

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

ALL, or almost all, of the religions that have been accepted by mankind since history began, have been in their essence dualistic. They have, that is to say, postulated two warring forces of good and evil perpetually contending with each other for the mastery; and it would be strange if this were not the case, for all we see of life here is evidence of this continual conflict, and all our mental conceptions are based on ideas that involve a recognition of this dualism. We see pairs of opposites in almost every conception which the mind frames, and every physical atom possesses its positive and negative poles. We see this also in the fundamental antithesis between spirit and matter, which is reflected by our theological creeds in the corresponding contrast between God and the devil. It is true that we postulate and accept in theory one divine all-powerful Being by whom the whole universe is regulated and sustained, but what we observe in actual life is not the evidence of a single beneficent Deity, but of an apparently equal contest, dubious in its ultimate results, between the powers of light and darkness, one of which first obtains the upper hand, and then the other.

It is no wonder then that sceptics have asked, assuming that there is such an all-powerful and beneficent Deity, how this conception can be reconciled with the evidence of our own senses and with what the poet so graphically describes as "nature red in tooth and claw." If what has been termed Monism is the true philosophy and all existence is ultimately One, how does it come about that wherever we turn we find, not evidence of unity and that harmony which unity implies, but proof everywhere of duality and conflict?

How can we reconcile this perpetual warfare with the belief in an all-powerful principle of good? Surely if Monism is the true solution, and one consciousness pervades and informs the whole universe, we can hardly predicate absolute goodness or absolute perfection of such a power, but must rather describe it in the words of Nietzsche as "beyond good and evil." Again, assuming there to be such a cosmic consciousness, in what relation does each individual conscious unit stand to this one all-embracing Self? Is individuality itself an illusion? And is our existence as separate entities under conditions of time and space merely a temporary hallucination which a fuller consciousness of the underlying reality is destined eventually to dissipate?

"It is," says the author of *The Self and Its Problems*,* "the great paradox of existence that reality consists in the contrary working of opposites which are essential identities. . . . A profounder analysis perceives that this play of opposites consists rather in imperceptible gradations from degree to degree of the same kind, than in sharp distinctions between two different orders of reality." Even the two poles of existence, spirit and matter, are in reality but two opposite ends of the same stick. The line that unites them is a unity moving between two extremes, and the extremes of this unity are of one nature with itself. Between these two poles all forms of manifestation take place. They are the terminals without which there could be no manifestation. For limitation is a condition of the existence of the objective universe. The difference of either pole consists in the relation each bears to the whole of which it is the termination. This being the case, spirit and matter are in their essence one. We may even go so far as to say that "the matter or substratum of one level of manifestation may become the spirit or informing principle of the

* *The Self and its Problems*. By Charlotte E. Woods. London: Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd., 9 St. Martin's St., W.C. 3s. 6d. net.

level below." If, then, limitation is the condition of conscious existence, it follows obviously that there must be something behind the manifested universe which undergoes limitation. What is this? William Kingsland, in his informing work, *Our Infinite Life*,* terms it "the One Substance." This primordial substance, he contends, is capable of initiating its own motions. In it inheres the life which becomes manifest in the universe. This our author regards as the ultimate unitary principle, an eternal self-existent substance. "It is (he says) the Absolute of philosophy. It is also, in the terminology of many religions, denominated God. In a certain special sense we might attribute to it personality, but as being absolute it can never be spoken of as a person." All manifested life he views as the expression and manifestation of the activity of this one cosmic life or principle. In it life and substance are one. It is not life merely in parts, but living throughout. It is in vain, therefore, for science to search for the origin of life; for this life is one of the attributes of the One Substance, and it follows that that which is derived from it and acquires individuality through the process of limitation, must also possess the life of its parent source.

To the materialistic scientist of last century the universe appeared as dead matter and motion, from which consciousness was gradually evolved by chemical combinations. But it is obviously absurd to contend that life can inhere in any form which is itself dead. We cannot conceive motion on the part of dead atoms, much less consciousness. Substance is the One Self which becomes individualized in countless forms, and yet in its nature is unitary. "Verily," says one of the ancient Upanishads, "he who hath seen, heard, comprehended and known the Self, by him is this entire universe known." Every form has behind it the potentiality of the whole, from which it can really never become separated; for the One Substance is also the One Life. Mr. Kingsland describes this substance as a space-filling continuum, but its extension is actually an illusion, as the idea of space and time alike are merely categories of the mind. It follows naturally that the intellect cannot grasp the transcendent reality of which this space-filling substance is the expression. Evolution is the gradual unfoldment of the myriad forms to which the self-limitation of the One Substance gives rise. The

THE
PROBLEM
OF GOOD
AND EVIL.

* *Our Infinite Life*. By William Kingsland. London: Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 40 Museum St., W.C. 6s. 6d. net.

problem of good and evil, as all other problems of duality, arises from the very nature of mind itself, which, just as it thinks in terms of time and space, thinks also in terms of opposition, contrast and antithesis. In the underlying reality these pairs of opposites become one. Even the Absolute itself is not merely the Absolute, but the Absolute-Relative. It is God transcendent as well as God immanent ; for the universe is the expression of the Deity outside of whom there is nothing.

I have called the one Self, in whom and through whom are all things, the Absolute-Relative, because the manifested universe is the Me of the universal I, the objective self which completes the self-identity of the One. It is God immanent, the expression in time and space of God transcendent. This active manifestation, then, is part and parcel of the essential nature of Deity. But this process of manifestation involves limitation ; limitation implies imperfection, and the coming into being of all those pairs of opposites from which arise alike the good and evil of the world. Wherever the one Life seeks for concrete expression, there is this limitation which is of the very essence of the cosmic

THE COSMIC SACRIFICE. sacrifice. Without the evil there could be no good, without the darkness there could be no light ; without time and space there could be no experience

and no growth. The cosmic Christ must suffer all things before He return and enter once more into His glory. The individual self must learn through self-love the greater love which arises through the sacrifice of self. " God is love," but without that self-contemplation from which arises self-manifestation, this love could never find expression. Hence the dualism of the soul and body ; for without a body there can be no individuality. This does not imply the necessity for a physical body, but the necessity for form, that form necessitated by limitation. Those who think of spirit without a body dream of that which cannot exist in terms of time and space, and cannot co-exist with personal consciousness.

THE NECESSITY FOR FORM. We should beware of thinking of the body as the self, but on the other hand we must not divorce the conception of the spirit from the form which is its vesture and expression. The

individual comes to birth in order that in the fulness of time the Christ may be born within him. When the Christ is reborn in each individual heart the Second Coming will pass from a dream to a reality.

" The living Word, the Logos, the potent soundless sound, is eternally speaking in its wholeness, in its unitary nature. It reverberates through

time as an infinite succession. Time cannot catch it up, yet time and eternity co-exist. Eternity is not endless time, still less is it the next world, as some have foolishly imagined. Eternity is that fulness, that wholeness of time in which time vanishes, even as the Self is the wholeness of the individual in which the individual vanishes. Though yet the Self and the individual co-exist. . . . It is in eternity that the Self abides, but the individual abides in time. In time the Self is reflected as an infinite number of individual selves, ever changing, ever becoming. . . . Through countless ages we have been stone and plant and worm and beast—yes, and even in this individual life which we reckon only to have begun in our mother's womb, we have been all these, and we are all these now. They are the very warp and woof of our life, the very substance of our bodies, and the active energies of our subconscious mind."

In this gradual process of evolution the individual comes back to this earth over and over again, to continue his own individual evolution as well as that of the race, by reaping what was sown in past lives. The absurdity of the old childish conceptions of the nature of man derived from the Jewish cosmogony are well brought out by Mr. Kingsland.

The mischief (he says) which has been done by the teaching that an individual has only one life on this earth, and that his "eternal" state is fixed and determined by that life, is incalculable. It divorces the man from all sense of responsibility to the race—let alone the idea that by a certain "belief" he can escape all the consequences of his sins. The idea that an individual can come into existence in *time*, never having had any pre-existence, and can then exist for all eternity, is in itself an absurdity which will not bear a moment's examination. Reverse it; postulate that there never was a time when you did not exist, but that at physical death you will be snuffed out and utterly cease to be—and the absurdity is fully apparent.

Every man works out his own salvation under the universal law which is inherent in the essential nature of the One Substance. The arbitrary will of a personal god exists only for the benefit of priests and priestcraft, and in the imagination of their dupes. The truth which embraces all evolution, physical and spiritual alike, was voiced in the words of the Great Master, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The object, then, of life in its long pilgrimage from the lowest to the highest, is self-realization through experience; but there can be no *complete* self-realization for the individual until individuality itself is set aside. "There may be temporary resting-places, temporary heavens of immeasurable duration, that seem like an eternity, but to the extent that they are individual they must pass away. Only the eternal endures." "Ceaseless activity and unending rest

THE LONG
PILGRIMAGE
OF LIFE.

will meet together in eternity." (Ruysbroek.) "The one life exists simultaneously both as the one and the many. The ultimate goal, the supreme bliss, does not lie in escape from the activity of life, from the world-process as such, but rather in the perfect vision which sees and knows that process in its proper relation and proportion, which apprehends the perfect harmonious unity of being and becoming, which accepts the activity as well as the eternal rest."

I am publishing in this issue an article dealing with miracles from what I suppose I am entitled to describe as an orthodox standpoint. The writer treats in some detail of the problem of the Resurrection, and argues that the evidence in its favour is strong enough to warrant its acceptance as an historical fact. "If Christ be not risen," says the apostle, "then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Mr. Lawson takes a similar line, and contends that Christianity stands or falls with the validity of the Resurrection story. Views of Christian doctrine to-day have become somewhat nebulous, and there are doubtless a good many who would call themselves Christians who would yet shake their heads dubiously over the Resurrection as an actual occurrence. What, I wonder, would the Dean of St. Paul's have to say on this matter? The observation of the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby is alluded to in the article in question that the Resurrection is as well attested a fact as any in history. One might suggest that this remark only serves to point out how far science has travelled since Arnold's day in its demand for unimpeachable evidence in substantiation of disputable facts. All the evidence for the Resurrection is contained in the New Testament, in the Gospels, on the one hand, and in a statement attributed to St. Paul on the other. Perhaps from the evidential standpoint the latter is the most valuable. It must be borne in mind that of the four Gospels, the strict historicity of St. John has been generally called in question, and as regards the other three narratives, it is scarcely contended anywhere nowadays that they are all three of independent origin. The difficulty, however, of accepting such an incident as possible has broken down for very many of us in the light of recent psychical investigations. It is certainly no more difficult to accept the Resurrection than to believe the records of Sir William Crookes in regard to the apparitions in physical form of Katie King; but it must be admitted that the evidence for these latter, witnessed as they

THE PROBLEM
OF THE
RESURREC-
TION.

were repeatedly by a number of different people, and subjected to the tests of photography, is infinitely stronger than anything that can be brought forward in attestation of the Resurrection of Jesus.

It is not seriously contended by the author of the article that Jesus rose again in His normal physical body, and indeed the Gospel records are scarcely consistent with such a supposition. Jesus appeared and disappeared after the Resurrection in an altogether supernormal manner. On the other hand, we may ask, what became of His physical body as this admittedly was no longer in the grave? The fact that He could still draw attention

IN WHAT
BODY DID
JESUS RISE? to the marks of the nails on His hands and feet would not necessitate the assumption that this was his crucified body to anyone familiar with the phenomena of repercussion. Clearly if it *was* the old physical body, this was transmuted. Such transmutation may, however, well be in accord with natural law. Certain phenomena, which are supported by an appreciable body of evidence, point to this as a possibility in nature. It might indeed be contended that the apparitions of Jesus after the Resurrection were not physical at all, but in this case we should have to reject *in toto* the text in which St. Thomas is asked to satisfy his unbelief. The problem raises many points of interest, and it is perhaps hard to see how at this distance of time the evidence in favour of such an event could have been much stronger than it actually is.

THE ASTRAL AND ETHEREAL WORLDS

PART I

AMONG THE STARS

BY MABEL COLLINS

THE astral life is so close to earth life, so intimately associated with all the desires and passions of the physical body, that advanced beings, even disciples, pass through it without attention, not only at death but in sleep or trance. The desires and passions which cause its existence have fallen away from them so that they have no concern with it. But it is there, a definite state, and when the physical body is dead or unconscious, the astral form is at once aware of it and awake in it, the Yogin or highly developed disciple passes through it swiftly and leaves the astral form, as it has left the physical form. In the case of sleep, or the rare state of trance, angels guard and tend both these forms so that the spirit, returning, enters both easily, and gently, the absence is all forgotten and earth life taken up naturally again. Only the very strong can dare to try and recall what has happened in the interval, the burning and intense life in the ethereal world. The Master can give this memory to the disciple if asked to do so—as indeed He can give anything—but the strain is in most cases too great. The spirit could bear it, but the brain cannot. And yet these experiences are all still within the phenomenal world; well within it, even the glorious conditions of the ethereal state. The astral life is as objective, as external, as the physical life, and those who have the power to pass on should never linger within it, unless a command or a call of duty necessitates remaining there. The Christ is often there, and His followers remain to work with Him. During and since the Great War this has been often necessary. Some soldiers who died on the battlefield were at once carried away by angels, to the higher states which they had earned the right to enter, as I saw Frances Willard's spirit carried away when she died. The physical and astral bodies alike surrender

their claim on the ego, which by purification and self-sacrifice is freed. Those that are not freed and cannot obtain freedom, learn many things while dwelling on that plane. But they are not the things to arrest the freed spirit and the victorious ego, which has entered upon the state of glory. They must rather be regarded as compensations or interests for the astral bound being, no criminal, yet incapable of rising higher.

According to Paracelsus the astral form, which dwells within the man while on earth, can serve man as long as it exists, though the ego passes on. And one of these forms of service is to deal with sidereal spirits so that they may be compelled to serve men like slaves. And they can reveal to the astral man the mysteries and wonders of the astral world. Dante went forth in his astral form and saw these mysteries and wonders, all the training and help given in Paradise, all the hardship and torture experienced in Hell. He told the world what he had seen. It has resulted in the production of marvellous pictures, of superb works of art, but it seems to have been no warning to the sinner and to have left the criminal untouched. And yet immediately on release from the physical body and the entrance to the astral world, not only at death but in deep sleep, the sinner and the criminal find themselves in the states and conditions created by their passions and desires. Doubtless, becoming aware of the state before them, the conditions into which they must inevitably pass, creates that fear of death which so many experience. There can be nothing in death itself to fear, the dread is because the spirit has learned that beyond the grave it will find itself halt, maimed, or blind. Signs, warnings, and portents, which are understood and accepted by those who are called superstitious, are sent to men by friends beyond, with the help of the sidereal spirits. These can enter within the outer edge of the physical life, and manipulate forces which they understand and can use. Those who laugh at superstition are simply ignorant. A disembodied, purified and glorified spirit may, through the inner relationship born of love and incapable of destruction, see that one upon the earth is taking a wrong turning, or losing faith and hope. He cannot return to earth till his allotted time comes for reincarnation, but if his astral form still lives (that *Ka* that the Egyptians cherished with so much care for just such a purpose) he can obtain the aid of the sidereal spirits, native to the astral plane, and knowing how to use the various forces in it. Thus come the signs in the Heavens, the warnings which prevent one who has still to live from embarking on a fated

ship, the three knocks on the door to warn a household to prepare for a coming death which will affect all the fortunes of its members, and the thousand and one small signs and tokens that prove to us we are surrounded by the invisibles, if we regard them reasonably. This shows the interlinking these two planes as those above and beyond are linked. There is no hard line of demarcation. But the loss of your body leaves you unable to manifest yourself and reveal your spirit within the physical conditions, while you find yourself in possession of your astral form in just the shape and with just the powers that you have developed. To the quite ordinary and materialistic man this is what life beyond the grave means, that and nothing better, till he can rise above it. According to the worldliness of his life and the depth of his scepticism, does he find himself halt, maimed or blind. He finds himself in a world which corresponds to this in many ways, but all his material gifts—such as money, physical health, good clothes—are gone.

Some are greatly surprised to find themselves lying on the ground in their shroud as if just lifted out of the coffin. This is because the one who has left the earth plane has never been able to believe in anything beyond the shroud and the coffin. Dante saw many such forms, lying prostrate, unable to believe they could rise and walk. And why is this state, which is open to all men, which all men must enter or pass through, called astral? The stars guide men, and draw them hither and thither and in this translucent, much less material state, right within their rays, their influence is greater than ever before. It is a Herculean task for a spirit in the astral body to make a fresh effort and it can only be done by the help of the Christ and the angels, given in these latter days since He came to help us. The effort should have been made upon earth, in the world of action, and in the physical body. The coercion of the stars could be opposed and resisted in that condition. Paracelsus says "the stars compel and coerce the animal man, so that where they lead he must follow. What other reason is there for this save that man does not know, or reflect, that he is a lesser universe, and has the whole firmament with its powers hidden within himself?"

