

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"

Price ONE SHILLING NET; post free, ONE SHILLING AND TWOPENCE. Annual Subscription, TWELVE SHILLINGS (Three Dollars).

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, 85 Duane Street, New York; The *Macoy Publishing Company*, 45-49 John Street, New York; The *Western News Company*, Chicago.

Subscribers in India can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from *The Theosophical Publishing House*, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XXXIV

NOVEMBER 1921

No. 5

NOTES OF THE MONTH

"I AM no ordinary woman," observes Charley's Aunt in the play, and in reading through *The Wanderings of a Spiritualist*,* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, one is bound to admit that "the bloke what wrote *Sherlock Holmes*," as he was somewhat disrespectfully described by one of his New Zealand audience, is no ordinary spiritualist. And yet, there is one spiritualist who, though unlike him in many ways, in his type of mentality certainly presents a curious resemblance to the celebrated creator of "Sherlock Holmes." Both evince the same extraordinary mental activity, and curiosity with regard to all kinds of problems of general and utilitarian interest. Both deal with them when they meet with them, from the same speculative and practical standpoint. If anyone, after reading through *The Wanderings of a Spiritualist*, would take the trouble to peruse, for example, my all too brief essay on Emanuel Swedenborg, in *Mystics and Occultists of All Ages*, † they will, I am sure, be at once struck with the parallel. In Sir Arthur's book we have a work purporting to deal with the author's propaganda as a spiritualist, but he is

* J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 15s. net.

† London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 4s. 6d. net.

perpetually departing from his main thesis to make comments, criticisms, and suggestions, in reference to every conceivable subject of general practical interest and importance. At one time he speculates on the geological history of Australia, and the causes which led to its present configuration ; at another he deals with the sheep-shearing industry, and Lord Wolseley's brother's invention of the electric clip, which did away with the slow and clumsy process of hand shearing. Then, again, he treats of the all-important problem of irrigation in the Southern continent. He discusses the catastrophe of Atlantis and the probable effect

A VARIETY
ENTERTAIN-
MENT.

of the tidal wave resulting from such a calamity on the other portions of the earth's surface. Again he treats of the migrations of the various races, and comments on Dr. Macmillan Brown's theory that the Maoris are probably of the same stock as the Europeans, that they had wandered Japan-wards and had finally taken to the sea. He writes freely of the political conditions of Australia and its future prospects as a world-power, and stresses the mistakes made by Labour Governments which have encouraged innumerable strikes and hampered the development of the country. Again, we have his theory with regard to the much-discussed battle of Jutland and Jellicoe's refusal to close with the German fleet. This leads him to criticize the errors in the construction of our battleships and to make the comment, " All's well that ends well, but it was stout hearts, and not clear heads, which pulled us through."

We have plenty of observations, *inter alia*, on Australian cricket and the comparative merits and defects of the English and Australian teams. The author of this very varied and discursive book at another time handles the problem of orthodox Christianity with no little freedom, and in particular criticizes St. Paul and contrasts his teaching with that of the Great Master whom he claimed to interpret.

" Paul," he says, " with his tremendous energy and earnestness fixed Christianity upon the world, but I wonder what Peter and those who had actually heard Christ's words, thought about it all. We have had Paul's views about Christ, but we do not know Christ's views about Paul." He is perhaps rather unfair to St. Paul as an orator. " He was certainly," he tells us, " long winded and probably monotonous in his diction, or he could hardly have reduced one of his audience to such a deep sleep that he fell out of the window." He must, however, argues Sir Arthur, have had a powerful voice, for Sir Arthur himself has stood on the rocky

pulpit on Mars Hill at Athens, and declares that from the acoustic point of view the conditions are abominable. "As to his preaching," he adds, "he had a genius for making a clear thing obscure, even as Jesus had a genius for making an obscure thing clear."

"One thing," says Sir Arthur, "can safely be said of Paul, that he was either a bachelor or else a domestic bully with a very submissive wife, or he would never have dared to express his well-known views about women." Perhaps our author holds the view

that St. Paul's wife was the "thorn in the flesh" to which he makes reference on one occasion!

ST. PAUL A BACHELOR? WAS SERIOUSLY, HOWEVER, I DO NOT THINK THAT THERE IS ANY QUESTION BUT THAT ST. PAUL WAS A BACHELOR. HE MAKES

an allusion which surely implies this in 1 Corinthians ix: "Am I not free?" he asks, "am I not an Apostle? . . . My defence to them that examine me is this. Have we no right to lead about a wife that is a believer, even as the rest of the Apostles, and the brethren of the Lord and Cephas?" I quote from the Revised Version, as the Authorized Version is mistranslated. Clearly St. Paul claims that if he chose he would be fully justified in marrying, but equally clearly he did not choose to do so.

With regard to the Master himself, our author remarks: "That he was a highly trained psychic, or as we should say, medium, is obvious to anyone who studies the miracles and it is certainly not derogatory to say that they were done along the lines of God's law rather than that they were inversions of it.

I cannot doubt also that he chose his Apostles for their psychic powers." Presumably this was the explanation of how Judas got himself chosen among the twelve; for clearly his moral character did not justify it. That Mary the mother of Jesus was opposed to his mission is, thinks Sir Arthur, very probable. "Women are dubious about spiritual novelties, and one can well believe that her heart ached to see her noble elder son turn from the sure competence of his father's business at Nazareth to the precarious existence of a wandering preacher."

Our author has his own views on every conceivable subject, and has no idea of hiding his light under a bushel. He has seen the mango-tree trick performed by a native conjurer. "He did it so admirably," says Sir Arthur, "that I can well understand those who think it is an occult process. I watched the man narrowly and I believe that I solved the little mystery, though even now I cannot be sure." Sir Arthur thinks it was pure trickery. The seed was passed round for examination. It was then laid among

some loose earth, water was poured upon it, and it was covered with a handkerchief. In about a minute he exposed the same or another seed with the capsule burst and a light green leaf protruding. "Clearly," says our author, "it had been palmed off and substituted for the other." The process was repeated, and next time when the handkerchief was whisked off, there was the plant a foot high with thick foliage and blossoms. But among the impedimenta which the Indian juggler had with him was a little rag doll. "My explanation," says Sir Arthur, "is that by a miracle of packing the whole of the plant had been compressed into the rag doll. The scrabbling of the hands under the cloth was to smooth out the leaves after it was pulled from this cover. I observed that the leaves were still rather crumpled, and that there were dark specks of fungi which would not be there if the plant was straight from nature's manufactory." Clearly it is the creator of Sherlock Holmes and not the spiritualist who wrote the above passage.

Elsewhere he gives us his views on the subject of Theosophy. His criticism of this cult is that there is no adequate proof. The Theosophist, in short, is too much of a dogmatist, from Sir Arthur's point of view; and I think a large number of those who sympathize most with the Theosophical standpoint will be inclined to agree with him in this.

I ask [he writes], for proofs, and Spiritualism has given them to me, but why should I abandon one faith in order to embrace another? I have done with faith. It is a golden mist in which human beings wander in devious tracks with many a collision. I need the white clear light of knowledge. For that we build from below brick by brick, never getting beyond a provable fact. There is the building which will last. But these others seem to build from above downwards, beginning by the assumption that there is supreme human wisdom at the apex.

This our author stigmatizes as a dangerous habit of thought, which has led the race astray before, and may do so again. He admits that there may be much in the Ancient Wisdom, but distrusts the evidence; and above all other people in the movement, he distrusts its founder, Madame Blavatsky. But is not Mrs. Besant, against whose character and principles no charges have ever been brought, far more dogmatic than her predecessor, and in consequence, from Sir Arthur's point of view, far more open to attack? Certainly it is curious that the champions of a faith which claims to be entirely undogmatic should have laid

themselves open so frequently to the charge of dogmatic assertion without any adequate proof. The fact is, it appears to me, that Spiritualism lacks a philosophical scheme in which its psychic evidences may find their proper relation to each other; while Theosophy lacks the necessary evidence required to substantiate its extraordinarily detailed statements with regard to the nature of man and the history of the human race. We may accept the hypothesis of the akashic records without being willing to admit that any particular Theosophist who has claimed to read them, has interpreted them aright. When, however, all this is granted,

SPIRITUALISM we must admit that there are traditions of the past
AND embodied in the Ancient Wisdom which are being
THEOSOPIHY every day more and more conclusively established
COMPARED. by the accumulating evidence of present-day
 investigation; and that a cult without a workable

hypothesis on which to build can scarcely be seriously regarded from the philosophical standpoint. Automatic or other communications descriptive of conditions on other planes of being entirely fail, even if they can be substantiated, to fill this gap. Some theory of the evolution of consciousness from the lowest to the highest is required before the mind can rest satisfied that life, either here or on the next plane, has any real meaning or purpose at all. To this question of questions: "Has life a purpose?" no answer is provided by proving that after the physical body has perished, the consciousness still survives, however comforting to certain natures this knowledge may be. For myself, it does not appear to be possible, in envisaging this profoundly important subject, to separate the problem of how we came to be what we are in this life, from its natural corollary, what we are destined to become hereafter. The attempt to dissociate the two has always resulted in the past in the building of illusory creeds which have no true philosophical basis. The history of mankind is strewn with the fragments of such discredited and half-forgotten faiths; and those who attempt to build again on these same shifting sands are only inviting a similar fate for their creed to that which has overtaken all the other orthodoxies of the past in turn.

I have compared Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to Emanuel Swedenborg in one particular. I would venture to commend the observations of this remarkable seer and man of science as peculiarly applicable to the present context. There are, in fact, two methods of arriving at the truth, and we cannot dissociate one from the other. Speaking before the Royal Swedish Academy

of Sciences on December 14, 1740, Swedenborg explained his philosophical method as follows :

There are two ways by which to trace out those things in nature which lie either open before us, or are hidden from our eyes—viz., the *a priori* which is also called the synthetical method, and the *a* SCIENTIFIC *posteriori*, or the analytical method. Both are necessary METHODS. in reflecting upon and tracing out one and the same thing : for in order to do so there is required both light *a priori* and experience *a posteriori*. Now, while the learned among the ancients followed the former light as remotely and profoundly as they possibly could, those at a later period were induced not to accept anything as evidence, unless it was confirmed by experience. Hence also some of the learned at the present day seem to have agreed to let thought rest, and to make experiments which would appeal to the senses ; yet they did so with the hope and intent that some day experience would be connected with theory : for experience deprived of an insight into the nature of things is knowledge without learning, and a foundation without a building to rest upon it. The observations of the outward senses merely furnish data and give information about things which the understanding ought to investigate, and concerning which it ought to form its judgments. . . .

For the purpose of reaching this noble end, the learned scientific men of these later times have collected and accumulated such an abundant and invaluable treasure of experiments and facts, that we seem likely to be able soon to advance a step beyond, and to trace out the secret properties of nature *a posteriori*, or by the analytical method, and thus to meet our learned forefathers who reached the same goal *a priori*, and with their help to climb up a higher Parnassus than they were able to do in their times.

It is surely clear that whether we are dealing with the problems of science or the profounder question of the immortality and ultimate destiny of the human race, facts as facts are useless to us, however conclusive the evidence in support of them may be, unless they can be made to form an integral part of a coherent structure on which can be based a faith founded on knowledge, and on a logical deduction from our premises. The meaning of life will never be explained by a mere collection of tomes of evidence such as has been provided by the S.P.R. Such evidence is useful only in so far as it enables us to build up a philosophical hypothesis which will at once appeal to our reason and square with the facts so far as we know them. The riddle of the sphinx is not to be read in the séance room, though the séance room may afford a clue. Nor is it to be solved by communications from the other side, even where the authenticity of such communications is established beyond all reasonable possibility of doubt. The problem is essentially one for the philosopher and the seer, who will reject no possible avenue of knowledge,

while testing all alike in the spirit of true criticism, not valuing evidence for its own sake, but only in so far as it enables him to fill in one more niche in the Temple of Truth.

Perhaps I should make a passing allusion to a criticism of D. D. Home, in which I would suggest that our author is rather unfair to the celebrated medium. The criticism in question has to do with his relations to the Rymer family, whom Sir Arthur thinks that Daniel D. Home treated badly. He refers to the Mr. Rymer in question as Home's benefactor, but the evidence before me rather suggests that the boot was on the other foot. In any

case it is clear from a letter of Mrs. Rymer's to her "Dear Dan" that in order to enable his wife and children to join her husband in Australia, Home made her a present of £50. The Rymers apparently had lost very heavily through some unfortunate business transactions, and the husband had gone to try and make a fresh start in Australia. Home may well have found that the assistance he gave the family, and presumably in particular the son in his European travels, was placing too great a strain upon his own finances. He was a man who constitutionally found it difficult to say "No," and if my suggestion is right, he might quite possibly have found it necessary to part company with the youth in question rather than embarrass himself further. In any case it is obvious that the relations between Home and the Rymer family were not broken by any friction that may have arisen in this connection, as Mrs. Rymer's letter to Home in which she expresses her thanks for his "affectionate liberality," and signs herself his "sincere and grateful friend," is subsequent in date to these European travels.

It is evident from his book that Sir Arthur was on a number of occasions brought into serious conflict with the orthodox clergy in Australia and New Zealand. It has often appeared to

me a strange fact that these outworn superstitions of the past should take such firm root in the new countries of the world. One might reasonably have expected that they would be laughed out of court. But in spite of a certain number of violent attacks from this quarter it is obvious that the tour was a pronounced success. There is, in fact, nothing like unreasoning opposition to bring to the fore one's true friends, and wherever Sir Arthur went his audiences were clearly not only overflowing but enthusiastic.

Sir Arthur touches incidentally on the problems of drink and temperance in relation to his experiences in Australasia.

Though by no means an extremist himself, he favours the limitation of the drink traffic, and remarks on the number of cases of drunkenness which he met with in parts of the Southern Continent. One amusing interview he cites with a man with whom he found himself drawn into conversation on a New Zealand ferry boat.

There was a man [he tells us], seated opposite me who assumed the air of elaborate courtesy and extreme dignity, which is one phase of alcoholism.

"Scuse me, sir!" said he, looking at me with a glassy stare, "but you bear most 'straordinary resemblance Olver Lodge."

A I said something amiable.

STARTLING "Yes, sir—'straordinary! Have you ever seen Olver RESEM- Lodge, sir?"

BLANCE. "Yes, I have."

"Well, did you perceive resemblance?"

"Sir Oliver, as I remember him, was a tall man with a grey beard." He shook his head at me sadly.

"No, sir,—I heard him at Wellington last week. No beard. A moustache, sir, same as your own."

"You're sure it was Sir Oliver?"

A slow smile came over his face.

"Blesh my soul—Conan Doyle—that's the name. Yes, sir, you bear truly remarkable resemblance Conan Doyle."

I did not say anything further, so I dare say he has not discovered yet the true cause of the resemblance.

I have written sufficient to make it plain that whatever criticisms may be levelled against Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest book, dullness and lack of variety will not be among them. The reader need have no fear of suffering the fate of the member of St. Paul's congregation to whom our author alludes, as having gone to sleep and fallen out of the window as a result of the tediousness of the Apostle's discourse.

On Monday, October 17, at the Savoy Hotel, a demonstration was given by the entertainers Mercedes and his colleague, Mlle Stantone, of thought transference of a novel character. Mlle Stantone sat blindfolded at a piano with her back to the audience. Mercedes moved about among the company present and asked them in turn to write on a piece of paper the name of a song or piece of music. Mercedes looked at the name written, and asked

MUSICAL TELEPATHY. the writer to stand up and say, "Will you please play my selection?" Mlle Stantone in most cases, without hesitation, gave the name of the piece required and played it on the piano. The audience were impressed with the success of the performance, and it appeared as if the possibility of collusion by means of a code was eliminated.

