

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

A VERY singular communication reached me rather less than a year ago which, for reasons which will be obvious, I hesitated to publish at the time, and which even now I am not proposing to record in full, in view of the bearing which it has on the present political situation, and in especial on account of the strong feeling

A STRANGE COMMUNICATION. which is raised by the discussion of prominent political personalities. The communication in question was received automatically shortly after the Boer War by a lady of high social position whose

husband during his lifetime occupied a very eminent position in the diplomatic service. It is one which depends for its validity on the acceptance of the doctrine of reincarnation. It is alleged in the record in question that the ex-Prime Minister, David Lloyd George, was in his last incarnation a younger brother of the celebrated French revolutionary, Maximilian Robespierre, "a Montagnard of the deepest dye. His name was Joseph, and he was guillotined the same day as Maximilian."

Though in earlier days I had made a considerable and careful study of the history of the French Revolution, and also of its political and literary antecedents, I could not recall to mind having read anything relating to the brother in question, and I

imagine that most of my readers who take up these Notes will be in the same position as I was myself. A literary friend, however, came to my rescue in the matter and provided me with the following information :—

Auguste Bon Joseph de Robespierre, called the younger. French revolutionary politician. Born 1764. Died by the guillotine July 24, 1794, four days before his famous brother.

It will be observed from this that the name Joseph is correct, but that the statement that both brothers were guillotined on the same day is not exactly accurate, though very nearly so. In the record in question it will also be noted that the brother is described as *de Robespierre*. This *de* was in the nature of a claim to aristocratic birth, and though used originally by both the Robespierres, was naturally enough dropped when aristocratic connections were a sure road to the guillotine. It is curious to note that Maximilian Robespierre was a solicitor, and we should probably be right in assuming that his brother Auguste Joseph was in the same business with himself. If we are to accept the communication as *bona fide* in regard to the last incarnation of Mr. Lloyd George, it is worthy of note that his occupation in his present life was identical with that in his last; for as is well known, he commenced his career as a solicitor, drifting from this into politics, just as he is alleged to have done on the previous occasion. In this life, too, though not a Frenchman Mr. Lloyd George is a Celt by birth. In his last life, accepting this hypothesis, he was a Frenchman and therefore presumably also a Celt.

A further point of resemblance between this assumed earlier incarnation of Mr. Lloyd George and the present one may be seen in the virulent and often quite baseless attacks which in his earlier days he was in the habit of making upon the aristocracy and landowning interests of this country—attacks that vividly recalled the wholesale denunciations of the *ancien régime* and the *ancienne noblesse* by the French revolutionaries. Assuredly these attacks in Revolutionary France were founded upon grievances of the very gravest kind. The French aristocracy was an aristocracy of drones and bloodsuckers. One of the most marked points in contrast between the French and English aristocracies was that while the government of England was to a great extent in the hands of the British aristocracy, in France it was administered under the King by a bureaucracy, while the French aristocracy in the

MR. LLOYD
GEORGE AS
JOSEPH
ROBES-
PIERRE.

STRIKING
PARALLELS.

main had little concern with such matters. The French aristocracy, again, were exempt from taxes—a scandal so grave that it seems hard in these democratic days even to give it credence. It was this point more than any other, except perhaps their airs of brutal superiority, that made them so intensely unpopular in eighteenth century France. The burning words of Rousseau in denunciation of the grinding down and oppression of the poorer classes, while the aristocracy and the Church remained exempt from taxation, raised an echo in almost every French breast, for the simple reason that they were a statement of actual fact from the mouth of one who was not only a master of literary style like Voltaire, but was one of the people himself, who had seen with his own eyes the results of this oppression and the widespread ruin that it was everywhere bringing about. Whatever the faults of the British aristocracy, they could not be accused of failing to take their share in the government of the country or its financial responsibilities, and the denunciations of Mr. Lloyd George had, it must be admitted, a curious ring of irrelevance when applied to England and English conditions, whereas to the state of affairs in France at the time of his alleged previous incarnation they are fully and exactly appropriate. Was, we may ask, his antipathy to an aristocracy from which he had never himself suffered personal oppression, more than half a reminiscence of the antagonism born of the injustice from which he had revolted in an earlier life in France?