It is laid down by Paracelsus that a man has the power to change his fate, that he even has the power to change from the star under which he was born. He speaks with contempt of those who yield to astrological influences and make the power of the stars an excuse for any weakness or backsliding. But these great efforts must be made in matter, that earth in which the

seed is sown and therefore is every moment of time on earth precious beyond words and full of importance.

The shock of the sudden destruction of the physical body when it is in full health and strength is very great, and the astral form, even with those who know much and believe yet more, arises, confused and bewildered, the ego being without the power to go on immediately. If a death of this kind has been practically painless, the spirit does not at once realize that it has lost its physical body, and turns to look for its old friends. But they are invisible, being within their physical bodies and within dense matter. Feeling that they are in new conditions these spirits then gladly yield to the guidance of the angels who surround them and who take them to one of "the many mansions" according to their need; either into a temple on the astral plane to which teachers come from above, or away from the astral plane altogether, according to their state of development. And to judge by what I saw during the Great War many soldiers were worthy and ready to be carried on angels' wings to far places where the spirit is at home and glory reigns. In other cases the maddened victim would be overwhelmed with rage and the desire to retaliate and return the injury received. Till that desire had died out none could help him from the fate of being an earth-bound spirit seeking what mischief he could do to man. The astral world contains many such forms, both human and animal. For an animal is no more likely than a human being to ignore the fact that its life, the most precious possession of any living thing, has been taken from it unfairly and unjustly, and can never be restored. I have been mercifully spared from seeing them, but I have been told that the allotted task on the astral plane of animals killed for food is that of hunting the spirits of condemned men into hell.

All students of animals know that they are conscious of invisible presences and of that which comes after death. Unbelief is one of the poor crimes monopolized by man. From it our churches suffer greatly as many here are teachers and even priests who are devoid of all real belief. Quite recently, since the war and those experiences which have arisen out of the war which opened many eyes and destroyed much scepticism, a clergyman died whom I had known slightly. He died quite suddenly, without a moment of preparation. His body was shrouded and laid in its coffin. So soon as his consciousness came to him he was annoyed to find himself seated on the ground, leaning against a rock, in his shroud. He looked at it with

distaste; he had always been particular about dress. But he could do nothing; no one was near; he could see only other solitary figures seated among the rocks—evidently no use to him. He had not been entirely without belief in a future life although he had never been able to conceive of it or regard it as a reality. Therefore he had enough power to move a little, and clinging to the rock seated himself upon it and looked round. What a dreary prospect! He longed for the comforts he had left behind and the many luxuries of his home on earth.

A group of trees in the distance was the only break in the dreary greyness that surrounded him. He looked at it, and as he looked, he saw a figure approaching him. It came at last quite close, and fluttering angels floated or walked about it. It approached the disconsolate new arrival and He—the Christ—held out His hand. The forlorn being looked up at Him bewildered, and said, "You are not real—you are only imagination."

"Take my hand," said the Figure, "rise and walk."

The unhappy being rose, and in his shroud walked beside the Christ and gazed upon the surrounding angels in amazement. They went up a long path to a Temple, and entered it. He was led along the side where in deep recesses were cushioned seats. On one of these he sank, quite worn out. The Christ disappeared and the angels, and he was left alone fingering his hated shroud. A great exhaustion came over him and a vision rose before him of the well-spread dinner table in the home he had left. He sat there, alone, gazing blankly before him, wondering what it might be possible to do.

The varied and curious work of these temples where helpless and bewildered pilgrims from earth are helped and taught and guided, is done by followers of the Christ who wish to serve humanity and feel themselves capable of this task. One of these temple servitors appeared carrying a salver on which stood a goblet and a plate. The tired spirit raised himself eagerly—was it possible that there was food and wine here, after death! The servitor stood before him in silence and he saw that what he gazed on was the Holy Grail, the Communion cup, and the sacred platter of the bread of life. The servitor spoke. "For over thirty years have you given this sacrament on earth," he said. "Do you know that it is a reality?"

"Only a form of words—only a form of words," was the answer.

"You can go no further till you have recognized its reality.

THE ASTRAL AND ETHEREAL WORLDS 143

Every time you have given it with unbelief you have committed the sin of unbelief, the sin against the Holy Ghost. Gaze on it and consider."

The tired spirit sank back upon the cushions in silence and by degrees in sleep. When he awoke it was to find himself in a coat of blue, no longer in the hated shroud. A faint sense of comfort, a certain consciousness of realities had come to him.

This is one instance. The lower astral plane is thronged with • newcomers who have no strength to go further from lack of belief, lying on the ground or sitting on the rocks, unable to rise. It is indeed worth a great struggle to make the effort in this life to find the true path and look toward the Supreme instead of on worldly and illusory objects.

THE INNER VISION

By ELIZABETH KEITH MORRIS

"WHY are you studying *that* map?" exclaimed one of my school companions, as we were waiting to go in for our geography examination.

"Because I feel that this will be the map we shall have to do from memory," I answered, as I continued to study it earnestly, much to the amusement of the other girls, who ridiculed the idea that this special map should be chosen.

But when the examination was over, they crowded round me, eager to know how I could possibly have guessed. I was only twelve years old and psychic lore was then a closed book to me, so I could only reiterate that I had *felt* it.

This feeling about examinations I found extremely useful during my schooldays. It aroused considerable curiosity and interest amongst my companions and added to my prestige in the school. My home friends, however, although they were always ready to listen to my experiences, remained incredulous.

But during one of my holidays, as I was walking with a special girl friend, who had perhaps laughed at me the most, we were stopped by a very agitated woman.

"Have you seen a little boy of three anywhere?" she asked excitedly. "I lost him about half an hour ago and can see no sign of him."

"I *am* sorry," I exclaimed; "we will help you to look for him. Run down to the sea in case he should wander there, and we will look around the country. He cannot have gone far and we shall soon find him."

The poor mother rushed off and we commenced our search.

"How about your feeling?" asked my companion laughingly. "It would come in awfully useful just now. I suppose, though, it never comes when you really need it?"

"It might," I retorted, in the same bantering tone, as we continued our search. "One never knows."

"If it comes now, then I'll believe in it. Why, what is the matter?" she exclaimed, as I suddenly shouted.

"I've got it—my feeling," I explained. "I know where the child is. Come quickly, it is a good run from here."

Without a word she swung round with me, and we tore along the high sea bank.

"Do you see that steep hill?" I presently asked. "We have to go up there; then we turn to the right and a little way down the road we shall find the child. There's a lot of traffic there, so do hurry."

The hill was terribly steep, and our breath was coming in gasps when we reached the top, turned to the right and rushed down the road. We did not pause, however, until we reached the little white-clothed figure, playing unconcernedly in the middle of the road. We carried him to his mother, who nearly fainted with joy when she saw him.

It was during my next term at school that I spent an unforgettable night, tossing in bed and unable to get any sleep. Two other girls shared my room and one of them inquired what was the matter.

"Some dreadful thing has happened in my family to-night," I exclaimed. "One of them has been killed. I don't know which one it is, but I shall hear in the morning."

The girls good-naturedly tried to persuade me that for once my feeling must be wrong. But I refused to be comforted and lay awake until the rising bell rang. During the morning a cable arrived at my home, informing my father that my eldest brother had been killed the evening before. His death had been instantaneous.

For a time after that my feeling ceased to trouble me, but one evening as we were playing the childish card game of "seven up" I again felt the curious sensation. Some of the cards, face downwards, remain on the table, to be picked up by the players at their discretion, and a great deal of skill can be used in "blocking" each other's play. These cards are not seen by *any one*, so I was amazed when I found that by waiting a few seconds, when my turn came, I invariably received a message telling me which card to pick up. My companions laughed at my endless "luck," but I have often wondered to what agency I owed my information.

As I grew older my "feeling," which up to the present had seemed more of a vague sensation than anything else, assumed a more definite aspect. I remember when I was staying with some friends, about a hundred miles from my own home, I was suddenly startled by the sound of voices. Then the words became quite

audible and I realized I was listening to a conversation at my own home. I glanced at the clock and noted the time. It was a quarter to seven.

A few moments later I saw my father and two of my brothers seated in the home library, and I heard every word that was said. I wrote home that evening, telling them of my experience and the time at which it took place. By return of post there came a letter verifying my story and stating that the conversation had taken place a short time before their seven o'clock dinner. My father then informed me that two of my grandparents—one on each side of the family—had possessed second sight, and he supposed that this was responsible for my experience.

It was only a little later, shortly after I had married, that I awoke one morning with a keen sense of depression. As the mists of sleep cleared from my brain, my feeling of uneasiness took more concrete form. I intimated to my husband that as soon as I was dressed I intended to send a prepaid telegram to my father, as I felt very worried about him.

But my husband laughed my fears away.

"You only returned from home a few days ago," he reminded me, "and your father was all right. You must not give way to those feelings of yours; it's morbid."

"But it came so distinctly," I urged.

"Nothing but imagination," answered my husband. "You say it's gone now. It was probably a nightmare, caused by eating too heavy a dinner last night. We'll go and have breakfast."

But late that afternoon there came a telegram from my home, urging me to come at once. My father had died suddenly just before it was sent.

On the evening of my arrival at my old home, I was running up the stairs, when I suddenly had the sensation, so familiar to us all, that some one was looking at me. I glanced up and saw a figure on the top of the stairs. It was my father. Shocked and frightened, I was preparing to run away, but my love for him eventually overcame my panic. I turned to look at him and at first he seemed the same as when I had last seen him. But after the first few moments I realized that there was a tremendous difference. A soft grey mist seemed to envelop him and his whole personality was ethereal. I felt I could look right through him. But as I gazed, with a world of longing in my heart, he suddenly vanished. Then I staggered down the stairs and told the others what had happened. To my relief they did not discredit it.

"It's very curious," remarked one of my brothers. "Do you remember last Christmas, when we were all here? You prevented us from accepting any invitation in which father was not included, because you had a strange feeling about him. You kept reiterating that it was probably the last Christmas we should spend together; and later, when we taxed you about it, you told us frankly that father would not be here next Christmas. And yet he was perfectly well and—this is July."

"I remember," I answered him. "During all that holiday I kept feeling that something was going to happen to him."

"Well, it was a very good thing," said my brother soothingly. "He said lots of times that it was the jolliest Christmas he had spent since our mother died."

My father did not come to see me again until the funeral. Worn out with grief and hardly aware of the words which were being uttered, I was suddenly startled by a familiar voice.

"It is all right, dear, I'm very happy." I looked up, expecting to see my father, but only the crowded congregation was visible. But I was happy. The bond of sympathy and understanding had not been severed by his death.

After that, he often came to me, but always in the same soft grey mist and with an ethereal personality.

The following Christmas my sister invited us to her house in the country, to which she asked some other relatives. My brothers were fighting in France.

"I want this Christmas to be as bright as possible," she said. "I am sure it is what father would have wished." I entered heartily into her plans, and spent some very jolly times with her children. In the evenings we gathered in the long drawing-room for games and music, and one evening, feeling particularly gay and cheerful I was playing some rollicking music on the piano. Suddenly I commenced to tremble violently and with great difficulty continued my playing, wondering what was the matter with me.

"I'm going to faint," I thought, as a deadly weakness assailed me. "But I *mustn't*, it would frighten them dreadfully," I murmured to myself, as I struggled on with my playing. Then the familiar grey mist appeared and my father's face appeared. Music, I knew, was a splendid medium for manifestations of this kind, and I continued playing, hoping to keep him a little longer with me. But he soon vanished and then I discovered that he had been visible to no one else in the room. I had wondered at first if he had come to warn me about any of my brothers, who were

now in the thick of the fighting, but his happy, smiling face had quickly reassured me. So far, they were safe.

But a few weeks later word came that one of them had fallen. His death had been instantaneous. I waited, fully convinced that he would come to me. But the months slipped by and there was no message. I buried myself in my literary work, although it became increasingly difficult to do so, for my mind would wander. But one morning, a very fever of inspiration seized me, and as I sat in a chair, facing a window, the war with all its horrors had slipped from my mind and I was living in a world of my own. Then quite suddenly I was recalled from my dreamings and was forced to look up. Pressed against the window were two laughing faces—that of my father and my brother who had been killed by a German shell.

"Hallo! Bess!" they exclaimed, while they continued to smile happily. But, before I could recover from my amazement, they had vanished.

In a short article it would be impossible to deal with one's psychic experiences during the Great War, but some incidents especially impressed me.

At the memorable time, when our men were "standing with their backs to the wall," but before the fact had reached the public, I was walking along a road, when a most terribly urgent appeal for help came to me. I stopped and listened, wondering what the cry meant. Then clearer came the call and I knew that our men were "up against it." With all my strength I sent back a message. "Don't give in, the Germans won't get through."

But that night as I lay awake in bed a voice suddenly said, "The Germans won't get through, but you must go to France to-night and give what support you can to our men's fainting spirits," or words to that effect. Then a sort of semi-consciousness descended upon me, something like the effect of an anæsthetic when one is emerging from its influence, and the next thing I knew I was in France, with our men, who were making such a desperate stand for us. Right at the back of them I knelt, using all my strength to send the psychic message of help. Sometimes I seemed to be shouting, "Courage men, the Germans can't get through," and at others I was only silently expressing my message. But at last I was allowed to return and then fell into a deep sleep.

My husband commented upon my worn appearance in the morning and I explained what had happened. In the following

days, many of my friends sought me, anxious to know if I had any "feeling" about the present crisis.

"The Germans won't get through," was my invariable answer.

But as the terrible days dragged out their weary length, some of my friends came again to inquire if I still had the same feeling about the situation. "Yes," I answered firmly, "the Germans will *not* get through. Do try and believe me," I urged the most distracted ones, "for I am absolutely *sure*."

A few months later one of my brothers returned home on leave. He had been wounded, and on his breast he wore the ribbon of the Military Cross. He seemed very depressed.

"What's the matter?" I inquired one day, when he had been telling me of his intention to join the air force, as "the trenches had got on his nerves."

"I don't mind being killed," he remarked, "but I've a perfect horror of being maimed for life, and after being out there——"

For a few moments I was silent; he was so unlike his usual high-spirited self.

"Have you any feeling about me?" he suddenly asked.

"Not at present," I answered slowly, wondering what I could say to restore his confidence.

Just before he left I *knew* that all would be well. "You won't be killed, neither will you be maimed," I told him, "but you'll have one or two frightfully narrow escapes. Don't let that worry you, however."

In his first crash, in his aeroplane, he was badly knocked about, although no bones were broken, and his fellow airmen, who admired his daring flying, could not understand how he had escaped death. His machine was in pieces.

In a later crash, the petrol tank caught fire, and when the machine reached the ground, the observer was dead and my brother's clothing was alight. The flames were quickly extinguished and his rescuers feared that he was dead. But he was only unconscious and soon recovered, much to the amazement of every one. Other minor mishaps occurred, but he left the air force at the conclusion of the war sound and well.

It was during the later part of the war that, as I was returning home, a voice said *very* rapidly to me, "Tell Mrs. —— that her son is returning in ten days."

Mrs. —— is a particular friend of mine, and that very day she had been talking to me of her son, who was then a prisoner of war. The message had been delivered so quickly that I was

doubtful if I had heard it correctly, and therefore I hesitated to deliver it. But my friends urged me to do so, stating that I could easily explain my doubts, and I decided to convey the news to my friend. "But, don't count on it," I warned her, "for I *may* be mistaken, the words were spoken so *very* quickly."

Exactly eleven days after I received the message, there came a letter from her, intimating that her son had returned home the previous evening.

I rejoiced with her, while I expressed my thankfulness that I was immune from a similar anxiety. My son was not yet two years old, but I decided to replace his old nurse by some one younger. He was growing "out of hand." I accordingly sought the help of a reliable registry office and at last interviewed a nurse they sent, stating that she was the very one I was requiring. Her references were excellent, and I decided to engage her. But just as I was about to utter the words I heard a very emphatic "don't."

"What nonsense," I thought. "She's the very nurse for the child."

"Don't," said the voice again, even more insistently than before.

"I'll let you know to-morrow," I explained to the expectant nurse, who expressed her willingness to wait.

At the registry office I was advised to respect my warning and another nurse was provided. But a month later the proprietress of the registry office called on me.

"Do you remember that nurse I sent you?" she inquired, her voice trembling with excitement. "It is a blessing you did not take her. We have found out that she is a most immoral woman, *quite* unsuitable to be with children. Her references were false. . . . How is your sister?" she inquired, as she was leaving.

"Going on splendidly," I answered. But I had a curious experience when her operation took place. It was a very dangerous one and the doctors only performed it to try and save her life. At a quarter to eleven, on the day of the operation, I felt a sudden disturbance in the room where I was sitting; then I heard voices and I knew that the operation was to take place in a few minutes. The excitement then died down and there was a tense stillness. I waited expectantly and later heard a sigh of relief which was followed by a feeling of intense satisfaction. I knew, then, that my sister had come safely through the ordeal. A telegram

confirmed this, and the letter which followed stated that the operation had taken place at eleven.