A VISIT TO ÉLIPHAS LÉVI

TRANSCRIBED BY MEREDITH STARR

THE following account of Mr. Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie's visit to Éliphas Lévi in 1861 contains material which will be of great value to students of occultism, and particularly to those who are interested in the contradictory and enigmatic personality of Lévi as revealed in his writings.

The account is taken verbatim from *The Rosicrucian and Red Cross of May, 1873*,* a quarterly record of the Rosicrucian Society of England, of which Bulwer Lytton, the celebrated author of *Zanoni*, was at one time the Grand Patron. This publication was, I believe, only circulated among members of the Society.

Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie adds in a postscript that the narrative might never have been published had it not been for the fact that the incidents were set down in writing by a brother member of the Rosicrucian Society, at Mr. Mackenzie's dictation, a few days after the interviews had taken place.

The text runs as follows :

" Having left London on the 25th of November, 1861, I occupied myself, on arriving in Paris, with an investigation as to the state of occult studies in that city. Among others, of whom, at some future time, I may give an account to the Society, I desired much to visit Éliphas Lévi Zahed—known to men as the Abbé Alphonse Louis Constant, the author of several works connected with the Holy Cabbala, and with Occult Philosophy and Illuminism.

" On the morning of the 3rd of December, 1861, I therefore repaired to the residence of Éliphas Lévi, situated at No. 19 Avenue de Maine. The building proved to be a handsome and well-arranged structure of brick, with a square garden in front, handsome gate, porter's lodge, and generally good approaches—the building being three stories high. Upon inquiring of the porter, I found that Éliphas Lévi resided upon the second floor, the first floor, probably, being offices of some kind. There I found a narrow passage in which there were four doors to my right, apparently opening upon a number of small rooms. On the fourth door I perceived a small card about three inches long, upon which were inscribed some Hebrew characters equivalent to Éliphas Lévi (Alphonse Louis) ; in each corner was one of the four letters forming the sacred word INRI, and the whole of this Hebrew inscription was written in the three primitive colours—viz., red, yellow and blue.

* The article appeared originally under the title of " Philosophic and Cabalistical Magic."—M. S.

" It was about 10 a.m. when I knocked, and the door was opened by Eliphas Lévi himself. I found him a short burly man, with a rubicund complexion, very small but piercing eyes twinkling with good humour, his face broad, his lips small and well compressed together, nostrils dilating. The lower part of his face was covered with a thick black beard and moustache, and I noticed that his ears were small and delicate. In person he was lusty, and his dress was plain and quiet. Upon his head he wore a kind of felt hat turned up in front. On his removing his hat to salute me, I observed that his head was partially bald, his hair dark and glistening, and that portion of his skull which had been submitted to the tonsure was partially overgrown with hair.

" He apologized for wearing his hat, stating that he was compelled to do so by an affection of his head, which rendered it dangerous for him to remain uncovered.

" Having briefly stated my name and presented my credentials, I proceeded to express my gratification at the information I had derived from the perusal of his works, and I told him that my mission to him was to learn the state of his studies, in so far as he might feel disposed to inform me, and at the same time to give him the latest intelligence of the condition of occult studies in England. He replied, in French—that language, Latin and Hebrew being the only languages known to him—that he was highly pleased to receive any stranger whose studies were akin to his own, and that he had the satisfaction of knowing that his works upon Philosophical Magic had obtained for him the sympathy of many inquiring minds in all parts of Europe.

" Among his disciples, Eliphas Lévi especially mentioned the Count Braszynsky, a Polish millionaire, to whom, he said, he was indebted for a variety of the manuscripts then in his possession. I said that I had been, for some time, making collections in reference to the occult game of Tarot, and that I wished particularly to learn whether he proposed to carry out the intention expressed in the *Rituel et Dogme de la Haute Magie* of issuing a complete set of Tarot cards.

" He replied that he was very willing to do so—and took from among his manuscripts a small volume in which were depicted the twenty-one cards of the Tarot with the Zero or Fool, according to the earliest authorities. Those cards were drawn by his own hand, and the little volume contained a large number of the symbols of Theurgia and Goetia, a medley of collections from the Key of Rabbi Solomon and similar occult repertoires.

" This little work (he told me) had cost him twenty years to put together. He was kind enough to state that if I had any intention of publishing, in England, any set of Tarot cards, I might count upon him for all assistance, and that he would supply me with all drawings and instructions for their use.

" After this preliminary conversation our discourse became general,

and then, for the first time, I ventured to take a glance at his compartment.

"The room is small and irregular in shape, and its dimensions appear all the less from the fact of its being crowded with furniture. In a recess behind his usual writing-table was a species of altar, with a set of gilt vessels such as are usually used in Roman Catholic churches in the celebration of the Mass. Sumptuous drapery of yellow and drab covered this piece of furniture, in the centre of which lay a Hebrew roll of the Law; above it was a gilt triangle bearing the name of Jehovah; on the right side of this altar was a species of sideboard, also hung with drapery. Under a glass case I noticed a manuscript of talismans, as I perceived from the pages which were open.

"Next to this came the window, having a northern aspect, and close to it was placed the ordinary writing-table of Éliphas Lévi—a large and substantial piece of furniture, with shelves in front, covered with books and manuscripts. Behind, on the wall, next to the writing-table and close to the window, hung a life-size picture representing a female, her hands clasped to her bosom, adoring the Sacred Word, which appeared in a kind of glory.

"Éliphas then informed me that the female represented the Holy Cabbala. Underneath the picture was an antique sofa, with red velvet cushions. At the end of the room was the fireplace, before which a curiously contrived screen was placed. The mantelshelf was loaded with a series of massive-looking vases, in which were coins, medallions and talismans. On the other side of the fireplace, opposite the picture, was a smaller cabinet with glass doors, hung with red drapery, with shelves above, on which were ranged books not of an occult character. Within the cabinet I saw a number of manuscripts, printed books, talismans, a glass water vessel of a blue colour, two skulls, and a variety of other magical apparatus.

"Next to this cabinet came the door, upon which was suspended a large cabalistical diagram, of which Éliphas Lévi informed me that only one hundred impressions had been taken. Upon the walls were suspended many engravings and paintings having reference to the Cabbala. The whole room was profusely decorated with hangings of every kind, and presented an effective theatrical appearance. Upon one of the sideboards I noticed an Egyptian figure of Isis, upon which I commented as being very perfect, at which Éliphas Lévi laughed, and told me it was an article of commerce in Paris, being, in fact, a very large tobacco-jar.

"We conversed upon the subject of Theosophy considerably, and Éliphas Lévi did me the favour to remark that the form of my head was evidently that of a person greatly given to such studies. Éliphas Lévi informed me that if there were any truths to be discovered in his books—as he believed there were—they were not to be attributed to his own wisdom, but that he had arrived at the various inductions there published by means of the combinations presented by the

twenty-two cards of the Tarot. He also mentioned that those works had been prepared for the press by a friend, he himself not possessing the requisite literary ability.*

"Altogether my impression upon my first visit was highly favourable; his manner was simple, sincere and straightforward. He spoke to me of his visit to England, stated his inability to speak English, a language he had in vain endeavoured to acquire—he rendered a tribute to the versatile knowledge of Lord, then Sir Edward Bulwer, Lytton, and returned to his favourite topic, the Cabbala, upon which he dwelt with emphasis. I asked him, among other questions, whether he recognized the existence, as a fact, of a means of communication with departed spirits. His reply was this:

"'Break a bottle of oil under water, at however remote a distance from the surface, the mass of oil will ascend to that surface, whilst the remains of the bottle will sink to the bottom. Thus,' he continued, 'do I conceive that the soul, upon quitting the body, by its spiritual specific gravity, ascends to the sphere for which it is destined. Like the oil, it remains ever uppermost, and returns not to earth.'

"I then urged upon him that spirits might, by refraction or reflection, communicate with earth, but I found him an utter materialist upon this question. Time was now drawing on: I therefore bade him adieu, fixing the next morning for a resumption of our converse.

"On my second interview, the following morning, he reiterated all his friendly expressions, and proceeded with great kindness to show me a variety of manuscripts of his own and of other persons. One work he laid before me was a photographic copy of a printed book, the title-page of which was unknown to him, having been torn off; it was, however, a prophecy by the celebrated Paracelsus, illustrated with symbolical figures, and predicting, in unmistakable language, the first French revolution, the rise of Napoleon, the downfall of the Papacy, the restoration of the kingdom of Italy, the abrogation of the temporal power of the Pope, the downfall of the clergy, and the ultimate ascendancy of the occult sciences, as a means of restoring general harmony in society.

"The work is an octavo, containing thirty-two chapters, and the copy I saw was one of six taken by the Count Braszynsky from the imperfect original, which the possessor, a gentleman residing in Warsaw, would not sell to the Count, although he offered him any money he wished to ask for it. Some portion of the work has been quoted by Éliphas Lévi, in *La Clef des Grandes Mystères*, pp. 378 and 99.†

"The mention of the name of Paracelsus led me to remark upon the talismanic nature of many of his medical preparations, and I commented upon the effect these talismans produced either upon the

* This statement is very difficult of acceptance. Lévi's style is most characteristic, and his interviewer's memory may be assumed to have been at fault.—ED.

† This may be a misprint for 399.—M. S.

imagination or otherwise. Eliphas Lévi then proceeded to relate to me the following singular vision :

“ ‘ Among the various works of Paracelsus which have been published is one consisting almost entirely of talismans and sigils ; I had been much surprised at finding no reference in that work directly or indirectly to the subject of the Tarot, a subject which has engaged my whole life, and which, originally contained in the book *Zohar*, has come down to our time in the form in which I showed it to you yesterday.’

“ I here interposed, and said : ‘ Excuse me, but I have a great curiosity about the work *Zohar*. Can you tell me whether it has been printed, and if so, at what time ? ’

“ Eliphas Lévi replied : ‘ To give you any idea of the volume of the book *Zohar*, I should tell you that a very large cart would not contain it. It is, in fact, an extended commentary upon the entire works of the Old Testament, and was written long prior to the foundation of the Masoretic system of writing with points, and even before the invention of the Samaritan character. It was written in a character which has remained to our day, and has formed the substratum from which the various uncouth characters of sigils have resulted.’

“ At this Eliphas Lévi took out his manuscript work upon the Tarot, and there showed me the original characters. I then asked him kindly to resume.

“ ‘ I had retired to rest [he continued], and with the lamp beside me was engaged in turning over the leaves of the work of Paracelsus (named *Archedoxies*). Overcome by sleep I fell into an unconscious state, and in that condition found myself in a large hall, filled with alchemical apparatus, with draperies and signs appertaining to the laboratory of an occult philosopher.

“ ‘ I was gazing upon the scene, to me more complete than anything I had ever witnessed, when I found myself confronted by a majestic form ; a man stood before me, whose stature was evidently greater than my own, attired in a long robe, with a girdle round his waist, and a fillet on his hair about the temples. His face wore an expression of mockery, mingled with good nature, and he addressed me, welcoming me to his hall of audience. I conversed with him for some time, and told him that *over yonder* I had been engaged in studying his works, for I felt a conviction that it was Paracelsus in whose presence I stood. I remarked upon the fact that I found no reference to the Tarot in his works ; but I observed that I could not imagine him ignorant of that important subject. At the waist of Paracelsus there hung a small pouch, and from it, in reply, he drew a copper coin. The coin I have described in one of my works. It represents the first figure of the Tarot, the *Bateleur* or juggler—before him is a table on which are displayed the various symbols of his art.

“ ‘ I remarked to Paracelsus that I longed to possess such a rare and beautiful coin ; upon which he replied that it was impossible to present me with that particular example of it. I asked him whether

over yonder it was possible to obtain one, to which he answered by bidding me follow him. I did so, and passing through a similar hall, we emerged into the street. I then, for the first time, perceived that we were in Paris, and I noted with astonishment that the strange attire of my companion attracted no attention from the numerous passers-by; I therefore concluded that to them we were invisible. Passing from street to street, we at length came to the Pont-Neuf, and he then told me he would be able to give me such a coin as I should possess *over yonder*. He stooped down in the broad daylight, and began to scrape away the earth between two stones. After thus removing the surface, he took from the fissure a coin or medal exactly similar to the one he had produced from his pouch, and he handed this to me, bidding me place in the fissure one *son*, which I did. He then covered up the place, and in my joy at having received the medal I awoke.

"I confess that upon my waking I positively felt in my waist-coat pocket, in which I had placed the coin in my dream, to see if it were there. I need not say I was disappointed. The matter, however, preyed upon my mind. I rose early the next day, and I confess to you with shame that my weak-mindedness was such that I went at once to the Pont-Neuf, to see whether I should find the coin by digging in the earth.

"When I arrived there, the whole vision, with the passengers around me, seemed familiar—in fact, to realize my dream. I positively recognized the two stones between which my invisible guide had discovered the coin. I eagerly stooped down and scraped away the earth. I need not tell you that I found no coin there; but, on resuming my erect position, my eye glanced upon the stall of a curiosity dealer hard by. I was irresistibly led to the stall, and found a number of coins, and among them,' said Eliphas Lévi, holding up the medal in triumph to me, 'I discovered the exact facsimile of the coin produced by Paracelsus in the vision.'

"You may be able,' I then said to Eliphas Lévi, 'to supply me with some means of judging the causes of this vision.'

"His remark in reply was this: 'I have no doubt that upon purely natural causes the whole of this singular vision may be explained. I had fallen asleep with the work of Paracelsus in my hand—what more natural than that my mind should recur to such circumstances as I knew connected with him?'

"I said: 'But how do you explain the matter of the coin? Did you know of the existence of such a thing?'

"Eliphas Lévi replied: 'I did not.'

"Then,' I said, 'how was it that by such a happy intuition in a vision you perceived that which you were afterwards to purchase in reality? You say you are no spiritualist, yet it seems to me this ought to convert you.'

"He replied: 'I was well acquainted with the fact that the coin

dealer habitually exposed his wares on the quay beside the bridge. I had often passed the stall, yet I confess I had never to my knowledge seen the coin. The matter is inexplicable to me. I relate the circumstances to you faithfully as they occurred—and here is the coin.'

"I then related to Eliphas Lévi, in return for his vision, a few instances of realized dreams. Among other topics of conversation, I specially inquired whether he had any works he proposed to publish at a future time. He replied by producing a handsomely bound quarto volume, written by his own hand, in blue ink, irregularly and stragglingly. Each page was illustrated by drawings, chiefly representing an intermixture of the primary colours, red, yellow and blue. Through these were fancifully drawn the ordinary cabbalistic figures engraved in his works. This volume contained commentaries on the books of Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, which he connected directly with the prophecy of Paracelsus he had already shown me.

"From one of his numerous receptacles he produced a remarkable cabbalistic plate, which he had bought upon one of the quays. Respecting this plate, he informed me that in a manuscript record, in the possession of his friend, the Count Braszynsky, and attributed to the renowned Cagliostro, a prediction had been made that a certain person would arise in the nineteenth century who should be able clearly to express the meaning of this plate, and in the manuscript the name of the person was given as Alphonse: this Eliphas Lévi attributed to himself.