Mr. Lloyd George is stated to have said on one occasion, in talking of the French Revolution, that he would have felt himself in his element if he had lived in those times, and those who know him will, I think, hardly question that this would have been the case. The communication alluded to goes on to state that Joseph Robespierre's soul "was filled with a mad hatred of England, which he looked upon as the representative of law and order, and as he laid his head on the block, he swore to return to this world in an incarnation which would give him the chance to have his heart's wish"; that is to say, to accomplish the destruction of the British Empire. The recipient of this communication stated in her letter to me that at the time in question the ex-Prime Minister was little more than a name to her. He had, as a matter of fact, not made his mark to any great extent in the political world, and had never occupied any political position of importance. He was rather known at the time as a political extremist, a Little Englander and a Radical tub-thumper. No

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tion of the British Empire. The recipient of this communication stated in her letter to me that at the time in question the ex-Prime Minister was little more than a name to her. He had, as a matter of fact, not made his mark to any great extent in the political world, and had never occupied any political position of importance. He was rather known at the time as a political extremist, a Little Englander and a Radical tub-thumper. No

one certainly suspected the high position to which it was his destiny to attain. The communicator in question wrote: "That man will, if he can, destroy the British Empire. He is only a little Welsh attorney, but he will rise. . . . There will be a terrible world war. It will begin in the Balkans, for I see the heavy clouds louring there."

It may be contended that the prophecy is obviously a false one, as Mr. Lloyd George by his intervention at a critical moment saved the situation during the Great War. To this, however, it may be retorted that had he supported Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey (as he then was), when Monsieur Poincaré, at that time President of the French Republic, made his celebrated appeal to King George for an undertaking that England would stand shoulder to shoulder with France and Russia, the war would never have taken place.* As a matter of fact, at that moment the British Cabinet were hopelessly divided, and the late Prime Minister led the anti-war section. The consequence was that King George was compelled to write in answer to the President's appeal a colourless and non-committal letter (afterwards, as is stated, alluded to by King George himself as "that wretched letter"). It resulted that the Kaiser was left under the impres-

" THAT
WRETCHED
LETTER."

sion that England would not intervene, and that if he proposed to engage in war with France and Russia it was a case of "Now or never." England, he held, was hopelessly embroiled with Ireland.

The British Government was obviously unwilling to give an undertaking to support France and Russia, and they would, he assumed, be practically certain to hold aloof. It was the actual invasion of Belgium by the German army that converted Mr. Lloyd George to the necessity of intervention, but then it was obviously too late to stop the war. Had he taken a firm line at the first instead of opposing the Entente I am by no means alone in my conviction that the war with all its consequent disasters would have been avoided.

It is not, of course, suggested that there is or has been any intention on Mr. Lloyd George's part of deliberately wrecking the British Empire, but rather that the oath he is alleged to have taken before he was guillotined in his last incarnation, is working itself out to its predestined accomplishment. The resignation of the late Prime Minister followed a crisis in the external politics of Great Britain, which threatened the imminent danger of a

* The point has been made in a previous issue, but its recapitulation is necessary to my present argument.

single-handed war with Turkey—a war which in all probability would have embroiled England with the entire Mussulman world.

ON THE
BRINK OF
DISASTER.

That such a war under present conditions would have threatened the dismemberment of the Empire is scarcely open to doubt. The policy that involved us in such a situation could only be characterized in the words of M. Thiers as *une politique de fou furieux*.* It appeared to many both in England and on the Continent as the action of a man who had either temporarily lost his mental balance or was acting under the influence of an obsession which was carrying him willy-nilly along a path so fraught with peril as to be quite contrary to the dictates of his saner judgment.

