritual decay involves the atrophy of the higher life. Fallen man lives according to the flesh, and identifies his consciousness with sense perception, with the inevitable result that the cessation of bodily life becomes, in his view, a disaster. It is humiliation and destruction. "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return" expresses man's sense of degradation and disaster when he has succumbed to the appeal to his animal nature.

Epictetus says in his *Meditations*: "It is not things but the opinion about things that troubles mankind. Thus death is nothing terrible; if it were so, it would have appeared so to Socrates. But the opinion we have about death, that it is wherein the terror lieth." (*Meditations*, Book II, chap. iii.).

Bacon in his *Essay on Death* writes: "Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark. . . . Certainly the contemplation of death as the wages of sin and passage to another world is holy and religious; but the fear of it—as a tribute due unto Nature—is weak." He goes on to deprecate the manner in which religious men have urged us to imagine by self-inflicted suffering "what the pains of death are . . . when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb." Further he adds: "It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men until the last instant. . . . It is as natural to die as to be born." These reflections are the product of observation. They commend themselves to us as true. But this view of death as a natural event, not to be feared, is not consistent with belief that Death is "the wages due to sin." If it were so, to die could not be as natural "as to be born."

The truth is now being more clearly revealed to Humanity by natural science and by research. One of the great purposes of Christ's mission is being fulfilled; the incident of bodily death is seen in a truer aspect. And whilst sin and *judgment* remain inevitably joined together as cause and effect, the mere act of dying is no longer to be conceived of as a punishment: it is a part of the order of the universe ordained by the Infinite Wisdom of the Creator.

No doubt many of the attendant circumstances are distressing to onlookers; and in many cases human depravity has produced diseases and crimes which make the circumstances of death abnormal. These circumstances are not part of the order of

Nature. Even in cases of death from painful diseases, by a natural process pain often ceases with the advent of the inevitable close. Pain is a symptom of the struggle for life, and the cessation of pain in the dying is a token that the struggle is over. Although the unfortunate expression "last agony" has been appropriated to this experience, the dying person is usually quite unconscious, and therefore the final passing of life out of the flesh entails no conscious suffering. Under some conditions even in the conscious state it may be an easy sensation. Archbishop Tait when dying expressed surprise that dying was so "pleasant."

When *death* is not an occasion of fear, *dying* may still be so. In *Guesses at Truth*, by A. Hare and his brother, he says: "The Ancients dreaded death; the Christian can only fear dying." It is this dread of the act of dying which should be banished by the revelation of the truth about death. Science corroborates the teachings of Christ Who ever insisted on bidding His disciples "Fear not." Religious teachers have sometimes inculcated preparation for death by imaginative anticipation of the last hours; but he is most likely to be prepared for that experience who faces life with courage and dutifulness, not allowing his imagination to conjure up the anticipation of possible sufferings, which may never occur.

There is one condition of dying which, however, forces itself at times upon even healthy minds which are never disturbed by the sense of penalty or fear of pain. It is the idea of loneliness that daunts them. A popular hymn expresses this in the line:

"In solemn loneliness the river must be passed."

When Charles Kingsley's wife believed herself to be dying, she asked her husband if he thought it cowardly of one "who had been encompassed with such protecting love as his, to tremble on the brink of the dark river which all must cross alone, to shrink from leaving husband, children—the love that had made life blessed and real and full for so many years—and to go alone into the unknown." Of course he reminded her of what she already believed, that she would not be alone, because Christ would be with her; but in her case, as in others, the heart's desire was for the loved familiar faces, and it is a legitimate desire prompted by the affections God has Himself implanted.

If it can be shown that comradeship, which has been our experience during our sojourn on earth, will not be lacking in the hour of death, a cloud will be lifted from the minds of many.

It is in this respect that Psychological Research throws light upon the event of death. Students in this field of inquiry have collected numerous well-authenticated experiences which very strongly support the conclusion that dying is not a lonely process; that the dying person is accompanied by those who have passed over; that they watch and wait for their friends, as each in turn launches forth into the new stage of life. The evidence is cumulative, and so convincing that many now regard death as a *social* act: it takes its place among the many experiences which bind man to his fellows. It is as members of a fellowship, in which the law of mutual dependence and service are constantly operative, that each individual develops from the moment of birth. This mutual dependence and service become delightful when love, rather than necessity, dominates the relations of each to all and all to each. Loneliness is dreaded because it is abnormal and alien to the nature of mankind: it makes a breach in the order of Human life as Divinely ordained. If the incident of death is not a curse due to sin, but a part of the original scheme, it seems probable that the social law which governs all human development will not be interrupted by this natural incident. The evidence which confirms this probability is, therefore, in line with that which our normal experience would lead us to expect.

The outcome of years of familiarity with Psychological Studies cannot, of course, be epitomized in a review article. One can only indicate a small fragment of the evidence which has altered the aspect of death in this particular, by citing two or three experiences. The general result of prolonged study and experience has been stated by one of the most careful and patient pioneers in this field of inquiry, Frederic Myers. In his great work on *Human Personality* he says: "In the infinite Universe man may now feel, for the first time, at home. The worst fear is over: the true security is won. The worst fear was the fear of spiritual extinction or solitude." (Vol. II, p. 281).

I will cite three cases which illustrate the main contention of this article. The first was sent to me by a private correspondent. "A friend of mine had a little girl, of about two. The grandmother lived with them and had a great deal to do with the baby, as they were business people. The old lady died, and we all said: 'What will Edie do without her grandmama?' A few weeks afterwards she was taken very ill and lay for days without taking the slightest notice of any one. I sat up two nights with her. Towards the end of the week, in the early morning, she was restless, and then she put out her little arms, a

beautiful smile came over her face, and she said 'Grandma!' and breathed her last."

"Last year an old aunt of mine was very ill. Uncle went into her room, and she looked so bright and said, 'I have seen father.' Then she fell asleep, and those were the last words she said."

In these instances the dying person recognized the presences. In the following case the presences were observed but not recognized. The following account was sent to the editor of *Light* by Dr. J. G. Grosse: "In 1860 we had a patient named D., an ex-superintendent of Excise, who succumbed to an enormous enlargement of the liver. My brother was an intimate friend, and in answer to a summons by telegram arrived by rail, and remained with Mr. D. until he passed away a few hours afterwards. A Mr. R., an exciseman and a friend, was there as well, and to their astonishment the dying supervisor asked Mr. R. to ask him some questions as to gauging a malt floor, etc. He did so, and Mr. D. asked if he had correctly answered them, to which Mr. R. replied, 'Quite correctly.' Mr. D. then said: 'My reason for asking you to question me is to assure you that I am in full possession of my faculties and not suffering from hallucinations. Now,' he continued, 'I wish to tell you that in addition to my wife and yourselves I see the room filled with others whom I know not, but they are evidently here for some good purpose; for what I cannot tell, but for your comfort I wish you to know, what I have never doubted, that the spiritual world is not a question, but a fact.' He died very shortly after he made this statement. My brother, Mr. R. and Mr. D. were all members of the Congregational Church." *

In the following incident there is no indication that the presence seen by two witnesses was observed by the dying child. It may well have been so, for unconsciousness in relation to physical life is no guarantee of total unconsciousness. Ordinary sleep does not involve complete unconsciousness, and the comatose state of the dying only informs us of their condition in relation to physical objects. The account was sent to the S.P.R. by a clergyman and is published here by special permission.

The full account runs as follows: "A little friend of ours, H. G., had been ill a long time. His mother, who was my greatest friend, had nursed her boy with infinite care, and during her short last illness was full of solicitude for him.

"After her death he seemed to become stronger for a time,

* G. J. G. (*Light*, March 9, 1907).

but again grew very ill, and needed the most constant care, his eldest sister watching over him as the mother had done. As I was on the most intimate terms with the family, I saw a great deal of the invalid.

"On Sunday evening, June 28, 1903, about nine o'clock, I and the sister were standing at the foot of the bed, watching the sick one, who was unconscious, when suddenly I saw the mother distinctly. She was in her ordinary dress as when with us, nothing supernatural in her appearance. She was bending over her boy with a look of infinite love and longing and did not seem to notice us. After a minute or two she quietly and suddenly *was not there*. I was so struck that I turned to speak to the sister, but she seemed so engrossed that I did not think it wise to say anything.

"The little patient grew gradually worse, until on Tuesday evening, June 30, I was summoned to go at once. When I arrived at the house he had passed away. After rendering the last offices of love to the dear little body, the sister and I again stood, as on the Sunday, when I said, 'M——, I had a strange experience on Sunday evening here.' She quickly replied, 'Yes, mother was here; I saw her.' The young girl is not given to fancies at all, and must have been impressed as I was." (The mother had died some years previously.)

In conclusion I will refer readers interested in this department of psychical research to a book by Mr. J. Arthur Hill, called *Psychical Investigations*. In Chapters II and III he relates some striking experiences which led him to the conclusion that "there seems very good reason to believe that all dying people are met and helped over by friends or relatives on the other side" (p. 28).

The doubt may be raised: Would not the knowledge have been revealed long ago, if so consoling a truth lies behind the illusion of death? To this we can only reply by reminding ourselves and others how very gradually mankind has discovered the truth concerning his own evolution, his place in the universe, and much besides. Unavoidable ignorance and avoidable sin have obscured his vision. "Our race, from its infancy, has stumbled along a guarded way; and now the first lessons of its early childhood reveal the root in reality of much that it has instinctively believed." (*Human Personality*, Vol. II, p. 287). It is this instinctive belief that research and study have confirmed and established.

CONCERNING ANIMALS, BIRDS AND INSECTS

By M. M. M.