"Eliphas Lévi and myself also conversed respecting the Urim and Thummim, and the breastplate of Aaron. Upon this Eliphas Lévi referred to the small handbook formerly named, and there showed me a drawing of the Ark of the Covenant, with the four symbolical figures at the corners. He then bade me notice that the top of the ark was a plane surface, and that it was large enough to allow the rectangular breastplate of the High Priest to turn freely round in any direction. He then told me he had discovered the method of using the Urim and Thummim to be as follows:

"The breastplate of the High Priest, it is known, contained twelve stones, each cut into six facets or sides; upon each was engraven one of the seventy-two names of God. Thus the Urim and Thummim contained the whole Cabala. Upon its being placed at the top of the ark, the High Priest, offering up a prayer for enlightenment, turned the breastplate round upon itself, and, upon its ceasing to revolve, the High Priest watched the reflection of the four animals in the stone of the tribe whom the question concerned, and, combining them with the Divine Name, drew his conclusions.

"I finally parted with Eliphas Lévi, with the greatest assurances of good feeling on his part.

"Such" (concludes Mr. Mackenzie), "were the results of my two interviews with a remarkable man, who, in many ways, is a memorable sign of the sway still held by occult philosophy amongst mankind."

THE FIRE-WALK

BY W. N. NEILL

HAPPENING to glance through the pages of an old diary, in search of a fact forgotten, I came across this entry : January 2—Salomon had the day off to attend the ceremony of walking through the fire. Salomon, or Simon as he was indifferently called, was a cook, a native of Southern India, and nominally a Christian. His Christianity was probably but little removed from paganism, for he was a consistent attender at all heathen rites. As I had read of this ceremony and was anxious to see it performed, I found out from Salomon the precise place and time of its fulfilment and made my way thither, along a road packed with Indians all going in the same direction, and whose brilliantly coloured gala costumes made our progress resemble a triumphal procession. It was indeed a festive time, for it was the *Banané*, or New Year, not so long ago the great slave holiday, and which the coloured people, like the Scotch, prefer to Christmas. The festival was in honour of the goddess Doorga, and continued for three days.

In the centre of a wide plot of ground in front of the temple of Doorga (or Kalee), great piles of wood were already blazing furiously and indeed soon reached the ember stage. Two men, completely nude, were busy with long-handled rakes extracting the half-burnt logs and scattering the embers about so as to form a great square whose sides would be about twenty feet long. Outside one edge of the square a trench a foot or so deep had been dug and filled with water. While the men were plying their rakes some of their friends were constantly carrying jars of water from the trench and dashing it over them from top to toe, lest their skin should be scorched off them altogether by the terrific heat. In parenthesis it may be added that the beginning of January is about the hottest part of the year in these latitudes. There was an immense crowd assembled all around the square, kept at a respectful distance by the heat, which thus aided the spectators in seeing clearly what was going on. White people were few and far between. Andrew Lang is only stating a fact when he says : * “ In Mauritius Europeans usually take no interest in the doings of the heathen.” Besides a few curious

* *Magic and Religion*, p. 287.

creatures, such as myself, there were one or two police officials present to regulate the crowd, but they seemed to regard the whole business as rather a bore. No doubt they had seen it frequently before and had lost all interest.

At last the glowing square seemed to be ready, for a priest who inspected it gave the signal for the fire-walk to commence. The familiar Indian music—clarionet and tom-toms—was heard in the distance and a small procession of devotees appeared, preceded by men bearing the image of Doorga, richly bedight with gold and jewels, upon a small platform. The little band came to a halt some distance from the edge of the furnace. Then the fire-walking began. A middle-aged native, clad only in a loin-cloth, stepped calmly out upon the embers and walked deliberately and by no means hurriedly across, for all the world as if he were walking on a grass lawn. Another followed, then another, and still another till quite a dozen had passed over. Some of these walked as calmly as the first man, but others, mostly younger men, ran over, and when their fiery journey was completed they stopped for a moment to dip their feet in the water trench. To judge from their contortions and yells they had not crossed scathless, but the older and graver men seemed in no wise put out. I was not near enough to examine their legs and feet after the ordeal, and could only judge from their behaviour how it had affected them. In my opinion some of them suffered no injury at all, while others did. From inquiries addressed to Salomon, on his return, I learned that the fire-walkers were men who had vowed to undergo this ordeal in a time of their own or a dear one's sickness if Doorga would only grant recovery to the patient. This vow is never broken. They also pay about fifteen rupees to the priest for the privilege of walking. For a month or more previous to the ceremony they go into training. They diet themselves on rice and milk, fast a good deal and refrain entirely from animal food and from fat. Before and during the ordeal they pray unceasingly, and as they step upon the embers they are blessed by the priest and bidden have no fear, for they will feel nothing. If they have obeyed all these regulations they cross unscathed, but, on the other hand, if they have eaten prohibited articles of food, such as *snook*—a species of salt-fish from the Cape—and, especially, if they have indulged in rum, they will very possibly get burnt. The man who shows by his shrieks and grimaces that he is in agony after the walk is thus naturally explained away as one who has not held strictly to the rules.

The fire-walk, or *shinnery* as it is called, is not the only way of paying a vow to Doorga. For a few rupees a man may submit himself to the exquisite torture of having sharp thick wires thrust into his flesh under the arm-pits, through his cheeks, his lips, his tongue, and even his face from forehead to chin. Or he may indulge in the hook of suspension, which means a great hook is thrust through the muscles of his back and he is hoisted into the air for a set period. This, however, costs the victim a large sum of money, besides rigid fasts and penances beforehand and is therefore not so popular. These ordeals are in quite a different category from the fire-walk, as the victims naturally suffer great pain, although *gandhia* or some other intoxicating drug is administered and their cries are drowned in music, deafening and diabolical.

Andrew Lang, in his *Magic and Religion* (1901), Paper XV, has collected instances of the fire-walk from all ends of the earth, and his conclusion is that the immunity of those who take part in the ceremony from the usual effects of a great heat is still an unsolved mystery. From what I saw in the island of Mauritius unguents and intoxicants may be ruled out of account, as neither could possibly be powerful enough to carry a man scathless over such a sea of fire in the burning heat of a tropical summer sun. The true explanation probably lies in these words of Iamblichus, "They walk unharmed on fire because the god within them does not allow the fire to injure them." It may be that the performers secure their immunity through the exalted psychical condition in which they are moving at the moment.

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE

By F. E. H.

MY father was a Derbyshire farmer, and my early years were passed in a village in the neighbourhood of the Peak. The house we occupied was some distance from the others, an old rambling, inconvenient place, with a group of equally ancient farm-buildings behind it. The surrounding scenery was wild and romantic, but, from some points of view, barren and desolate. On one hand one saw bleak stony fields, scarcely worth cultivation, rising higher and higher, then the common land, the bare mountain sides, and above them the rugged summit of the Peak. In the opposite direction the land was more fertile and well timbered. The rich sloping meadows, the splendid trees, the glimpses of shining streams—caught between waving foliage—formed lovely pictures that I recall to this day with pleasure.

From the front door a narrow foot-path led across the fields to the village, or, if you followed another path that branched from it, over the moorland and round the mountain side. Few people used the latter path, and the track was almost lost in places. The few callers who came to this out-of-the-way place usually followed the cart-track which led to the farm-yard at the back of the house.

Many weird and wonderful tales used to be told of these "untrodden ways" around the Peak. In those days the simple country folk would relate stories of the ghostly dogs that roam the fields by night, and of the "Gabriel hounds," only heard before misfortune and death. One story in particular—of a lady in sweeping black garments, who overtook lonely pedestrians and, gliding noiselessly past them, suddenly vanished from before their eyes—filled me with delicious terror.

"You know she's summat onnat'ral when she passes you," said my informant, "'cause you feel pins and needles all over you, and your hair stands up."

My mother disliked the stories, and forbade my listening to them, but my grandmother—with more sympathy for the childish love of the marvellous—would draw me to her side and tell me the old Bible stories. Many a time have I listened entranced while she related how God sent the angel "to shut the lions' mouths," and spoke of the chariots and horsemen round about Elisha, invisible to mortals until the Lord opened their eyes. Most of all did I love to think of the angels ascending

and descending the heavenly ladder, while the weary Jacob slept. Such stories as these were an antidote to the poison of superstition. My grandmother was the dearest thing on earth to me. Even as a child I recognized the beauty of her character.

She was a very little woman, and in her later years, when age and infirmity had bowed her, she was no taller than a child of ten. Her dress was always singularly neat and dainty, and that, together with her silvery hair, bright dark eyes, and tiny figure, formed a quaint and attractive picture. Though old, she retained much of the activity of her youth, and delighted in busying herself in household matters, especially in cooking, for which she was quite celebrated.

"Let me make you some bakestone cakes," she said to my mother one winter's night; "we shall be busy to-morrow, and shall have no time."

"It is so late," was the answer, "nearly bedtime."

"The fire is just right," said Granny, "and no one need stay up. I can mix the cakes and bake them quickly. It will not take me long."

"I don't like to go to bed and leave you up at work," replied my mother; "the children can do without the cakes, Granny dear."

But Granny was obstinate, and carried the day; and the cakes being—as my mother foresaw—unfinished at bedtime, I obtained leave to stay up and keep her company.

It was a bitterly cold night, and the ground was carpeted with snow. Very still too, unnaturally still even for the country, I thought, as Granny and I sat before the fire waiting for the cakes to finish baking. But when all was done, and the candles lit in readiness for our departure to bed, we were startled by a sudden sharp knock at the front door. So unexpected was the sound breaking the stillness of the night, that we both started. Visitors, always rare, were unknown at that hour—almost eleven. Who could have ventured across the lonely road, or still lonelier footpath, on such a night? While we hesitated, again the knock sounded on the door.

"Don't open it," said Granny; "I'll speak to them and ask who they are first."

To the door we went, and Granny asked aloud: "What do you want?"

Instantly a voice replied: "Four feet and a half."

This strange answer took us aback for a moment, but Granny quickly recovering herself asked at once: "Who are you?"

There came no answer, and although we repeated the question several times, we heard not a word in reply, nor any sound of retreating footsteps. Lifting up a corner of the blind I looked through the window, and the night being moonlight I could see that no one was at the door or in the garden.

As we could find no other explanation of the circumstance we came to the conclusion that some passing traveller had tried to give us a fright and that the only thing to do was to dismiss the matter from our minds and go to bed, which we did.

The next morning I told my mother of the knocks at the door, and the strange reply the unseen visitor had given to our question. She, too, thought it must have been some passer-by, who, seeing the light at that (for us) late hour, had knocked just to startle us.

"It is more likely that you fell asleep and dreamed it, laddie," said my father; "no one could come to the door and go away again without leaving their footprints on the snow, and there are none to be seen in the garden this morning, neither has any snow fallen during the night."

"Indeed, I was not asleep," I protested, rather hurt, "and you can ask Granny, she heard it, too."

"Granny is not to be disturbed," my mother replied; "she will knock on the floor when she awakes, and then I will take up her breakfast."

Alas, dear Granny! Hers was the sleep that knows no waking. When, some hours later, rendered uneasy by her long silence, we entered her room, we found her lying dead, with a smile on her face.

* * * * *

Three days later, two men drove into the yard, and watching from the window, I saw them lift something long and narrow, which was covered with a dark cloth, from the cart, and carry it through the kitchen. I listened to their footsteps as they passed upstairs, along the passage, and into the room where Granny lay; and I remember crying bitterly as I began to understand what the long dark thing was for.

After a little while the men descended, and stood for a few minutes while my father poured out some ale for them, talking in a subdued voice.

As they went out at the door, one of them turned and said:

"I think you will be pleased with the coffin, sir; it is very handsome, but the smallest I ever made in my life for a woman; that is to say, it only measures four feet and a half!"

THE OCCULT VALUE OF THE SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE

BY RAPHAËL HURST

THE relations between occultism and modern science have been repeatedly examined for the past half-century. It is not intended to continue the time-worn mode of such discussion here. What is proposed is to present a different aspect of these relations, a somewhat newer treatment of them.

Hitherto, either there has been friction between the followers of these two groups, or some saner soul among the occultists has invited scientists to step across the borderland and sift esoteric doctrines for a shell, worthy of being picked for the pearl of truth.

But what if this invitation is reversed? What if some lover of Hermes strides into the scientists' camp and endeavours to gain something from them? Such an excursion is attempted here.

Every occultist who has been competently trained in any of the sciences along current Western lines knows how great is his indebtedness to such a training. When, after this discipline, he takes up a system of Yoga, such as, for instance, that outlined by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, he discovers how far along that path he has already travelled, albeit wholly unconsciously; how much of the necessary qualifications he has already unfolded.

Take, as a pre-eminently fitting example of this, the particular quality of impersonality.

Serious and profound students of modern science are well aware of the stress laid upon strict impersonality whenever an examination of the phenomena of nature is undertaken. The scientist is taught to train himself in the bringing to bear upon each phenomenon a mind free, for the time being at any rate, from every trace of prejudice and personal emotion. It is necessary only to quote from such a famous authority as Professor Karl Pearson, to indicate how weighty is this stress. He says:

The facts once classified, once understood, the judgment based upon them ought to be independent of the individual mind which examines them . . . the habit of forming a judgment upon these facts unbiased by personal feeling is characteristic of what may be termed the scientific frame of mind (*Grammar of Science*, p. 6).

In brief, the man of science has to record things as they are, not as he would wish them to be. He must not twist the facts to fit his theory.

Each time he achieves this ideal, he creates that qualification of the occultist described by Dr. Steiner as one which "is the unreserved, unprejudiced laying of oneself open to that which is revealed by human beings or the world external to man." For :

Anyone who wishes to tread the path of higher knowledge must train himself to be able each moment to obliterate himself with all his prejudices (*Theosophy*, p. 187).

This is the supreme secret of occult training. Divorce the personality, and inevitably consciousness shifts to a deeper, subtler centre. From that place of inner peace, it is possible to direct the development and functioning of man's finer vehicles with the utmost precision.

Bertrand Russell declares that "the kernel of the scientific outlook is the refusal to regard our own desires, tastes and interests as affording a key to the understanding of the world." Equally may we retort that it is the occultist's outlook also.

One of the first tests in certain occult schools, given to the pupil who has succeeded in evoking the early traces of clairvoyance, is that of subjecting him to the vision of astral forms so grotesque, so uncouth and fiendish in aspect, as to be of almost unimaginable horror. Yet the pupil is required to gaze steadily upon them and unflinchingly note their characteristics ; he must strive to examine them fearlessly and attempt to grasp their true nature.

Should he be overcome by fear, losing his spiritual balance, and thus fail to pass the test, it would be for one reason alone. That reason is the failure to regard these forms from a standpoint other than his own personal outlook. Such, at least, would be his teacher's judgment.

Through these and other probations, the aspirant gradually becomes inured to an attitude towards hidden nature as strictly impartial as that of the physical scientist towards visible nature.

Hence it is easy to see how the measure of success of the latter in maintaining his rigorous outlook, will be the measure of success in qualifying himself to study the more recondite aspects of the universe. And assuredly, the cyclic currents of evolution will ultimately carry him into such investigations, though it may not be in this particular incarnation.

The great scientist makes the great occultist. Nevertheless it would be quite fallacious to assume that however useful scientific

training becomes in occult life, it is thereby rendered necessary as a preliminary. There are other paths. One merely states here the peculiar advantages of this path.