I quoted in an earlier issue of this magazine the words of Sir Henry Wilson, subsequently assassinated by Irish desperadoes, that "either Lloyd George or the British Empire must go." The crisis with Turkey had not then arisen, but the action of the British Premier in relation to Ireland, India and Egypt, and his constant abdications of authority in the face of threats and violence, the consequences of which cannot yet be foreseen, was

SIR HENRY
WILSON.

the undoubted cause of these words of warning, and it must be noted that they were given by a man who was in no way personally hostile to the Prime Minister. The two had in fact, while the war was on, acted together with the greatest harmony and to the mutual advantage of the country in the then supremely critical state of affairs. Nor, much as he distrusted Mr. Lloyd George's politics, did Sir Henry Wilson have anything but warm personal regard for the Premier up to the very last. In the upshot it has been Lloyd George and not the British Empire that has gone; but, it may be asked: Is he fated to come back and to fulfil, however unwillingly, his heart's desire in his earlier incarnation?

An interesting article in the (*London*) *Evening Standard* throws a curious sidelight on Mr. Lloyd George's ideas in connection with the British Empire and foreign policy generally. It appears that a small club holding rather strong and very idealistic views on these subjects founded a magazine under the title of the *Round Table*, with the intention of circulating their ideas. The magazine owed its title to the fact that the members of the club in question looked upon themselves as knights of a cause to which their lives were to be devoted. Amongst this band were Mr. Lionel Curtis, of the Colonial Office, Mr. Philip Kerr, a member of an old Catholic

* Used of the policy of Léon Gambetta during the latter part of the Franco-German War.

family and an ardent Christian Scientist, as also Mr. Brand, of Lazard Brothers, and Sir Edward Grigg. When Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister, Mr. Philip Kerr became his private secretary, and accompanied him to the Peace Conference, where a number of the memoranda presented were actually drafted by him. When he retired from this position his place was taken by Sir Edward Grigg. Again, when the treaty with Ireland was agreed upon, Mr. Lionel Curtis was called in to help to draft it. "The ideas," says the writer in the *Evening Standard*,* "which Mr. Lloyd George puts forward in his public utterances simply echo the articles of the *Round Table*." The main idea of the Round Tablers was that the British Empire was to cease to be an empire, and become a commonwealth. The conferring of self-government on India, the independence of Egypt, and the creation of the Irish Free State, are all cited as Round Table conceptions.

While these were the ideas of the Round Tablers with regard to the Empire, their conceptions in regard to the remodelling of Europe ran on somewhat similar lines. The races of Europe, Mr. Kerr argued, lived happily enough together in the United States. Why, then, could they not do so in Europe? By bringing their representatives together and talking things over reasonably, and generally establishing good feeling among the various nations, the whole of Europe, he held, might be rendered happy and content. These are the principles which guided Mr. Lloyd George in his numerous conferences; but in being guided by them, he failed to reckon on the long standing antagonisms between the various nations in Europe and on the fact that it was unlikely that Germany and France would lie down together like twin lambs while France was the injured creditor and Germany the defaulting debtor. Can we be surprised that under the circumstances the French looked upon Mr. Lloyd George's attitude as tantamount to a betrayal of their cause? Naturally, finding that as Prime Minister he refused to support them in Central Europe, they on their part refused to work with him in the East. Small wonder that they cultivated the friendship of the Turks while Mr. Lloyd George was cultivating a Greek entente. The whole scheme of Greek dominance in the East was indeed part of Mr. Lloyd George's plan,† and this collapsed like a house of

THE
ROUND
TABLERS.

CAUSES OF
BREACH
IN THE
ENTENTE.

* Captain Peter Wright.

† The essential merits of the dispute of Greek v. Turk is a matter apart from the present argument. Europe would be well rid of the Turk, but the question was mishandled at the Peace.

cards as a consequence of the Turkish victory in Asia Minor.