THAT man did not always relegate the animals to a lower plane is a permissible deduction from the fact that animal worship was practised in many countries at one time. To regard any animal as an object of veneration is to acknowledge its superiority, and the question naturally follows, wherein lies its superiority? It seems almost unnecessary to reply that in physical attributes only is there pre-eminence. In sense of smell, sight, hearing, and in fleetness of foot man saw he could not compete with the lower creatures of fur and feather, while their prescience of danger seemed to him no less than divine.

The Egyptians worshipped animals; the Jews divided them into classes—clean and unclean—and the superstitions concerning them, long existent in this country, if they did not actually indicate animal religion, at least were the outcome of acute and prolonged speculation. We can say with certainty that the feelings of our ancestors, far from being indifferent, were divided between like and dislike, according to circumstances and not infrequently the time of day or year. As a rule, a horse was regarded as one usually regards a horse, with no great show of feeling—as a quadruped indispensable to man, a beast of burden, a friend, a slave, as you will—but let it neigh at the door, and it at once transcended its usual sphere and became the harbinger of evil, the prophet of sickness. A hare was nothing more than a hare, or according to the nature of the observer the elements of a possible future meal, so long as it displayed its usual timidity, but let it run across one's path and it became the infallible forerunner of ill-luck. In appearance, no doubt, it was the same, but the danger apprehended from the imagined metamorphosis lay in the well-established fact that the soul of a witch could at will inhabit the body of a hare; which would account for its unusual intrepidity.

A great deal is spoken and written of the complexity of life now, but in those remote days it was by no means a simple matter. Man was surrounded by innumerable dangers chiefly of his own making, it is true, but to him real, nevertheless,

against which he was compelled to employ a complicated system of safeguards. He never knew the moment when the body of his harmless domestic cat might be possessed by the soul of a witch, especially if the animal in question were unfortunate enough to be black in colour.

There is a haunting Scotch ballad—"The Lights of Leith"—in which the culmination of the tragedy hangs on this belief. A poor old widow woman, whose only son had deserted her for a seafaring life, thought in her poverty and loneliness and ignorance to try a harmless charm to bring her boy back.

"A charm aft tried at the ingleside
When bairns are blythesome and free."

But the busybodies looking in at the window saw the old black cat sitting at her elbow, and in the manner of busybodies overreached the mark and concluded she was weaving a spell. They lost no time in setting about the punishment for such a crime. She was ruthlessly dragged before the king where he sat with his courtiers and ministers.

"They bade her tell she had wrought a spell
That made the tempest blaw,
They strippit her bare as a naked bairn,
They tried her wi' pincers and heated airn
Till she shrieked and swooned awa'."

The evidence was conclusive; she was burned as a witch. The poignancy of the ballad lies in the conclusion where we read that the glare from the flaming faggots enabled the ship on which her son was mate to find its way through the storm to safe anchorage in the harbour.

That other domestic friend, the hen, was looked upon with suspicion not unmixed with horror if it took to crowing. Such an unnatural lapse into masculinity could have no good results, and to avert the probable bad luck it was promptly killed or sold. Even to-day it is no unusual thing to hear elderly women admonish the gay whistling "flapper" with the words, "Whistling maids and crowing hens are no canny at a'e toon end."

Superstition seems to run easily to rhyme. A reference to the belief that the beautiful little yellowhammer had a drop of the devil's blood in its veins is contained in the following doggerel chanted by boys:

"Half a paddock, half a toad,
Half a yellow yorling
Drinks a drop o' the de'il's bluid
Every May morning."

The veneration in which the robin was held contrasts strongly with the dislike of the yellowhammer, and is the outcome of the opposite belief that its veins contained a drop of God's blood. Legends of the robin, e.g. the "Babes in the Wood," emphasize beneficence as the outstanding trait of the bird. Its red breast is explained by the story that it attended our Lord on the cross, where some of His blood sprinkled its breast. Another version of the same legend states that the robin picked a thorn from His crown on the way to Calvary and the blood from the wound fell on its breast and discoloured it.

Yet another rhyme concerned the cuckoo and the swallow :

"Gang and hear the gowk yell,
Sit and see the swallow flee,
See the foal before its mither's e'e,
'Twill be a thriving year wi' thee."

From which it may be gathered that to be in the act of walking on first hearing the cuckoo call and to be seated on first seeing the swallow fly are lucky positions. There is a pretty Danish legend explaining the abnormal habits of the cuckoo, according to which this bird is so much occupied answering questions that the short season is over before it has finished and there is no time left to build a nest. "Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! when shall I be married ?" asks the young girl. "Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! when shall I be free from this world's care ?" asks the old woman bent with the weight of years. The cuckoo repeats its monotonous note and the number of calls is taken as representative of the number of years in answer to the question.

The swallow shared with the yellowhammer the distinction of having a drop of the devil's blood in its veins, and because of the fear in which it was held this noisy bird was tolerated in the window nook, lest the removing of it be too great a tempting of Fate.

Of magpies there are several rhymes more or less alike. A typical one runs :

"One's sorrow—two's mirth,
Three's a wedding—four a birth,
Five a blessing—six hell,
Seven the de'il's ainsel."

If a man suffered from that very common affliction—baldness—it was a sign that the magpie had used some of his hair in building its nest.

There were rhymes also in which the weather was foretold by the action of birds. If one intended going on a journey

CONCERNING ANIMALS, BIRDS, INSECTS 99

it was wise to listen for the calls of the raven and the rook in the morning. If the raven were the first to raise its voice, one might with safety carry out any prearranged plans, for the day would be fine, but take warning and some due preparation if the rook preceded it.

“ The corbie said unto the crow,
 Johnnie, fling your plaid awa’;
The crow said unto the corbie,
 Johnnie, fling your plaid about ye.”

Most people have a natural horror of spiders. It is therefore a little difficult to account for the scrupulous protection once afforded them. The explanation, I think, may be found in the curious legend that the spider wove a web over the place where the infant Christ was hid, by which means He escaped the notice of Herod’s emissaries. Brewer in his dictionary of phrase and fable tells a somewhat similar story in regard to Mahomet. “ When Mahomet fled from Mecca,” he says, “ he hid in a certain cave, and the Koreishites were close upon him. Suddenly an acacia in full leaf sprang up at the mouth of the cave, a wood-pigeon had its nest in the branches, and a spider had woven its web between the tree and the cave. When the Koreishites saw this they felt persuaded that no one could have recently passed that way and went on.”

An English proverb runs :

“ If you wish to live and thrive
 Let the spider run alive.”

There is a curious custom, the origin of which I do not know, that of “ informing the bees ” of a death in the family. This duty is immediately performed in order to avert calamity from the insects, and their hives, I think, are at the same time turned round till after the funeral.

There is no occupation more interesting than the investigation of these old superstitions. We realize thus what history has failed to register for us—man’s gropings in the dark of ignorance, his strivings born of an inherent craving to “ know.” We can follow the slow circumvolutions of his mind and can assess the real progress of his march, which still continues, from abysmal darkness towards the light of perfection.

MY FIRST ASTRAL ADVENTURE

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU

IN the beginning I was dreaming. I was reading a newspaper and quite aware of the fact that I was in Southern California and the paper was an English one. Its appearance amused me with the "ads" in tiny squares, and I was laughing heartily over one describing "a large black fan" and illustrated by the picture of a black bottle! Then my eyes were attracted by another "For Sale" announcement in the next corner which was adorned by a very small cut of a house. There was a brief description of this as being "part of an old religious foundation" (I don't recall the exact wording), and my curiosity was excited. It was a small house of two storeys, with perfectly flat "front elevation." A garden path ran straight from the front door to the gate which was part of a very high enclosure formed of slender iron uprights more than half the height of the house. These were comparatively far apart so that one could see through them easily. Just outside the gate was an old sofa covered with red plush. The advertisement mentioned the size of the house-key as another proof of its antiquity, and I laughed again as I looked at it, for it began to stretch until the handle reached the gate—and just then I *stopped dreaming* and stepped out of a mist into the scene itself!

I realized fully that I was standing in front of the gate, and I was not pleased with my appearance. I found that I had on an old white serge suit that had been badly cleaned, and I had snatched up an old pair of gloves that worried me considerably. I knew that I looked anything but "smart," and was provoked to think that my curiosity had carried me bodily to the place.

The front door opened and a very sweet-looking English lady hurried, bareheaded, down the path to open the gate for me. She was slender, fair and about fifty, and looked both harassed and worried. She did not ask my name, but seemed to know at once that I was an American and took it for granted I had come to see about buying the place. She went up the walk before me, telling me about the house and explaining its lack of plan by the fact that it was part of an old religious foundation. The front door opened at once into a sitting-room.

The windows were all high up and on the right as we entered. The room was dark, but filled with exquisite things, beautiful dim furniture, costly figured hangings. I longed to stop and examine them in detail, but the lady allowed me only a passing glimpse and went through a door (at the left corner) and into another room much like the first, and then another which was smaller and a bedroom. This was quite dark, and nearly filled with a big four-post bed which was stripped to the mattress. The lady went into a fourth room and I stopped in the doorway. This room was much lighter than the others, with windows high up in the side and end walls. I noticed their beautiful curtains. A fine rug (or carpet) was on the floor, and a tall shaving stand was one of the pieces of furniture. The lady said: "This is the bathroom. You see we like to be comfortable when we bathe." I looked around, and she added with a little embarrassed laugh: "You are looking for the bath-tub! It is by your side." I looked down at my left, and sure enough just between the door and the wall was a quite small bath-tub with a plank over it covered with some figured stuff, evidently to make the tub useful as a seat also.