So it is that, conquering personality in the laboratory, the scientist prepares the way for the conquest of personality in the wider domain of life. Dominating mind so that it gives a colourless register of sense-impressions, he is bringing to birth that subtler mastery of thought which is the quintessence of Yoga. And out of this conquest comes the lofty grandeur of spiritual calm—so marked in every yogi, so needed by a world in woe.

Take now, that scientific endeavour after exactitude which reflects itself in the occultist's striving after truth. What the scientist knows he must know *definitely*; what he communicates must be strictly accurate. Huxley was fond of telling students that the very air they breathed should be charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity which, he said, "is a greater possession than much learning."

It is highly instructive to note how definite, how precise are the statements of every great scientist. We realize that the words are used with a full consciousness of their meaning, with the precision of an expert mathematician. The uttered thought never outstrips its corresponding reality.

Such careful habits are fostered alike by the occult aspirant. Annie Besant says in this connection :

All exaggeration and painting up of a story, everything that is not perfectly consistent with fact, so far as he knows it, everything which has any shade of untruthfulness may not be used by him who would be a disciple (*Path of Discipleship*, p. 69).

Moreover the aspirant is taught to apply this effort after truth to every department of his life—feelings and actions equally with thoughts and words. Only when he becomes a self-reliant occultist, equipped with psychic and spiritual powers, does he discover some deeper reasons for this emphasis on veracity.

It is then that he perceives how falsehood has an effect upon the delicately organized psychic bodies of the more civilized man, comparable only to the result of a physical blow upon the body of flesh and blood. Whether in the form of a deliberate lie or whether in the careless utterance of an inaccurate thinker, the indifference of man to the silent pleading of truth is for ever creating mischief and trouble in his inner vehicles.

It may be that the lower and more numerous types of egos do not wreak much harm upon themselves through these vices.

It may also be that the finer, more evolved men will bring about certain states of their subtler bodies corresponding to illnesses in the physical. But to the occult disciple, perfect truth and exactness become indispensable qualities for the safeguarding of those ethereal vehicles now fast growing into active life and function. Untruth is here not merely a vice, but a positively dangerous force.

With such facts in his mind, the occultist greets appreciatively what, for example, was said of Lord Kelvin :

He hated ambiguities of language, and statements which mislead by looseness of phrasing. With painful effort he strove for clarity of expression. In that hazy medium of words wherein we all drown, he at least would attempt to observe the proprieties of language (*Professor Silvanus Thompson*).

For when, in the unfolded bud of the future, the ego known as Lord Kelvin is led into occultism, qualities such as the above and such as the celebrated scientist notoriously possessed, become guarantees of an extremely promising growth in the once-hidden gnosis.

Thus it has been shown that, though science may not concern itself with the occult specifically, yet the trained scientific student who enters the discipline of occultism soon discovers the high value therein of the attitude he brings along with him. He discovers it by the ease with which he succeeds in certain inner practices set him for exercise ; he discovers it, too, in the presence of an occult force evoked within himself by this very control of personality.

The stirrings of this force brought him into the half-veiled region of occultism. Yet awhile, and it may lift him far beyond the highest pinnacle in that rocky and mountainous land.

THE GRAIL ROMANCES AND THE TAROT

By JULIUS L. LACHNER

IF there is one problem more than the Tarot that has fascinated the thinking world, it is that of the real meaning behind the Grail stories. Student after student of the Arthurian legends and of folklore has toiled unceasingly in the vain attempt to unravel their tangled skein and to find the hidden key to their origin. If there is anything to equal the bulk of the original texts, it is the commentaries that have been written concerning them. It is impossible in this short space to discuss the literature of the subject—it suffices to say that up to the present the real key has never yet been given to the world, although the last attempt to solve the problem, made by one of the foremost of our Arthurian scholars, Miss Jessie Weston, was nearer the solution than that of any of her predecessors. For the key to the Grail romances lies in the withdrawn world of mysticism, and not in the domain of folklore. The same story can be read behind the Grail romances and the Tarot Cards; they serve alike to hold, and at the same time to conceal, the Secret Tradition of Israel, and the symbolism of the Hermetic Fraternities.

In the present article I simply propose to set forth for the first time certain collected data—the result of long study on the subject—and let them speak for themselves. Those qualified to judge in the matter will better appreciate the value of the cumulative evidence produced here. The reader is referred to my last article in the OCCULT REVIEW on “The Problem of the Tarot Cards,” to which the present is really supplementary.

The 4 Aces of the Tarot, representing the 4 Elements, and the 4 Letters of the Ineffable Name, were utilized by the authors of the Grail stories, to form the 4 Talismans of the Grail Castle, the Spear, the Cup, the Sword and the Dish—reproducing certain features of the Secret Tradition under the veil of popular romance. Mr. Waite pointed out some years ago in his *Hidden Church of the Holy Grail*, that the Talismans of the Grail Castle were identical with the Talismans of the Tarot, but the hint does not seem to have been followed up.

The Spear, and the Silver Cup into which it bled, represent the twin symbols of the physical Body in its two forms—male and female : the Sword, made and broken under circumstances of high allegory, and in need of reforging, signifies the Soul ; and the Grail Dish—the Vessel of Plenty—the miraculous source of sustenance to the worthy—symbolizes the Spirit.

The mystic pageant of the Grail Castle presents the 3 principles of Spiritual Alchemy—Salt, Sulphur and Mercury—or Body, Soul and Spirit—the triple mystery of human life.

With the Broken Sword is associated the Dead Knight on the Bier of the early Gawain story, the Dead Knight being replaced in the later Perceval stories by the Maimed King. Remember that the Maimed King represents the Broken Sword, or the Soul suffering under grievous injury. The story of the breaking of the Sword at the Gate of Paradise, related in Gerbert's portion of the *Conte del Graal*, and its reforging by the smith who made the weapon (none other can do this), is extremely significant.

Each version of the Grail story, while conforming to a central root idea, is yet possessed of a certain individuality of its own. It is as though the authors were continually repeating in their strange language the same message, ever striving to vary the symbolism, and to give forth the hidden knowledge each time under a different veil.

In one case Gawain himself takes the place of the Maimed King (the Soul), and is wounded by the Spear (the Body), and is healed by the Grail (the Spirit). This adventure from unedited Dutch Launcelot MSS. can be seen in Miss Weston's invaluable little book, *Sir Gawain at the Grail Castle*, an indispensable translation of certain texts to which the reader is referred.

With the Master Key in our hands the whole range of the romances, from Chrestien to *La Queste*, will yield up its secret. Some doors are harder to open than others, but with the gift of insight and concentration, every lock can be made eventually to turn.

The symbolism is often overlapping—in Chrestien the Sword is not broken, and the symbol is apparently duplicated by the Maimed King. The Silver Cup is sometimes seen as a small silver plate or platter ; often the Spear appears without the Cup. Sometimes the Maimed King is healed by the question being asked ; sometimes by the restoring of the sword ; and sometimes by the point of the Spear that caused the wound. But each variant possesses what has been described as " a certain genius of differ-

ence," and the interpretation of the symbolism in each story separately is a fascinating work.

One point may be noted here. The identification of the Grail—the Dish of Plenty—with the Cup of the Sacrament confuses the issues, and clouds the symbolism. The Grail in the very latest story of all, in Malory, is still the Dish. The Cup properly is always the twin symbol of the Spear—see the earliest form of the Gawain story.

In the "Green Knight" story Gawain bears the mystic sign of the Pentagram upon his shield, and a detailed explanation is given of the "5 points" of "Solomon's Seal." This is unmistakably an index finger pointing to the Mysteries. I think it extremely probable that this story preceded the Grail Romances, and actually suggested their curious symbolism.

The following summaries represent versions of the Grail pageant from 14 different stories.

Gawain's three visits to the Grail Castle in Gautier.

(1) Here are seen Spear and Cup together (the Spear bleeding into the Cup); the Broken Sword lying on the Bier of the Dead Knight; and the Grail Dish—a miraculous talisman with food-supplying properties. These present, as explained previously, the triple mystery of human life—Body, Soul and Spirit. Besides these there appears also a "rich cross of silver"—this formulates the Sephirothic Tree of Life (say, with large rounded ends), the 3 ends at the top representing the 3 Supernals, and the lower end Malkuth.

(2) The procession is made up as follows:—Squire with Spear, Damsel with Silver Plate (cup), 2 Squires with Candlesticks, Damsel with Grail, 4 Squires with Bier, and Dead Knight on Bier with Broken Sword. Here the number of persons are made up to 10, in order to formulate the 10 Sephiroth, and the Spear and Cup, Sword and Dish, represent the triple mystery as before.

(3) Here appear 2 Squires with Spear and Sword, and then the Grail, forming the 3 Alchemical principles.

Perceval in "Elucidation."

(4) Here appear Spear, Sword and Grail. Also the "rich cross of silver." The Court is said to have been found 3 times, also 7 times, symbolizing the number 10.

Perceval in "Chrestien."

(5) Here appear 2 Squires, with Spear and Sword, 2 Damsels with Grail and silver plate (cup), symbolizing the 4 Talismans

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of the Tarot. Also 2 Squires each bearing a Candlestick of 10 Candles. The 10 Candles represent the Tree of Life, and the 20 Candles and 2 Squires represent the 22 Major Keys of the Tarot, symbolizing the occult meanings of the 22 Letters of the Hebrew Alphabet, also the 22 Paths of the Tree of Life.

Perceval in Gautier and Gerbert.

(6 and 7) Grail, Spear and Sword appear.

Gawain in "Diu Krone."

(8) 4 Squires, 2 Damsels, with Candlesticks, 2 Squires carrying Spear between them, and 2 Damsels with Salver (cup), making up the 10. Then Sword, Grail and Weeping Damsel making up the 3, as do also the 3 Blood drops.

Gawain in Lancelot MS.

(9) Here Gawain himself, wounded by the Spear, takes the place of the Maimed King, who represented the Broken Sword. The Spear is the Body; Gawain wounded by the Spear is the Soul; and the Grail, the miraculous source of healing, is the Spirit.

Later Gawain seems a Grail service with 10 censors, and also 12 damsels, formulating the 22 Keys.

Gawain, in the hall of the Grail Castle, sees the moonlight streaming through "more than 40" windows—here the symbolism concerns the minor keys of the Tarot, the 40 numerals plus the Court Cards.

Parzival.

(10) The pageant here reaches the number of 25; 10 bear lighted tapers; 12 bear sundry talismans, and there remain 3 others, one of which is the Grail. Thus we have the 22 Keys again, and the Triple form of Life.

Gawain in Perlesvaus.

(11) Here are seen Sword, 2 Damsels with Grail and Spear, 2 Angels, then the 2 Damsels appear a second time, and 3 drops of blood fall on the table, making up the number of 10. The 12 knights who are present bring the total to 22.

Perceval in Perlesvaus.

(12) Here he passes 9 bridges to reach the Grail Castle. The castle symbolizes Kether, and the bridges the 9 remaining Sephiroth in the Ascent of the Tree. The 12 Hermits concerned make up the 22.

Galahad in "La Queste."

(13) Here the Broken Sword, Grail and 8 Angels make the 10. This excludes the Spear and small silver box. The 3 questors, with 9 stranger knights, make the other 12—total 22. The triple test of the sword symbolizes the triple mystery. The first attempt to piece the broken sword together "proves a failure," as does the second.

Lancelot's Vision of Sick Knight by cross, in "La Queste."

(14) According to Furnivall's text the Candles on the Altar are 7 (Malory's version is incorrect)—the Squire, Sick Knight and the Grail represent Body, Soul and Spirit

Thus it will be seen that the pageants all alike represent the triple mystery in the 4 (or 3) talismans and most of them formulate also the "10 Holy Voices" of Kabalism, and the 22 Keys of the Tarot.

In the Dutch romance of *Morien*, translated by Miss Weston, Sir Aglovale sees in a vision the Grail Castle. The entrance thereto appears as a Winding Stairway of rich red gold, ascending to unknown heights. Down the Stairway streams a blinding light from a door above. In the account of Lancelot's ascent of the steps before Corbenic, we have literally the Moon Card—the 18th Key of the Tarot—as plainly as could be depicted; the Winding Way of the Ascent between the 2 Pillars; the 2 Lions, the Two Wardens of the Path, representing Chesed and Geburah; and overhead, as in Malory's version, the Moon shines clear.

Lancelot climbs high, but as one who would take the Kingdom of Heaven by violence, is unable to stand the scorching solar heat of Tiphareth—the reflection of the White Brilliance from Kether—and falls back to the Kingdom of the World of Shells.

The 2 chained lions before the Palace Beautiful in Bunyan's immortal Quest story have been directly borrowed from the adventure of Lancelot in Malory, even as the adventure in the romance has been taken from the Tarot card.

In Gautier, *Perceval*, on the way to the Grail Castle, finds in the forest a knight Bagomedes, hanging by the foot from a tree: an allusion to the 12th Key, the Hanged Man.

In *La Queste* Melias turns aside to obtain possession of a golden Crown, guarded by 2 knights. He is sore wounded and a hermit informs Galahad that he will be healed in 7 weeks. This alludes to the 3 Supernals, including Kether, the Crown, and the remaining 7 of the Tree. Lancelot's vision of a man crowned and surrounded by stars—Celidaine and his 9 descendants, 2

knights and 7 kings—tells the same story. The 7 knights of the Castle of Maidens, slain by Gawain and his 2 brothers, gives again the 3 and the 7.

Galahad finds on the Ship of Solomon 3 Spindles said to be formed of the Tree of Life—here are the 3 Pillars of Mercy, Severity and Benignity. Perceval in Gautier finds a tree in the forest with many candles burning thereon. It is explained later as the Tree of Life—here the candles represent the 10 Sephiroth. In another place a child is seen making the ascent of the Tree—he climbs high and vanishes from sight.

Perceval also finds on the Mount Dolorous in the same romance 15 crosses—5 red, 5 blue and 5 white. The 5 crosses of each group formulate the 5 points of the Pentagram, and the 3 groups of different colours formulate the 3 points of the triple mystery. The 3 Spindles found on Solomon's Ship are also of 3 different colours and bear this meaning as well.

The Grail is often described as resting on a silver table, supported on 4 solid pillars, formulating the 4 Elements and the Spirit—the 5 points of the Pentagram. The Stone Cube floating in the river and the sword which Galahad draws therefrom also represent the 5 points. So, too, the White Stag surrounded by 4 Lions, which turn into the 4 Kerubim—the 4 Living Creatures of the Wheel.

The sword which Galahad draws from out the Stone Cube symbolizes the Sword of the Spirit, and must not be confused with the Sword of the Grail pageant, which represents the Soul.

In the story of Balyn, which relates the account of the Dolorous Stroke and the wounding of King Pelles by the Spear, the Castle is smitten by lightning, and Balyn and King Pelles fall insensible among the ruins. Here is seen the reflection of the Great Catastrophe hinted at in the 16th Key of the Tarot (the Tower), the 2 falling figures on the card being faithfully reproduced in the romance. Compare the wounding of Amfortas by the Spear in Parzival.

Throughout the stories appear mysterious hints as to the "Secrets of the Grail," of which no man may speak for fear of wrath save at the fitting time and place, lest great hurt should come upon those who have done no harm.

In the main story in Gautier Gawain sees, in the Grail Castle, a Dead Knight on a Bier, surrounded by 4 candlesticks at the 4 points of the compass. Here is symbolized the Mystical Death of the Soul and the consequent Rebirth, and is to be compared with the 12th Key—the Hanged Man.