Before my sister had completely recovered my husband caught a very dangerous form of influenza. He had travelled from Scotland in a high fever, and I knew the difficulty we should have to pull him through. I feared my strength would not be equal to the strenuous days and nights ahead of me, for I was just recovering from a serious illness. But when my courage had reached its lowest ebb, I heard a voice telling me not to fear, for my husband was going to get better. With this message came a new strength, which never left me while I nursed him back to health.

The other day I had a curious experience. Seeing some books for sale on a table in our station, I picked one up, deciding to buy it for my husband. As I was walking towards the book-stall, to pay for it, a voice remarked : " Don't buy that, your husband is going to get it." I promptly replaced it, for before leaving home, my husband had told me he was going to town and would not return until the evening.

The matter slipped from my mind, and I did not mention it to my husband, who was still at home when I returned. He left, after a hurried lunch.

But in the evening the presence of the book on our hall table recalled the incident to my mind and I related it to my husband.

" How very curious ! " he exclaimed. " I nearly lost my train through that book. Something *made* me go to the station table and buy it, although I had no intention of buying any books."

Psychic gifts enable one to find the heart of gold underlying a seemingly very unattractive exterior, but they also make one realize how very much people's words belie their thoughts.

MIRACLES

BY REV. N. G. LAWSON

IN discussing the question of miracles, it would be well if, as a preliminary step, we could rule out and forbid the use of two words, the one as suggesting prejudice, and the other as assuming the point at issue. One of the two words I would eliminate would be this very word "miracle." The term is diminutive—*miraculum*, a little wonder or prodigy, and therefore has a slightly disparaging association. Words have their own meaning, and the use of a diminutive to describe phenomena, which at least deserve serious attention, is unfortunate. For it implies that the unspoken and unrevised judgment of mankind—the opinion of the centre, has gone against the reality of such phenomena. And perhaps we ought not to be surprised at it. The whole matter has from the first been mixed up with deception and trickery. There have been false miracles, fraudulent miracles, absurd miracles and scandalous miracles in plenty; and, speaking generally, the world, which on the whole consists of sensible people, has found the truth so hard to disentangle that it has put the whole subject by, affixing to it a somewhat contemptuous label.

And the other word, whose use is to be deprecated, is "supernatural." It is to be deprecated, because it begs the whole question. For what, after all, is "natural," and what "supernatural"? If I ring a bell, and a servant appears in consequence, the process is supernatural to my dog, because he does not understand how the result has been brought about. A telephone would seem supernatural to a savage, a wireless message to our grandfathers, until the processes were explained to them. The differences between the natural and the supernatural are differences in degree rather than in kind. We are continually learning more and more about Nature and her laws, and as we do so, the area of the supernatural tends to grow smaller. Finally, it is not unreasonable to suppose, it will vanish altogether.

For these reasons the two words "miracle" and "supernatural" should as far as possible be avoided, though I am afraid it is not possible to abandon the use of them entirely. When they are used, it should be with a full appreciation of their inadequacy.

The reason for miraculous events having been thought to be incredible lies probably quite as much in the explanations given of the alleged facts, as in the character of the facts themselves. The accepted view seems to be that there are two worlds—the natural and the supernatural. In the natural world God works by general laws; in the supernatural He rules personally and directly. But occasionally

He makes, as it were, an incursion into the lower region, and interrupts the settled order of His own appointment : His object being either to startle men into a belief in certain doctrines, or to induce them to conform to a certain line of conduct. That is hardly an unfair account of the popular view of the miraculous element in religion, as it has come down to us. And although it might, and perhaps did, seem convincing to our forefathers, it cannot be regarded as seeming so any longer. The world has outgrown it, and if it is to believe in miracles, they must be accounted for by other considerations.

The present trend of thought seems to be in the direction of substituting one order of things for two. Spiritual and material seem to stand to each other as the inward to the outward. God is at the centre ; the material world at the circumference. The latter is the expression of His mind—the concrete embodiment of His will. It is the veil through which we see Him, the visible form in which His thoughts take shape and His power manifests itself. And if this is so, there is no hard and fast line dividing the natural from the supernatural and the material from the spiritual. It is not, so far as we can observe, God's way or nature's way to draw hard and fast lines. Things shade off into each other. All life, as we know it, is graded. Species may be differentiated from species, but viewed as a whole there are no great breaks, no ragged edges. In much the same way I am disposed to think the natural shades off into the supernatural, the material into the spiritual. In the passage from the one to the other, which we are all making, or shall some day make, we shall cross no great gulf. Rather we shall pass naturally from one stage to another, until the goal is reached, the lower elements being left behind and the higher assumed, and in the end " mortality will be swallowed up in life." I would suggest then that the material and the spiritual are not to be regarded as separate and mutually exclusive spheres, but resemble rather the two ends of a chain, connected and continuous in all its parts.

A few years ago a paper was read by Mr. Balfour to the British Association, entitled " Some Reflections on the New Theory of Matter." The conclusions there stated seem to throw some light upon the question we are considering. They were that matter is to be regarded as in reality the outcome of electricity, and that its ultimate elements are not atoms, but electrons—units of electric force. The atom contains within itself eddies or vortices of electrons, and the density of matter depends ultimately upon the intensity of electric action within the atom. Thus, the electrons that are contained in the atoms of a mass of iron are in more rapid and intense motion than those which are contained in the atoms of a piece of wood. Matter then exists in all degrees of opacity and tenuity. It is said that the tail of a comet, extending perhaps over millions of miles, contains no more matter than a cricket ball. And some electrons are so fine and in such rapid motion that they can be made to pass through a plate of metal.

Our senses of sight, hearing and the rest are graded, and have limits in either direction. There are things too fine for them to perceive, such as the atoms themselves ; and at the other end of the scale there are things too dense for them to perceive, such as the ether. May it not be that here too there are no hard and fast lines ? The spiritual world, being wholly immaterial, lies beyond the range of our senses, but may there not be states between the spiritual and material, which in certain instances and under certain conditions our senses can take some cognizance of ? Some people are notoriously more susceptible than others to intimations from the regions beyond. This may be a matter of temperament, and may perhaps suggest an explanation of such things as second sight, premonition and other phenomena, which undoubtedly occur. Or again, it may be due to their possession of some of those spiritual qualities, to which our Lord gives the name of "faith."

And just as some individuals are more open to spiritual impressions than others, so there are times when the spiritual is, so to speak, nearer to the surface and impinges more upon the material than at others. The period of the Incarnation and the years following it would certainly be such a time. It must in the nature of things have been an age of great spiritual energy—spiritual power manifesting itself in many ways, sometimes even to the senses of persons susceptible to its influence. Man cannot see God and live ; but he may under certain conditions catch glimpses of the spiritual order which ordinarily lies beyond his range. He may do so in his degree and, as he possesses it, by faith ; in special cases and on special occasions he may even do so by sight. The fringes of the spiritual may come within the capacity of his senses, quickened and elevated to the point of apprehending them.

Having said so much by way of introduction, I should like to apply it to a test case. The resurrection of our Lord from the dead is the keystone of the Christian position. Accept it, and you have accepted the possibility of miracle in principle and in the supreme instance. Any other miracle becomes merely a question of evidence. Deny it and what goes with it, and few Christians will care very much or fight very hard for any scraps and shreds of their religion that may be left to them.

The Resurrection has been said to be the best attested fact in history. I once worked out a comparison between the evidence we have for it and the evidence we have for an historical event of the first importance, which took place about sixty years earlier—the battle of Actium. So far as I could ascertain, we have for the latter no first-hand evidence at all. It is mentioned by one or two contemporary writers. Four detailed accounts of the battle have reached us, the earliest being dated eighty or ninety, and the latest about 360 years after the event. We know how much evidence there is for the resurrection, of the same character as that by which ordinary historical facts

are established. The balance in its favour is overwhelming; and yet no one doubts the reality of the battle of Actium, while many doubt the reality of the Resurrection; the reason being not the deficiency of evidence in the case of the latter, but the character and supposed credibility of the events said to have taken place.

It may be said that the evidence for the Resurrection is contradictory, while that for the battle of Actium is not. "Contradictory" is rather too strong a word, I think, to apply to it; but there are no doubt differences in detail, which are not easily harmonized. On the main point, however, the witnesses are quite clear, and they never afterwards, when they had time to consider the whole matter, receded from the belief they had formed at the first. However we may take other cases. There are three accounts of the Transfiguration and of the stilling of the storm. They are quite consistent, but they are not any more readily accepted.

The Resurrection must be a fact or a fiction. It cannot lie in any intermediate region between the two. Either it happened or it did not. If it did not, it must be either an invention or an illusion of those who said they had witnessed the risen Lord. It is not seriously urged that the story was invented. That would have been inconsistent with all we know of the character of the witnesses, and with what we know to have been their conduct afterwards. People do not act as they did merely to bolster up what they know to be a lie. Little less difficulty is involved in the theory that it was an illusion. But its discussion hardly comes within the scope of this paper. On the whole it is the easiest course to suppose that the disciples were honest and competent witnesses. That is certainly the impression that the perusal of their story without any prepossessions leaves behind it.

Let us suppose then that they saw what they said they saw. What was it? One thing they were sure of. It was the Man they had known, whom they had seen crucified and buried. Of that they were in no doubt. Whatever might be the nature of the bodily form or presence that appeared in their midst, the personality—the living being—had undergone no change. It was the same Jesus whom they had companied with in earlier days. That was the essential fact: He had not perished and passed into nothingness. Nor was He so far withdrawn into the spiritual sphere as to be beyond their ken. He had passed through the grave and gate of death, but that experience had wrought no change in His personality. The real essential self was unchanged.

But then came the difficulty. The personality that appeared to them was clothed in a bodily form. Was that body in all respects the same as before? Evidently not. In some way they could not perhaps explain, it was different. As we read their stories, we become conscious of the points of difference. The Lord's body, as they now saw it, bore some resemblance to the body that had been laid in the grave: for they were able to recognize it. But they did not do so

at once or easily. Sometimes recognition followed upon a characteristic word or action, as when He broke the bread at Emmaus. His body bore upon it the marks of the nails and spear, for He drew their attention to them. It was sensible to the touch : for He invited St. Thomas to satisfy himself that it was so. And yet, in spite of these points of resemblance, it was not the same. He appeared suddenly in their midst, and as suddenly disappeared. He passed through closed doors : He was transported in ways they could not understand from place to place. His body was not, as we should say, subject to the ordinary laws of matter. In its powers and qualities it was different from their bodies and from what it had been before. In those first days the disciples were disturbed and perplexed, and the Gospel narratives reflect their state of mind. They are difficult to harmonize and piece together into a connected whole. The impression they leave upon us is that what the disciples saw, they saw, as it were, through a mist. The outlines of the picture are blurred and indistinct, in marked contrast to the rest of their story.

The body was not a material body in the same sense and with the same limitations as theirs. Nor was it entirely and altogether spiritual. "A spirit," He said, "hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have." In other words, a spirit has not a body composed of matter. At the Ascension our Lord cast off the last vestiges of material elements. He passed altogether into the spiritual sphere, and men saw Him no more. Mortal sense could not follow Him there.

And it was not a spectre or phantom. The two words are rather loosely used among us, but generally they mean an appearance with no reality behind it. In certain diseased or excited conditions of nerve or brain appearances are presented to the senses which have no substance in fact. They are subjective,—figments of the imagination, projected upon the retina of the eye. They are from within, not from without, and I think we may set them aside. It is hardly contended that all the witnesses were the victims of a diseased imagination. The disciples were no doubt for the moment thrown off their balance ; but later on, when they had recovered from the shock of surprise, they did not dismiss the appearances as illusions. They always acted upon the settled conviction that they had seen the Lord.

Perhaps we may put it in this way : The body was not material in the sense that ours are, for it was not subject to the laws of matter. Nor was it altogether spiritual. It would seem to have been in an intermediate stage, passing from the one state to the other and exhibiting qualities proper to both. It was so far material that it was formed of matter, but matter in process of dissolution or transformation with its particles rarefied and purified. And this view is borne out by the evidence of the empty tomb. The grave-clothes lay as they had been folded. They had not been thrown off, but had fallen together, as if the body they had enclosed had passed through them. The living personality had asserted itself superior to the elements of

decay. What was destructible had been cast off, or was in process of being cast off. In due time the Lord Jesus passed wholly into the realm of spirit, and was never seen again.

Why did not the disciples at first recognize Him? It seems that after the Crucifixion their faith had flagged. Indeed it must have been so, for everything seemed to have come to an end. And when their faith was at a low ebb, they saw their Master again. Their senses were able to take the impression, but not to interpret it. As their faith recovered itself, they were able to recognize Him. It came to the aid of sight. And perhaps for some such reason our Lord never showed Himself to the Jews. They had never believed in Him at all. Probably they could not have seen Him; certainly they would not have recognized Him.

I have dwelt upon the Resurrection because it seems to cover all the Gospel miracles in principle. If it be accepted, nothing else presents any very serious difficulty. A miracle may perhaps be defined as the effect of spiritual power brought to bear upon material conditions and prevailing over them. It is force from the centre manifesting itself on the circumference. What are sometimes called "nature miracles" are instances of spiritual power asserting itself against natural law. They are the same in kind, though not of course in degree, as the small violations of such law as we all make, whenever we lift a weight or walk up hill. We set our will—our spiritual power—against the forces of nature and her laws, and overcome them.

Miracles of healing seem to stand on the same footing. Our Lord always regarded disease as in the last resort due to evil—not necessarily in the sufferer, but in the society. It could be removed by spiritual means, the power of God exerted in answer to faith and prayer. Such means He always adopted Himself, and He told His followers that they could do as He did, given a sufficiency of faith. And with much that I do not think will bear serious examination, Christian Science has seized and emphasized this truth, and bases its practice upon it. The Church has neglected it, and allowed it to fall into disuse.

On these lines I try to explain to myself the Resurrection and the other Christian miracles of the New Testament. I put it forward with all diffidence: for it may seem, like the famous Sermon, to combine a little theology indistinctly remembered with a little science imperfectly understood. "*Ranarum viscera nunquam inspexi.*" I can only lay claim to a very elementary acquaintance with science, but I am sure it is in the last degree unscientific to reject accounts of events alleged to have taken place on the ground of antecedent prejudice against their credibility. The business of science is with facts, not assumptions: it has to establish facts and examine evidence for or against them. If the evidence is sufficient, it must accept the facts, whether they are in accordance with common experience or not. If the scientific scheme of things will not include them, it

should be enlarged so as to do so. And indeed this is always being done. Science is constantly enlarging her schemes and modifying her conceptions, so as to make room within them for new or hitherto unrecognized facts. Is it too much to hope that she will one day be in a position to allow for at least the possibility of spiritual as well as material phenomena ?

We have all met the man who professes to accept Christian ethics, while he rejects Christian theology. The former he allows—sometimes with a certain air to patronage : to Christian dogmas he will have nothing to say. He was a product of the Victorian age, and is getting out of date. There were always those who said that the two were inseparable, and that if Christian theology were abandoned, Christian ethics would not long survive. They were not listened to, but it looks as if their warnings were coming true. The advance guard in the army of what is known as “ progressive thought ” is already assailing and seeking to get rid of the Christian standards of conduct. They are being thrown after the dogmas.

And those Christians who are working for a Christianity without miracles, or with the miracles explained away, are really of the same company. In the house of unbelief there is room for all, and, it may be added, things are made quite easy for beginners. The inspiration of these prophets has come largely from Germany, but just now people are not disposed to worship at German altars, and German influence is rather at a discount. We have seen the débâcle of German liberal Protestantism. Its results in the sphere of action have been written pretty large, and everybody can read them and draw the moral.

We must, in fact, take as a whole Christianity as it stands in the New Testament and was interpreted by the early Church, or leave it as a whole. There is no middle way. And if we so take it, we are committed to miracles. With the miracles left out, it is a bloodless thing and cannot survive. To deny the possibility of spiritual phenomena is in reality to set a limit of our own making to the power of God. And in the investigation of such phenomena, stress should be laid on the amount and character of the evidence supporting them. In the present state of our knowledge it is beside the mark to say they are impossible or incredible in themselves. Dogmatism is not always confined to one side in the controversy about miracles. Of course all the circumstances must be taken into consideration, and all reasonable tests applied in every case ; but it cannot be right that a miracle should be ruled out at once simply because it is a miracle. If the view I have taken is sound, and in so far as it is sound, we have no need to apologize for such phenomena as anomalies or eccentricities or breaches in a settled order of things. They are true or false, as established or discredited by evidence.