Mr. Lloyd George saw in this collapse the ruin of all his pet ideas. He determined at all costs to recover the position even if it involved (as it apparently did) a single-handed war with Turkey. Finding his Foreign Minister, Lord Curzon, very naturally antagonistic to his views, he took advantage of his temporary absence from London to threaten the Turks with fire and slaughter and to call in the Colonies to his rescue. England and Europe generally were naturally aghast. Lord Curzon hurried back and made it abundantly clear that he would either resign, in which case he would have carried a considerable section of the Cabinet with him, or alternatively that he must have his own way and that the *fait accompli* brought about by the Turkish

LORD
CURZON'S
THREAT.

victory must be recognized, and an understanding come to by which France and England might once more work hand in hand. Mr. Lloyd George was forced to give way, but he did it in bitterness of heart, and lost no opportunity of making the position of his Foreign Secretary doubly difficult by gibing at the Turks on every possible occasion. What would have happened if he had got his way may easily be conceived. We should have been plunged into a disastrous war when our financial condition was quite unequal to the strain; or alternatively the British people, who were almost to a man opposed to his schemes, would have brought such pressure to bear by passive resistance, indignation meetings, and every other method liable to be employed for the expression of the popular will, that the Prime Minister would have been forced to call Parliament together to deal with a situation which had become untenable.

The alarm of the country was reflected in the meeting at the Carlton Club, where it became clear that Mr. Lloyd George could no longer count on the continued support of the Conservative Party, without which the retention of his high office was impossible. In the upshot the larger part of his Cabinet had already resigned before the Prime Minister found it necessary to hand in his seals of office to the King. So ignominiously collapsed the Coalition Government, which had boasted a larger majority than almost any of its predecessors.

Whatever may be thought of the extraordinary communication which has been placed in my hands, there are two points which I have endeavoured to make: the first, that there appears to be a remarkable parallel between the life history and temperament of his alleged earlier incarnation and the ex-Prime Minister;

the second, that had Mr. Lloyd George enjoyed a free hand and not been held in check by Conservative members of the Cabinet, and above all by his Foreign Secretary, he would have plunged England into a war which might well have meant the beginning of the end as far as the British Empire was concerned, thus fulfilling the prophetic warning. Like the Robespierres, Lloyd George is a dreamer and an idealist, and fails wherever constructive statesmanship has to be brought into play. "Perish the Colonies rather than a principle!" was one of Maximilian Robespierre's most famous sayings, apropos of a proposal to give black and white equality of suffrage. "Perish the British Empire rather than my ideals!" is a parallel exclamation that might well be put into the mouth of Mr. Lloyd George. It not unfairly expresses both the temperament and aims of the man. Mr. Lloyd George is a born orator, but a great Empire cannot be ruled by oratory. When Tennyson wrote in one of his latest poems—

By the tonguesters we may fall,*

he was thinking of just that type of orator-politician that Mr. Lloyd George represents, and he foresaw the imminent peril to the Empire which the accession to power of such a man inevitably implied. To build up an Empire is the long and laborious task of centuries. It may be wrecked, however, by a single mad prank of an irresponsible politician should he find himself in possession of unfettered control. To offer Mr. Lloyd George the British Empire on a charger in gratitude for his services during the war seems to some of his admirers but a fitting acknowledgment to the "Drummer Boy" for beating the big drum so effectively. Others will hold that to surrender all the fruits of victory is hardly the most suitable means of showing appreciation of the valuable aid rendered to the nation during her hour of need.

It is curious to note that on the day of the fateful meeting of the Coalition Members of Parliament at the Carlton Club, summoned by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the planet Mars was in exact square with the place of the Sun at Mr. Chamberlain's birth, while the same planet was approaching within one degree of a propitious (trine) aspect of the place of the Sun at that of Mr. Bonar Law. The moon on the same day was applying close to a conjunction of Saturn, so that Mr. Chamberlain, from his own point of view, chose the very worst conceivable astrological aspects for the date of the meeting.