In most of the romances the Grail and Dove issue from a mysterious inner chamber, into which they eventually return. This inner chamber is the Secret Sanctuary of the heart—refer to my description of the 2nd Key (the High Priestess).

In the Lancelot story the tourney between the black knights and the white knights symbolizes the force of the 2 Pillars—Black and White. It is no coincidence that the adventures of Perceval at the Chessboard Castle are interpolated in the *Conte del Graal*. In the Perlesvaus Gawain sees the black and white squares of the magic chessboard in the Grail Castle itself.

In the Perlesvaus a hermit explains to Gawain that the Damsel of the Car and her 2 companions (who by their symbolism indicate the triple mystery as seen in the 10th Key) represent the Wheel of Fortune!

Finally, as to the real meaning of that mysterious title “the Fisher King.” It will be seen in “Elucidation” that the loss of the Court of the Rich Fisher is equivalent to the loss of the Word—the Rich Grail can be seen only at the Court of the Rich Fisher. The origin of the name may very likely lie in the meaning of the 12th Key of the Tarot (the Hanged Man); in the attribution to Pisces—“the House of the Tied Fishes”—symbolizing the Rebirth of the Soul.

These parallels could be continued far beyond the length of this brief article. Enough, I think, has been given to show that the symbolism throughout the Grail romances is both continual and consistent; everywhere it tells the same story, the story of the concealed mysteries lying behind the Tarot Cards.

CHANCE

BY BART KENNEDY

THE thing that will happen to you within the next hour, or the next day, or the next week or month or year—or within any other longer lapse of time—is already laid down. You can no more escape from it than the worlds can escape from the stupendous power that sends them along their mighty courses.

Where you will be at any future given time is fixed immutably. And more even than this: it was fixed a thousand years ago. It was fixed ten thousand years ago. It was fixed a million years ago. It was fixed even when the world was one gigantic blaze of fire. And even before that.

If you were to know of something that was to happen to you in the future—something that you wished to evade—you might think that you would be able to evade it because of your being armed with foreknowledge. But this would not be so. Your very struggles to evade it would have been already accounted for in the dread workings of that law of stupendous mystery: the law that man calls Chance.

The workings of this law are inconceivably involved. The mind of man cannot follow them, even though he, in the very essence of himself, is the result of these workings. It was Chance that gave to him the empyrean of the world. For there was a time when the decision as to what being should rule the world hung in the balance. That is, it would seem to have hung in the balance to the mind of man as it is now. It would seem as if there were but a hairbreadth between man's becoming the ruler of the world or some other being becoming the ruler. But the tremendous law, at once immutable and inscrutable, went on its predestined way—and lo! to man the sceptre was given.

He reigned, and reigns, in accord with the power of a law the workings of which he knows not. The very name that he has given this law holds within it a meaning to the effect that he understands it not.

The time will surely come when he shall understand the workings of this law. For it is man's destiny, in the end, that he shall understand and grasp all things. For in man is the seed of a god. In manhood there sleeps godhood. Man ever

journeys upwards to the wondrous and splendid heights where shines the full glory of the light.

Though men understand not the workings of this all-power, to some there is given the privilege of a glimpse of its working in what is called the future. A light reveals to them the thing destined to come. These men are men of strange eyes. They are able to see the revealing light that others see not. They sense the truth that past, present, and future are one and the same thing. That life is. That it has neither been, nor is to come. That it always was and ever will be as it is now. As a vast, full, infinite flame sufficient in itself. As a present at once changing and immutably changeless. As a thing that moves wondrously and magically, and that at the same time is still.

Though these rare men understand not the workings of the stupendous law of Chance—there are things that they see. They see pictures. They see visions of the time that is to come and that is still here. They realize that when their fellows speak of things to come they mean but that their eyes have not yet seen the things that are around them.

If it were that man had attained to the fullness of knowledge and wisdom he would perceive an exact and equal balancing in the working of this law stupendous. He would perceive the harmony of a beauty glorious and transcendent. He would hear the song of the worlds and the stars. He would hear the inner secret music that comes from out the very core of life itself. Gone would be the veils that hide the truth. Before him would be the wonder and the shining of ultimate knowledge.

But it is not to be that this will come till man has attained to the full knowledge and the full power of himself. It is not to be that it will come before he has attained to his godhead. Before it comes he must go along many paths. He must go through many windings as he rises slowly to the height where the light shines. He must go up and up. He must go in accord with his mysterious guide. The guide he calls Chance. He must have faith in it. He must realize that it is the law of absolute definiteness. His eyes, and his eyes alone, are to blame for its seeming incongruities. He cannot perceive its balance and its harmony because he is blind and he is deaf. He sees but isolated flashes of its workings. And therefore is it that he cannot follow the relation of these workings. To him Chance is a dread spirit that at times brings to him fear—that at times brings to him joy. A spirit that may open up a black gulf of

destruction before his feet as he goes along. That may bring him to the joys of a heaven. That may lead him to fortune or to penury. A spirit unstable as water. A spirit at once malign and mocking and benign. A spirit before which he is powerless. Which makes sport and mockery of him. A spirit terrible and strange. A spirit idle and capricious as the wind.

Thus is it that it appears to man. He pays not sufficient heed to this mighty law of laws that guides and governs all things. He reckons it not at its true value.

But little does it matter whether he pays sufficient heed to it or not. Little does it matter whether or not he reckons it at its true value.

For the stupendous law that he calls Chance is behind the flashing phantasmagoric mystery that he calls life.

DAWN : UPPER EGYPT

By TERESA HOOLEY

GLEAM on gleam in the veiled dawn,
The feet of the Gods are but half withdrawn ;
The colour fringes their garments' hem,
And the stones of the desert remember them.

Where the white mists enfold each hill
Lingers their brooding presence still ;
Still, though the glory of Thebes be done,
The twin Colossi salute the sun.

Lure on lure at the break of morn
The earth lies fair as the earth was born,
And the old Gods walk in the mist and the dew
Of an ancient splendour forever new.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE OCCULT

BY C. SHERIDAN JONES

PART II

THAT Shakespeare must be ranged among those great men of the past, who believed indubitably and without reservation in the occult is, I submit, established beyond cavil or dispute. The extracts from his plays, which I have quoted—more particularly the renunciation of Prospero and the famous soliloquy of Hamlet—alone suffice to determine the issue for us, once and for all. There is really no denying their significance, for they are, almost certainly, the expression of Shakespeare's own belief. Only by juggling with words, and wresting them from their plain meaning, or by assuming that these supremely eloquent passages were written with his tongue in his cheek, can we resist the conclusion which I have drawn from these utterances—utterances that do not depend for their force and impressiveness upon the introduction of any ghostly or supernatural agency, introduced to heighten stage effects. Read apart from their context, they indicate, as clearly as their author's mastery of language renders possible, that he held matter to be a transient, fleeting phase—an illusion, very far from being "infinite and indestructible," as the materialists affirm, whose passing would leave the eternal mind tranquil and undisturbed.

So much, I think, is obvious and indisputable. But, if we come to consider how far this view was personal and peculiar to Shakespeare, how far he held it only as part of a larger belief, a belief current, if not orthodox, at the time, then at once more difficult considerations confront us. The philosophy which I have just outlined was elaborated not long after Shakespeare's death by Descartes—a sincere Catholic, though in constant peril at the hands of the obscurantists of his Church. Despite them, however, we may say that his philosophy and metaphysics grew naturally out of his faith: a faith whose fundamental doctrines, affirming as they do the spiritual basis of life, and the eternity of the soul of man, challenge the whole materialistic thesis. Similarly, it may be argued, Shakespeare's own belief in the occult was an outcome of his religious faith and had, there-

fore, little personal interest or significance, being merely a part of his general outlook. If that be so, in the passages I have quoted he would merely be proclaiming the view that, as a Catholic, he would take instinctively of the things of this world and of their relation to eternity. Shakespeare's occultism, it is argued, was in fact an outcome of his Catholicism.

But this contention will not hold water. First, in passing, let me point out that it is by no means certain that Shakespeare was (like his friend, Southampton) an ardent, or even a professing, Catholic. That he was hostile to the sour Puritanism that disfigured the Protestantism of his time is undeniable, but Sir Sidney Lee scouts the suggestion that "he died a papist," and insists that we have no adequate means even for speculating as to his personal religious views. It is almost certain that to no Church and to no sect did he give more than such a measure of perfunctory and nominal support as his great contemporary Marlowe found it was dangerous to withhold; and it is incontestable that his own view of the occult differed essentially from that on which Catholics and Protestants now, as then, agree.

It is in "Macbeth," a play, whose action is almost dependent on the occult, that we get the most complete justification for this opinion and, from that play also, we derive a much clearer indication of Shakespeare's attitude to the problem of life than our study has yet afforded.

"Macbeth" is at once the shortest and the most dramatic of all his plays. In construction it is almost perfect, for every line, every word of it, advances the action. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "there's no merit in acting Macbeth well. Macbeth would be great if it were played by puppets." It is, therefore, all the more remarkable that a play, whose action is so swiftly and so easily convincing as scarcely to require acting, should yet contain in its structure and rhetoric perpetual allusions to the intangible and unseen; should, in fact, depend for its very action on what we are constantly assured is so preposterous as to be incredible. Yet so it is. Nor is the arresting nature of the story due entirely to the supremely dramatic genius of Shakespeare, for it had already endured some centuries of life when, in 1605, he adapted it for the stage.

Shakespeare took the story of Macbeth from the old chronicler, Holinshed, and his departures from the text of that early historian, though full of interest for us, are but slight. According to the old narrative, Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Fores, "where the king then laie . . . suddenlie . . . there

met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world. . . ." These, of course, are the Three Witches of the play. They hail Macbeth almost in the identical terms that Shakespeare employs, and promise "that hereafter he shalt be King of Scotland." To Banquo, they assure "greater benefits unto thee, than unto him, for he shall reign, indeed, but in an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where (*as*), certainly, thou" (Banquo) "indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall govern the Scottish Kingdom by orders of long descent."

Thus far, it is curious to observe, Shakespeare keeps close to the text and preserves in the immortal scene between the witches and Macbeth almost the very letter of the Chronicles. But in the narrative, Banquo is privy to the murder of the King—a fatal objection to the drama that Shakespeare avoids. Again, Duncan the King is represented by Holinshed as weak and incapable, not as being "so clear in his great office" that to kill him were double treason. Thirdly, Macbeth is made to have great confidence because "a certain witch whom he held in great trust" (and not, as in the play, an Apparition raised by the Three Sisters) "had told him that he should never be slain with man born of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Birnam came to the castle of Dunsinane." But for the rest the incidents are the same and the development of the drama not very different. The promptings of his wife; the murder of Banquo, the attempted murder of Fleance, the massacre of Macduff's household, the appeal to England, the negotiations with Malcolm—all these are common to both. One important development, rather than difference, marks Shakespeare's play, when contrasted with the Chronicle. Holinshed's Macbeth is but a sketch—the sketch of a soldier: energetic, unscrupulous, ambitious. But as Mr. Ward Beeching has pointed out in his interesting introduction to the play, "Shakespeare has made Macbeth interesting by giving him a large measure of the poetic temperament, with its keen and delicate insight into circumstances and actions, and a wide sympathy with all human conditions which entirely removes him from the ranks of the merely vulgar adventurer, and by quickening his fears after the murder is accomplished, leaves him exposed to the only Nemesis of which, without a conscience, he is capable."

What is the result of this development of the character of Macbeth? Its effect is twofold. First, it increases enormously

the dramatic force of the story, which, in the form that Shakespeare cast it, grips and holds our attention from the first appearance of the weird sisters, and their meeting with Macbeth, down to his death at the hands of the avenger. No other drama from his pen do we follow with quite the same intensity, quite the same strained attention. But more important is the fact that Shakespeare's *Macbeth* has a psychological significance that Holinshed's did not possess, a significance that no Catholic, perhaps no theologian, would accept. We see Macbeth, not as depicted in the old Chronicles, a cool and calculating villain, whose crimes cry out for vengeance, and at whose fate we all rejoice—much as we welcome the arrest of the villain in the society drama, that drama whose morality is as unimpeachable as its technique is execrable. In Shakespeare's play he is "the mere sport of supernatural powers of evil, a victim of Destiny." Himself no stranger to fine and generous emotions—witness his eulogy on Duncan—nor yet a weak degenerate, since he was a brave and capable soldier, he has no more volition nor control over his destiny or career than a leaf, seared by the sun and blown hither and thither by the winds. It is impossible to read, let alone to witness, the tremendous spectacle of his struggle and downfall without feeling for him that sympathy which we extend to Hamlet and to Lear. Like them he is the sport and plaything of ironic and maleficent forces, but these appear, in his case alone, as occult visitants from other worlds, armed with direct power over the lives and destinies of man. We rise from the play, not with a sense of indignation against Macbeth, nor even with horror at his crimes, but suffused with commiseration and pity for poor humanity, whose path is beset "with pitfall and with gin" and overshadowed always by the Powers of Darkness. That Shakespeare himself had no belief in the existence of those powers, that he presented the witches to us merely as symbolizing the vague promptings of unscrupulous ambition, seems to me an untenable proposition. The witches were, I believe, as real to Shakespeare as they were to the audience, who accepted them without dubiety or hesitation. The difference, in fact, was not between Shakespeare and his audience: their attitude, I suggest, was roughly the same; but between the attitude of our own time towards occult beliefs, and that of the Elizabethan populace. Between the two there is a great gulf fixed. It is not a little significant that the modern commentator insists that "Banquo's ghost neither speaks nor is seen by any one besides Macbeth. It is," he says, "an halluci-

nation, and should not be materially presented on the stage." But if we turn to Sir Sidney Lee's *Life* of the poet, we find that "Dr. Simon Forman witnessed a performance of the tragedy at the 'Globe' in April, 1611, and noted that Macbeth and Banquo entered the stage on horseback and that Banquo's ghost was materially presented." The difference again consists in the point of view of the seventeenth century and of our own time—or perhaps I should say, with more accuracy, that of the nineteenth century—the most sceptical, as in some respects the most brilliant, since the Elizabethan era. There have been, of course, other questions upon which, during the intervening three centuries, opinion has been revolutionized. Upon a hundred questions we have had to scrap the delusions, or to modify the beliefs, of our forefathers. Science, industry, politics—these have been recast, and we have adopted new standpoints, different conclusions. But we have done so in deference to new evidence, which it is irrational and dishonest to deny, evidence that in other controversies can be readily given.

It is only in respect to the occult that, as Lecky has pointed out in a famous passage, opinion has changed while the evidence has remained the same. There is to-day no more evidence against the appearance of ghosts, the practice of witchcraft—or, if it be preferred, of "suggestion"—or against "second sight"—known now as "clairvoyance"—than there was when it was as eccentric to doubt these things, as it was, till recently, to accept them. If the evidence has altered in any respect, it has been on the positive, not the negative side. But the opinion of the mass of men swung, in these three centuries of time, from a blind acceptance to a blank denial, the latter being justified for the most part on the ground that the mind of previous generations, who accepted the occult intuitively, were steeped in gross and degrading superstitions, and that we can afford to look back upon them with much the same kindly condescension as the adult regards the errors of the younger generation, who have not reached intellectual maturity.

He would be a bold man who would deny that maturity to Shakespeare, but yet we find his mind steeped, not indeed in superstition, but in occultism, and nowhere is this more clearly evinced than in the play we are considering. Let us leave for a moment the question as to whether the witches, who lured Macbeth to destruction, were intended by Shakespeare to have any objective existence, or to be, together with the apparitions that they conjured up—from the future as well as the past—mere symbols of the evils that beset the nature of man; and

let us consider two other passages from the play, which show very clearly the hold which occultism had obtained over Shakespeare's imagination.