ANGELIC REVELATIONS AND PREDICTIONS OF PLANETARY INTERCOMMUNICATION

BY FREDERIC W. THURSTAN

IT has often been asked why is it that the seer Swedenborg, who was such an adept in intercommunion between planes Elementary, Physical, Astral, Spiritual, Celestial, and Divine, has never manifested continued interest with our mundane selves on earth after his departure. Certainly the public Press of this world has not notified the fact. But perhaps there are records of little-known, unobtrusive Circles which might testify to the interesting fact that the old teacher of advanced psychic intercourse has not so forgotten us. Of these records the one that has undoubtedly the greatest claim to our respect is that published by what is known as the Oxley Circle of Manchester—held regularly for over twenty years under the direction of Mr. William Oxley—a well-known business man in that city. He was himself a Swedenborgian and, in 1873, in company with two or three others of his confraternity there, he determined to break away from the torpid organization of the New Church Sect and free himself to experiment in the possibility of obtaining direct experience of intercourse with inner realms of beings by organizing a regular circle for that special investigation on the lines adopted in the Spiritualistic Movement.

In order to give the highest and purest conditions, the members of the Circle were required to observe strictly certain rules which other circles at that period were not serious enough to observe. They were to bind themselves to abstain from alcohol, smoking, and quarrels, to maintain simple life and diet and regular attendance on the lines of a Quaker Society of Friends' Meeting House, and, furthermore, each one before attending a meeting was to take a bath and put on a clean change of raiment. The object they put before them at the start, says Oxley in the Introduction to the first volume of the Records, "was primarily to answer the question, Where is the man whose body we have deposited in a tomb? Shall we ever see him again? And then the further question, Can we get higher communications from intelligent

beings who like ourselves once inhabited this earth and, having passed through the ascending series of existence in the world of spirit to exalted spheres, have now the power to return and converse with us and, given right conditions and atmospheres, to unfold, so far as it is possible for us to comprehend, the wonders and felicities of existence in those superior and interior states?" When the circle was satisfied on these points, the further subjects which evolved themselves for elucidation were the eternal ones of What is Man? What is God? What are the relations between them? What is Life?

A small Society, so he informs us, numbering only seven to commence with, started regular meetings on Sunday evenings. The first meeting recorded is dated October 1, 1873. Amongst them was a developed seer who clairvoyantly saw objects and scenery not of the earth, but interpreted by them on the methods of Swedenborgian Correspondence Laws. These were followed by the communications of a lady, termed their "Instrument," who, in a state of trance unconsciousness, with no knowledge whatever of the words which flowed from her lips, delivered utterances which in the course of a few sittings purported to be communications from the Celestial Spheres and City of the Sun World, aided by a relay of progressed human spirits now attaining to Celestial Status who acted as what was termed Intermediaries and Representatives. Amongst these the names of those first disclosed were: Confucius, Martin Luther, Copernicus, Kepler, Montgomery (the poet), James Guthrie (a Scotch martyr), and Dr. Combe (a Doctor of Divinity). But, later on, Emanuel Swedenborg revealed himself as their head organizer on his side, and in the last two volumes of the Records he appears to be the chief inspirer, as being of angelic rank himself, addressing them more in the rôle of a Grand Master of an Occult and Mystic Lodge. Certainly these two volumes have all the faults of the seer's published writings, prolixity, verbosity, stilted style, included along with it constant use of his old archaic expression, "methinks."

The lady Instrument was, I believe, the wife of one of the sitters and never acted as a professional medium—her name was never published or divulged. Her utterances were taken down verbatim by Mr. Oxley, who was styled by the Angelic Visitants as their Scribe or Recorder. They claimed to have discovered the spirit of the lady as a "Planet Walker" or "Wanderer in Spirit and Dreamland," and had selected her as their Instrument because she alone of all mediums ever used on earth possessed the qualification of going absolutely under their control, and she

had a further merit of being utterly impervious to any inflation of personal or spiritual pride. This, they curiously affirmed, was proved by her constitutional inability to take a drop of alcohol without its acting as an immediate emetic; for alcohol typifies or symbolizes the spiritual effect of the inflated personal pride of outer mundane mind. She was, it appears, not very highly educated: that was no disqualification, as it gave her few ideas of her own to intrude—but as they wished their revelations to this Circle eventually to be published for the benefit of others on earth, they stated they had selected purposely Mr. Oxley as their second Instrument, not only to record, edit, and publish their teachings, but to act as the intelligent questioner to evoke their prepared replies, for he possessed the right qualifications for those tasks, both impressibility to receive their projected ideas and a facility of being withdrawn in sleep or reverie to their home, there to receive instructions.

The number of sitters soon was raised to twelve—the number indicating mystically Harmony or Completion back into Unity, but, as owing to the great disparity of progression amongst them it presented a greater task to the inner workers to bring all the minds to any approach to unity, they directed, in August, 1875, the number to be reduced again to seven members to be called the Inner Circle, and finally, in June, 1879, to be still more confined to an Inner Council of three only.

At the very end of 1880 the controls announced that they had arranged conditions shortly to remove their Instrument and some representatives in the Circle to the United States of America. It was a surprise to all, for none of them anticipated or even thought of such a move, but a sudden series of unexpected events brought about the speedy fulfilment of the announcement, and the medium and her husband, in September, 1881, emigrated to Nebraska, and there founded a Society of the White Cross. The reason given by the Angelic Band for this arrangement was that it was in the laid-out course of their scheme to “ultimate” the first of their revelations on British soil, but to develop their preparations of the way for the new dispensation in America, since interiorly the mentality there was a more fertile field in which to germinate their seeds.

Consequently this Circle was suspended—their last recorded sitting being held on August 25, 1881. After this an interval intervened of seven years, called by the Celestial Visitants their “silent half-hour,” during which time their task of reformation continued interiorly but not exteriorly: at the conclusion of

it they promised to bring Mr. Oxley the conditions of a new Circle for a continued series of their outer revelations to mankind. In 1888, under their instructions, Oxley started a fresh Circle in Manchester, with only a few sitters—himself acting as the sole Instrument—in what form, whether inspirationally or automatically, is not stated. This Society was the recipient of teaching of a more occult order and continued for many years.

The Records of the first Circle were published in various years in five volumes, entitled *Angelic Revelations*. Only a small edition of each was issued privately, at Mr. Oxley's expense, and distributed by him gratis to various Societies and individuals who were considered by him to be receptive enough to appreciate the new teaching. The Records of the second Circle were published before his death in two volumes similar in make-up to the previous ones, and entitled *Life and its Manifestations*. The whole series of these revelations were claimed by the inspirers of them to belong not to the Spiritualistic or Theosophical movements, which they said were under other angelic direction, but to a further movement, designated as Celestialism, which they affirmed would emerge out of the others eventually as soon as mortals on earth became seriously convinced of the actuality of such an order of beings as Celestials and learned the way whilst still in the flesh to attain to that exalted state themselves, and thus recover their birthrights and status as Citizens of the Sun World and Sons of the Morning Star. The World Soul of Collective Humanity was now being acted upon by them towards that consummation.

Such was the work of the patient Oxley Circle. More than a quarter of a century has since gone by, and how few inhabitants of the globe are now aware of the episode of its existence, its facts, its revelations! This is probably due to two causes, first, the paucity of these first editions of their Records; and secondly, to the new method of teaching deliberately adopted by the inspirers of these "Scriptures." In one of the closing sittings they explained the new method now being adopted by Celestials to reveal Truth and the immediate object they had before them in directing their revelations to be published in the private and limited form adopted. It was not to convert the world immediately—the world was not yet prepared to understand them. In the incoming New Era, when humanity had been purged of its many false preconceptions and dogmatisms and a new race descending for the first time not from the Celestial Sun World but from the Divine realms of the Great Beyond—a race that

would retain the memory both of the process of their descent into natural life and of their Divine origin and home—had begun to be incarnated here on earth—then these Records would be largely republished and studied by students ambitious of Celestial attainments.

In the meanwhile they had chosen a few earnest truth-seekers as representatives or forerunners of the New Dispensation, who in due time would be called to prepare the way. At present these were unaware of the mission allotted to them before the projection of their personalities into mundane life, but in course of time they would be "called" to commence their work, and it was for their benefit that the first limited edition was to be published. They knew beforehand the exact number of readers prepared to study their words with the appreciation of intuition. They stated the exact number: it was ridiculously small. But we were not to judge the success of their labours by its first reception on the outer plane. Its effects there would not be apparent in wide popularity, but the words uttered at each meeting had not been addressed only to the ears of the outer circle but to multitudes also of invisible spirits discarnate assembled round each sitter's mental world as belonging to a special spiritual sphere, and these unseen audiences thus enlightened would react on the minds of incarnated humanity at large and this reaction would be proved by new schools of thought arising proclaiming the possibility of attaining Regeneration while still in the flesh along with Divine attainments and conquest over conditions and even death.

Certainly it was almost immediately after the cessation of the Oxley Circle's work that Prentice Mulford came forward to preach that very gospel, followed by the schools of the Christian, Mental and Divine Scientists, Practical Christianity and Unity, schools which, especially in America, are fast enlisting public interest and devoted followers.

However that may be, it was one of the cardinal revelations made by this particular band of controls that "we are, not what we appear to be, and although there is unquestionably a central life which gives the idea of a separate and distinct individuality, yet, though unconscious of the fact while tabernacled in the flesh, every so-called personality is for the time being the focal expression of myriads of spiritual intelligences, themselves being but a part of a still vaster whole" (Vol. I, Introduction). In other words, no one of us on earth in any detail of daily life is living either by or unto himself. All personalities in the

outer world are a complex of multiple personality within.

With regard to the second cause of failure—the new method of imparting Truth adopted—the Celestials explained it as appealing first to the heart rather than to the intellect, that is, not by mere cold words addressed to the store of false preconceptions and prejudices of mortal mind, but by endeavouring in their outer words to establish an interchange of affectionate personal relationship which would enable them to withdraw their pupils as by a magnet into states of inner passivity and receptivity where implanted seeds of thought would grow and emerge. This they called the method of the "living word," i.e., words which have a vital and personal effect rather than an intellectual one. Every Celestial visitant on taking leave of the Circle used what is apparently the Celestial form of valediction, "Farewell! Draw near, draw very near!"—meaning, although we part externally, let us keep inwardly in close touch.

The unfortunate effect of this method on our present imperfect selves is that when their words are read for the first time in the usual cold attitude of mere intellect, the streaks of intelligible light they give us on the problems of life seem to be as rare as the specks of gold in a prospector's first pan-out. But if any reader can patiently persevere to the end he will probably find this close personal feeling of relationship growing in him and making him more receptive: then a mystical spiritual mode of intuition developing will enable him to trace the strike of a deeper reef of gold running through their teachings, viz., the truth of the nature of the great changes on earth that are now beginning to manifest, and the conviction of the reality of a New Dispensation being imminent.

Personally, I had the good fortune in the autumn of 1881, when Mr. Oxley was passing through London after seeing his friends off to Nebraska, to be a fellow-guest with him in the house of a lady at that time an earnest, quiet worker in the Spiritualistic movement—the result of which to me was the presentation by Mr. Oxley of his first five volumes of Records. Thus, now for over forty years I have been enabled to make a close and deep study of these teachings, and latterly I have been compiling an abridgement thereof. As each volume runs into 400 to 500 pages closely printed matter, it is no easy task for any busy person in these days to make a patient study of them without some such help. It is the old story of Swedenborg and Andrew Jackson Davis again. Copies of both sets of books are still to be found in the libraries of some Spiritualist Societies.

It is not my purpose in this article to give any detailed information as to these teachings. But a brief statement may be of interest and service. The controls of the Instrument purporting to be acting from the angelic sphere explained that the process of Becoming from Being begins in the Celestial world by an influx from the Central Source—the Divine Eternal Life of the All-in-all Unity. Each angel is biume and adopts only a quality name, such as Purity and Love, or a representative name, such as Orion or Madonna, but never an individual name. Receiving this influx in the "Secret Pavilion," they form and project a special individuation which they term an "atom of life" down into elementary natural existence by a gradual process stage by stage. This they call "The Descent of Life." On this elementary plane the units of life become Demons or Genii, still retaining a trace of their Divine origin. Here they do not at once pass out into the natural plane, as is generally schemed in other systems of thought, but are indrawn again to their original spiritual home, where, receiving a second influx through their Celestial parents which gives them a specific individuality as human entities, and receiving also a specific mission, or role, or career, they are projected on a second cycle of "Descent," this time into Nature's Anima Mundi, or Soul of the "Grand Man," to emerge by process of outbirth into units of separate self-consciousness. The "remains" or reliquiae of their first career are drawn after them into the World Soul of Nature, whence, formed out of their inherent substantial qualities, all the nature forms of the man's objective environment issue out in his company as the species of animal, vegetable, and mineral life. According to these teachings man is not descended from the animal, but animals are the outcome and types of the essential qualities elaborated in the course of the man's elementary soul life, with which the developed man's subconsciousness still remains in touch—a region designated as the Maha-Purush by the later controls.

It is the function of any unit of the later evolved Adamic Human Race not only to dominate in his own right over this other counterpart of his old elementary life, but also to "name," i.e. notice or particularize, the objects assigned to meet him in the daily moments of his vitalism or activism. This accounts for the psychology of sensation on much the same lines as Bergson's modern theory. In sensing any object like a flower, man has the counterpart or mould of it in his subconscious soul, and when the flower or object radiates back its "substance" or "essence"

into that mould through the sense-nerves, there forms in it the mental conception of the original as a percept and afterwards an idea.

After any unit of man has sufficiently mastered or experienced this phase of his career, it is necessary to remove from him the illusory notion of separation from his old original Divinity and Celestial Sphere: so he is recalled to a "return home" by the evolvment of a series of stages of self-identity called the "Ascent of Life." These stages in their system are specified and named as first the "Outer Individuality," then the "Outer Personality" that, when shed, is succeeded by the "Inner" or "Spirit Personality," and that again by a process of translation to the "Inner Individuality," or conscious habitation of the Sphere or Society of the particular specific quality of Angelic Soul represented by persons during their earth-life destiny. There joining their own brotherhood or band, as one might join a regiment marked by a particular uniform and duty, they live and share active service in a state combining uniformity of group-soul emotion and impulse with the retention of the consciousness of their separate identity.

Then comes another shedding of this Individuality and a new transition when the Spirit identity renounces its unity with its special group-soul in order to take up an identity with a more universal group-soul of Cosmic Consciousness. This involves a translation by means of a State of Union with his biune counterpart to conscious association with the angelic inhabitants of the "Interior Sun World." Here there are three degrees of progression, that of the Environs, that of the City, and that of the Mount with its Temple—which last is typified by Mount Zion. But recently, it appears, the advanced angels in this last "state" (they have no sense of place, only of state) are progressing still "higher" to a still more interior and central region, called "The Great and Glorious Beyond," where reigns the "Hush of Life"—the opposite pole to the state of the Rush of Life prevailing in the Objective world below. There, surrounded by the Sea of Glory and scenes of transcendent lucidity and refulgence, they are frequently bathed in deep states of silent adoration in the Shekinah, or Holy Presence Secret Pavilion, and adore no External Being but their own sense of identity with the Burning Love Core of the Universe. The consequence of this hitherto unattained advancement of the angels of the Sun World will be that a new race of men will be ultimated to earth, starting from a point higher than ever before. These

units or atoms of life will retain throughout all the cycle of their involution and evolution a consciousness of their Divinity and a recollection of all their steps and career.

The advance pioneers of this New Race are already in course of Descent, but their incarnation will not begin until the Earth has been purged and purified, and the atmosphere and climate altered by the "Great Tribulation" and Cataclysm as predicted in our Scriptures. Then will occur the suppression of domination of the Hells and the passing away of old (third) Heavens and Earth and the establishment of a higher grade of Heaven and Earth. These two words, of course, must be taken as states, not places.

Such is a brief sketch of these "Angelic Revelations." They are not likely to interest or influence the "mundanes" of this generation. But what might interest them are hints given incidentally of big discoveries and inventions shortly impending in this century. These will all contribute to the greater unification and enlightenment of the human soul incarnate. Amongst them the following might be mentioned:—(1) The inhabitants of this Earth will be able to converse with one another however far separated they may be, and anyone will be able to know what is happening anywhere at any moment. This will be accomplished not only as now, by the intermittence of regular currents of electricity, but also by the transmission of sounds and pictures. (2) This accomplished, the field of operation will be extended to reach other planets, and we shall converse by similar means with their inhabitants. (3) The invention of an apparatus working by radiant energy, which, placed round the human body, will enable it to conquer gravity and to levitate or float at will in the air, to ride winds or clouds, and to walk over waters. This Earth-plane will then become more like the spirit or etheric planes within where the departed live. (4) Great astronomical discoveries and improvements of instruments. The most wonderful of these is a new phenomenon in our system now just beginning, viz. the attraction of all the planetoids to a central nucleus of attraction—possibly Ceres—where they will reunite to form the "lost orb" of tradition. Two more exterior planets beyond Neptune will also be discovered, and also some physical phenomenon whose periodicity of exactly seven days will mark off our week and Sabbath, exactly as our other periods of time are marked off. This may mean the discovery of an inner "dark" moon, or of an intra-Mercurial planet—the long-searched-for Vulcan.