* "Lockley Hall. Sixty Years After."

The late Prime Minister had Venus and Mercury just rising at his birth, Venus (taking its latitude into consideration) being exactly on the ascendant, while the Dragon's Head—considered by the ancients as a symbol of position and power—occupied the mid-heaven. The fourth house in this horoscope, indicating the end, i.e. the latter part of life, is very seriously afflicted, being tenanted by the malefic Uranus, which occupies the exact position traditionally held to be that of London's ascendant—a critical place in the horoscope of the British Empire.*

One of the problems raised by this strange communication is the question of the fates which dominate the destinies of nations. The writer of an article in the present issue gives information which obviously it would not be easy to check, in regard to certain Masters or great Initiates who, it is alleged, hold the destinies of the world in their hands. If we felt that great Masters of Wisdom

controlled these destinies without let or hindrance, always for the furtherance of the good of the human race, we should probably be much less anxious in our minds than any of us are at the present time.

The easy confidence which so many of us once felt in the guiding hand of an over-ruling Providence, which is ordering all things ultimately for the best, has been rudely shaken by the incidents of the last few years, and not a few have asked themselves whether it may not be that the Powers of Light and of Darkness are fairly evenly balanced, as far as our present civilization is concerned, and that the struggle is oft-times a doubtful one as to which will in the end obtain the upper hand. It may plausibly be contended that other planets before ours have been wrecked

and brought to destruction by the follies and evil deeds of their inhabitants, and we may not unreasonably ask whether our own may not perhaps one day be threatened by a similar catastrophe. Without wishing to be unduly pessimistic, it is surely not well to rely too much on the assistance of Higher Powers to save us from the results of our own follies and shortcomings, and, apart from this, we must not blind our eyes to the fact that there are Powers of Darkness as well as Powers of Light contending for the mastery; as the hymn has it—

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array.

The Powers of Darkness are, we may believe, ever waiting

* The Prince of Wales has Jupiter on the same place.

their opportunity to undo or to undermine the plans laid by the Masters of Wisdom for the better governance and higher evolution of the human race. Such Powers, it may be, have often knowledge beforehand of the aims and objects of their opponents. Indeed there is ground for believing that in the spiritual world behind the scenes a contest is perpetually taking place, the plans for the betterment of the world laid by the Powers of Light being constantly countered by other spiritual but malefic powers who, foreseeing their intentions, take steps to defeat them. An incarnation, let us suppose, to take an assumed concrete instance, is arranged for by the Powers of Light, the intention being that the child born shall play his part in saving civilization at a critical period of the world's history. The Dark Powers, endowed with

BEHIND a more than human foresight and clairvoyance,
THE become aware of the destined mission of the child
SCENES. in question, and his earlier years are made the
 target of their hostility. Perhaps they may be successful in prematurely terminating his career—perhaps, failing in this, they may clip his wings and render him incapable of carrying out the purpose for which he had been incarnated under the supervision of the Powers of Light. Hence, when the crisis comes, these Powers are obliged to have recourse to some inferior instrument who will inevitably partially fail in meeting the world's need. The "mute inglorious Milton" of the poet, or the Cromwell who fails to dominate his country's destinies, is by no means altogether a figment of the imagination. A great career may be achieved in one incarnation in the case of an advanced ego, but may be successfully blasted by the Powers of Darkness in another. The victory is not always on the side of the Good. It stands to reason that while the Powers of Darkness will strike down their enemies ruthlessly if they get the chance, the Powers of Light may feel a not unnatural compunction in crushing a potential adversary. A man's evil karma, arising from past lives, may give the Dark Forces a power over him to which he may fall a victim and thus pay the penalty for earlier misdeeds by the wrecking of his later career. How far these plans for the ordering of the universe are carried out by purely spiritual beings or by Masters of Wisdom still moving in the world in physical form, as the author of the article on "The Planetary Control" believes, is a point on which there will probably be much divergence of opinion.