The first is the speech of young Lennox, who had been travelling through the night which saw the murder of Duncan and his guards and the remorse and agony of Macbeth :

Lennox : " The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the wo'ful time : the obscure bird
Clamours the livelong night : some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake."

Macbeth : " 'Twas a rough night."

Len. : " My yoting remembrance cannot parallel a fellow to it."

The other passage to which I refer is much to the same effect, and takes place after the murder :

Old Man : " Threescore and ten I can remember well :
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings."

Ross : " Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it ? "

Old Man : " 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd."

Ross : " And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind."

Old Man : " 'Tis said they eat each other."

Ross : " They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't."

The sum of both is the same. They point to the belief, held through many centuries, and which had found a lodgment in the mind of Shakespeare, that inanimate nature, the material

stuff of which the world is made, responds,* as do the elements, to the emotion and will of man, whose mind gives him dominion also over the animals. It is true that both the storm and darkness contemporaneous with Duncan's death were borrowed from Holinshed, for that Chronicler reports that "the horses in Lothian, being of singular beauty and swiftness, did eat their own flesh on the occasion of the murder of Duff, King of Scotland, in 972."

But there is other evidence to show that Shakespeare held to the belief, once common, that to exceptional men were given powers undefined, perhaps indefinable, which react upon nature and the beasts. For in Henry IV he makes Owen Glendower reply thus to the stolid scepticism of Hotspur :

". . . Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields:
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the rôle of common men."

"I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt."

Nature, in fact, now beautiful, now forbidding, was to Shakespeare the background, and Man the actor, and over and through both, was the power of forces, unseen but terrible, that leave us puppets in the hands of Destiny.

* It is interesting to note that to Charles Dickens occurred a similar idea as to the correspondence between man and his physical surroundings. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* (chapter xlvii.) he asks, when describing Montague Tigg's premonition of his death, "If there be fluids, as we know there are, which, conscious of a coming wind, or rain, or frost, will shrink and strive to hide themselves in their glass arteries, may not that subtle liquor of the blood perceive by properties within itself that hands are raised to waste and spill it; and in the veins of man run cold and dull as his did, in that hour."

DREAMS WHICH HAVE COME TRUE

By M. L.

SEVERAL members of my family have had dreams which have been fulfilled ; but as first-hand information is always the most satisfactory I will relate only those of my own experience.

The first I had was when I was about twenty-three years of age. I had a great friendship with a man who was connected with my family. It had begun when I was fifteen, and we had much in common ; and though I did not see very much of him we corresponded constantly and regularly. He was a doctor and had gone to India on a research expedition. I went on a visit to some cousins, and one night awoke suddenly, having had a most vivid dream that this man was performing a post-mortem operation and had cut his hand with the lancet he was using. I was fully aware of the danger of such an accident, and felt myself to be in such a state of agitation as anyone would naturally be if they had witnessed the affair.

The next day I wrote to my friend telling him what I had experienced, and in due course received his reply. " At the date you mention I *was* performing a post-mortem, and *did* cut my finger. I only hope for your sake you did not witness the whole operation."

I had *not* to my waking knowledge witnessed anything. I merely *knew what had happened* without actually seeing it.

A second dream, occurring perhaps a few months after the above, showed me myself walking through what appeared to be a half-built house. I remembered there was no roof or doors or windows. I came to one room where I put my hands on either side where the casement should have been, and jumped out into the garden (the room was on the ground floor), and as I did so I looked back and saw a large tin can with a handle, such as is always used in Wales (where the dream occurred), lying on the ground behind me. A few weeks afterwards a little nephew was staying with us. I took him for a long walk along a road I had never traversed before. The boy ran on ahead and called to me to follow. He was an adventurous lad, and I was rather afraid he would get into mischief, so hurried after him, not taking much notice of anything—found he had gone into an old ruined

house, without roof or doors. I followed—the child jumped through a window and I after him. As I did so my dream returned to me, and I immediately looked back to see if the can of my dream was there—and it *was*—old and rusty, lying amongst a lot of nettles. In my dream the can was *new*, as the house seemed to be. Can any of your readers explain this?

A third dream of much later date was of a cousin whom I had only seen once in my life and who left England at the time of the South African war, and remained away nine years. I never corresponded with him, and a greater stranger can hardly be imagined.

In the month of May I dreamed this man met me by chance in London. He told me he had come home without telling any of his family, so no one had met him—had gone to a flat, which he found shut up, so spent the night at an hotel.

On August Bank Holiday of the same year my aunt drove up to our house with this son. My mother and I were sitting in our garden. They came in, sat down, and he at once began to tell us he "had come home and told no one he was coming, had gone to his sister's flat, which he found shut up, so spent the night at Bailey's Hotel"!

CORRESPONDENCE

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

CREATION IN SLEEP.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Letters continue to reach me, direct, upon the fascinating subject named above, although I had decided quite a month ago to leave its further discussion to others. That this psychological problem is acutely interesting is demonstrated by the queries that are being hailed upon me from all quarters. With your kind permission I will deal with the question of Mental Fatigue. Many correspondents seem to *fear* the utilization of Brain Power during sleep, as likely to break up the bodily health.

Let me state a fearless postulate—that, on the whole, it is questionable whether there be any condition which may accurately be described as *mental* weariness!

The muscles form quite half of the physical body. After being vigorously employed the bodily tissues are flooded with an accumulation of waste products. But, on the other hand, cerebral activity, *when removed from physical effort*, involves so minute a portion of protoplasm as to leave us in doubt whether energy has actually been called upon. In the popular-mouth meaning of the word "tiredness," it is the monotonous repetition of some physical act, or the *bodily* waste involved in the expression and demonstration of Thought, that is actually implied. If we can imagine a perfectly discarnate Self, perfectly poised, untrammelled by the flesh, we are instantly aware that fatigue is *impossible*! There is nothing to fatigue, simply because Thought is the Eternal Cause, the Never-Ceasing Energy, the Urge of Love that "moves our world and all the stars."

Sleep, therefore, is only necessary, at intervals varying with the health and the idiosyncrasy of each individual life, for the purpose of *bodily* repair. The mental processes go on, untiringly, ceaselessly, enthusiastically. I am glad to quote here an experience of the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It was her intention, I know, to relate this story in her Autobiography, but I am not presently aware whether she carried out that intention before her death.

She writes, relative to her commission by the New York *American* to attend the funeral of Queen Victoria, and to describe the event in verse:

"We arrived in London several days before the funeral ceremonies were to take place. It was not until the night before the event for which

I had come that one single atom of inspiration came to me. I had been driving about the gloomy city with my husband, and I returned to my hotel feeling ill in body, *paralysed in mind*, and despairing in heart. I sat in the reading-room a few moments after dinner, idly glancing over an old copy of *The Gentlewoman*, one of the English monthly magazines.

"My eyes chanced on an item which had been printed some weeks previously :

" 'The Queen is taking a drive to-day.'

" *The sentence sent a thrill through me.* The queen was surely taking a drive—her last—on the next day. I was so tired and ill that I could not sit up longer, so retired to my room. It was heated by a gas-grate, which proved to be out of order, so that only half of it could be lighted. I crept into the bed between cold Irish-linen sheets, feeling very discouraged despite the thought which had entered my mind for a poem. *I woke at three, with the first four lines of the poem clearly defined. I felt an immense sense of relief. I knew I could write something the editor would like, something the British people would like.* The representative of the editor was coming at nine o'clock in the morning, expecting material from my pen.

" *I went to sleep again and awoke at seven.* I wrapped the down comfortably about me, lighted the impotent little gas-grate, and, sitting on the floor *while my husband still slept*, wrote the poem which opened the heart of all England to me.

"I had never been especially interested in the queen, but, as I wrote, I began to feel very deeply her worth and the pathos of her last ride, and *I wept* copiously. My husband suddenly awoke and saw me sitting by the grate on the floor, weeping, and asked, with concern, what I was crying about.

" 'I am crying about the queen's last ride,' I said, 'and because I am really writing something worth while.'

"When I read the verses to him, he was most enthusiastic."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was not a great poet, but there is at least one couplet in these *In Memoriam* verses that ranks comparatively high. I make no doubt that the sub-consciousness evolved the striking simile while its creator still slept. I refer to—

"Crown'd with the love she has left behind
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind."

We are arriving at a period of individual introspection when students of psychology *deny* the possibility of mental fatigue or of spiritual surcease. Death is no longer a dread spectre—he is a friend who opens the door to wider vistas, and reveals to our expectant gaze more glorious prospects!

Change, and not rest, is the only mental palliative.

To sum up (for I set out to answer only this one query of my correspondents, "Is not the use of the Consciousness during Sleep likely to injure the *bodily* health?"), I would suggest that (a) Desirable habit-formation, (b) variety of interests, (c) freedom from impersonal responsibilities, (d) rest at regulated intervals, and (e) desire for spiritual growth : are the five factors that will lend ultimate Happiness

to Man. Given these five factors, such a thing as mental fatigue is altogether impossible.

I wish to thank my many correspondents again for their confidences—some, I blush to say, rather embarrassingly intimate. I have answered most of these inquiries direct.

Yours sincerely,
J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

4 TINUBU STREET, LAGOS, NIGERIA.

CREATION IN SLEEP.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. J. M. Stuart-Young's letter on the above-mentioned subject, published in your issue for October, 1921, has much interested me, because on two occasions I have had an experience rather similar to his. In my book *Experimental Mensuration: An Elementary Textbook of Inductive Geometry*, published by William Heinemann in 1912, there is, on p. 271, an example (which I am conceited enough to think is rather ingenious) illustrating the formulæ concerning the frustums of pyramids, in which the plan and elevation of a haystack is to be drawn and its cubic contents calculated. The idea of using a haystack to illustrate the properties of this type of geometrical solid came to me in a dream during light sleep in the morning, after I had gone to bed vainly trying to think out some suitable illustration.

Curiously enough, the only other dream of this type I have had also occurred to me in connection with this book. In writing the chapter on the properties of parallelograms and triangles, for some reason or other I forgot, in the first draft of the work, to mention the formula by means of which the area of a rhombus can be calculated from the length of its two diagonals. I dreamt about the formula, again whilst in light sleep in the early morning, and in consequence added an exercise dealing with it, which will be found on page 105 of the book.

Yours very faithfully,

H. STANLEY REDGROVE.

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

SHAKESPEARE AND THE OCCULT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read Mr. Sheridan Jones' article with much interest, for, though in no sense a Shakespearean scholar, I feel that only in the light of occultism—using the term in a wide sense—can we explain Shakespeare at all.

Emerson had difficulty in "marrying the man to his works," and I imagine the same difficulty is a factor with Baconians, Rutlanders, etc. Indeed, to account for such transcendent genius, with its all-embracing

knowledge and noble reach, seems to me impossible by any *orthodox* teachings as to the genesis and nature of genius.

Whence come these radiant children of humanity, and how? Are they the miraculous product of a few short years of mortal life? Have scholarship and research satisfactorily accounted for Shakespeare's towering genius by such genetic factors as physical heredity, reversion, education, and environment? Surely not.

Genius is solitary; it has no parent; it is mostly sterile, or any offspring is a child of the body, not of the mind. The esoteric philosophy declares genius to be the ripened product, the glorious fruitage of many lives of struggle, of high endeavour, of triumphs and failures; and that moral and intellectual qualities inhere in the Thinker, the true Self, and are not transmitted.

According to the Rosicrucian teachings the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy would never have arisen had it been realized that both were influenced by the same high Initiate, as also was Boehme. It would seem that in every age men are thus influenced and inspired, aye, even those patient seekers after Truth, the persecuted Alchemists. Else might Religion, Science and Art die out.

J. SCOTT BATTAMS.

ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, N.W.I.

RELATIVE AND ABSOLUTE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Arthur Mallord Turner, in his letter published in your October number, accuses me (in connection with my article, "The Riddle of Manifestation," published the month before) of not understanding the difference between "relative" and "absolute" consciousness.

Here I will venture, very gently, to differ from Mr. Turner. I at least know sufficient to understand the paradox that while all things are contained in the Absolute, It is not relatively conscious of any of them. It is true that all things were originally contained in It, and will revert to It; but they were originally contained *unmanifest* and will return to it *manifest*. When the human ego evolved out of the Absolute into relative consciousness or individuality, it was sent forth (much as the mind and body are sent forth by the soul) in order to acquire experience—the experience of individuality—and it will eventually return to the Absolute bearing that experience. The ego will then be conscious (another paradox) both absolutely—being one with the Absolute—and relatively in relation to other egos and things. It will be absorbed by the Absolute while still retaining its individuality, like drops of water in a pail.

Mr. Turner, in his letter, says: "I would train men and women to take marriage and similar . . . karma as a matter of course . . . and certainly not go *giggling away* (the phrase is his own) on a honeymoon."

This observation seems to me to be rather obscure. I did not say the honeymooners were giggling—or smiling, or laughing, or standing on their heads. But at any rate it does not appear to have anything to do with the subject. Why Mr. Turner does not approve of honeymoons—giggling or otherwise—I do not know; neither do I care. Neither can I see that it has anything to do with taking one's karma as a matter of course. The only point that I wished to make was that the honeymoon couple was *happy*, and if Mr. Turner does not feel a sympathy with all forms of happiness, whether inspired by "calf-love" or anything else, I am afraid there is no hope for him.

Again, Mr. Arthur Mallord Turner says that he would like to "snuff out" the mutilated beggar painlessly. Does Mr. Arthur Mallord Turner forget that there is such a thing as karma? Does Mr. Arthur Mallord Turner think that by his process of "snuffing out" the beggar would be able to escape the evil karma which has made him a beggar? Does Mr. Arthur Mallord Turner not realize that the "snuffing out" process would only delay the working out of that evil karma?

Mr. Turner also says: "Mutilated beggars *should never excite sympathy* [the italics are my own], but should rather point us to the necessity for remedial measures." May I ask Mr. Turner *how* they are to point us to the necessity for remedial measures if they do *not* excite our sympathy? Apparently Mr. Turner does not understand the meaning of the word.

And again: "The trail through the ages is only a journey which will not really bring us anything, and which . . . I am not seriously interested in." I am sorry that Mr. Turner expects nothing from the "trail through the ages"; for the less he expects the less he will surely receive. But I should like to ask Mr. Turner, in this connection, *why* then is he interested at all in Occultism? For Occultism is very greatly concerned with the reasons and purposes of this "trail through the ages," which does not seriously interest Mr. Turner.

To conclude, I should like to quote once more from Mr. Turner's letter: "I am, I might add, beginning more seriously to believe that what we call manifestation, does not really happen." After all, what is the definition of manifestation? Obviously, in its simplest form, it is "that which happens." Therefore Mr. Turner, in effect, says, "I am beginning to think that which happens does not happen." I think even Mr. Turner will be able to discern a slight incongruity in this statement.

It seems fairly evident to me, as a matter of fact, that Mr. Turner has made up his mind that there is no answer to the riddle of manifestation, and that he will take no answer—taking refuge himself in the mere futile quibbling with words and methods of expression.