We then went back into the dark bedroom, and as we passed between the foot of the bed and the wall, the lady pinched up the end of the mattress and said something about the bed's not being dressed yet—and it suddenly occurred to me that the servants had all left the house.

I could see that she was "crazy" to sell the place and didn't much care who I was if I had come to buy. I was horribly embarrassed, and kept pulling at my gloves to make them look smart, and saying to myself, "Oh, if she only knew I was nothing but an astral visitor through stark curiosity!"

And then she opened a side door and I saw the dining-room. A charming, very light apartment shaped like a tiny chapel with walls of a pale-gold colour. The very large and high windows in front looked upon the garden, and opposite them was a great chimneypiece. I got a swift impression of shining silver and exquisite pieces of flowered porcelain and china. The table—an immense oval like a banquet table—was spread with a beautiful white damask cloth. It was pulled up close to the bedroom door so that we had to squeeze through. A gentleman in handsome dressing-gown was sitting with his back to me, evidently eating breakfast or lunch. There was a huddle of fine silver and china before him as if he was late at the meal. His wife stopped to speak to him and he turned his head, giving me a view of his

profile. Like his wife, he was faded, fair, well-bred, aristocratic—and worried!

From the low tones of her voice I knew she was speaking of me and hopefully of the sale of the house. Two young men were at the further side of the table talking to their father, and got up as I went in as if about to leave. I did not like their looks at all. One was rather better looking than the other, but both were common in appearance, and even a little sinister. Their mother seemed more flurried than ever. She hastily put some food on a large dinner plate, showed it to me and asked if I would sit down and eat. I wanted to dreadfully, but said: "No, thank you; I had (dinner, I think I said) before coming." (Which wasn't true!)

Then I left them talking together and went to the other end of the table where a lovely little old lady was sitting alone. She looked up with a smile and said something agreeable, but behind her I saw great double doors spread wide open, giving a glorious view of the truly English landscape. So I said; "Oh, I must sit where I can look out of doors!"

I was now subconscious of the fact *that my time was growing short*, and even as I glanced around for something to sit on, I realized that my visit was drawing to a close, because a corner of the room became a sort of grass-plot and I sat on a low stone coping that edged it. I gazed with intense delight at the English country. To the left was the entrance to the park of a great estate, with stone walls, keeper's lodge, etc. Before me was a wide sweep of vivid green lawns overhung by huge oaks. Beyond all, a range of hills; but as I looked at their blue outlines they took on a funny appearance—they seemed made of stones like the walls of the park—a sudden storm of rolling black clouds swept over them with a thundering crash!

Far below the window of my city eyrie, an automobile had "busted a tyre" most emphatically. I was in my little bed—but "all of a tremble"—vibrating at a great rate—and saying pantingly to myself:

"I just did make it! Just *did* get back in time!"

DETECTION OF MURDER THROUGH A DREAM

By C. M.

A Dream itself is but a Shadow.

THE story of a dream which I am going to relate is, I don't hesitate to say, one of the most authentic and remarkable on record, as through its agency a cruel murder was discovered and the murderer hanged. In the county of Tipperary, Ireland, where all the scenes of it were enacted, it caused an immense sensation at the time, and the story is still told round the firesides there to this day.

About seventy years ago, a young man named Hickey, who, it was reported, had made money in Newfoundland, was expected home, by his friends; he was to land in Waterford on a certain date, but days passed and no tidings of him came. At last his friends became alarmed about him, and made inquiries in all directions through the country. Eventually, an innkeeper named Rogers came forward and stated that a man answering the description of Hickey had come to his inn some time previously, accompanied by another man; they had some refreshment and after a short delay left together. Rogers was questioned as to how he could so well remember those two men when so many came to his inn.

At first he refused to give any explanation, but, eventually, on being urged to tell anything he knew of the matter, he declared that on the morning of the day that these two men arrived, his wife on awaking told him a dream which had impressed her deeply. She said she dreamed two men came to the inn together. One was tall and the other short. After refreshment they left. She saw one strike the other as they went along, murder him and bury him under a hedge; she described the locality and the spot as she saw it in her dream. Late in the afternoon of that day, when she saw two men enter the inn, she ran to her husband and said they were the two men she saw in her dream. Rogers became very uneasy and asked the men to stay the night, but they were anxious to get on, and refused to remain.

The authorities, on hearing this statement, had all the country searched, particularly the locality described in the dream; it

was on the road between Portland and Carrick-on-Suir. Strange and wonderful to relate, the body of Hickey was found in the exact locality of the dream, buried under a hedge.

Inquiries were at once made for the man in whose company Hickey had last been seen ; it was proved his name was Caufield, and that he travelled with Hickey from Liverpool. After some time he was arrested in Waterford, where he was leading, apparently, a virtuous life, spending his time singing hymns and a regular attendant at his church. No one believed him guilty, though he was sent for trial to the Assizes.

When the trial took place it caused, far and near, the most intense excitement. To the amazement of every one he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, the Judge remarking the extraordinary interposition of Providence which was shown by the dream !

After the sentence was passed, Caufield confessed to the murder, and said the gaze of the innkeeper's wife, as he entered the inn, so frightened him that he gave up the idea of murdering his companion, but, later when going through a gap, Hickey lent him a knife to cut a stick. "The devil," Caufield said, appeared to him "and whispered in my ear, 'Strike now'"; he did so, and when Hickey fell, he cut his throat !

SOME DANGEROUS APPARITIONS

BY PHILIP MACLEOD

THE question whether bodily injury, and even death, can be inflicted by discarnate spirits upon the living, is one that possesses a sort of horrific interest for those at least who believe in the possibility and the actual occurrence of supernormal interference with the daily lives of men. For most of us, happily, the question remains one of almost purely academical interest—I say “almost” advisedly, for even the most remote of possibilities is a possibility still. The field of discussion opened up by the question is obviously an enormous one; and those who engage in it will certainly bring up in the end at the Origin of Evil. The purpose of the present paper is not to discuss the point, but merely to bring together a few examples, from different sources, of stories which bear upon it.

There was a large boarding-school for boys on the Continent, in which the dormitories were divided up into “partitions”—every bed being separated from the next, and from the passage in front, by curtains running on long rods. Every boy on going to rest could thus shut himself up in a sort of tiny room. Dim lights burned in the dormitories all night.

One of the boys, of active brain, no doubt, could never succeed in falling asleep, as boys generally contrive to do the moment they get into bed; he nearly always lay awake for an hour or more ere “an exposition of sleep fell upon him.”

On nights when he remained awake longer than usual, he used to notice a strange thing. Out of the deep stillness that surrounded him, he would hear a small faint sound, arising far off in the long corridors outside the dormitory, and gradually approaching the door (which remained open all night) till he could distinguish a tripping, tapping step, like that of some small-hoofed animal. The step would enter the dormitory, come towards him along the passage between the rows of partitions, stop just short of his own, and enter the next one. In a short time he would hear the strange visitant leave the other partition and go down the passage again; the sound at length dying away in the corridors outside.

The listener, who seems to have been a silent and self-contained boy, said nothing to any of his companions of the mysterious sound. But it greatly excited his curiosity, and one night he determined to try and see the strange visitant of the dormitory.

Waiting therefore till the steps were receding down the passage, and had got some distance away, the boy threw back the bed-clothes, got to the foot of his bed, and as noiselessly as possible drew back the curtain a little way, and peeped out. As before observed, there was a faint light burning; and the boy was able to see what the visitant was.

It was a small black goat.

In the morning the boy, with some justification, "reported sick," and was sent to the infirmary. In the course of the day he told the authorities the cause of the nervous shock from which he was suffering. The matter was kept from the knowledge of the other boys, and that night, when the partitions were closed, a master very unostentatiously entered the sick boy's partition, and got into bed.

The master kept watch till he heard the tapping step come along the corridor, draw near, and enter the next partition. He waited a moment or two, and then slightly pushed aside the curtain at the head of the bed.

The boy in the next partition was lying on his back in bed. A black goat was standing on the bed, its forefeet on his throat, and it was looking into his face with red, fiery eyes.

The master let the curtain fall again. Soon he heard the being in the next partition get down from the bed, and walk away down the dormitory, till the faint sound of its steps was lost in the night.

Next morning the boy in the other partition failed to get up with the rest. When they came to call him, they found him lying on his back, dead, with black marks, as of small hoofs, on his throat.

This story was related to me, many years ago, as a fact, by a person who had means of judging as to the truth of it. Beyond this I am unable to go; though the very bizarrerie of the story speaks in its favour. *En revanche*, the next story is very evidential indeed; though whether the fatal result was a direct or an indirect consequence of contact with the apparition, it is of course impossible to say.

More than sixty years ago, Mr. Edmund Lenthal Swifte, some time Keeper of the Crown Jewels, published an account of a

fatal event which had taken place during his tenure of office at the Tower.

One of the sentries on night-duty at the Jewel Office (which, by the way, is said to have been the prison of Anne Boleyn) saw an apparition, in form like a huge bear, issuing from underneath the door of the Jewel Room. He thrust at it with his bayonet (which stuck in the door), fell in a fit, and was presently carried senseless to the guard-room. (It would be interesting to know if the bayonet-mark is still in the door.)

Mr. Swifte visited him there next day, and heard him tell his experience. His companion of the watch was present, and testified that he had seen and spoken to him just before the alarm, and had found him "awake and alert."

"I saw him once again," adds Mr. Swifte, "on the following day, but changed beyond my recognition; in another day or two the brave and steady soldier . . . *died* at the presence of a shadow."