The Editor of that interesting American magazine, *The Word*, now regrettably discontinued, in a series of articles pub-

lished some few years ago, on "Adepts, Masters and Mahatmas," distinguishes as follows between these various categories.

The Master [he says] is one who has related and balanced the sex nature and the physical body, who has overcome] his desires and the matter of the form world, and who controls and directs the matter of the life world by the power of thought. An adept is one who by the power of desire has attained to free action in the form-desire world, separate and apart from the physical body. A master is one who has mastered

<p>ADEPTS, MASTERS AND MAHATMAS</p>	<p>the physical appetites, the forces of desire, who has control of the currents of life, and who has done this by the power of thought from his position in the mental world of thought. He is a Master of life, and has evolved a body of thought and may live in this thought body clear and free from his desire body and physical body, though he may, if he will,</p>
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live in or act through either or both. The physical man deals with objects, the adept deals with desires, a master deals with thought. Each acts from his own world. The physical man has senses which attract him to the objects of the world. The adept has transferred his plane of action, but still has the senses corresponding to those of the physical world, but a master has overcome and risen above both, to the ideals of life from which the senses and desires and their objects in the physical are mere reflections. . . . Ideals are in the mental thought world what desires are in the form world, and objects in the physical world.

Adopting Mr. Percival's standpoint, a Mahatma has evolved beyond both Master and Adept. He is the perfection and completion of evolution. Individuality, he would have us believe, is the end of the evolution and perfection of the ego, and a Mahatma has attained such complete development of this individuality as to mark the completion and fulfilment of evolution.

There is no call to regard these hierarchies of spiritual powers in a sceptical frame of mind because much nonsense has been talked and written by men who have laid claim to greater knowledge than they actually possess with regard to the localities inhabited by or the feats achieved by these Master Spirits. There is no reason to doubt that there are grades of higher and ever higher attainment open to the human race. Even the somewhat sceptical Professor Huxley showed a disposition to

<p>GRADES OF ATTAINMENT.</p>	<p>adopt this view which is certainly consonant with the probabilities and with reason. That the ordering of the Cosmos should be in the hands of such Higher Powers is only, it seems to me, what is to be expected. The elimination of all intermediaries between mortal man and an almighty personal Deity is merely the fetish of orthodox religions. Things do not work that way in a universe that is a Cosmos and not a chaos. There are no missing links between the lowest form of protoplasm and the noblest of the archangels. Jacob's ladder</p>
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reaches from the earth to the highest regions of supernal glory. Those who would understand the fullness of the Divine perfection must not enclose the Deity within the four walls of their orthodox conventicles, but learn to vow as Jacob vowed when he wrestled of old with the Angel of the Lord :

Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature, know.

LOVE INVISIBLE

BY PHYLLIS M. JAMES

I HAVE sent my love like the wind,
Mighty, intangible,
To clasp and caress you.
Unseen and unknown, it will bless you,
As sunlight blesses mankind,
Giving because it *must* give.
Cleansed in Life's crucible
From the clamorous heat of desire,
Emptied of passion, refined
To a white elemental of fire,
My loving shall help you to live,
Shall compass you, body and mind,
And circle your spirit with light.

Oh, my love shall take wings and aspire
Even to the uttermost height
Of the heavenly realms, as the wind,
Swift and invisible,
Takes its mysterious flight
Through the star-tangled net of the night
To the infinite spaces where Elements live,
Untamed and invincible.

I have sent my love like the wind
To enfold and caress you,
Till at last I may clasp and confess you
As mine in a world of original beings, and find
Your essence with mine intertwined—
Each a flickering sprite,
Yet made one, indivisible,
Fused in the ultimate flame of incredible light !