Faithfully yours,

10 WAVE CREST, WEST BEACH,
WHITSTABLE, KENT.

F. S. CORYN.

MARRIAGE AND REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the letter from H. W. S. on the above subject, my opinion is that if the mutual aspects in the two horoscopes show that marriage is inevitable under the circumstances, it is best to look on it as working off evil karma, though I will admit it seems a relatively terrible prospect. It is, however, only doing consciously what so many do unconsciously. It is all very well for some to burble about the wise man ruling his stars, etc., but heavy aspects to Uranus, Saturn or the sun are not ruled by us—they foreshadow inevitable events. We may have been fools to have made such karma, but we cannot help the effect of it now, however wise we are. I prefer the teaching that destiny does not matter, but our attitude towards it does.

Naturally you would not expect domestic bliss with the "Awakener" or Saturn in the seventh, but I wonder what is the attraction in the Canadian birth maps? What are the positions of Mars and Venus; what aspects are there between the luminaries, and also how is the fifth house tenanted in either horoscope?

The reincarnation question is of great interest, and I may possibly add further interest to it. In my last three incarnations—395 to 312 B.C., 1792 to 1813, and 1881 to now, I have not been a parent, from purely personal taste or beliefs on the subject. During my late Greek incarnation, I parted with my wife over the matter, and in 1910 met her reincarnated, and we became friendly and affectionate, and though I never personally desired matrimony, I would have probably married her again under the 1910 circumstances. It was the fact that she professed little short of glee as the prospect of having at least one baby that caused me to part with her more than eleven years ago. As far as I know she is still single and prosperous—much as she was when we parted away back across the centuries, and I, in much the same way, am a gratuitous and humble teacher of philosophy and allied subjects, after the manner of a little school of Socratic philosophy which I "ran" in Greece.

In my present birth map, I have Mars in the seventh (in Cancer), Saturn, Jupiter and Neptune all in the fifth in Taurus, so I could not do much matrimonially, even if I wanted to. On the other hand I have the sun rising in Sagittary (18th degree) and the 9th degree of the Archer as asc., while my moon is in the eight (in Cancer) trine both Venus and Mercury, which are also in Sagittary. My ruler and Neptune are trine Uranus—elevated in the ninth, and there is a very robust square between the latter and the symbol of the lord and giver of life (rising in the first.) I have still by me a slip I put in one of Leo's books on the occasion of meeting my Greek wife. I trans: "Met, August, 1910. My mutual aspect being Venus trine Saturn, and sun trine Jupiter. Cause of meeting: her Jupiter (my ruler) being in

my own sign (Sagittary) and her Venus in conjunction with my Jupiter. Our moons in sextile. Trouble through square aspects between our two Mars and ditto between our two Saturns." I am not quite sure whether this will read as technically correct to all astrologers, but I prophesied truly.

I recollect another very disturbing aspect in a pair of male and female maps. It was where the latter's Venus was on the place of the first's Mars, but the girl's Herschel was within one degree of the man's sun.

Yours faithfully,
A. M. T.

RUSSIAN RELIEF.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow us to appeal through your paper for clothes for the children in Russia who are suffering so terribly, and whose sufferings must increase greatly as the cold weather comes on?

If any one willing to make clothes for them will write to the Theosophical Order of Service, 3 Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, and ask for patterns, these will be sent at once, and the clothes when received will be acknowledged and sent to the Friends Relief Committee for dispatch to their units in Russia.

Letters and parcels should be marked "Russian Relief."

Yours faithfully,

JOAN CATHER,
Publicity Secretary,
Theosophical Order of Service.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

WHEN Mr. Edward Clodd testifies after his most familiar manner on one of his familiar subjects in such a broad highway as *The Hibbert Journal*, we are compelled to pause and listen, for a brief moment at least. He chooses Occultism as his title, being a manner of labeling Psychical Research and Spiritualism, so that they may be swept away lightly with stories of the Angels of Mons and the crossing of England by Russian soldiers on their way to the Western Front. So far and so good: it is to the manner born of Mr. Clodd, and there is not one word of consequence in anything that he says or thinks on these subjects. We feel aggrieved, however, and take leave at once of his article, when he proceeds to talk about *Mana*, that impersonal, ever-active, universally-diffused power by which all the works of Magic are performed, according to African belief. Our objection is that he has given us, and all too recently, a whole volume on this subject, and who is Mr. Clodd after all that he should be licensed to repeat himself thus boldly? We turn therefore to another article and find something to entertain us at least in a certain Ape-King whose history is recounted in a Chinese classic known as *A Mission to the Western Heaven*. It belongs to literature and is therefore more authentic than the views and reveries of our friend the folk-lore scholar. Mr. L. Adams Beck calls it a Chinese *Pilgrim's Progress* and a history of the mind of man. It is a journey through Hell and Purgatory by an author "born sixty-seven years before Dante." There is also Dr. J. N. Farquhar's study of Karma, regarded as a doctrine of life, and it is to be noted that the writer is Literary Secretary to the Y.M.C.A. in India. He speaks therefore with first-hand knowledge of Eastern religious thought and life as well as with that of a scholar. The doctrine and its history are outlined with great care and clearness, and the account may be taken with that which appeared in the first issue of *The Eastern Buddhist*, from a native source in Japan. But Dr. Farquhar is more especially concerned with the question of ultimate values. He bears witness, based on many years of "personal contact with the Hindu people," that "the Karma doctrine has exercised a large restraining influence on their daily life." This notwithstanding, he notes as historical facts (1) the dissatisfaction of the best Eastern minds with the doctrinal theory *per se*; (2) its failure to create an ethical philosophy, which is not to be found "on the frontiers of Hindu thinking"; and (3) its many modifications under the influence of successive theistic sects, showing its lack of finality. Towards the end of his paper, being that in which the doctrine is studied under the light of modern ethical conceptions,

Dr. Farquhar finds (1) that it rests "on early moral ideas from which a satisfactory ethic cannot be developed"; (2) that the more carefully it is examined in its contrast to Christian conceptions "the more unsatisfactory it will be seen to be"; and (3) that the progress of education and service in Asia will lead to its disappearance. Among remaining articles in the current issue, a word may be said on Mr. A. B. Thaw's consideration of Psychical Research in the light of human welfare—i.e., as a strengthening and spiritual aid to innumerable earnest minds.

In *The Quest* Professor S. N. Das Gupta summarizes the assumptions of the Yoga-theory under three heads: (1) that the mental processes can be brought to a standstill at a certain state; (2) that a new grade of knowledge is attained therein; (3) that in the culmination of this knowledge the pure individual self is realized as pure intelligence. Professor Albert A. Cock discusses the standpoint and methods of psychology in relation to experience in religion, psychology being understood as "the science of individual experience." The subject is treated suggestively, and though the author proclaims his indebtedness to the works of Professor Ward we are none the less confronted by an original thinker, who writes also an excellent English prose. It is impossible to present his thesis even in summary form within any space at our disposal. We can state only his fundamental positions, being (1) that there is one pure Ego, one pure Self, one perfect Personality in God; (2) that God is the Subject of all religious experience; (3) that the Spirit of God is immanent therein, but also transcendent thereto; and in this manner (4) that we can do justice to and at the same time avoid "the dangers attaching to excessive ecstasy or to terms such as Divine Union, Divine Espousals and Deification." Mr. Mead continues his attractive speculations on the fourth dimension in a review of Ouspensky's *Tertium Organon*, with which he seems in agreement that the possible expansion of consciousness in "a so-called 'four-dimensional' direction is experimentally verifiable in certain psychical states," but the use of the term fourth-dimension for this expansion is in Mr. Mead's opinion inappropriate.

A second issue of *The Eastern Buddhist* is an excellent successor to the first, which was noticed at some length in these pages. There are articles on Mahāyāna Buddhism; on the Buddha as conceived therein; on the Buddha of Eternal Light, regarded as the Saviour of the soul; on the Bodhisattvas, who are beings on the road to Buddhahood; and after all these—some of which are exceedingly technical for ordinary English readers—Mr. L. Adams Beck gives a short account of Shinran, who founded the Shin-Shu sect. It testifies to a Greater Buddha than Gautama Who abides in boundless light, is the Life of the universe and in His capacity as the Lover, Protector and Final Refuge of men, "He has prepared a pure land of peace for His servants, beyond the storms of life and death." Shinran was

born in A.D. 1175, and his system has spread wherever the Japanese race has extended, but its central doctrine was no invention of the founder, who drew on his own part from his personal instructor, Honen. . . . *The Buddhist Review* may be eclipsed in one sense by its far more elaborate contemporary in Japan, but will doubtless continue to fulfil its simpler office of appeal to the more unversed reader in terms which he can scarcely fail to understand. It is therefore not superseded. The new issue has articles on the doctrine of the Aryas or four noble truths, being (1) the truth of sorrow, (2) the truth of the cause of sorrow, (3) the truth of the ceasing of sorrow and (4) the truth concerning the way of liberation, into the peace beyond the selfhood and all desires thereof. It is called the Eight-fold Path, and the fruition of its following is obtainable here and now: it is a path of rightness in mental views, aspiration, speech, action, manner of life, strenuousness, recollectedness and concentration. Its goal lies beyond all that is understood as life by us: it is a state of "peace for evermore." In another article there is a clear statement of the chief methods of meditation practised in Buddhism, the author writing from a Lamaist monastery in Tibet. It must be said that we prefer the living simplicity of the mode commended by St. Thomas Aquinas, where he affirms that "contemplation is love."

The Theosophist has been publishing extracts from what is called a philosopher's diary, by Count Hermann Keyserling: they are views and observations of a reflective person on his travels and include his impressions of a visit to Adyar. Our contemporary must be congratulated on its courage, for in a concluding instalment the German author affirms (1) that the mass of theosophists is composed of people below the average intellectual level, but having "just that amount of mischievous egoism" which is characteristic of persons who think that they belong to the elect; (2) that the Masters from whom Theosophy claims to derive its teachings are theoretically possible, but if they exist and lead it is certain that they are not clothed in that power which is ascribed to them; (3) that reincarnation belongs to the realm of theory, not of fact, and as such is in no better position than the doctrine of predestination; (4) that the Adyar expectation of a World-Teacher and Saviour is not likely to be realized, though prophets of new sects and new saviours of society are cropping up unceasingly and the supply is not likely to fail; (5) that Theosophy itself is unlikely to have a world-mission or a great rôle as an historical movement, because its leaning towards occultism may benefit science, but not religion or life, and because, moreover, it directs religious instincts towards outward objects and has faith in ideals the days of which are gone, historically speaking. However all this may be, and may prove or not in the end, it remains that a Society which can publish criticisms of this kind on itself must have at least a strong faith in its own power, not to speak of its validity and permanence. . . . We have to thank *Reincarnation* of Chicago for printing—though

without endorsing—the last illustrations of the doctrine to which it is pledged: Emerson was once Epictetus, Tennyson was Vergil, Queen Victoria—above all things in this world of strange vicissitude—was Alfred the Great, while for those who are still among us a typical instance is Mrs. Besant, and she was not only Hypatia but also Giordano Bruno. Whether the President of the Theosophical Society agrees these records of the past does not transpire in the statement. It is certain in any case that the other notabilities of the nineteenth century were unacquainted with their previous greatness, and a question arises as to the source of such findings: is it the Akasic Records, the Astral Light of our old friend Eliphas Lévi, or shall we refer them to the intuitions or reveries of Dr. Milton Willis, by whom they are presented to the faithful in a monograph on "recurring lives"? . . . *La Estrella de Oriente* in Nicaragua is—as its title suggests—the official organ of the Order of the Star in the East in that part of Central America, but it certifies on its own part to be concerned especially with the work of world-reconstruction. Most of the matter is translated, and the little quarterly has no further claim than to keep its readers in touch with what is being done and said elsewhere, within the measures of its concern. . . . *Divine Life* regards the suppression of reincarnation "in the teachings of the Master, Jesus" as a hindrance to the growth of the soul. The suggestion seems to be not that the doctrine was absent originally, but that it has been cut out. One does not expect Mrs. Lang to produce evidence for her views, but it is wanting to her contention that reincarnation was ever a Christian doctrine *ab origine symboli*.

La Revue Mondiale, which is the French *Review of Reviews*, gives space for the first time to a consideration of Psychical Research, and affirms in so doing that the famous principle of Terentius—I am a man and nothing which touches human affairs can be indifferent therefore to me—applies more than ever to telepathic phenomena and the occult sciences. To regard them as negligible is no longer right nor possible. Here is not only a standpoint defined clearly, but perhaps a policy announced. The statement prefaces an article by the Rev. Walter Wynn on Human Survival, with special reference to communications from W. E. Gladstone. . . . The Rev. A. E. Massey contributes an article to *The Epoch* on the "dark night of the soul," as understood and experienced by great mystic saints like St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa. We tend to think that the whole subject calls for restatement in very different terms. The doctrine of the ascetic path bore fruit in its season and its valid records remain; but centuries before it was travelled under Christian auspices the East knew by experience that it is not the only way. However this may be, we feel that Mr. Massey has failed to penetrate the state with which he attempts to deal: he has, moreover, nothing new to tell us thereupon. . . . We have received a copy of *Christian Science To-day*, which appears at New Orleans in succession to *The Christian*

Scientist—assuredly a more euphonious title. It speaks of “disintegration within the church-body,” the desire after official positions, and the discouragement of individual freedom in matters of thought. The true Christian Scientist is said to desire more knowledge of God above all things else. The periodical appears to favour Spiritualism, as judged by its references to Mr. Vale Owen and the author of *Private Dowden*.

The Co-Mason is of varied interest, and we turn in the first instance, as usually, to certain communications delivered from “the Master’s Chair.” They range on the present occasion from the centenaries of St. Dominic and Dante to notes on numerous Societies which have been in session during recent months. It is likely enough that the very names of some may be unknown to the majority of readers—for example, the Ancient Order of Shepherds and the Free Gardeners. We hear also that Dante became a member of the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries at Florence in 1296. Elsewhere in the number Miss Bothwell-Gosse writes on the *Guilds of Merry England*—Religious, Mercantile and Craft. There were Guilds of Kalendars, Tylers, Palmers, Thaners, Barber-Surgeons, not to speak of a Secret Confederation of London Rectors and a Guild of Young Scholars. Some at least of them were open to women as well as men—e.g. the Palmers and Kalendars. Miss Bothwell-Gosse remarks (1) that the whole household of a Guild-Brother belonged to the Guild; (2) that his wife remained a member in the event of his death; (3) that if she married a second time in the same trade her new husband became *ipso facto* a member, if he did not belong previously; but (4) that she was obliged to leave the Guild if he worked at another handicraft. The Rev. A. H. E. Lee considers the symbol of the Stone in Alchemy from the standpoint of Masonry. In the First Degree of the Scottish Rite, as edited—and perhaps tinkered—by Albert Pike, the Candidate was shown Salt, Sulphur and Mercury—the three Alchemical Principles, corresponding respectively to body, mind and spirit, as these, in Mr. Lee’s opinion, correspond to the three Craft Grades. As regards the alchemists, they sought complete regeneration, of which their Gold was the symbol. . . . Mr. W. Ravenscroft continues his study of the *Comacini* in the last issue of *The Builder*, giving an interesting account of the historic island in the Lake of Como and providing several illustrations. We are speculating whether he will be able, as his study proceeds, to offer substantial evidence for the existence of an art of building spiritualized among the “Comacine Masters,” which is of course the design in view. It is so only that they can be connected with the modern symbolical system of speculative Masonry, and it calls to be remembered especially in researches of this kind that presumptions and probabilities must be rigidly ruled out as things which belong to speculation and have no evidential value. They have been offered us too long and too often as adequate grounds of Masonic certitude.