But was it merely the "presence" that killed this poor fellow? An apparition is something more than a shadow; and the effects of its mere contact are at times very tangible.* It is not for nothing that the lady in the old ballad, when asked by her lover's ghost to "give back his faith and troth," does not reach him her hand, but strokes the faith and troth on a crystal rod, and gives him that.

In a case reported in the OCCULT REVIEW in 1914, under the title of "The Precolitsch," a sentry in Transylvania was actually killed by an evil spirit in the form of something resembling a huge bear; in this case the unfortunate man's body was scorched black, and the barrel of his musket found bent into a semicircle.

There is a story of another sentry, on duty I think near St. James's Park, who died of the shock of seeing a headless lady pass his post. This is more or less authentic, but the record is not at the moment accessible. An account of vaguer origin (it is said to have been published in the papers some time in the 'sixties) relates how a policeman, on "fixed point" duty in some poor quarter of London, had his curiosity excited by a man who went down the street at the same time every night. He on one occasion followed the man, overtook him, and spoke to him. The man turned round, showing a face at sight of which the policeman fell down in a fit.

There used to be a harmless ghost who haunted the roads

* An instance is given in an article, "Ghosts—and Worse," in the OCCULT REVIEW, January, 1921.

at Salthill, near Kingstown, at night. He was a young man, "dressed like a gentleman," who used to pass people walking there, and would sometimes push them from the path. The police on the beat knew him well, I was told; he would sometimes walk beside them for some distance. He never spoke.

A much more dangerous spirit—it may be, two of them—haunted the churchyard of Errigle Truagh, in Monaghan, about ninety years ago. According to an account published in 1830, "whenever" a funeral took place in the parish, the last person to leave the churchyard would be accosted, if a man, by a beautiful young girl; if a girl, by a handsome young man. A conversation would ensue; the stranger would prove a most fascinating acquaintance, and would finally obtain a promise to meet in the churchyard that day month. The stranger would then disappear, and the person, on leaving the churchyard, would remember the story of the apparition, which was well known in the parish, would fall into despair and insanity, pine away, and be buried in the churchyard on the day of the appointment.

If there is any truth in this wild tale—we shall presently give some corroboratory evidence—it is probable that the "whenever" is an exaggeration, and that the fatal interview took place only in the case of certain "suitable" persons.

The narrator adds that he was shown the grave of a girl of about eighteen years of age, who had died in this way about four months before; and that about six months earlier than that, a man of the parish had declared that on a certain day he had had the fatal meeting. He gave himself up for lost, took a fever, of which he died, and was buried on the day of appointment, exactly one month from the meeting he spoke of. The narrator asserts that, incredible as it may appear, the friends of these two persons solemnly declared (to himself personally, in the case of the young man) that they had repeatedly heard the particulars of the meeting, without the slightest variation, from the victims themselves. And it must be remembered that the account is practically contemporary, and that Errigle Truagh is a real place, situated in the Barony of Truagh (MacKenna's country) and County of Monaghan.

It is a long way from the "woods of Truagh" that we find our next example. One of the Alps, probably the Bavarian Alps, used to be, and perhaps still is, haunted by an apparition in the form of a small man, dressed as a *Senn* (summer-herdsman of the high mountain-pastures). As a rule he could only be heard, jodelling to the cows in a hollow mournful tone; but to some

he was visible. Of two Senner, brothers, who pastured their herds on that Alp, one could only hear him, while the other could see him as well. He used to come in the afternoon, evening or night, never in the forenoon. When he called, the cows would go towards the sound. At night the men in the huts would hear him pass by, groaning heavily; a great fall of snow would always follow.

Once a man who had served in a foreign army came back to his home in those parts. He was very proud of his strength and his warlike experiences, and among other vaunts, boasted that he would try a fall with the phantom Senn on the very first occasion that should present itself.

This man, with some others, was up on the Alp one day, when the apparition was seen approaching. There was a boy among the herdsmen, and the boaster swung him up in his arms, saying, "Come, my lad, you and I will see what the ghost is made of." But some one pulled the boy away, and said: "Let the child alone; if you want to be destroyed, try it by yourself." The boaster advanced towards the ghost, and would have laid hold of him, but was flung to the earth and lay there senseless. He remained so for a long time, and his body became greatly swollen, so that he had to be carried down to the valley. He escaped with his life, at the price of a long illness, and boasted no more thereafter.

The ghost in this story is probably not the same as the *Nebelmännlein* (the Little Man of the Fog) of the Prattigau district in the Alps. This apparition, dressed in an old-world costume, used to be seen—at the period of the account, about 1840, he still was seen—before wild snowy weather. He would jodel and call to the cows, which would pay no heed to him. It was said; that he had in his lifetime been a wicked Senn, who gave salt to the cows of the rich, but none to those of poor people. The story ran that he must work out his penance till the cows would accept salt from him. A servant who escaped from the avalanche disaster that destroyed the Grimsel Hospice, heard the *Nebelmännlein* jodelling from Flühen—perhaps as a warning—at midnight, a few minutes before the avalanche came down.

If a short digression be permitted, I should like to propound a theory—worthless enough, it may be—as to the causes producing physical injury in the case of the mere touch of a ghost. (I speak as one believing that discarnate spirits exist as individuals, and that they can, and at times do, produce phenomena perceptible to our physical senses.)

Take the case of apparitions. The nature of these varies so much, as far as we are able to observe, that it seems probable that they are produced, in different cases, by different methods. When a genuine apparition is visible to A, and not to B, who is also present, it may be that the spirit assumes for the moment an actual body, existing perhaps in the fourth dimension (this of course is wild speculation), and perceptible only by certain eye-nerve, active in A, dormant or non-existent in B. (Paint a red spot on a dark ground. X will see it; Y, who is colour-blind, will not. And yet the spot is there—that is, there is an actual physical cause for the "red" effect on X's retina.)

There are rarer cases, in which the apparition is, so to speak, much stronger, and in which the phenomenon is possibly produced by quite different means—perhaps by some form of materialization, producing an apparition visible as a chair or a table is visible. Thus, I have first-hand evidence of a man, just dead, being seen by all the members of a party of eight or nine ordinary persons, expecting no such thing, in broad daylight.

In certain cases, the spirit seems to materialize an actual body, not only visible, but to some extent tangible, and consisting, we may presume, of material molecules. (Here, of course, we get into a region as dark to the learned as to the ignorant.) These molecules, or electrons, or units of energy, may in some cases be in a state of vibration (here I borrow) very different from the normal condition of our own molecules. The result of contact of the latter with the former may be somewhat like that produced upon an orderly procession that attempts to march through a swirling mob. Or the contact may release part of some physical energy, employed in keeping the materialized body together—the result being analogous with that which follows the touching of a charged Leyden jar.

Let it not be thought that these reflections aim at the "rationalizing" of supernormal phenomena. Surely the discarnate spirit, regarded as swaying recondite physical forces, is a figure sufficiently awful in all conscience. As an example we may cite the following narrative, here exhumed from the dust of nearly ninety years. It is taken from a German collection of what may be called the pre-militarismus period. The ghost was a dangerous one indeed, though his attempt at doing mischief was happily baffled.

The percipient's name is not given, but it would add but little to our information nowadays to know whether she was Frau Müller of Dresden or Frau Huber of Leipzig. Her editor, a

man of undoubted integrity, tells us that she was a truthful woman of good education. It may also seem that internal evidence speaks in favour of the truth of the account.

The story is at first hand, being related by the percipient herself, who, for the sake of convenience, may be called Mrs. X. She tells us that during her engagement, and a few weeks before her marriage, she was one day sitting in a room with her parents, when she distinctly saw the door open, and a man with a gloomy-looking face peep in, and make a sign to her with his hand to come out to him.

She appears to have recognized at once that this was a visitant from another world ; and she was so much startled, that she sank back in her chair, turning quite white. The parents, who seem to have perceived nothing of the visitant, were alarmed at this ; but she only said that she did not feel quite well. The same day she went to " a pious clergyman " and told him what she had seen ; but he only advised her to pray, and to put the whole matter out of her head. She left him, she says, not feeling much the better for his spiritual assistance and consolation, for she could well have given herself the same advice.

Some time later, she was sitting alone in her own room, in which there were some pictures hanging on the wall. Suddenly she saw the pictures turned around, the painted sides to the wall, the backs outwards. She was violently startled, and said to herself : " In the Name of —, what is that ? " Thereupon the pictures were turned back, as they had been before ; all by invisible agency.

This manifestation had such an effect upon her nerves, that she was ill next day, and had to keep her bed for some time. During her illness her father, who was sitting near her bed, saw her looking in a terrified way at the pictures. He said : " Do not stare at the foolish pictures so ! " and then—would that all " parents and guardians " behaved as sensibly in similar cases !—got upon a chair, and carried them out of the room. " Who so glad as I ? " says Mrs. X.

She seems to have escaped any further manifestations till she had been about three months married. She was then about to go down to the cellar, when, at the head of the stairs, she heard somebody say, close beside her (but she saw no one) : " Stay up here, don't go down ! " She was very much frightened, did not go down, and told her father what she had heard ; he at once went to the cellar, where he found a sack with hot cinders in it, and in flames.

Her husband being away, she asked a lady of her acquaintance to sleep in her room. One night she was lying in bed, quite wide awake, when the "dreadful man" (obviously the apparition described above) came in at the door, gradually approached, keeping his eyes immovably fixed on hers, and lay down upon the bed beside her; she distinctly felt him at her side, and a burning heat issued from him. She would have pushed him away, but could not move a muscle; she tried to cry out, but no sound would issue from her lips. At length she managed to groan loudly enough to awaken her friend, who sat up in bed and inquired what the matter was. The apparition had then vanished. Next morning she called in the doctor, who laughed at her, and ascribed it all to ill health.