Space fails me to give here the precise details of these predictions. Only the first of them as yet is beginning to be fulfilled. The second we are this summer actually endeavouring to commence and inquire into its possibilities. Consequently, as the listening-in for signals from Mars is for the moment an absorbing topic of public interest, it might be disappointing to omit the precise words of the predictions made regarding planetary intercommunication. I will conclude, therefore, by appending them :—

(a) Given on September 10, 1877, *Ang. Rev.* IV., p. 110.

“The next generation shall bring forth a mightier man than has heretofore appeared in your astronomical world, and that one—some of you ere that takes place will have taken up your abode with us—will be in close communion with the Central Electric Angel—and mark what I say, for the words are of Divine import—that angel will act upon and influence that astronomer and even as now you send forth messages upon your Earth-plane by that power you call Electricity, so then out from that centre of life and breath—I am fancying I am in your Earth-life for the present state—and from yonder planets which I see are called by you Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars—communications shall be conveyed and messages sent from one planet to another so that those living upon your Earth-plane shall be in communication with all the planets named. This is a scientific and literal truth which shall come to pass, and then the inhabitants of those spheres shall correspond with the corresponding states in our home and we in the Celestial State of the City of the Sun World shall commune through them, and then shall the Angelic Ladder in its three degrees be understood on earth. But it will be a memorable state when those in yonder planets shall talk with you here, and though the strides made in all classes on your Earth have been rapid in all phases of life and in all mechanical contrivances, all with the one object in view—the alleviation of your corporeal labour—yet there is a further object in view, viz. that the Spirit shall subdue matter and the Great Infinite Spirit shall control the Universe by His gently moving pulse—yet all these are but the preludes of what are yet to follow.”

(b) Given on November 17, 1879, *Ang. Rev.* V., pp. 70, 71.

After describing how the inhabitants of Mars and Venus have recently acquired power of conscious communion with the Celestials of the Sun and thereby begun for the first time to have conscious experience of Time as Time is known on Earth—

the control proceeds to say: "And what will be the result of the 'appearances' of Time permeating all the inhabitants of those states? It will be that you will consciously, yea, very consciously, communicate with the inhabitants of those planets and states, as really so, as specially so as you now communicate with the inhabitants of the Spirit and Angelic spheres. Here I would clear away all appearances save those of reality. Progress is indelibly stamped upon all things on the outer globe whereon you stand. But what of the ultimate perfection by means of progression which will develop a Society and a means whereby each atom composing that Society and hearing the vocal sound may sit at ease? for by touching the vibratory chord in the atmosphere they will be able to communicate freely and uninterruptedly with the inhabitants of those planets whose existence as planets has been known on Earth for ages, but of which nothing more has been known. The Scientists in the Spirit world have discovered that the inhabitants of those planets have come into the consciousness of Time and therefore they must needs come forth, but how they are to be borne and come in contact with those on your outer globe is a question as yet unsolved by them. It is sufficient for us to know that these new friends of our Celestial world are about to hold out the right hand of fellowship. This communication and fellowship will, I presume, be established by what on outer Earth appear as mechanical means. The astronomers of the Past are the very ones now working inside, and the result of their operations will soon eventuate in giving you the means to communicate with those spheres as plainly and as audibly as you now hear my voice."

(c) From *Life and its Manifestations*, I., xxviii., p. 250.

"The new powers of the human race will be:—(1) Tabulated intercourse through instruments with inhabitants of other planets. (2) Regular intercourse universally acknowledged and adopted with the disembodied humans on the inner planes. (3) Similarly, intercourse with those on the higher Celestial planes up to the awakening up of conscious remembrance of all prior states in the Descent of Life."

(d) From *Life and its Manifestations*, II., iv., p. 27.

"It is only after embodied men have gained *conscious Intercourse with Solar beings** and their 'counterparts' that they

* In II., 246 *et seq.*, we have a hint towards this attainment: "Our heaven in the City of the Sun World can be entered and has been entered by those still in Earth Flesh, but heretofore that act has always been accompanied by the indrawing of the Life Principle from the external

will gain also the faculty for intercourse with other planets, many of which are more advanced in Solar Intercourse than Earth. An increase of reaction between planets then ensuing will make an increase of self-consciousness."

Personality for the time being—so that the outer consciousness of the experience is lost. But the ability for Outer Conscious Communion with that City is awaiting the Earth inhabitants. If you ask as to where in outer space our abode exists, the answer is it is out of Time and Space as altered by revolving planetary position, but it has that to which Time and Space correspond which can be cognized only by actual entrance into our state of consciousness. This entrance is to be gained by mortals by means of higher and more interior aspirations one within the next. By aspiration I mean the conscious development of the angelic ideal Perfection—not of the idol of Personality. To this, before entrance is possible, must be added a conscious *enjoyment* of the experiences there, so as to make thereby a sense of the Real and actual and not of the Dream or Vision."

AN EGYPTIAN HYPNOTIST

By DOUGLAS T. MARSH

THERE are few subjects connected with the super-normal which have a greater fascination than that dealing with hypnotism. In the past, frauds and charlatans, who saw in an awakening public interest an opportunity to feather their own nests, so damaged public opinion that the progress of the study of hypnotic power was put back many years.

The average man in the street is frankly sceptical, and even when he is brought face to face with direct evidence that some persons really do possess the power to control the minds of others, he will dismiss it by calling it clever conjuring.

There are not many of us, I admit, who have had the opportunity of seeing hypnotism practised under circumstances that obviated any possibility of fraud—practised in such a way that the person who demonstrated his possession of this uncanny gift had a chance of preparing neither the room in which the experiment was made nor the subjects who came under his influence.

I have a friend—a young Egyptian—whom I will call Kavanagh. He attended a party given at my house a few weeks ago, and while we were chatting in a corner of the smoking-room somehow or other the conversation veered round to hypnotism.

He expressed his surprise that I believed in it, because as he said, he had met few Englishmen who did. I confessed to him, then, that my "conversion," if I may so use the word, dated from a sea-trip about ten years ago, when an ordinary English seaman gave me a demonstration of what he could do with his will-power.

Kavanagh listened to the story, and when I had finished told me that he, too, had the power of controlling *some* other minds, and had the gift—or, rather, discovered that he had it—at the age of fourteen.

"Will you give me an exhibition of your power?" I asked him eagerly. "I don't mean to-morrow, or the next day, but now, this very night."

I want the readers of this article to bear in mind the fact

that our conversation could not be overheard by anyone else in the room. More important still, Kavanagh was unknown, previous to that night, to every person in the house with the exception of myself.

"Don't think I am disputing your claim to this power," I told Kavanagh, "but I want the experiment, in every way, to be above suspicion. I suggest that you allow me to choose not only the person to be hypnotized, but also the particular form your influence is to take."

Kavanagh agreed, but he pointed out that I might choose a subject whose will-power was equal to his own, and thus able to withstand his influence. It was therefore agreed that, if that should prove to be the case, I should select another. And Kavanagh raised no objection when I insisted that he should exert his hypnotic power at my own time and that I should warn him of that time by *written word*.

Half an hour later we had joined the ladies in the drawing-room. During that time I had purposely kept close to Kavanagh's side. He had no opportunity of communicating with any possible confederate. When we reached the drawing-room a girl whom, for convenience sake, I will call Miss B, was at the piano.

Kavanagh and I took our seats in the corner of the room, and in a moment I had decided my plan with regard to the test. As unostentatiously as possible, I wrote swiftly on a slip of paper :

"Let her play 'No one's ever Kissed Me.'"

I knew the girl; Kavanagh did not. If he had done so he would, perhaps, have perceived my reason for choosing that particular song. Miss B was a little "high-brow" in musical matters. I had never heard her play anything but classical work : she conscientiously refused to play all else. Kavanagh's task, therefore, was all the more difficult.

My friend passed the piece of paper back to me with a smile. Then he turned his head in the direction of the pianist. There was no waving of hands in the air, magical passes, or glaring eyes. To me, and no doubt to all others in the room, Kavanagh's attitude was one of careful attention to, and intense appreciation of, the playing—very beautiful playing, I may say—of the girl at the piano. A quarter of an hour went by, during which time Miss B gave several selections from operas. Kavanagh spoke no word, but maintained a steady gaze at the pianist. The last notes of "On with the Motley," from *Pagliacci*, died away, and then there was a momentary silence.

Miss B struck several notes and stopped, struck several more

and stopped again. Then, looking at me, she said, quite earnestly :

"Tell me. How does that song which Jack Hulbert sings at the Vaudeville begin, 'No one's ever Kissed Me,' I think it is called. *I feel I must play it, but I don't know how it starts.*"

"I forget," I replied, "but don't trouble about it. I should like you to repeat that piece from Pagliacci, if you will."

"Yes, I will presently," Miss B rejoined, "*but I must play that song first—I must!*"

And there was a note of insistence in her voice which could not be ignored. I pretended suddenly to remember the opening bars and whistled it for her. She played the song through from beginning to end, and went back to Pagliacci. I glanced sideways at Kavanagh, who smiled triumphantly back at me.

I again drew my pencil from my pocket.

"Make the girl in the black dress sing—anything," I wrote, and allowed my friend to see the writing.

I watched. Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes passed, and nothing happened. Kavanagh just gazed at the young lady I had indicated. I saw her become restless and begin to fidget. But that was all.

In a pause in the music she spoke.

"Something tells me I ought to sing," she said, "but I cannot—and I'm not going to."

There was a little laugh from the other guests, and Kavanagh broke his silence.

"I should like to hear you sing," he said, looking directly at the girl and speaking very quietly.

The girl laughed, a little uneasily I thought, and added : "I am sorry to disappoint you, but I refuse."

Kavanagh confessed to me afterwards that, although he found that he could communicate his "command" to her, her mind was too strong for him to enforce his wishes. In other words, the girl's knowledge that she could not sing sufficiently well to give an exhibition of her vocal power, and the fact that she had no wish to do so, was equal to Kavanagh's telepathy, if you so prefer to call it, and thus his influence was fought and beaten back.

My next, and final, test had a masculine friend, Mr. X, as the "victim." I suggested to Kavanagh that the subject should pass some remark on a certain article I wrote for the OCCULT REVIEW some time ago—an article which I knew Mr. X had read.

We had often discussed it, and Mr. X agreed, as he had told me several times, with everything I had written.

I did not tell Kavanagh that. I merely asked him to make

Mr. X argue about it, challenge my statements, and accuse me of exaggeration.

It was when the party had broken up and I was walking to the station to see Kavanagh off home that the hypnotism began. Mr. X accompanied us. With no excuse whatever, he broke off some remark he was making and referred to the OCCULT REVIEW.

"What I want to tell you, old fellow," he said, looking at me, "and have been wanting to tell you for some time, is that what you wrote was all stuff and nonsense."

Without waiting for my reply he went on earnestly to criticize, taking the article point by point, and attempting to controvert every fact I had penned.

I listened in amazement to the torrent of words. Mr. X's face was a little flushed, but otherwise I could detect no change in his appearance. His antagonism was merciless—even vindictive.

We were near the station when Kavanagh took a hand in the conversation.

"Of course, Mr. X," he remarked, very soothingly, "you are only japing our friend. Really, you believe in the article, don't you?"

"Do I?" Mr. X said. "I—I am getting confused. Yes, I think I do agree with it. Yes, I know I do. I was only leg-pulling."

Then he relapsed into silence. When Kavanagh had gone I could see that Mr. X was uneasy. Apparently he thought his conduct puzzled me, as, indeed, it would have done had I not known the truth. But I laughed it off, and when he broached the subject I said I knew all the time that he was joking.

Obviously Mr. X now knows the truth, otherwise I could not write this for a review which he reads from cover to cover. He has since told me that before we three left the house that night, the thought came to him to argue with me about my journalistic work.

"It became almost an obsession with me," he said. "It was primarily to argue that I came to the station with you. Nothing else mattered but that, but when Kavanagh suggested that I was joking I knew that I was, in fact, insincere."

Mr. X is the only one of the three persons hypnotized that night who, at present, knows of the control. Kavanagh forbid me to tell either of the girls, and I think he is right.

It is a strange story, I know, but there are many strange things in the super-normal which, nevertheless, are true.

The study of suggestion grows year by year, and even the medical profession, the most conservative and reactionary of all bodies, at last begins to perceive that many apparent wonders have been performed, and will be.

Kavanagh has returned to his home in his own country, and I should like to say that he had no desire to go on the music-hall stage as the Great Wonder, and, therefore, I cannot be accused of being his publicity agent.

The only object in writing these experiences is to give those interested in the subject some additional information with regard to demonstration in which the element of fraud could not have entered.

This applies to the incident, which I have already mentioned, on the sea. It happened at the end of 1912, while I was crossing the Atlantic. I had, as a companion, a journalist whose younger brother was a junior officer on the ship in which we were traveling.

Naturally enough, the brothers spent a considerable time together, and, one day, while I was with them the younger man, during a discussion about different types of seamen, remarked, "You didn't know that we had a hypnotist among the crew, did you? Of course it's all rot, but some of the fellows believe that this man to whom I refer can put the 'fluence' on others."

It appeared that one of the crew, in a drinking bout, had openly boasted that he possessed the power of hypnotism. The rest of the crew treated the matter as a great joke. The man himself was angry afterwards that he should have allowed alcohol to have loosened his tongue.

He rejected every request to "prove it," and nothing more was heard of the matter until, one day, the man's particular friend announced that he believed the seaman had the power he claimed he had because he had had a demonstration of it.

As a student of the occult I always investigate before I judge anything. It is the only safe way. Consequently I was not inclined, as were the others, to treat the matter as a great joke. I went to some trouble to get into touch with the seaman. I told him what I had heard, and expressed a desire to hear more about it.

When he realized that I was genuinely interested, and not, as he feared, "poking fun," he became communicative.

He was not an ordinary seaman, inasmuch as his voice and general bearing stamped him as a man whose education was much

above those of his fellows. He struck me as having come from a good school.

That he had seen better days, and in consequence of having "made a mess of things" had roughed it, he readily confessed.

"If I fix up the opportunity and the details, would you care to give me, and a friend of mine, a demonstration of what you can do?" I asked him.

He consented, and without waiting for me to make the obvious condition, went on to say that he would try and hypnotize any subject I cared to produce.

On my part, I agreed that the arrangement should be kept private. The only other person I told was my journalistic friend, and when we three—the seaman, my travelling companion and myself—met in my cabin, I am certain that I, my friend and the seaman were unknown to one another.

It was not until we were together that the former knew that I proposed that he should submit himself to the influence, or the alleged influence, of the seaman.

It took some time to gain his consent, but he finally gave it on the promise that an attempt would not be made to make him talk about his private affairs.

The test began.

"I want you to think of nothing," said the seaman. "I want your mind to be a blank."

My friend sat in a chair, and I occupied another, a little to the side of him, so that I could see all that he did and watch the hypnotist at the same time.

I should think three minutes of dead silence passed, during which the seaman kept his eyes riveted on the subject. Suddenly, my friend's head fell forward as if in a deep sleep.

"I've got him," said the seaman to me, taking his eyes off my friend. "He is under my will-power and will remain so until I release him. What do you want him to do?"

I was astounded and not a little frightened. It was the first time I had witnessed such a thing, and the scene struck me as particularly weird and uncanny.

I peered in my friend's face. It was expressionless, and the eyes, which had a blank look, were open. My alarm increased.

"It's quite all right, I assure you," the seaman said, noticing my anxiety. "No harm will result from this test, and there will be no ill-effects. But if you so wish, I will wake him up again. However, you asked me to prove this gift of mine, and I should like the demonstration to go a little farther before it ends."

I was doubtful about the advisability of it. What did I know of this man? I now regretted having exposed my friend to the seaman's influence. How was I to know where his power began and ended.

My thoughts were interrupted by the hypnotist.

"You need not regret what has happened," he said, and smiled when he saw my surprise.

"I can read your mind like a book," he explained. "I know exactly what you have been thinking. But the point is: Shall we go on or go back?"

"If you assure me——"

"I absolutely assure you that no harm can befall your friend," he exclaimed. "Will you accept that?"

I nodded.

"Then I propose to turn your friend into a salesman," the hypnotist added. And walking over to the apparently sleeping form the seaman placed a pill-box in my friend's hand, and murmured in his ear, "You are a salesman. You are selling pills. You understand? Then get up and sell them."

My friend lifted his head, rose to his feet, without the slightest sign of a stagger, and began to extol the virtues of the particular brand of pills mentioned by the hypnotist with all the earnestness of a salesman of years of experience.

A more uncanny spectacle it would be difficult to conceive.

When that was over the hypnotist made my friend walk round the room, wind up his watch and brush his hair.