FULL MOON

BY GEORGE AUSTIN

THE gas fire purred cosily in my studio, the green-shaded reading-lamp leaned drunkenly on its broken leg, even the slight floor draughts eddied with tobacco smoke. We had been discussing, Nixon and I, an Easter trip up the Waveney to Norwich in an old 26-footer belonging to my uncle. It was to be a quiet, studious affair, for Nixon had a Bishop's exam. looming over him, and I wanted to do some sketching. Nixon was making out a list of stores when Malins from behind an elegant Dunhill descended sourly on the conversation.

"Can't think what you fellows see in it. Why not stay at hotels like Christian gentlemen if you want to sketch? As for you, Nixon, to think of reading theology on the Broads, its puerile. Living on a boat; my God, as if you couldn't be uncomfortable enough in London."

"What's the matter now, Malins?" inquired Nixon, with quiet malice. "Has she been unkind again?"

"It's all a matter of taste," I suggested. "Personally, I don't see where the discomfort comes in. Besides, look what you get, the river at sunrise, the woods, open country, every night a new camping-place, off again every morning not knowing where you'll be by evening; that's adventure, my boy, romance."

"Romance my foot," snarled Malins. "I know that sort of romance. Turned out at midnight in pouring rain because the beastly anchor's coming loose, walk miles to buy a piece of abominable bacon, and not a pub in the county where they understand you if you ask for whisky. I wouldn't come if you paid me."

"It's all right, Malins, we never take paid hands." Nixon was anxious to get back to his list, but Malins, once started, was not easily checked. Ignoring this piece of facetiousness, he stormed on:

"There is no romance in modern life and precious little adventure, either. Look at horse-racing, as romantic in theory as you could wish, and look at the crowd that go in for it. Look at yachtsmen; imagining themselves the descendants of Drake, and rubbish like that. 'I must go down to the seas again,' and all that tosh. Look at war. Everything's exploited and

spoilt. It's not the things themselves, so much as the people who run them. Suburban, the whole lot of them. And you talk about romance. Look at women, d'you know a single romantic woman?"

"No, Malins," said Nixon. "Now look here," he went on, turning to me, "there's one thing I forgot to tell you. Young David asked me if he could come along with us. Should you mind?"

"David Lyon?" inquired Malins suddenly.

"Yes, David Lyon. What about it?"

"No, I don't mind at all," I answered. "As a matter of fact, I don't know much about him. D'you think he'd enjoy it? Wouldn't get bored, or want whisky, like Malins."

"Oh yes, I think he'd be all right; he was very keen to come. The point is, that he enjoys washing-up and cooking."

"Let him come then," I said. "I admire a man like that."

Malins was convulsed with silent laughter.

"What's the matter?" inquired Nixon sharply. "Isn't he sufficiently romantic or is he suburban? Don't keep it all to yourself."

It was some time before Malins could speak. "Oh," he gasped at length, "he's romantic enough . . . dam' funny."

"Look here, Malins," I said. "What's it all about?"

But Malins shook his head and still murmuring "Dam' funny," in the intervals of laughter, rammed on his hat and left us.

"Poor fellow," remarked Nixon, when he had gone, "it's that girl at Tanner's. She told him to get his hair cut yesterday and it's upset him. Now, have we got everything down? Milk, tea, butter, eggs. . . ."

We had moored for lunch in a shady backwater, where a wood ran down to the water's edge. It was mid-afternoon; a light breeze played through the field of young corn opposite, sending waves of warm air over us to be lost among the cool arches of the trees. David had disappeared, and Nixon was asleep on the bank, a volume of the Early Fathers face downwards on his chest. With an effort I roused myself, collected my sketching materials, and set off upstream along the edge of the wood.