Some time afterwards, she was sitting mending a pillow that belonged to a bed which her parents had given her on her marriage for the servant's room. "It had been bought at an auction, and was a very good bed." An acquaintance of hers came in. She asked Mrs. X how she had come by *that* bed. Mrs. X said, "How so? My parents bought it, and gave it to me on my marriage, for the maid." The other woman said, "Look at the mark, don't you know it? It's the bed on which a friend of ours shot himself; I know it quite well." Mrs. X at once got the bed out of the house, and was no further troubled.

It is easy to imagine how the severe Mr. Podmore would have dealt with this story. The present writer modestly opines that its very artlessness and naiveté—it will be observed that no attempt at all is made to corroborate it—are "confirmation strong" of its truth; and for his own part, he is very much inclined to believe it. The circumstance of the bed—though some attempt ought to have been made to identify the suicide with the apparition—and that of the sack, seem to take it out of the category of hallucinations.

It seems to have been the intention of this presumably malevolent ghost to burn down the house—perhaps in revenge for Mrs. X's refusal to communicate with him. Less drastic were the methods of another apparition of about the same period, who used to haunt the house of a poor woman in Würtemberg. On one occasion he touched her on the neck, and the physician to whom she applied reports that she really had three scars, "as of burning fingers," on the left side of her neck.

A Norwegian peasant, crossing a bog on a Sunday morning, found himself in the midst of a crowd of persons "scantily clothed," and all going towards the north. Trying to push through them,

he was flung down, and his friends found him in the evening, lying insensible, and foaming at the mouth, with his clenched fists held to his face, which was black. He was revived by magical means—a gun was fired over him lengthwise—but he was not himself again for some time.

One of the most singular narratives of this kind is that of the Squire of Bagley, in Devonshire, who, for some reason not recorded, drowned himself in a pond. His groom, suspecting his intention, had ridden after him, but was only in time to see the fatal act committed. On his way home, he was met by the ghost of his master, who flung him from his horse. The effect of the encounter on the groom was a fatal illness, in the course of which he lost the whole of his skin !

THE HOUSE OF SIN

By R. B. INCE

THEY painted the house with eager care
 And papered the soiled walls everywhere ;
 The ceilings they whitened, the stairs they swept—
 But the old ghost stayed and the old ghost wept.

Alas, he wailed, is there none will lend
 Love, the warm love of friend for friend,
 To me who am doomed to wander here
 From forgotten year to forgotten year ?

They repaired the roof and the window-frames,
 They burnt the refuse in cleansing flames ;
 They repaired the bells and stained the floors
 And oiled each hinge of the creaking doors.

The nightly footfalls did not cease,
 Though nothing was said of a ghost in the lease . . .
 And shadows hovered as dusk set in,
 For they brought no love to the house of sin.

THE STORY OF THE RUBY

By E. R. CONSTABLE

A LADY friend of mine, A. V. E., came to me the morning of Friday, February 12, 1897, and said :

" I am in despair, I have lost a ruby out of my ring." (The ruby was one her grandfather had been offered by an Indian prince, but as he was an official he could not accept the stone, so he bought it, and it became a family heirloom and was set in diamonds by A. V. E.)

I was very sorry and promised to do my best to help her. She told me that on Thursday, 11th, as she was hurrying to a church (not far off), she remembered putting on her waterproof in the street without having her gloves on.

After church she returned to her house to entertain a bride elect and her fiancé at luncheon.

When she entered the house she found the stone missing from her ring.

On Saturday, 13th, she came again to me to ask me if my sister would go to the crystal gazer I knew, every effort to find the stone having failed. My sister and I went that morning to Mrs. Chester (who is since dead), and said to her :

" A friend of ours has lost something. We want to hear about it. Shall we tell you what it is that is lost ? "

Mrs. Chester answered, " I would rather not know. I will look in my crystal and see what I can, and I will not take a fee unless there is some result."

My sister held the crystal for some minutes, and then Mrs. Chester took it in her hands, and looking, remarked, " What is lost is a stone out of a ring, a dark stone : it has been found and picked up by an honest person. The individual has a great deal of white on him.

" I next see it placed in a box on the mantelpiece, and then in a room where there is a largish table with rounded corners to it, and chairs pushed close to the table all round.

" Again I see a man and a woman, both dark. The woman's face is turned away, and the hair dressed on the top of the head, and the dress a loose tea-gown. They are talking together, and

looking at something I cannot see, and placing that something on the mantelpiece.

"Lastly, I see a bride coming down the aisle of a church. She is short, her face not visible, and beside her is a man whose peculiarity is his broad shoulders, and beside him a boy.

"Then comes before me a room with a table, with something white on it, and on this white the stone, and beside it a ring of diamonds, and two or three people in the room, one a maid-servant. Recommend your friend to advertise."

A. V. E. at once advertised, and a man saw the advertisement and hurried home to see if what he thought the bit of red glass he had found could possibly be the ruby.

On Tuesday, February 16, A. V. E. was fetched from a friend's house to learn the stone was found and had been brought to her house.

She went into the room where the table had rounded corners, and the chairs, as seen in the crystal, and a man and a boy, then with her mother, and the maid.

The man had picked up the stone on the Friday, from the mud in the road near the church. He was a painter. He thought it was old glass, and put it in a box on his mantelpiece. On Tuesday he saw the advertisement about the ruby in a shop window, and hurried home to look at the stone to see if it could possibly be the one that five pounds was being offered for. A. V. E. found the stone reposing on white cotton wool on the table, and placed beside it was the diamond setting, which it fitted.

On November 17 A. V. E. went to the wedding of the couple who had lunched with her the day she lost the stone. She noticed the bridegroom had wide shoulders, the bride was short, and the bridegroom had a boy.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Hibbert Journal has a notable symposium on Morals and Religion, but it leaves one—as might be expected—with a feeling that the primary questions at issue remain open, the *literati* who participate being individual thinkers, who by no means coincide over fundamentals and diverge widely in whatsoever develops from these. An exponent of Latin Catholicism, Baron von Hügel appeals to the motive power of belief in a personal God and stands therefore for an interaction between moral ideals and habits and the implications of Religion, “between the *Isness* of Religion, essentially evidential, and the *Oughtness* of Morals, essentially imperative.” For Professor Chevalier a metaphysic is at the root of morals and alone assures their reality. The alliance or interaction of Baron von Hügel therefore subsists, and Morality is the Law of God. But such law is that of our own nature, man being an idea of God: it is not the result of some arbitrary decree on the part of a sovereign power. An official Church as the infallible custodian and expounder of moral law and practice is thus placed out of court. Principal Jacks finds it difficult to follow either of the preceding *locutores* when they identify Moral Reality exclusively with God and—in the case of von Hügel—especially with the belief in a personal God. Professor J. A. Smith affirms that the experience which we call moral has a value of its own, “whether or no the extra-beliefs of Metaphysics or Religion are well grounded.” Professor Wildon Carr registers his disagreement with all the previous papers and not on particular points but on the basis of the relations between Morals and Religion. His concept of God does not involve a belief “in superhuman beings or in one superhuman being, whether or not such beings or being exist.” It involves the immanence in our personality of a God Who is “universal spirit, identical with . . . every form of life and consciousness.” He assures us that this is not “a vague pantheism.” Hereof is the debate, extended over more than thirty suggestive pages. For us and from the mystical standpoint, the relation between morality and religion is that which subsists between an end and the means of its attainment. Religion signifies a state of union with God, all other definitions being set aside because they fall short of the agreed term. Morality is that process, whatever it is, or that congeries of processes, whatever they are, by which the soul of man enters into the realization of unity with the Eternal Good which is God. If we are asked to define Morality from this point of view, the answer is that it is Love in practice. . . . Among other articles in *The Hibbert Journal*, there is the story of Chaitanya, considered as an Indian St. Francis, told with considerable fulness by Dr. J. E. Carpenter. The period of Chaitanya was A.D. 1485-1534,

and he is described as an "impassioned preacher of the Divine Love." The age-long caste-system unloosed its bonds for those who received his gospel, and for them as for him "the whole scene of human existence was bathed in God's love." But the most important study on the historical side is that of Professor Ernesto Buonaiuti on Religion and Culture in Italy, a substantial contribution to our knowledge. It gives account of the conditions imposed on theological studies by the legislation which regulated the Italian educational system immediately after the attainment of national unity. The study of religion passed over to the lay world, and that which followed was that which might have been predicted. Ecclesiastical authority refused to hand over to secular power the formation of a Catholic Priesthood, while the new theological faculties, out of deference to ecclesiastical claims, were so far modelled on the usages of seminaries that the "cultivated lay public" took no interest in the scheme. In 1872 the theological faculties were suppressed in the Royal Universities; but a Chair of Ecclesiastical History continued to exist at Naples, and in 1886 that of the History of Christianity was established at Rome. The story which follows the event of 1872 is one of invariable hierarchic opposition and, this notwithstanding, of the rise in Italy, at the beginning of the twentieth century, of "a genuine and independent interest in critico-religious researches." The present moment is marked by a new "stir of religious life and thought," which, it is believed, will result in a complete reorganization of Roman Catholicism.