I expressed my desire that the hypnotism should cease. The seaman approached his subject, shook him roughly by the shoulder, ordered him to wake up, and rubbed his temples and forehead with the palms of his hands.

My friend opened his eyes and stared about him like one awaking from a deep sleep. In a second or two he was his natural self, and refused to believe, for a long time, that his mind was "controlled" as I have described.

I remember offering the seaman some money, but he refused it, rather abruptly I thought.

"This was not done with the idea of financial gain," he said; "neither do I wish it."

Before parting, however, he told me one or two very interesting things which I pass on to my readers.

The seaman hypnotist assured me that he could not influence any subject in doing anything which, in his or her view, was morally wrong. For instance, he could not, he said, by hypnotism,

make a respectable man pick another's pocket. However, if the subject were in reality a thief, that subject could be hypnotized into committing such an offence.

He also gave me his views regarding the famous Indian rope trick.

In this trick a native throws a rope into the air. One end remains in the air as if caught up by some unseen power, the other end dangling on the ground. A boy comes forward, climbs up the rope and eventually—so eye-witnesses state—disappears into space.

The seaman hypnotist, who saw the trick attempted, made this statement :

" As soon as I reached the court-yard where the native was to do this stunt I became aware that there was some hypnotic influence around me. The native came into the centre of the court-yard with the boy beside him and prepared to throw the rope into the air. There were present some six other Indians, two Americans and an English army officer.

" It was at the very moment that the native prepared to launch one end of the rope into space that I felt the hypnotic influence being exerted at full pressure. It was exceedingly strong, and I fought hard against it, but this influence was too strong for me. I felt my will-power slipping, and the next thing I remember is " seeing " the rope flung into the air and the boy climb up it and disappear.

" Every one of the others standing round ' saw ' the same thing. As a matter of fact, I am absolutely certain that all those who were gathered there were simply hypnotized into believing that the boy went up the rope. The native concerned was, in my opinion, a wonderful hypnotist."

The seaman told me that this impression was confirmed by the fact that he knew a man who, while watching the trick, cleverly used his camera, which he had concealed about him, at the very moment the boy appeared to be climbing the rope. The photographer had the same illusion of the disappearing boy.

But when he developed his film there was a picture of the native standing in the court-yard with the rope in his hand, and the boy beside him. Neither had moved, while two other natives, standing on the other side of the rope-trick merchant, were staring up into the air in open-mouthed astonishment !

Whatever one may do to the human mind, one cannot hypnotize a camera.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

A MYSTERIOUS SOUND.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The following incident may be of interest to your readers. The subjects were two Irish ladies, who are perfectly normal, and not nervous or given to delusions. Their veracity is not to be doubted.

One morning they went for a walk after breakfast. It was a beautiful summer morning, without a breath of wind. Their walk led them through the extensive woods which surrounded their brother's estate; the destination being a large lake which, like many in Ireland, had once been a bog, where they were going to have a row. A couple of hundred yards before the lake there is a branch path which leads to a gate, and so out into the fields.

The girls strolled along talking, very probably of horses, dogs, gardening, or some equally everyday subject; and they had just passed through a wall gate which separated one part of the wood from the other, when they both became aware of a Sound. I have mentioned that the morning was absolutely still. Although they both heard something, neither mentioned it to the other for fear of being laughed at, as it was such a peculiar noise. The sound grew rapidly louder, and had increased in volume so much by the time that they reached the field path, that they both stopped and said, "Do you hear anything?" They stood still and looked in the direction of the lake, from which the sound seemed to be coming. Louder and louder it grew, nearer and nearer. Both the girls are at loss to describe it; but they agree that the only parallel they can draw is that of a monstrous organ, a hundred times the size of that at the Albert Hall, playing with every stop out. A terrifying awe-inspiring music.

As they listened, the sound became almost deafening, and seemed to come from above, "A noise in the air," and they saw the tree-tops bending towards them as though a great wind, or some huge invisible thing, was passing over the top. They both felt that it was something which, to quote their own words, they "Didn't want to get in the way of!" And they took to their heels and ran out into the fields. When they got there, the noise ceased entirely.

Of course when they got home their story was greeted with scorn. But to this day they maintain that they have never had a more awful experience. One of them said, "I felt the size of an ant, it was some-

thing so enormous, and nothing whatever to do with us and our puny affairs. We just happened to be there."

Apart from the Sound itself, the facts which strike me as most peculiar are :—that the Noise was audible for quite five minutes before they stopped ; that the trees should have bent so strongly when there was not even a breath of wind ; and that no one else—there were men working within a quarter of a mile—should have heard anything.

I have no explanation to offer.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN MEDDOP.

RABIES BY SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The last case you discussed from Flammarion's book seems to me of the greatest interest and importance from the psycho-medical point of view. It would be both interesting and instructive if you could get some medical *expert* to discuss the questions you raise in OCCULT REVIEW, for they are quite pertinent and free from hazy transcendentalism. Some critics, even of my own profession, would make short work of the case by suggesting that the reporter was pulling the leg of "le maître." Presuming that you have given *all* the details, there are a few points I would refer to. If this case stands alone, it would need very accurate details and verification before any conclusions could be drawn. Again, was the case *proved* to be one of rabies ; and was inoculation resorted to in each case ? If a man knows he has been bitten by a rabid dog, acute fear and powerful suggestion would be immediate, and would add their baneful influence to that of the rapidly acting and powerful poison. How far, too, would prompt inoculation act as a counter-suggestion relieving the psychic element—or the reverse ?

There are hysterical cases following a *non-infective* bite that closely mimic all the symptoms of hydrophobia, but whether such cases are ever fatal, I don't know—given, say, a chronic alcoholic, it would seem probable.

In the second case, might the poison have remained dormant for *two years*, to be stirred into activity by the effects of the dread revelation on the mental and nervous system ? There are, I believe, similar cases in connection with syphilitic poison. You rightly ask : would the result have been different had this poor devil remained in ignorance of the cause of his brother's death ?

I saw two cases in my House-Surgeon days—alas ! long before inoculation was used, and hope never to see another. No doubt the *British Medical Journal* would deal with a remarkable case like this, but the OCCULT REVIEW also functions on the plane of practical realities and many of its contributors are better fitted than myself to discuss the points raised.

Yours faithfully,

10 ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, N.W.1.

J. SCOTT BATTAMS.

UNITY AND DUALISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I ask your courtesy to reply to the correspondent who claims to represent the Principle of "Unity," that no controversy between us would help matters one iota. His conception of "Consciousness" differs in a remarkable manner from that of all serious students.

I merely wrote what you kindly printed in the hope of finding—through a journal so widely read by so many studious minds—some understanding (and some sympathy based upon that understanding) of the extreme difficulty of the position which must be taken by anyone who sees the issues at stake—and *the price to be paid*.

Having failed in finding what was sought, nothing need be added—nor can I intrude upon your courtesy—to serve no useful purpose, and enter into a controversy which would not convince your correspondent "Unity" of error—nor would it alter my "Consciousness" one iota. Fortunately, it rests in a foundation beyond his reach, or that of his school. With thanks. Yours faithfully,

"INCOGNITO."

THE MAGIC OF THE UNCONSCIOUS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The admirably clear account of Dr. Staudenmaier's study of his own psychical states is of great interest. It is near akin to Nicolai's study (cf. *A Theory of Apparitions*, by John Ferriar, 1813) but closer and more detailed.

What I wish to call attention to is Staudenmaier's theory of "The Magic of the Unconscious or Subconscious." I suggest that he is quite right in holding the power of dramatization to be very general and explainable as the result of "the natural activities of man's normally hidden other self." But when, as it would appear, he holds that these "magical" phenomena, even explained as he explains them, rescue us from having recourse to the supernatural (the abnormal) for their explanation, I differ from him. I suggest that this very general power of dramatization is necessary for communication between the embodied and disembodied. It is because the power is so largely developed in those we term mediums that they are used for such form of communication. The medium must dramatize the disembodied communicator before he or she can set up communication. The difficulty is that mediums will not stick to the test: they will "gag." Even Mrs. Piper gags over and over again.

A reference to Mrs. Sidgwick's exhaustive psychological dissection of the phenomena associated with Mrs. Piper will, I think, make the argument clear. (*Proceedings*, S.P.R., Vol. XXVIII.)

For instance, Sir Walter Scott, Proctor, George Eliot, and the

Imperator Band assume to communicate through Mrs. Piper and she would appear to accept the communications as veridical. But, if they are veridical, then all those great personages exist, disembodied, as untruthful and ignorant personalities; they have lost, by disembodiment, not only their great intellectual power, but the power of reason. (*Vernunft.*)

On the other hand, if we regard them as sheer dramatizations by Mrs. Piper, the communications find a reasonable explanation. I think we must reject the former hypothesis and hold that in these many cases we have nothing but sheer dramatizations, on Mrs. Piper's part, open for consideration.

When we find this power of dramatization does exist in Mrs. Piper and is exercised in so many cases, I feel, personally, driven to hold that it is exercised in *all* cases.

But does such a conclusion militate against the possibility of intercourse between the embodied and disembodied? I submit that it does not. I suggest it is necessary for such intercourse.

Consider the hypothesis that, sometimes, the disembodied *do* communicate through Mrs. Piper. I suggest that they *must* use her power of dramatization. Their difficulty is that she will not keep to the text; she will gag. Her dramatization is never complete, her own thoughts and wishes continually interfere—as an actor spoils a play by gagging.

One thing is certain as to the disembodied. They have no material brain, eyes or hands. Through Telergy they may be in communion with us as souls, but for communication they *must* have a brain (for the correlation of thought), if not eyes or hands, and, for recognition by us as personalities, they must "appear" as they were *known to us when embodied.*

The disembodied may have power (materialization) to project themselves directly back into our despicable little speck of the vast universe and appear as they were on earth. But this, at most, can be no more than a restricted appearance, no more than a part of themselves as they now exist, unrestricted by bodily material form.

But, as before said, there is a power of dramatization in man, generally, largely developed in a few who we term mediums. The disembodied can take advantage of this power when largely developed. They can use it for the purpose of communication. The hypnotist can make his patient believe he is Julius Cæsar and, while under the belief, act and speak in imitation—though the dramatization is never complete. So G. P. may be using Mrs. Piper to dramatize himself. But what "gets through"? Only "flashes of intelligence" (Mrs. Sidgwick's term) from G. P. Most is no more than "gag" from Mrs. Piper herself. I think we do get these "flashes of intelligence" from G. P. himself through Mrs. Piper. But we get, also, an intolerable amount of "gag" from Mrs. Piper's self. (Cf. *Proceedings*, S.P.R., p. 453 et seq.). If there be dramatization on Mrs. Piper's part we may be

able—though not without difficulty—to distinguish the flashes of intelligence which come from G. P. from the “gag” of Mrs. Piper herself. If Mrs. Piper does *not* use the power of dramatization and we hold that G. P. is himself communicating through her, then we must credit G. P. himself with giving us Falstaff’s bread for the veridical. I think, too, we must assume that Sir Walter Scott, Proctor, George Eliot and the Imperator Band are communicating directly. If so, we must hold that when we pass from earthly life we enter on an existence of sheer imbecility.

There is no short cut to communication between the embodied and disembodied. Ecstasy gives us no communication: it gives communion. The disembodied, having no brains of their own,* must use the brains of those still confined to earth for communication—as a diver must put on his diving dress. But they cannot get full possession, the owners *will* keep interfering.†

The chrysalis has the potentiality of becoming a butterfly. But when it rises, in fact, to its new state it can only communicate with its friends still on earth on their own plane. It must get some chrysalis on earth to function for itself, the butterfly. Any chrysalis can only dream of being a butterfly; it cannot understand what freedom in the air means. So the butterfly can only prove, to its friends on earth, its identity with a past chrysalis by telling them about itself *when it was a chrysalis*. If the butterfly could get a living chrysalis to converse or act as it, the butterfly, did on earth and reveal facts known only to the butterfly, this would give it an opportunity for, at least, letting its old friends know that it still existed, though no longer as a chrysalis.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE GREEN RAY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In February, 1915, I wrote asking if anyone would be so kind as to give me information about “Electric Sparks,” and received some very interesting replies.

May I again ask if any of your correspondents would be so kind as to give me some information about “The Green Ray,” said to be seen on the upper rim of the sun just as it is setting. Is it only seen by those gifted with second sight, or can anyone see it? Also, has it any special meaning for those who are fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of it? I should be very grateful for any information on the subject.

Yours truly,

ARGENTINA.

* The brain is no more than an *impeder* of full thought.

† But there exists the strange Watseda wonder case.

"AND YET ARE TWO IN ONE."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the very interesting article on Deva revelation in the last number of the OCCULT REVIEW the following may be of interest. It came some years ago from a messenger who gave much help to the writer and was in answer to a question on the nature of the God and Goddess evolution which had been mentioned as a fact, but no particulars given.

"The God and Goddess is a slower and less painful method of developing the balance of life that is the portion of every sentient being.

"Before creation there must always be union; to be unified, each must be capable of action through and within the other in a manner so intimate that each is the other. This is the reason why man, small and petty though he may appear at the moment, has, within himself, possibilities of swift development that outside his little scheme do not exist in this Solar system. Man represents the heart in this particular cosmos; it is through feeling that he truly lives. His mind and brain are a necessity for discrimination, choice and action in the worlds of form, but he really develops through the heart, because it is the heart that he mirrors forth in the scheme.

"All around and about him, all through, within and without him, are mighty Beings fulfilling other functions, representing other aspects of Divinity, each band small or great only so far as they are sufficiently developed to fulfil worthily the function that is theirs. Now man on earth is but late in the scale, and as yet far from realizing his true estate; when he does so realize, vast and far-reaching will be his energy, and his work of the nature and power of that union in separation that is but dimly perceived by the more progressed of his race."

I imagine that the term man might be taken in the large sense, as the being on any planet holding the equal balance of matter and spirit.

Yours faithfully,

L. N.

RELATIVITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your August issue Mr. Kingsland has contributed the clearest explanation I have yet seen published of the Relativity Principle of Physics; it is a *translation*, from mathematical language into that in common use, of facts which the common sense of men can understand and endorse. Although he does not think that these facts will modify human thought or cause the wrangling of idealists and materialists to cease, I am of the opinion that the outlook of mankind will be entirely changed when the *true* philosophical principles underlying Relativity are observed, correlated and promulgated as the doctrines and accepted dogmas on which a new civilization will be raised. While, however, Mr. Kingsland apparently acknow-

ledges no connection between Relativity and Reality (indicated as synonymous with the Absolute), some physicists, as example Hermann Weyl, have launched away, on mathematical symbols, to the "Absolute," and have reduced Reality to an abstraction—an Absolute entirely spaceless and timeless, and, therefore, a void which man (manas) as well as Nature "abhors." Of that First Cause, unknowable and unthinkable, we cannot speak nor argue, and my quarrel with the German relativists is not on Mr. Kingsland's ground, but because they tend to metaphysical speculations rather than to philosophical interpretations. Great mathematical thinkers usually become fascinated by their facility in using symbols and formulæ, and ignore Francis Bacon's hint that mathematics should be used only as a tool of science and not allowed to become its master; otherwise the mind will be led into vain speculations that have no basis in experience. And, certainly, the ability to use mathematical formulæ to indicate the Absolute does not mean that That Consciousness is experienced by the mathematician. It has led, however, to a deduction fundamentally erroneous, made both by many relativists and by philosophers such as Professor Wilden Carr, and accepted by the semi-scientific writers in the weekly press, viz.: that *mind created matter* which is as correct as to say that energy created matter, although science declares that they are one and the same!

As above so below, and *vice versa*, is an occult maxim which the very idea of Relativity implies, and the law of uniformity or analogy is no longer disdained by the foremost scientists who are using the dynamical principle in several branches of science. But the metaphysicians and mathematicians are too eager to reach the Absolute to properly investigate the meaning of the physical facts now known, for instance those with regard to Light *whose velocity has been found to be the same in any direction.* (*Vide* the Mickleson-Morley experiment.) Light is motion, but, as motion implies something moved, Light must be a substance, however fine or subtle, and this must be ubiquitous, because if the velocity be the same in any direction, the substance must be in existence in any direction. Now all matter or substance known to science exists by reason of its own state of polar tension. We are aware of Light when the state of tension or vibration of its substance corresponds to our ocular power of response which, evidently, is similar to the condition of the substance when tensed between the planets and the sun.

A ubiquitous body in which Light is propagated must then be the physical aspect of the Being, Space, in whom we live, and move and have our being. Are not the implications tremendous when we add to this conception the hierarchy of beings *within* this One, whose physical bodies act according to the law of their own nature, though at the same time in Relativity to that of all others?