REVIEWS

HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT. By Orison Swett Marden. 7½ ins. × 4½ ins., pp. iv + 331 + 1 plate. London: Messrs. William Rider & Sons, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 5s. net.

THERE is a fable that a cub-lion was adopted by a sheep. It was brought up as a sheep, lived like a sheep, thought like a sheep. Its powers seemed to be those of a sheep only, until one day, espying another lion, it realized its own lion-nature and thenceforward became a lion. No doubt the story is fictitious, as are all fables, but its spiritual truth can hardly be denied, and in exposition of this truth Dr. Marden has written an inspiring and uplifting book. We fail in life too often because we do not realize our own potentialities, and it is books like this of Dr. Marden's which may open our eyes to our true nature and make possible for us a truer, nobler, and in every way more successful, life.

In an interesting chapter in the book is described a number of cases of persons suffering from imaginary maladies, who have been cured by means of make-believe operations. There is a tendency, perhaps, on the part of some New Thought authors to jump from facts like these to a belief that a real tumour, for example, might be eradicated by the same means as those found efficient in the case of one existing only in the diseased imagination of the sufferer. Such a notion is, to my mind, unjustifiable; but there can be no doubt that a vast number of our ills have their seat in our own minds, and could be eradicated if we would cultivate the right mental attitude towards them. I for one, therefore, sincerely trust that Dr. Marden's book will be altogether successful in the achievement of its objects.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION SIMPLY EXPLAINED. A Collection of Essays selected from those submitted in *The Scientific American's* Prize Competition. With an Introduction and Editorial Notes by Henry P. Manning, Ph.D. 7½ ins. × 5 ins., pp. 251. London: Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, W.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THIS book contains twenty-one essays selected from amongst those submitted to the *Scientific American* in connection with the prize competition it organized in 1909, together with a further essay by the prize-winner, Lt.-Col. G. D. Fitch, dealing with the relation between non-Euclidean geometry and the theory of the fourth dimension, and an introductory essay by the Editor. As is inevitable in a book of this type, there is a great deal of repetition, and the reader is likely to become bored by, for instance, continued reiterations of the number of points, lines, surfaces and bounding cubes possessed by the tesseract (the four dimensioned analogue of the cube) and discussions of the possibility of converting asymmetrical solid bodies into their mirror-images by means of rotation in the fourth dimension. Naturally also various conflicting points of

view are to be found, as is the case, for example, in Lt.-Col. Fitch's discussion of the relations between non-Euclidean geometry and the theory of the fourth dimension, and that of the editor given in the introduction. This is specially noticeable, too, in the case of the essay by Mr. E. G. Cutler, entitled "Four Dimensional Absurdities," which received "First Honourable Mention." Seeing that this essay requires a footnote by the editor a page and a half long in order to correct its numerous misstatements, the problem of why it ever received honourable mention would appear more difficult of solution than that of the fourth dimension itself.

Although the essays as a whole do not possess any striking originality, yet nevertheless they form a useful introduction to the theory of the fourth dimension as it was understood in the year 1909; but the work of Einstein and Minkowski has so revolutionized scientific thought in this matter that in certain important respects the book must be pronounced out-of-date. As concerns these strictures, however, an explanation must be made in the case of the arresting and highly interesting essay by Mr. Arthur Haas (which did not receive "honourable mention"), in which it is pointed out that in order to represent as a whole—that is throughout its life-history—any solid object capable of internal movement (for example, a living organism), a four-dimensioned model is necessary. None of the other essayists, with two exceptions, appear to contemplate the hypothesis of time being the fourth dimension, and most of them pooh-pooh the possibility of the real existence of a fourth dimension, or of its becoming known to man even supposing it to exist. Einstein and Minkowski, however, have demonstrated the truth of this hypothesis and have shown that it is only when we realize that the world we inhabit is a four-dimensioned world that correct formulæ for the repetition of physical phenomena can be developed. The fact that we cannot perform all the marvellous things seemingly possible to four-dimensioned beings is not that we or our world lack the fourth dimension, but that at any moment of our existence our freedom of movement is restricted to three dimensions, which, for that moment, we call the dimensions of space, employing the word "time" for the dimension in which we have no freedom.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE GREAT TRIBUNE. By W. Asquith. 7 ins. × 4½ ins., pp. vi + 96. Chorley, Lancs.: The Universal Publishing Co. Price 4s. 6d.

THE sub-title of this work describes it as "an original exposition of the present world chaos: a work of unconventional and broad sociological analysis." The author is hampered by an ungainly literary style, but on the whole he has written a telling criticism of modern civilization in the light of the war and its aftermath. He overstresses, I think, the importance of ill-health as a factor in the breakdown of modern civilization, but he does very good service by emphasizing the fact of what he calls "psychology control," by which he means the control of mankind through a knowledge (whether conscious or subconscious) of crowd-psychology. Many things were certainly justified by this means during the war that could not be justified rationally. The author is also undoubtedly right when he says that "the world, as a business concern, is badly managed" but in the constructive part of his work he has little to offer. We have

been trying philanthropy, or pretending so to do, for several hundred years. So far the panacea has not proved effectual.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE LIFE BEYOND THE VELL. Spirit Messages Received and Written Down by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, Vicar of Orford, Lancashire. Book IV. "The Battalions of Heaven." London: Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., 15 Bedford Street, W.C.2. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE Battalions of Heaven—the fourth volume of the Vale Owen auto-scripts—contains the last of the Messages received by the Rev. G. Vale Owen from "Arnel," one of the Celestial Messengers who used the Vicar of Orford as intermediary with the earth plane. "Arnel" in this volume discloses his real identity as having been a teacher of music and painting in Florence, presumably about the time of the Renaissance. His Messages, like those of "Zabdiel," are of a highly transcendental order, whether he discourse on science, ethics, religion, or the future of the race. As such, therefore, one can fully endorse the Prefatory words of Mr. H. W. Engholm, who has ably achieved his onerous task of editing these voluminous writings in their entirety. To quote Mr. Engholm:

"Their true value can only be gauged by spiritual standards and such appeal as they may make to an interior sense of reality."

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that entitled "How the Heavenly Powers Dealt with Religion." In the chapter which follows it, "How the Heavenly Powers Dealt with Christendom," occurs the curious phrase which I have italicized:

"We have spoken to you, my son, of the Christ. . . . Men called Him God, and said He was Divine. They said too much and moant too little. On the one part, the Christ is not the only Supreme, the One Being of Beings consummate. *The Father Himself is not so*, but is the highest expression of Being man wots of."

"Arnel" here would seem to be getting out of his depth and losing himself in a subtlety not unlike an echo of the "Book of the Dead." The ancient Egyptians believed in a "Hidden Light *behind* the Sun." Here our mere human intellect staggers! . . . "Little flower in the crannied wall," is about as far as the mind of most of us dare venture. Even then we cannot "understand." . . . But again, as "Arnel" observes: "Wisdom comes with years, and greater wisdom in eternity." Which, after all, is one of the wisest things he has said.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW PHILOSOPHY. By John Herman Randall, Author of "A New Philosophy of Life," etc. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 6s. net.

THIS book should be read by all thinking people, especially by those who are anxiously seeking directions in the present tragic world-maze. The author, who is an American, has the gift of presenting with singular clearness and detachment the outlook now before mankind, and the grave problems now confronting it. Truly he writes:

"To many the age is radiant with hope for the future, while to others the years that lie before us are dark and threatening for all that is of most value in the life of humanity."

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We know only too well that a spirit of revolt is expressing itself among the peoples of all lands—in religion, politics, and social life. That this is not the mere aftermath of war, as the superficial have suggested, but the natural outcome of the inevitable Law of Change, is well traced in broad outline by the author in his opening chapters, and he proceeds to show that in despite of this spirit of revolt and disunity the deeper soul of humanity "is fundamentally sound in its imperious demand for unity."

Having got thus well into his stride, Mr. Herman Randall discourses on the real meaning of Unity, as a "fact of the inner consciousness," based on our common nature, as all "the world's great pathfinders have realized and taught." This unifying of the Self typifies in microcosm man's oneness with his fellow beings and with God.

Particularly fine is the chapter on Religion, which should appeal to readers of every creed and of no creed at all, as an antidote to religious exclusiveness and the ignorance which sees in its own particular brand of dogma the "One and Only Creed." And so with politics: Leagues of Governments are not necessarily Leagues of Nations, but all countries must eventually find some common basis of understanding and goodwill, otherwise the race is doomed to perish.

The author, however, ends on no such gloomy note. In the final chapter, "The Pathway of Realization," he hopefully declares:

"If men would dare to believe in love and goodwill as the mightiest forces in human life, in the presence of which armies and navies are insignificant and helpless, if they would begin to take Jesus seriously, and honestly attempt to translate His great ideals into living terms for all men, then indeed the new spirit of unity would come welling up in the consciousness of humanity in response to Love's imperious call, and the new world would be fashioned by the men and women who had found themselves in union with All."

EDITH K. HARPER.

NATIONALISM IN HINDU CULTURE. By Radhakumud Mookerji, M.A., Premchand Roychand Scholar (Calcutta University), Vidyavaibhava Professor of History, Mysore University, Author of "Local Government in Ancient India," etc., etc. London: Theosophical Publishing House, 9 St. Martin's Street, W.C.2; also Adyar and Los Angeles. Price 4s. 6d.

"THERE is a widespread misconception that the Hindus have never been a practical people, that while they have succeeded so signally in the sphere of speculation they have failed equally in the sphere of action."

Throughout the whole of his remarkably interesting book Dr. Mookerji seeks to controvert the above erroneous impressions. He maintains that Hindu India is renowned not only for her magnificent literature, "but also for politics and administrations which culminated in the great empires of the Mauryas and Guptas, empires that sometimes controlled a continent stretching from Afghanistan to Mysore."

Sanskrit literature reveals to the student the extent to which ancient India had advanced in the positive and applied sciences. These are classified in four groups: Agriculture, Commerce, Mathematics, and Medicine. In regard to Astronomy the author states that the famous Hindu mathematician, Aryabhata, "boldly maintained the rotation of

the earth on its axis, and explained the true cause of the eclipses of the sun and moon."

Above all else Patriotism was the dominating note in Vedic literature, and whatever the form of religious creed, or outward circumstance of life, the ruling passion was love for the Great Motherland, that wonderful India which has ever symbolized for each of her children not only all that is fairest on earth, but even Heaven itself. . . . In Dr. Mookerji's words: "Even in the dismal distant age of remote antiquity, unilluminated by the light of historical knowledge we find the underlying principles of Nationalism chanted forth in hymns of the *Rigveda* embodying the very first utterance of humanity itself."

The Lectures contained in this volume were delivered last year by Dr. Mookerji in connection with the University of Mysore. Their style is clear, concise, and explanatory.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE RETURN OF JOHANNES. A Sequel to *The Gate of Remembrance*, edited by Frederick Bligh Bond, Script by John Alleyne. Glastonbury: "Central Somerset Gazette." Price 1s. net.

WE all gladly welcome the return of Johannes Bryant, that sweet and simple Brother, "mirthful as a child," who is so closely associated with the wonderful discovery of the long-forgotten Loretto Chapel, Glastonbury, as duly set forth in *The Gate of Remembrance*. In his usual quaint and charming language, full of picturesque imagery, Brother Johannes, through the hand of Mr. John Alleyne, now takes up the thread of his discourse concerning the Abbey he so dearly loved, for this love indeed it is which draws him again hitherward. Thus he says:

"LAUS DEO! I, Johannes of many partes, yet mostly dwell in Him, for in the Spirit dwell I in the highest Heaven, giving glory to the great Love which is Almighty God. And through Him are all things which I, Johannes, love and which alsoe binde me still—all that is faire and true on this earth. . . ."

And again:

"We can tell you this much: To us who come to the place beloved on earth, nothing is changed save where we misremember, and then ofttimes they remember for me and so nothing is lost."

EDITH K. HARPER.

MYSTERY, MIRAGE AND MIRACLE. By Alain Raffin, Ph.D., C.S.M.M.G., L.S.M. With Preface by Clive Holland. Printed for the Author by William Airs & Co., 86 Richmond Road, Earl's Court, London. Price 6s. net.

THIS is a collection of stories vouched for as facts by the author, some of them being his own first-hand experiences, while others were related to him by those to whom they happened. Readers acquainted with Indian stories dealing with unseen powers, will find these episodes written on familiar lines, and as the author, Mr. Alain Raffin, is of Breton descent, and has lived much in India, they lose none of their thrilling circumstance in his capable hands. Among the stories in Part One, "A Coveted Sapphire," "Decidedly Unwelcome," and "The Phantom Bull," are three of the best. Part Second relates to episodes in which suggestion has a large share, notably in "A Marine Ghost," although the tale called "Owl's Feathers," which is excellent, cannot be ascribed to suggestion, but rather to a series of "coincidences" (whatever this may

mean I). In Part Three, a wonderful cure by "The Water of Lourdes" is told on the authority of the Priest who was the intermediary in the use of the healing water. This book would make a suitable Christmas present, for its elements are those which add a thrill to the season of holly and mistletoe.

EDITH K. HARPER.

KEY TO THE BIBLE AND HEAVEN. By Ludwig B. Larsen. The Mystery of the Ages Revealed. Describing What the Bible contains regarding God; Heaven; Earth; Christ; Holy Ghost; Angels; Satan; Dragon; Religion; Patriarchs; Houses in Heaven; Cycles of Time; The United States; The Twelve Tribes of Israel; The Bull, Goat, Lion and Lamb, and the Time of the End of the World. Published by the Author, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

In this extraordinary book Mr. Larsen states that the periods of time referred to in the Bible are mostly measurable by cycles of 30 and 360 degrees, and that the whole Bible is nothing else but a gigantic horoscope. Jesus corresponds to the planet Uranus; the Holy Ghost and Satan to Neptune and Saturn respectively. The Garden of Eden is in the United States; the Pacific Coast is the Promised Land where Moses was buried; Jericho and Jerusalem are to-day San Francisco and Southern California, and so forth. All these places are located to the exact degree by means of the numerical system Mr. Larsen claims to have discovered in the Bible. The author appears to have lashed his theory unmercifully in order to make it square with impossible facts, and it cannot be said that the result is convincing.

MEREDITH STARR.

MYTHS OF IFÉ. By John Wyndham. Pp. 72. London: Erskine Macdonald. Price 5s. net.

THE author of this little book, dealing with the folk-lore of an African tribe, is one well qualified for his task. For several years he served as an Assistant District Officer among the Yorubas in Nigeria, and was thus enabled to collect the stories contained in this volume. From meagre sources, owing to reticence among the natives, the author has pieced together a valuable essay in anthropological mythology; and the fact that he has chosen to express himself in blank verse enhances rather than spoils the effect of his book.

One or two of the facts of Yoruba mythology seem to call for further investigation. For instance, with regard to the creation of man, how could the god Oriska have thrown images into the wombs of women, if women were not yet created? We may have misunderstood Mr. Wyndham, or else the Yorubas may not set much store by logical processes, but certainly such a statement (it occurs on p. 56) left us wondering. The connection between the various native festivals and those of other nations is well brought out by Mr. Wyndham. Thus he sees an intimate relationship between the Feast of Edi and the Festival of the Saturnalia. The ritual of the divination of Ifa is given, and many other fascinating and valuable results of personal observation are recorded.

Mr. Wyndham has a real gift for writing blank verse, and altogether his little book is a valuable contribution to literature, to science, and to the study of religion.

T. M.