The Quest contains the promised further paper by the Rev. Dr. K. C. Anderson on the historicity question, as this problem appeals to himself, and it seems written in a more dogmatic form than we remember him to have adopted previously. We felt that his first study broke down on the question of the resurrection: from our point of view it was the affirmed event of Easter-morning and that only which gave title-deeds to the new faith. We are now confronted with an initial statement that resurrection from death was no part of "the earliest Gospel," except in the symbolical sense that "those who accepted this Gospel were spiritually raised from death." It is this, however, which is the vital question at issue. When it is affirmed that "the notion of an individual, and of the death and resuscitation from death of that individual, is later and belongs to Deutero-Christianity," we are conscious that Dr. Anderson is presenting only his point of view on the most probable state in which the new religion offered itself to humanity. To accept it is in his opinion to follow the line of least resistance. There is no fact or document before us which can be produced in evidence. The thesis looks curious in the light of those mystery-religions to which he alludes, quoting Dr. H. P. Smith in *The Monist*, that Paul was saturated with their conceptions. But those conceptions were not of the dying God only: they were also of the God Who rose triumphantly from death. Supposing that Dr. Anderson is right, that the movement issued from the Diaspora,

from the midst of the Hellenistic world, and that it was the doctrine, not of a personality but of God as Saviour, there is surely the best reason to suppose that the Diaspora, prior to St. Paul, were "saturated themselves" with the mystery-myths. Hence, even on the non-historical hypothesis, the Saviour-doctrine is likely to have been formulated in the old familiar likeness of the God Who dies and the God Whose divinity is vindicated by resurrection. But as regards the line of least resistance we continue to think that it lies in a personal teacher who suffered death, was seen subsequently and heard by his disciples, the testimonies to his manifestations being true in psychic fact, for the world now as then was full of such happenings, as Saint-Martin said long ago. Here then the matter stands, and its settlement is according to respective feelings on the probability side. Let us observe in conclusion one issue which emerges from the historicity question in all its aspects. The fact that sincere and learned persons can devote years of life to its study and that practically no two are alike in their conclusions, is in itself the strongest evidence that the problem is not vital to the soul of man. We incline to think that there was an historical Christ; Dr. Anderson is certain—a little too certain perhaps—that He is the myth of Deutero-Christianity. A living concordat may yet be made between us, if he is in agreement with us that the Life, Death and Resurrection of the Palestinian Christ—literally or symbolically accepted—must be taken into the heart and soul of each man and translated into life within if he would attain his end, which is the soul's return to God. *The Quest* is an excellent issue. Miss Mary Skrine writes on Thomas Vaughan in Oxford, and the intimacy with which she treats her subject creates new impressions regarding him, though she adds nothing to our knowledge. Mr. Mead gives a suggestive study on Fourth Dimensionalism and the Time-Enigma. It seems to him that time and space are boundless, while our measurements or determinations of both are relative, being dependent on the observer and his limitations. In a future issue he proposes to consider the hypothesis of Einstein, that time is actually the fourth dimension, imperfectly sensed.

We are always glad to see *The Buddhist Review*. The last issue to hand contains a memorial notice of Professor Edmund James Mills, F.R.S., etc., one of its founders and editors, well known as a chemist and man of science. Mr. J. E. Ellam's extended study of Practical Buddhism continues from issue to issue and is a contribution to our knowledge in several respects. Ananda's article on Buddhism and the Western World is also worth reading, though she goes astray in feeling out towards a definition of the word "religion." Its derivation from the Latin *religare* has been long set aside by scholarship, and were it otherwise her remarks on the binding are beside the subject. It could not refer to the bond or rule of monastic and conventual establishments but only to the binding of the soul to God, that one end of religion, however we define it in our reverie, and to whatever

root we may trace it in the world of words. . . . An unusual interest will attach to Mr. A. P. Sinnett's article on the Brotherhood of Sacrifice in the last issue of *The Theosophist*. His departure from this life is noted elsewhere in the present issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. For Mr. Sinnett the Brotherhood in question is an organization on "higher levels of consciousness," while the kind of sacrifice is mainly—or essentially—mediatorial in its character. The term organization does not seem to us exact and may be used for want of a better. In any case it calls to be understood in the light of Mr. Sinnett's statement that "any one who is moved by an honest, unselfish impulse to do good in the world . . . becomes, by that attitude of mind, a member of the Brotherhood." As a whole, it is said to be presided over by a Being holding an exalted position in the Divine Hierarchy. We are reminded of Eckartshausen's Holy Assembly. There are said to be ten degrees or classes of the Brotherhood, those in the earlier stages being "hardly conscious of undertaking any special task." The tenth degree is described as "wrapped in mystery" but as belonging probably to the Divine Hierarchy itself. . . . That highly *ex parte* statement which we have followed from month to month on the history of the Theosophical Movement, in *Theosophy* of Los Angeles, and which—so far as we are aware—has evoked no word of commentary or criticism in the organs of the Society proper, has reached its eighteenth chapter and the death of Madame Blavatsky. This event is prefaced by the usual pages of expatiation, in the course of which it is suggested that (1) H. P. B. was "perchance a Being of another order from mankind"; (2) "some Buddha in disguise"; (3) "a Messenger from other spheres indeed"; and (4) the "Avatar" of pure Theosophy. These preliminaries finished, there are presented some interesting excerpts from the last messages which H. P. B. addressed to the American Section, then sitting in Convention, and to the readers of *Lucifer*. The last are important for their full account of the circumstances under which *Isis Unveiled* came into existence and of the persons who had a hand therein, as revisers or helpers otherwise.

Lumière et Vérité chronicles as matter of fact that the Republic of Guatemala has included just recently the study of spiritism in the programme of all State-establishments for Higher Education. We may be uncommonly glad to hear it because of all that it connotes, but the caution taught by experience leads us to await confirmation. . . . Camille Flammarion writes a discursive paper in *La Revue Spirite*, designed to illustrate the problems of spirit-communication and to exhibit its complex character. He commands our concurrence when he counsels the analysis of all psychic phenomena with the utmost circumspection and urges us at the same time not to draw back in the presence of difficulties but to persevere, whatever the delays. "There are unlooked-for revelations to come" are his last words: we are quite sure, and some are perhaps on the threshold. . . . "The reality which is invisible is the reality which is most real," says a writer in

Le Voile d'Isis, and the statement is greatly true, unless we prefer to affirm that only the unseen is real, the noumenal opposed to the phenomenal. The statement belongs to a thesis which sustains dualism as against monistic philosophy—"life and matter, not matter only; involution of the invisible in that visible which it evolves." On the present occasion, our contemporary gives only one letter of Éliphas Lévi: it is, however, of considerable interest as it speaks of his *Dictionary of Christian Literature*, published in Abbé Migne's great orthodox series, and explains that it is written exoterically but sacrifices nothing to truth. His desire was to lead gently those who addressed him and to speak their language. We question whether this thesis could be sustained in the presence of those who happen to know the volume. The miscellaneous items in *Le Voile d'Isis* keep us in touch with many occult activities. We hear of an International Congress of Spiritualists to be held at Copenhagen in October and of a new spiritistic journal to be published shortly at Geneva under the title *Vers l'Unité*.

We have been acquainted for a considerable period with *Mercury*, the official organ of the *Societas Rosicruciana* in America, but some of its issues have reached us for the first time for notice in these pages. The Society in question derives from the Masonic Rosicrucian Society of England, founded about 1860. It must have severed the original connection, both in respect of the parent body and the unofficial guise of Masonry, represented by the Masonic qualification required of members. It is working independently and admits both sexes. The issues before us contain interesting material inspired from several sources, but the most extreme form of American orthography not only disfigures the pages, but leads to some difficulty in reading. We observe also such perversions of Latin as *Fraters* throughout for *Fratres*, but this device originated with the Society in England, though it was dignified by the title of College. There are studies of Hermetic Philosophy and explanations of what is understood by the term Rosicrucian from the standpoint of the American groups. We are glad to note that the periodical is characterized by sincerity throughout and that it makes no claim upon the Rosy Cross of the past. . . . Among publications throughout the English-speaking world, *The Builder* continues a living representative of all that is best in Freemasonry. It is the spokesman of no particular cult and the champion of no particular development. Its concern is rooted in the Craft Degrees, from which all belonging to the subject has emerged and developed. The last issue is notable for an instructive account of Masonry in Greece. It is evident that constitution and procedure differ from our own in the Masonic Hellas, the Grand Orient of Greece, having the care of Blue Masonry, being described as "dogmatically" under the Confederate Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree. However this may be, we learn otherwise that there has been marked Masonic progress in Salonica, while Lodges have been established in Constantinople, Alexandria, Smyrna, Cyprus, and in many towns of the near East.

REVIEWS

WHERE THE CHURCHES FAIL: A FRIENDLY CRITICISM. By John Dare. Pp. 96. London: Robert Scott. London: Price 3s. 6d. net.

AN enormous amount of criticism is being aimed at the Churches to-day. It is felt that the orthodox presentment of Christianity is out of touch with the life and thought of to-day, where it is not directly contrary to observed facts. This phenomenon has given rise to a "Modernist" school in every religious body which is in fundamental opposition to the conservative and traditional outlook. Mr. Dare is a modernist who levels his criticism against unnecessary dogma and against the Christian ethic as it is expressing itself to-day. The traditional doctrines which receive the greatest criticism from the pen of Mr. Dare are the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of the Physical Body of Jesus. In the second part Mr. Dare shows himself to be a keen observer of modern life and one whose outlook approximates very closely to a kind of Tolstoyan Socialism. We hope the clergy will read this criticism—the work of a layman: for as the author says "lay people are entitled to look for guidance to those who are by profession priests, presbyters or missionaries," so sometimes the latter have much to learn from the laymen of their Churches.