Yours truly,

W. WILSON LEISENRING.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE last issue of *Le Voile d'Isis* is memorable for a contribution of considerable extent and interest on the Great Work of Alchemy in its mystical aspects. The author is Dr. A. Allendy, who is known otherwise by some monographs on Alchemy and Medicine, the therapeutics of the *Magnum Opus*, the so-called Emerald Table—attributed to Hermes—and, most recently of all, on the Symbolism of Numbers. The few among us who are acquainted at first hand with alchemical literature will be aware that according to the general testimony of deponents the subject is one and the end also one. It is *res una*, a single thing throughout, and it is affirmed frequently that there is also one regimen, operation or process. This notwithstanding it is distributed by different texts into various stages, which are four according to pseudo-Albertus Magnus, following the analogy of the four putative elements of old physics. A more frequent division is seven, because of the planets known to astrology and their correspondence with seven metals. But Basil Valentine and others recognize twelve stages, recalling the Signs of the Zodiac, and on this classification Dr. Allendy bases his own hypothesis of the mystic work, which may be tabulated for purposes of summary in the following manner. (1) *Calcination* of the First Matter or Mercury of the Wise, understood as the fluidic personality of our human nature: it is performed by the immortal *Ego*, directing personality and communicating spiritual impulsion. (2) *Congelation*, otherwise the black state of the Matter, corresponding to the ascetic work for the conquest of animal nature and sense-desire. (3) *Fixation*, which answers mystically to the subjugation of the material mind, the images and illusions thereof. (4) *Dissolution*, and this deals with the phantasmagoria of the astral plane, the hallucinations of the subconscious, as dwellers on the psychic threshold. The word within must scatter these teeming hosts. (5) But that by which they are scattered is an inward spiritual fire which, as in the alchemical *Digestion*, disperses clouds and mists, leaving the mind lucid. (6) *Distillation*, which is the beginning of more active work, the practice of those spiritual truths which the process has revealed to the soul. (7) *Sublimation*, which is the fruit of such activity, and the soul uplifted on the heights beholds the wide prospects of further enterprise. (8) *Separation*, in which the perishable part is put away finally and the immortal being emerges, as the butterfly from the chrysalis. (9) *Incineration*, wherein that which has risen, as if from the grave of its own personality, descends once more into the tomb, but now on a redemptive mission. (10) *Fermentation*, wherein the soul which has attained is said to live in its sacrificial works and as from seed to flower unfold therein. (11) *Multiplication*,

as the result of this, being union with the great ocean of universal life. (12) *Projection*, the active fulfilment of the Great Work, in which the Philosopher's Stone tinctures or transmutes whatsoever is capable of conversion, or otherwise the Master of Wisdom is one with that Divine tendency which draws others on the path of the Absolute and promotes their ascent in turn.

There is no question that the mystical work of spiritual election and the successive stages of the Mastery are delineated in this hypothesis, but it happens that Dr. Allendy has very little first-hand acquaintance with alchemical literature or he might realize that the alleged correspondence with the regimen of the Hermetic work is almost entirely fantastic. Moreover, the above summary has extricated his thesis from a confusing medley of correspondences—mostly arbitrary—with the experience of Christian mystics, analogies of Vedantic texts, speculative notions of rebirth according to the law of Karma and modern theosophical reveries. We agree with Dr. Allendy that there is nothing more incompetent and nothing more utterly exploded than the Berthelot understanding of Alchemy as a congeries of processes for the production of spurious precious metals; we agree also that there is a mystic side of the whole subject; but it is not by tests like his applied to the Hermetic problem that the age-long literature is likely to yield its secret.

Psyche is of unusual interest in practically all its departments, and in the first place as regards the editor's forewords, which distinguish acutely between current systems of faith-healing and M. Emile Coué's "real contribution to the science of psycho-therapy." A superficial similarity has led many to regard his procedure as a variant of "an old theme," whereas he has "achieved a most signal advance and raised the whole subject of self-cure to a new and truly scientific level." The Coué doctrine is based on a law of "reversed effort" and has nothing to do with faith. According to this law, all effort, whether physical or mental, implies difficulty, resistance to be overcome, whence it follows that the will to get well postulates illness, and in so doing "defeats its own ends." Auto-suggestion must be accompanied therefore by the least possible effort, which Coué secures by the continual, passive, unthinking repetition of a given formula affirming health or betterness, and this process of the mind apart from reasoning reacts on the body in the desired direction, opposition being reduced to a minimum. Here is the secret of M. Coué's success, and it is affirmed that "only a great psychologist" could so have applied "the simple laws of mental life." We think on our own part that we may be on the threshold of other discoveries in the great unexplored field of auto-suggestion, but in such case the path of advancement would lie in the work of the will, though not applied to healing. Joseph Glanvil said in the seventeenth century that "God is but a great will" pervading all things, "by reason of its intentness," and we believe in our hearts that the unremitting will

to union with the will of God is a key to those mysteries which either in full or in part were opened out by the old mystics, but using methods and practices which offered a grave hindrance to their great design. Perhaps in the course of the investigation it would be found that a word more catholic than will, and indeed more active, would better represent the enterprise. We have read with unreserved thankfulness Mr. H. Reinheimer's remarkable and convincing paper on "Evolution at the Crossways," which reads like the driving of a last nail into the coffin of natural selection. Our satisfaction, however, is scarcely on this account, for the great hypothesis of Darwin has ceased some time since to signify, at least in the old manner. But Mr. Reinheimer's thesis is really an argument for moral order in the universe, for an "eternal difference between right and wrong," as exhibited by the "morality and values" of organic evolution, for "obedience to some sublime law of inter-dependence and of inter-determination" as the "cardinal necessity of life." It obtains in all directions, and as regards us, our psychological nature must be "attuned to the cosmic will." Truly the Belfast Address of 1879 is no longer in the melting-pot; it has passed through that ordeal, and it is almost as if nothing had come out. Among other contributions of moment there are those of Major L. Urwick on "Experimental Psychology and Creative Impulse," and of Mr. Kenelm Reid on "Automatic Writing in its Relation to Psychotherapy and Philosophy." We regret that there is no space to analyse the last and can only recommend it to our readers as an original contribution of singular interest by a writer of practical experience in its subject. The section on Foreign Intelligence continues to be of marked value, and there is no question that *Psyche* has taken an important place among English psychological reviews. . . . *Psychic Science* has reached its second issue under the editorship of Mr. Bligh Bond, and our readers may remember that it is the quarterly transactions of Mr. Hewart McKenzie's British College. There is an article on Psychic Photography, in which the editor suggests a new line of research and describes a particular instance; Mr. Stanley de Brath writes a preliminary notice of Richet's *Traité de Métapsychique*; and Mr. McKenzie examines the charges of the Psychical Research Society against the well-known "Crewe Circle" in the matter of Psychic Photography. Mrs. McKenzie gives an account of mediumistic experiences in Dresden, of her and her husband's visit to Dr. Schrenck-Notzing at Munich, of other experiences at Graz with Frau Sibbert—whose phenomena occur in the light—and at Warsaw with Franck Kluski, who has been made famous of recent days through Dr. Geley's reports of experiments in the *Revue Métapsychique*. We learn that on this occasion a number of "wax gloves" were procured from materialized hands and have been brought to England. Mr. McKenzie gives a separate review of the circumstances, accompanied by an excellent photographic illustration.

The Eastern Buddhist does more than fulfil the high promise which was recognized in our review of its first issue, and we share the editorial conviction that it will contribute to "the world's knowledge and understanding of Buddhism in its various phases of development as well as in its many-sided significance." That it is so doing already there can be no question, in view of the number before us. It opens with a paper which might form an excellent introduction to the history of Indian philosophy: it is indeed a plea for the study of this wide subject, which appears neglected, owing, it is said, to "the characteristic disregard by the Indians of all forms of history." The magazine claims to be unsectarian, though it is an organ of Mahāyāna Buddhism, and it is recognized that the primitive teaching was neither that of Mahāyāna nor Hinayāna, but the common source of both these main branches. An extended account of Zen Buddhism in some of its aspects will serve as a substantial beginning of knowledge to those of us in the West who have been so far without even the first elements. It is said that the word Zen evades definition and explanation, but it must be understood as that "ultimate of all philosophy and religion" in which "every intellectual effort must culminate," if it is to bear practical fruit. It is not of Buddhism alone but apparently like a religion which is behind religion, for Zen is to be found in Christianity, Mahomedanism, Taoism, and, it is added, even in Confucianism. It is the vital part of all and directs religious feeling into its legitimate channel, presenting a new standpoint, "a new way of appreciating the beauty of life and the world" and discovering within ourselves, "in the inmost recess of consciousness," a new source of energy. From this point of view, it might be one out of several presumed essentials of religion, the spirit behind the forms, or that "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," of Matthew Arnold. But it emerges presently as a doctrine of absolute oneness, developed however in a form which seeks to pass behind the opposites of affirmation and denial by every kind of paradox, even by "flatly denying all our most familiar facts of experience" and by transcending logical conditions in the hope of so reaching truth. We must confess that Zen in its development throughout the article does not seem to possess the advantages which are affirmed about it at the beginning. An English writer contributes a delightful study of "The Blessed One" in the form of a narrative put into the mouth of an historical disciple of Buddha. But perhaps most excellent of all are two studies of the Jōdo Ideal and the "Way to the Land of Bliss": in a sense they belong to one another and in their account of the Pure Land and the Western Paradise they offer an aspect of Buddhism which will be doubtless new to many, as to ourselves.

The Co-Mason still maintains a high standard of historical and speculative interest. Miss Bothwell-Gosse continues her articles on the "Guilds of Merrie England"; there are others on Royal Arch Masonry, astrology in the Bible, and the Kebrā Nagast, an Ethiopian work referred in its primitive form to the sixth century.

REVIEWS

THEOSOPHY AND WORLD PROBLEMS. By Annie Besant, C. Jinarājādāsa, J. Krishnamurti, G. S. Arundale. Theosophical Publishing House, St. Martin's Street, London, W.C. Price 3s. net.

THIS little book consists of four lectures delivered in Benares at the Forty-sixth anniversary of the Theosophical Society, December, 1921. Mrs. Besant's lecture is an earnest plea for the development of the moral conscience. For the progress of science for its own sake, she evinces no enthusiasm. The scientists, as she points out, are on the search for "an admirable compound which can be taken up in an aeroplane . . . so that a whole regiment of an army may be murdered by the explosion of one of those fiendish bombs." Only as the moral conscience is developed will science become the handmaid of human happiness. But that day is far ahead.

Mr. Jinarājādāsa deals with Theosophy and the cult of Beauty. In his essay he looks forward to the time when the Arts will bring all nations, East and West, nearer together. Mr. J. Krishnamurti deploras the many gods that are worshipped in Europe, "each ruling a different Nation and waving a different flag." And he looks forward to a time when patriotism shall give place to an ideal of universal Brotherhood and service.

Mr. Arundale's contribution to the book deals with Theosophy and the ideals of education. His ideal for the teacher is a high one. "It is the work of the teacher to watch, not to control; not to give instruction but to draw out that which is already there. . . . He is the ambassador from the soul to the body; that is, the interpreter of the soul's function."

All who are interested in the problems dealt with should read the book. It should have a message for many beside Theosophists.

R. B. INCE.

LA MORALE ETERNELLE. By E. L. Drillaud. Pp. 137. Paris: Henri Durville. Price 5 francs.

THE theme of this book is somewhat as follows: It attempts to show the traditional teaching of the Egyptian priesthood, so long kept secret from all save the priests themselves, with reference to the beginnings of life on this Planet. The learned author contends, and is at pains to show, that the Mosaic account of the Creation (we would wish he did not thus implicitly attribute the Genesis story to Moses) is a bald statement of fact from which the Egyptians with their slowly accumulating wisdom were able to deduce a lore rich alike in suggestiveness and in truth. No student of "origins" ought to pass by this book. It contains much that, in the light of modern critical scholarship, needs to be taken *cum grano salis*; but the grain outweighs the chaff, and the student will be amply repaid for his pains.

H. L. HUBBARD.

A MIND THAT FOUND ITSELF: An Autobiography. By Clifford Whittingham Beers. Fifth Edition. Longmans, Green & Co., Fourth Avenue and 30th Street, New York. London: 39 Paternoster Row; Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. Price \$1.90 net.

ALL who have at heart the improvement of the conditions under which insane persons are cared for in Asylums and Institutions, will read with absorbed interest Mr. Clifford W. Beers's stirring Autobiography, which is now in its fifth edition and ninth reprint. The book received, on its first publication, not only the sympathetic eulogies of the Press, but of distinguished men, including the late Professor William James, and His Eminence the late Cardinal Gibbons, who spoke of it as a "wonderful book." . . . "I scarcely remember," said he, "ever having read another which stirred me so deeply, or left upon my memory stronger or more vivid impressions." A Supplementary Part deals briefly with the origin and growth of the wonderful Mental Hygiene Movement in America, which has a National Committee, and carries on its beneficent work through a number of State Societies, and their equivalents in foreign countries. All readers of this powerful book will fervently endorse the author's contention, based on his own bitter experiences, that:

"So-called madmen are too often man-made, and that he who is potentially mad may keep a saving grip on his own reason if he be fortunate enough to receive that kindly and intelligent treatment to which one on the brink of mental chaos is entitled."

EDITH K. HARPER.

PSYCHIC PHILOSOPHY, AS THE FOUNDATION OF A RELIGION OF NATURAL LAW. By Stanley de Brath, M.Inst.C.E. (V.C. Deseritis). With Introductory Note by Alfred Russell Wallace, O.M., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. Third Edition. Spiritualists' National Union, Ltd., 25 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield. Price 5s. 6d.

THIS is the third edition of an excellent and comprehensive work by Mr. Stanley de Brath, which was first published so far back as 1896. In a short Preface the author explains in what respect he has modified certain portions of the original in order to make it conformable to the present working hypotheses of orthodox science—for instance, in "replacing the vortex theory of the atom by the much more perfect electrical theory." In a highly commendatory Introduction to the first edition, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace wrote that Mr. Stanley de Brath had shown that "the facts of psychical research and modern spiritualism are really in harmony with the most advanced conclusions of science, and especially with modern conceptions as to the constitution of matter and ether." A most useful work for the inquirer into those mysteries which transcend all knowing!

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT AND THE LIFE OF TO-DAY. By Evelyn Underhill. London: Methuen & Co. Price 7s. 6d.

THE title of Miss Underhill's latest book indicates clearly and succinctly the line that it takes and the ground that it amply succeeds in covering.

Miss Underhill, as few readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will need to be reminded, is a scholar and thinker of no mean order, distinguished for

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the excellence of her literary style and the width of her culture. But her radiant common sense and sane grasp of the harder facts of life are gifts no less characteristic of her; and, in the present volume, as she herself tells us, her aim has been "strictly practical." "A special attempt has been made to bring the classic experiences of the spiritual life into line with the conclusions of modern psychology, and, in particular, to suggest some of the directions in which recent psychological research may cast light on the standard problems of the religious consciousness."

In other words, the book takes the ordinary life (psychic and physical) of the normally constituted man and woman under modern conditions, and shows the relations of this individual existence to that greater cosmic one, in which we all, consciously or unconsciously, intelligently or blindly, take our part, and from which we derive our deepest instincts.

Even when her thesis is a comparatively simple and circumscribed one, Miss Underhill's appeal is made to the educated, and the full appreciation of her illuminating discussion of Contemplation and Auto-Suggestion, Institutional Religion and Unconscious Teleology, presupposes a mind more or less trained to intellectual effort. But she is essentially a teacher; and the very extent of her knowledge makes for a crystal-clear presentment of the results of that knowledge.

G. M. H.

A STUDY OR TRUE TRANSLATION IN ENGLISH OF THE ELEVENTH SKHANDA IN SRIMATH BAGAVATHA. By Ramasubba Sastri, B.A., B.L., Sridhara Power Press, Trivandrum.

ONLY those who are acquainted with the profundity of Indian metaphysics will understand how bewildering a task it is for a reviewer to follow the analysis of a Skanda so profound as this from the *Bagavatam*.

It is one mass of deep philosophy illustrated with those graphic touches of vivifying anecdotage, which characterize the parables of the Christ. The mind of the thinker approaching the Hindu form of divinity as manifested in Shri Krishna, the Lord of this erudite Skanda, must dissociate itself from the unfamiliarities imposed by its Indian origin ere fully realizing the great ethical worth to be found in these utterances.

There are, of course, several points in this Skanda which are debatable when applied to Western conditions. The fatalism of Karmic belief and the theory of the wicked being reincarnated in lower forms, have been adversely received.

Several of the parables are of poignant beauty, such as that of the iron flail which was to bring destruction upon the family, who thereupon ground it to powder, except one little piece which they could not so reduce, and cast the fragments into the sea. But the powdery dust—note the implicit faith in the active working of an inviolable moral law—was washed ashore and grew into reeds "sharp and pointed as lances," whilst a hunter found the unbroken fragment and fitted it as "a head to his arrow."