H. L. HUBBARD.

EUCCHARIST AND SACRIFICE. By F. C. Burkitt, D.D. Pp. 23. Heffer & Sons, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

THIS little pamphlet by the Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge is reprinted from the *Interpreter* of April, 1921. It is an attempt to estimate the nature of the "sacrifice" implied in the Anglican Eucharist. The author's conclusion may best be expressed in his own words, "the congregation, having confessed, been shriven, having assisted at a due consecration of the bread and wine, and finally having received their own portion, do then and there offer unto God themselves, their souls and bodies, to be a reasonable sacrifice." On the other hand the sacrifice of the Roman Mass is the offering of the Body and Blood of Christ to the Father.

H. L. HUBBARD.

UNA PAROLA D'OLTRE TOMBA SULL'EDUCAZIONE DELLA GIOVENTÙ.
Naples: Societa Editrice Partenopea.

This little book, as its name implies, claims to give new information, from the Other World, on the training, mental and moral, of children and young people.

The writer, who describes herself as no more than the channel chosen for his communications by a disincarnate personality, contributes a preface, detailing the circumstances of her mediumship.

The communications themselves deal with birth, growth, and early education, in the light of the great psychic laws; and of "those mysterious powers which we call occult, because we fail to understand them." The creative faculty of the mother is specially insisted on. The view-point of this "control" is intensely feminist.

G. M. H.

THE LAW OF LAWS. By Bernard Temple. Pp. 48. London: Kegan Paul. Price 5s. net.

THIS little book is a long poem expounding the nature of Love—the Law of Laws." It ranges over a number of subjects, and the reader will discover traces of Freemasonry, Christianity, the development of sociological science, the War and the League of Nations. Mr. Temple will not take it amiss if we say that he is a thinker rather than poet; his ideas are more attractive than his poetry. Nevertheless, his verse has a pleasing quality—even if it is a little monotonous in bulk. The following example will show:

As summer zephyrs whisper low
To trembling tree-tops, gently so
Soft spirit-winds an answer blow
Unto my fluttered questioning:
But of themselves they nothing know—
They bear a message from their King.

We shall look with interest for further specimens of Mr. Temple's work.
H. L. HUBBARD.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE, translated by M. E. Reynolds. Pp. 89.
London: John Murray. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MR. JOHN MURRAY'S *The Wisdom of the East Series* is a most delightful library of Oriental literature, poetry and philosophy translated into English with a view to bringing together West and East in a spirit of mutual understanding. *The Rhythm of Life* is based on the philosophy of Lao-tsze. It is not a translation of the Chinese thinker's work, but the original output of a mind soaked in the essence of his philosophy. Originally written in this manner by Henri Borel, a Dutchman, it has again been translated and revised from Borel's version in this present edition. How far it represents the true philosophy of Lao-tsze it is hard to say, but it is a book which rings true to life and experience. It is divided into three parts dealing respectively with Tao, Art, and Love. "Tao" is elusive in explanation, but the chapter in this book, read sympathetically, should lead to that intuitive apprehension of the spiritual fact underlying the conception, which is the truest knowledge. It is a little volume full of pregnant thoughts and noble (i.e. true) ideas which should find a place in the library of every reader of the OCCULT REVIEW.

H. L. HUBBARD.

CRANKS: AN ANTHOLOGY. Compiled by Obert, Sebert and Ethelberta Standstill. London: Stockwell. Price 1/6 net.

THE compilers of this bizarre little collection of verse rather discourage civilized criticism by dedicating it to "The Primitive Man who first said 'Ouch.'" But we doubt whether that individual, if he could be approached, would be likely to recognize this very ultra-modern rendering of his primitive expression of feeling.

The travesties of the Sitwell school of verse show considerable cleverness; and at least two of the other poems—Rachel Macintyre's gruesome "For the Little Ones," and Gargery Dukeson's "Maggot's Credo"—treat their repulsive subjects with something like real power. The little book is well got up.

G. M. H.

THE SAINT DURGACHARAN NAG : THE LIFE OF AN IDEAL HOUSEHOLDER.
The Ramakrishna Math., Mylapore, Madras. Price 1 rupee.

THE life-story of a modern Brahman devotee, translated and re-told from a Bengali biography, which appeared some years ago.

A true Oriental, almost entirely uninfluenced by Western ideas, Durgacharan was yet cosmopolitan, as only the real mystic can be. He had scant respect for castes and distinctions; and believed, we are told, that it matters little what creed is professed by a man who sincerely loves God.

Some of the stories told of him invite comparison with the legends of Saint Francis of Assisi; for example, his encounter with the white ants, and with the cobra that had entered his courtyard. The book includes a portrait.

G. M. H.

THE CASE AGAINST SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS. By C. Vincent Patrick and W. Whately Smith. 9½ ins. × 6 ins.; pp. 47. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C.4. Price 2s. net.

THERE are few current sayings quite so untrue as that to the effect that the camera cannot lie. The production of faked photographs is by no means difficult, and it is even possible to produce such photographs capable of deceiving even expert opinion, under what might seem to be stringent conditions. As a matter of fact, Mr. Patrick has achieved something of this sort himself, and the story of his experiment is not the least interesting part of this valuable little brochure. It should teach caution to all who are interested in psychical investigations, especially as regards the reliability of witnesses; even men of high education and ability may fail to observe what is important in such matters unless they know precisely for what to look. By psychical researchers generally the production of spirit photographs has always been regarded as a phenomenon of questionable genuineness, and the present work cannot fail to increase their doubt. *A priori* there seems to be no reason why the production of such photographs should be impossible, for as Mr. Whately Smith points out, the sensitized film is affected by many rays invisible to human sight, and it would seem a far simpler task for a disembodied spirit to affect such a film than, say, to move a heavy piece of furniture. The authors have no *a priori* bias against believing in the genuineness of spirit photographs, but they point out how very unreliable is the evidence already forthcoming. Mr. Smith suggests what he considers would be satisfactory test conditions, and it would be highly interesting to see if spirit photographs could be produced under these. Incidentally, the book contains a criticism of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's fairy photographs, and evidence is brought forward, based upon the examination of the photographs themselves, to show that these are faked. Altogether Messrs. Patrick and Smith have performed a very useful service to the serious study of psychical phenomena by the production of this book, for the cause of psychic science has suffered no less from credulity than from its opposite.

H. S. REDGROVE.

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THE GOD WE BELIEVE IN, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By an Officer of the Grand Fleet. Author of "The Fourth Dimension," etc., etc. London: C. W. Daniel, Ltd., Graham House, Tudor Street, E.C.4. Price 2s. net.

WITH its piquant dedication to "The Scum of the Earth" this handful of essays will, we hope, incidentally find a much larger class of readers! They are the delightfully expressed convictions of a man of the world who has the heart of a child and the soul of a poet, and who has succeeded in keeping both throughout the Great War. As in his former work *The Road to the Stars*, this author has his fling against conventional hypocrisy, pretence, humbug, and the various other masks which hide us from one another. Making mention in passing that Pliny (the younger), "A cultured Roman gentleman," thought it desirable to torture Christian girls "in the interests of truth," he reminds us that in every age the heresies of the past are the beliefs of the present, that "goodness and right" are merely temporary labels for a temporary point of view.

The writer's conception of the Personality of Jesus Christ is particularly attractive and brings the Master nearer to suffering mankind than have many of the reams of sermons preached in His Name: "We sometimes meet a man who is liked by every one: Jesus was such a man. He could interest, amuse, please, and fascinate people of all sorts, and constantly did so. . . . When He spoke to any one He had no higher motive than that of being friendly; because He knew that between human beings there *can* be no higher motive."

The rest of the essays are equally forcible, outspoken, and brilliant, and each in its own way is full of appeal for a new world of "Light, Truth, and Beauty." But the old, old question still remains: *What is Truth?*

EDITH K. HARPER.

VERS LA SAGESSE. By Henri Durville. Paris: Henri Durville, 23 Rue Saint Merri. Pp. 127. Price 5 francs.

THIS seems to be one of quite a large series of volumes on "New Thought" subjects, published in Paris by three brothers—Hector, Gaston and Henri Durville—and written partly by themselves and partly by a variety of other authors. Translations of some of Prentice Mulford's essays are included in the series, and other volumes deal with such subjects as the development of will-power and personality, vegetarian diet, mental healing, spiritualism, and reincarnation.

In *Vers la Sagesse* M. Henri Durville treats of personal evolution and how to hasten it through the process known as Initiation. He gives slight sketches of the Hindu, Egyptian and Pythagorean traditions, and seems to suggest that these methods are no longer necessary, or applicable to modern conditions, under which the soul finds its tests and ordeals in the ordinary course of every-day life. This seems reasonable enough, for it is difficult not to believe that life is to-day more strenuous and complicated—from every point of view—than it has ever been in the past. The way that M. Durville recommends is the Way of Silence, leading through darkness and suffering to the Temple of Light. He points out the dangers, the false paths—of which the chief are those of Pride and Cupidity—the terrors and the loneliness; but paints in glowing colours

the delights that are the reward of "him that overcometh" when at last the mountain-top is reached. He speaks of the four mystic words in which the whole formula of initiation is summed up—to Know, to Will, to Dare, and to Be Silent—and gives some explanation of each. Finally he describes the great Temple of Wisdom, which, like all the rest, is but a symbolic expression of an inner reality; and the spiritual Light which is to guide not only the disciple's own footsteps, but those of all his fellows who may desire its aid. Now has the seeker entered into "a current of thought which upholds him as the wave upholds the swimmer who trusts himself to it; as the star is upheld by the force of gravitation that carries it along."

The book is filled with a lofty idealism, and should find many readers.

E. M. M.

THE SUMMER BOOK OF LOVE AND ROSE POEMS. By Petronella O'Donnell. London: Elkin Mathews. Pp. 30. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE contents of this little book, with its "red rose" cover, are what the title leads one to expect—highly sentimental love and nature lyrics. This is not to say that they are without merit, but an unrelieved sameness of subject and language is apt to grow wearisome, no matter how deft the handling. Miss O'Donnell is not always deft enough; her technique invites criticism at times; but she has a certain romantic touch and a sense of rhythm, and some of her verses would make quite charming drawing-room ballads if set to suitable music. When she leaves her roses—"love's red roses," "June roses," "scented pink roses," "cream-tinted roses," etc., etc.—and writes of other things, she comes nearer to something like real poetry. "The Fairy Prince" and "The Golden City" both have a strain of music in them and a suggestion of glamour, which, in spite of some crudeness in expression, leads one to think that Miss O'Donnell will in time do better work than anything this booklet contains.

E. M. M.

THROUGH SÉANCE TO SATAN. By C. H. Rouse. Pp. 48. London: Robert Scott. 2s. net.

MR. ROUSE is an ardent opponent of spiritualism, and his little pamphlet attacks it without mercy; and, it must be confessed, without much logic or reason. He describes spiritualism as un-Christian and anti-Christian, as selfish and Satanic. We venture to think he has let his imagination run away with him. Spiritualism is based upon certain results of scientific investigation. Such investigation (in common with all research) carries with it certain risks, but the presence of these risks is no excuse for failing to attempt the investigation. It may be that the spiritualist is pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp, or even the Prince of Darkness himself, but it is too early yet to come to any final decision. Meanwhile the spiritualist should be allowed, and even encouraged, to carry on his researches undeterred by any prejudices, be they religious or naturalistic. Mr. Rouse's book may do good in warning emotional people off the ground until the clear-minded scientist has done his work. But it will certainly not avail to check the latter, or withhold him from his investigations into the sphere of the spirit.

H. L. H.

SPRING SONGS AMONG THE FLOWERS. By Elise Emmons. Author of "Summer Songs Among the Birds," etc. London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THAT Miss Elise Emmon's latest volume of verse has already reached a second edition testifies to its popularity among a circle of readers who are sympathetic and not hypercritical. Like its predecessors, this little book breathes a spirit of intense love for the beauties of Nature and for all those simple joys of life which, like heaven, may be had for the asking. In this wilderness of a world it is always good to come upon a few fragrant wild flowers.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE, and Other Short Stories. By Charles Stuart Welles, M.D. London: L. N. Fowler & Co. *No price given.*

THIS naive little book is, seemingly, the fruit of the leisure hours of an American physician of an amiable and religious bent of mind. The "stories" deal with séances, "spirit-wives," "psychic forms," and "heavenly pink roses," in a quite uncritical flowery style.

Dr. Welles hardly does justice to his ill-omened Christian name; for nothing ill-omened seems to get through to him—at any rate, from the Great Beyond. The voices, whether still and small, or otherwise, sound a uniformly cheerful note in his well-pleased ear. Sandwiched among the psychic novelettes are two more ambitious treatises on the Millennium and the Federal constitution of the United States. The frontispiece is an autographed portrait of the author.

G. M. H.

THE COSMIC NUMBERS OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. By Dr. Fritz Noetling. Stuttgart: E. Schweizerbart'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. Pp. 181.

IN this rather alarming-looking German work Dr. Noetling claims to have re-discovered a universal mathematical law, which was well known to the Ancient Egyptians, and of which the Pyramid of Cheops is nothing more nor less than a detailed expression in stone. This discovery includes, incidentally, the solving of the problem of squaring the circle, and gives rise to a new theory as to the origin of the various bodies of our planetary system. So far from being fragments thrown off from the sun, the planets are, according to Dr. Noetling, masses of cosmic matter of regularly proportioned weight, which have at different times been drawn into the sphere of the sun's attraction, the nearest to the centre being the oldest, and the most distant the newest, members of the solar system. Earth and Venus are, consequently, older and further evolved than, for instance, Mars or Jupiter, and the author claims that he has thus given the death-blow to all hopes and surmises concerning intelligent inhabitants of the planet Mars. He has no patience with the idea of wireless signals, any more than with attempts to extract dates and prophecies from a study of the dimensions of the Pyramids. Englishmen, he declares, with pitying contempt, are particularly fond of indulging in this kind of "mysticism," and though he does not deny that the Egyptian measurements have universal correspondences that *may* coincide with certain crises and periods in the evolution of humanity, he is careful to disclaim any prophetic

interpretation which so-called "mystics" might wish to attach to his discovery of the "laws of unity."

In spite of Dr. Noetling's statement that no advanced knowledge of mathematics is needed to follow and understand his calculations and diagrams, it must be said that these are beyond the grasp of the ordinary non-mathematical mind. The book presents his theories in a condensed form, and a longer and more detailed exposition will probably appear later on, when it will perhaps be easier to judge the real value of the information given.

E. M. M.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. An Explanation of Spiritualist Phenomena and Belief in Terms of Modern Knowledge. By Millais Culpin. With an Introduction by Professor Leonard Hill. 7½ ins. × 5 ins., pp. xvi + 159. London: Edward Arnold, Maddox Street, W. Price 6s. net.

THE opening chapters of this book contain a clear and succinct account of the salient features of the "New Psychology," with its insistence on the work of the unconscious and the large part instinct plays in the mental life of man. The author then proceeds to a criticism of Modern Spiritualism, endeavouring to explain its phenomena and faith as the resultants of fraud (usually unconscious) and credulity. Mediums—apart from those who are conscious deceivers—are classed as dissociates; the dissociation being the result either of the repression of conscious deceit practised in the early stages of development, or else of the subject deceiving himself throughout and being led astray by his unconsciousness. Mr. Culpin writes as though this were an entirely new hypothesis, which those men of science who have pledged their faith in Spiritualism never thought of essaying. It is, of course, practically identical with that of the subliminal self, which has been rejected in favour of the spiritualistic theory by so many investigators as a satisfactory explanation of *all* the facts (it is the true explanation of many, no doubt) only because it could not be stretched to cover them.

Mr. Culpin, moreover, does not seem to be aware that many of his arguments resemble a two-edged sword, which the astute reader may be inclined to turn against him and his school of thought. "Scientific men," he writes, "are prone to believe that their mind-work is purely logical; so it is, up to a certain point, and the more exact the science the less room there is for thinking in complexes; but the reception of a new theory is always opposed by those whose firmly established complexes are offended by it." Surely this is true of the spiritualistic theory, and neither Mr. Culpin nor Professor Hill can be exempted from the implied criticism. The former, in his Introduction, after an account of the physiological structure of man, arrives at the startling *non sequitur* that telepathy must be due to chance or trickery, and concludes his remarks with an appeal for the stern suppression of Spiritualism by the law as a fraud and an imposture. From the standpoint of the "New Psychology" does not this look like the attempted rationalization of an instinctive (*i.e.*, logically baseless) belief and the manifestation on the part of the unconscious of a desire that evidence shall not be forthcoming to refute it?

H. S. REDGROVE.

LIFE. By E. J. Detmold. Pp. vii + 50. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

MESSRS. DENT & SONS have recently published this little volume expounding the philosophy of a modern disciple of the mystical school known as Quietists. The author sets out to describe the two ways of attainment—the one through liberation, passing through various stages from the realization of the body to the ultimate realization of the infinite through the soul; the other by disillusionment, due to the inevitable passing of the infatuation with creatures. Mr. Detmold has achieved a wonderful facility for stating the fundamental principles of his philosophy in a manner at once succinct and arresting. For instance, in speaking of the stages of attainment he writes: "Transcendence of things, such is dominion— involvement in things, such is subjection." Again a wealth of mystic insight is contained in such a sentence as "I myself am but the emanation of that which I am." His method of philosophy is inductive. He proceeds from that which is phenomenal—the body—to that which is real—the soul. From the height of attainment he sums up the whole process of his mystic pilgrimage and estimates the function of each successive member of the personality through which his ego has passed. "The inspired soul uplifts the mind, and the enlightened mind uplifts the body; through the activity of the highest member the whole constitution is lifted up." It is a small volume, but pregnant with thoughts of the kind that lie too deep for words; and it is rather for what it suggests of the possibilities and rewards of mystic attainment than on account of any explicit directions it may give to the questing soul that this book should be read. Many a modern mystic, especially if he be a Quietist, will find himself on familiar ground as he turns the pages of Mr. Detmold's book, and he will thank the author for seeking to make known the deep secrets which he has learnt during many years of self-overcoming.

H. L. HUBBARD.

THE CITY OF GOD, AND THE WAY TO FIND IT. By John Coutts, Author of "The Tree of Life," etc., etc. London: G. Lyal, 36 Hardy Terrace, High Road, Wood Green, N. Melbourne, Australia: Hutchinson Proprietary Co., 305 Little Collins Street. Price 1s.

THIS writer has set himself a huge task, that of reconciling the scientific and religious conceptions of life, in a search for the mystical "City of God." He prefaces his volume with the reasonable assumption that: "For all thoughtful students life is like unto a quest after the knowledge of Truth and Grace; it is by Science that the way of Truth is found; and it is by Religion, by Faith in God, that Grace in Christ is revealed and known. The great quest is to find the King and the Kingdom that is heavenly and spiritual; those who are in the Kingdom of Heaven have the Kingdom within themselves, and try to conform to its Constitution and Laws. The further quest is to find the City wherein the King reigns, as supreme in Truth, Law, Grace and Divine Love."

With intense earnestness the author follows his theme through many fervent pages, and in conclusion indicates "the fourfold order of development" which he thinks will be helpful to future seekers and students.

EDITH K. HARPER.