This difficult *Skanda* is well translated, but one still wishes there had been a little English editing. It is lamentable that such a ludicrous Indo-Irishism as "the gem-like fingernails on the feet of the Lord" should mar an otherwise beautiful work.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE LUCK OF THE TOWN. By Marion Fox. London: John Lane The Bodley Head, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

READERS of this writer's earlier novels have learnt to look to Miss Fox for a good story, and a distinctive style of telling it.

Scholarly English and skilled workmanship mark, throughout, this tale of occult happenings in a little collegiate town. The social life of the place, with its mixture of narrow intellectual interests, primitive passions and petty conventionality, is admirably portrayed.

Miss Fox is no heavy-handed dealer in mere horrors. Like one greater than herself—Nathaniel Hawthorne—she aims, rather, at creating a supernatural atmosphere than a supernatural plot. Yet her ghost—once an inhabitant of the old Roman town on the site of which the modern town has risen—is no mere figment of neurotic fancy. Its strange following footsteps, averted face, and groping fingers cannot be explained away.

Still less can the mysterious noises—"the sliding slushy noise out of the scullery, and that other noise on the stairs!"—which caused Mrs. Wolstenholme's cook and housemaid to declare their willingness to forfeit a month's wages for the privilege of escaping at once from so ill-omened a house—be lightly set aside as mere auto-suggestion.

Indiscreet excavations which had disturbed the bones of this unknown long-dead woman, this foundation victim, buried beneath the old town to secure its luck, had, of necessity, it would seem, disturbed her spirit also; and the result, to the dwellers in the modern township, was not luck, but a curse.

How that curse was finally worked out—partly averted, and partly fulfilled—the development of the tale makes abundantly clear. The book is excellently printed; but the paper jacket which decorates the cover does not seem to us, though clever and striking, completely adequate in its presentment of the ghost.

G. M. H.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND OTHER POEMS. By Fielding Fielding-Ould. M.A. London: John M. Watkins. Price 4s. 6d.

THE Reverend Mr. Fielding Fielding-Ould, the Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, is a Christian mystic in the highest sense of the word and has a quiet, visionary touch which proves restful and appealing. His title-poem stirred me least, because so few poems on this subject could reach the noble heights of Mrs. Margaret L. Woods' prosodic eulogy.

Thus to me, whose mind has received the always infamous and odious bias of comparison, he is at his best in simpler, shorter flights, for he has a great knack of describing colour and atmosphere with brevity and conciseness. His mind rejoices in angels and winged creatures as that of Ezekiel. I love his verses on "An Angel" and the subtle suggestion of its passing.

"The candlestick, the Virgin blue and red,
The silent shadow on the wall which crept
Across mosaics purple overspread,
I tried to pray, then bowed my head and wept."

I admire his assumption in "Jeanne of Arc," concerning the fanatic who condemned her to death:

"Dressed as a boy she was, wistful and sweet,
 Coupé en rond her hair like seraphim
 . . . did she the Bishop meet?
She was so good she may have prayed for him."

And how many of us will echo the Reverend Mr. F. F. Ould's *finis* to this attractive volume!

"Will any one
 Think kindly thoughts of me?
 When all is done
 Will any generous be,
 The faults condone,
 Recall the brighter hours?
 A hand unknown
 On Nero's grave laid flowers."

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE CHRONICLES OF RODRIGUEZ. By Lord Dunsany. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. x + 322 and frontispiece. Price 7s. 6d. net.

If ever an attenuated volume comes out entitled "The Spiritual Burke," Lord Dunsany will occupy therein a place not the less honourable because pathetically close to Z. He possesses, or is possessed by (which is better, let him tell me who knows), an intense love of beauty and of the enduringness of good, so that his aristocracy is not vulnerable to commercialism, republicanism or anarchism. Withal he is sociable and humorous, and has carried to the laboratory of his art a knowledge of life of admirable depth and variety.

In these "Chronicles" we have an irresistible charm of style and characterization conveying a tale suggestive, as his work is wont to be, of the profound mysteries which underlie the expanse of our daylight. A young Spanish lord goes forth with his father's sword and a mandoline in days when gunpowder had but recently begun to gibe at cold steel. He outwits a murderous innkeeper and acquires a devoted servant. He saves a forest potentate from hanging and wins a lady's heart by music. He experiences disembodiment, and goes to the sun; he experiences disillusionment, and does not go to the devil. He is, in fact, a clean and beautiful creature whose life shapes a magical tale with an ending happy enough to make an "ironist" ill.

Morāno (the servant, the utility of whose accent is obscure to me) is an excellent creation, and Lord Dunsany wields Morāno's frying-pan like a man of genius. I confidently recommend these "Chronicles" to those who love the poetry of knight-errantry and service.

W. H. CHESON.

LA FIN DU SECRET. Applications de la Perception Directe de la Pensée. By Dr. Binet-Sanglé. Paris: Albin Michel. Pp. 528. Price 15 francs.

I CAN scarcely believe that any human being accustomed to reflect on his spiritual sensibility would deny the existence of a faculty by which we perceive others without being physically in their presence. Whether this faculty justifies a prediction of the end of secrecy may be reasonably

disputed, but Dr. Binet-Sanglé's important volume shows that the faculty is capable of being of great value to society in the prevention and detection of crime. He presents us, in a scientific manner, with a large number of cases of supernormal perception, both ancient and modern, and it will be a dull or inattentive reader who does not after perusal acknowledge that definiteness and intensity of thought are qualities which expose it to the observation of an euthypercipient or extra-sensed perceiver. Now crime is obviously often thoughtfully designed before it is executed, and the technique of crime is largely concerned with the reduction to a minimum of circumstantial evidence by an adroit use of the imagination in rehearsals. This preliminary picturing might, however, if euthypercipients were employed by the police, be the cause of the criminal's arrest before instead of after actual crime. For instance, a man like the murderer of Irene Wilkins would go about for days before his crime involuntarily divulging his intention to the euthypercipient who happened to be "turned on to" him.

Dr. Binet-Sanglé's reasoning is strongly opposed to spiritualistic explanations of automatic writing and kindred phenomena. He holds a physiological theory of memory which deserves careful consideration; but, as his title indicates, his special message in the present volume is to teach the possibilities of a power which was natural to the man of yesterday, and is not unnatural now—a power which can introduce knowledge through an innominate sense. I could spin out a long article on his interesting researches, but an intelligently outstretched forefinger is worth a mile of "copy" to a busy reader.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE. By Mahatma Gandhi. Madras: Ganesh & Co.

MR. GANDHI, as is well known, has no very high opinion of modern civilization. He believes that, until the world as we know it returns to the zero-point to which all previous civilizations have fallen, there can be no hope of a civilization arising that is moulded by spiritual ideals.

In this book he devotes his attention exclusively to the spinning and weaving industries. He claims that the revival of hand-spinning will solve the problem of economic distress in millions of Indian homes and that it constitutes an effective insurance against famines.

India, he thinks, does not need to be industrialized in the modern sense. "It has," he says, "750,000 villages scattered over a vast area 1,900 miles long, 1,500 miles broad. The people are rooted to the soil, and the vast majority are living a hand-to-mouth life. Whatever may be said to the contrary . . . there can be no doubt that pauperism is growing. There is no doubt also that millions are living in enforced idleness for at least four months in the year."

Mr. Gandhi advocates the introduction of the hand-loom because it can be worked in every home.

As for the larger problems with which Mr. Gandhi deals, it is impossible for a foreigner to gain any certain knowledge of them. Very obviously Mr. Gandhi is sincere in all he advocates and many of his ideals bear a striking resemblance to the teachings of Edward Carpenter. The book is well written, well printed, and neatly bound in hand-woven cloth.

R. B. INCE.

WHAT TIMMY DID. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. London: Hutchinson & Co. Price 8s. 6d. net.

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES is a member of a Church which looks disapprovingly on the latter-day attempts to establish intercourse between the living and the dead. But the occult has evidently a growing fascination for her, and though none of her novels can exactly be classified under the head of "Occult Fiction," the supernatural element has played a significant part in some of the more recent ones; for instance, in *The Chink in the Armour*.

Readers of *What Timmy Did* will not be regaled by quite so many thrills of undiluted horror as in that weird masterpiece. But they must not, on the other hand, allow themselves to be deceived by the pleasant commonplace of the scenes and characters, into supposing that Mrs. Lowndes has only a plain unvarnished tale to tell. We have, indeed, to follow the course of a true love, under post-war conditions; but we have to follow much more beside. There is a definite horror, a sinister mystery; and the forces of the Unseen World are seen and felt. Timmy Tosswill, who, at first sight, seems a merely naughty and constitutionally untruthful youngster, is also an unconscious clairvoyant; and although the mystery of a certain "death by misadventure" is never solved in so many words, or the criminal, in the legal sense of the term, "brought to justice," yet those who take Timmy for their guide through the labyrinth, and see the tragedy through his strange "clear sight," are left in no doubt as to the true solution; nor are they dissatisfied with the justice which he himself metes out. Indeed, from the memorable evening when this uncanny child, standing at the drawing-room windows of his father's country house, watched what he took to be invited guests coming up the avenue, the criminal was delivered into his ruthless little hands. For there was but *one* guest, whose strange *horror of dogs* was already known in the village; and Timmy saw *two* people, who were *accompanied by a dog*. . . . What else he saw, and what he achieved, will well repay reading.

G. M. H.

YOUR OWN PATH. Second Series. By Ruth Morgan. The Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. Price \$1.50.

THIS is a second series of mystical writings, forming a companion volume to an earlier book of the same title and by the same author. They reveal the same high quality of spiritual inspiration, while embracing a wider outlook and sounding perhaps a deeper note of human understanding. The writer has the gift of terse and telling metaphor, but her brief phrases convey no sense of abruptness. . . . "Each soul is a rose unfolding petal by petal; the Father's Love warms the soil and brings the rose to perfection. . . ." "Move in the Light, and when thou dost enter an abode stand in Love. Go forth in Joy and return in Peace."

This is practical counsel—like all the wisdom of the saints—even though it represent a mental altitude difficult to attain and to command at all times in this web of cross-purposes we call our everyday life, which is exactly where and when it is most needed.

A word is due for the unusually charming book-cover of azure blue cloth, with old French lettering in gold.

EDITH K. HARPER.

CREATIVE UNITY. By Rabindranath Tagore. 8½ in. × 5½ in., pp. vii + 203. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, W.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.

It is impossible to write a précis of Tagore. He is a foreigner, and yet he has so mastered the English language that if one attempts to express his thoughts in words other than his own the result seems artificial, like that got by pulling a flower to pieces and then trying to stick it together with glue. So that I must quote him; and I choose the following passage as one characteristic thought-flower out of many:

"Creation is the harmony of contrary forces—the forces of attraction and repulsion. When they join hands all the fire and fight are changed into the smile of flowers and the songs of birds. When there is only one of them triumphant and the other defeated, then either there is the death of cold rigidity or that of suicidal explosion.

"Humanity, for ages, has been busy with the one great creation of spiritual life. Its best wisdom, its discipline, its literature and art, all the teachings and self-sacrifice of its noblest teachers, have been for this. But the harmony of contrary forces, which give their rhythm to all creation, has not yet been perfected by man in his civilization, and the Creator in him is baffled over and over again. He comes back to his work, however, and makes himself busy, building his world in the midst of desolation and ruins. His history is the history of his aspiration interrupted and renewed. And one truth of which he must be reminded, therefore, is that the power which accomplishes the miracle of creation, by bringing conflicting forces into the harmony of the One, is no passion but a love which accepts the bonds of self-control from the joy of its own immensity—a love whose sacrifice is the manifestation of its endless wealth within itself."

But some of Tagore's essays are not beautiful: they are terrible, and they are the more terrible because the things he has to say in them are true. Terrible is his indictment of the modern age whose cult is that of power

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SPEAKERS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1922.

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| Sun. 3. Mr. Thomas Irvine
(South Africa). | Sun. 10. Dr. W. J. Vanstone. | Wed. 20. Mr. A. Vest Peters. |
| Dr. W. J. Vanstone. | Wed. 13. Mr. Ernest Hunt. | Sun. 24. Mr. Loftus Hare. |
| Wed. 6. Capt. Sidney Ramsden. | Sun. 17. Miss Violet Burton. | Mr. Ernest Hunt. |
| Sun. 10. Mr. Ernest Meads. | " " Mr. E. W. Beard. | Wed. 27. Mr. Thomas Ellis. |

Sunday Services at 11 and 6.30.

Wednesday Concentration Class (Members), 3.30 p.m.

Thursday, Open Meeting, discontinued.

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and whose idol is money. Yet there is one word for his use of which I must quarrel with Tagore, and that is the word "utility." The modern age does not value utility too highly: the trouble is that it does not know what utility is. Art, for example, is surely one of the most useful of things, since it ministers immediately to the higher desires of man—those of the spirit. Self-expression, the creative power of the spirit, these are the things of true value. They can flourish only in freedom; but, alas! as Tagore tells us, we have sold our freedom for a mess of potage and allowed ourselves to be hypnotized by false ideas and swayed by crowd emotions.

This, as I have said, is a book containing ugly truths and beautiful truths. Above all, it is a book of inspiration. Would there were more Tagores to write similar books.

H. S. REDGROVE.

FRUITS OF ANTHROPOSOPHY: An Introduction to the work of Dr. Rudolf Steiner. Compiled and Edited by George Kaufmann, M.A. Cantab. 8½ in. × 5½ in., pp. vi + 151 + 6 plates. London: The Threefold Commonwealth, 74 Grosvenor Street, W.1. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS book is illustrated with a portrait of Dr. Rudolf Steiner and five views of the "Goetheanum" at Dornach, which is the headquarters of the anthroposophical movement. The building is certainly symbolic of Dr. Steiner's teachings. It strikes one as being strange, a little bizarre perhaps, but certainly impressive; and all these adjectives seem applicable to Steiner's work. There is a bibliography of his writings at the end of the present volume, and one is a little overawed by its extent. Certainly it is no mean achievement to have initiated a movement of the dimensions and with the many ramifications of that of anthroposophy. At the same time, however, I must confess to certain feelings of dis-

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appointment. The present volume has failed to give to one of its readers, at any rate, a clear idea of what anthroposophy actually is. As a philosophical system or method it would appear to claim comprehensiveness, to make use of the results of natural science and to emphasize the human factor in all knowledge. It is spoken of as a spiritual science, and it is said that its results have been achieved by means of special faculties other than those employed in natural scientific research and philosophical speculation. The questions of fundamental importance appear to be, What are these faculties? and What guarantee have we that their findings are reliable? The six essays of which the work consists are entitled respectively, "Introduction to Anthroposophy," "Sketches from the Life-Work of Rudolf Steiner," "Education at the Waldorf School," "Physiology, Pathology and Therapeutics," "The New Impulse in Art" and "The Threefold Social Order," of which the third is by Dr. Caroline v. Heydebrand, the fourth by Dr. Eugen Kolisko, the fifth by Arild Rosenkrantz, and the rest by the editor. Those dealing with education, art and sociology raise many debatable questions; and the leading doctrine of the medical essay appears to be based on a rather far-fetched analogy and reminds one of the ancient doctrine of signatures. Moreover, there is a certain spirit of exclusiveness about anthroposophy which tends to arouse criticism of it. Thus, we are told theosophy has failed in its object, spiritualism is said to be dangerous, and we are warned not to confuse the anthroposophical meaning of the term "astral" with "the vague interpretations that are put upon it in trivial forms of mysticism and spurious occultism," though it does not seem to my mind to be less vague than these. At the same time, however, anthroposophy is certainly a movement of much interest, and this presentation of it is well worth reading. Moreover, many of the quotations given from Rudolf Steiner's earlier philosophical writings, especially those emphasizing the subjective nature of knowledge, are rich in thought and suggestiveness.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE WAR OF THE GODS. Written by Mary O'Brien. London: C. W. Daniel, Ltd., 3 Tudor Street, E.C. Price 5s. net.

THIS highly sensational work, which is described as "A Revelation of the Spirit Armageddon, prophesied for the end of the Christian Era," will appeal to those who regard the late war as the result of a conflict between the powers of Good and Evil. Its thirty-nine short chapters take the form of fantastic and melodramatic dialogues among the gods of the Cosmos, who had "designed the end of the world, as prophesied by Christ, for the early twentieth century." This event, we are told, was to be ushered in by "a war of great magnitude in the human sphere," and by horrors of all descriptions, such as earthquakes, gargantuan comets rushing on the earth, and every conceivable evil, executed by a race of demons specially created by malevolent gods. . . .

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EDITH K. HARPER.

THE TEMPLE OF MY HEART. By Armstrong Smith, Star Publishing Trust, 314 Regent Street, W.I.

Three Pamphlets: **LONDON INSPIRATIONS.** By Effie Venning Thomas. C. W. Daniel. Price 1s.

SPIRITUALISM: WHAT IS IT? By Alfred H. Terry. Hayworth Publishing House, Washington, D.C.

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