So far the cruise had been a complete success. On several occasions we had congratulated ourselves on bringing David. He appeared positively to enjoy washing-up crocks and keeping the boat tidy. There was something almost feminine in his

passion for the refinements of life. Every day he would go out before breakfast and gather wild flowers for the table, the cups were always spotlessly clean and even the drying cloths had to be washed as soon as they became at all grey-looking. Our habits were revolutionized ; every meal was washed up the moment it was finished. Nixon and I submitted without protest to David's regime, yet while we appreciated the flowers and shining crockery, were, I think, in our secret hearts, slightly contemptuous. A man had no time to "mess" with things of that sort.

I set down my camp-stool at a bend in the river and prepared to make a sketch. The whole surface of the water was powdered with the petals of may-blossom ; behind this pink, slowly-moving carpet stretched the wood. Green and yellow afternoon lights wavered on the tree trunks, and above their tops rose the blue curve of a hill. I had been painting for ten minutes or so when a gleam of something white moving between the trees caught my eye. For a moment my heart leapt. It needed but little stretch of the imagination to make of such a spot the home of the woodland Pan. Had I stumbled blindly into the mysteries ? The white shape flashed in and out ; I stood up in order to see better. Then I laughed ; my woodland deity was nothing more than David running mother-naked in and out between the trunks. At one time it seemed as though he were chasing something, at another as though he were himself being chased. At intervals he gave happy chuckling shrieks, and once I saw him stoop down, pluck up a bunch of cowslips as he ran, and throw them in front of him. He reminded me of a child I once saw playing in Kensington Gardens, playing apparently with some one invisible.

It occurred to me that if I could only get him to pose for a few minutes, his figure would put the finishing touch to my sketch.

"David," I shouted, "come here." At the sound of my voice he checked in mid-career, crouched on the ground, and froze like a rabbit. It was a useless subterfuge, for his white skin showed up clearly against the green. I thought he was trying to be funny at my expense, so arming myself with a switch, I crept up the bank towards him. When I reached the space where I had seen him dancing, he had completely disappeared. I called to him, but there was no answer ; even the little noises of the wood seemed to have been hushed, the whole place was waiting expectantly until I should go away. Slightly annoyed, I turned back and went on with my sketch until the declining sun began to change the colours of the wood, and a faint need inside me told

that it was tea-time. Nixon had boiled the kettle and was on the point of making the tea when I came up. I said nothing about my adventure. Nixon is a dear fellow, and will make a splendid slum parson, but there are some things that he will never understand. Though we have had many arguments about the nature aspect of Deity, Nixon cannot be brought to see or even admit the possibility of any point of view but his own. He looks on Pan as a "rather atheistical sort of person," and shakes his head over Swinburne.

There was a crashing in the undergrowth, and David burst from the wood. On his head was a wreath of wild flowers, in one hand he held his clothes and in the other a sheaf of long grasses. His legs had been scratched by briars and his mouth was stained with a purple juice.

"Food," he shouted, waving his grasses, "Give me food."

Nixon, I could see, was shocked by this barbaric display. "Put your trousers on, like a little gentleman," he said.

"Adam was a gentleman and he had no trousers," replied David plaintively, holding out his cup. "Give me some tea, Nixon."

"You shall have some tea when you return to civilization."

David's expression changed. He reminded me more than ever of a naughty child. "Take care, Nixon," he said, in a threatening tone; "you don't know what you're saying."

"Oh, give the lad some tea," I interrupted. "If he wants to wear wreaths on his head and nothing else, let him. It doesn't hurt us."

"Quite right," agreed David, immediately placated. He had cut himself a quarter of a large cake and was eating it ravenously.

"D'you know, Nixon," he said very mysteriously, but with his mouth full, "there are people in this wood."

Nixon looked up from his theology, stared at David and returned to the book.

"There are really, Nixon. I've talked to them."

There was no reply. David smiled wickedly and chose a long stem of flowering grass; then he crept round behind Nixon and began to tickle his cheek with the end. No man could go on reading theology in such circumstances. Nixon brushed the blade away once or twice, then leapt up, laid the Early Fathers carefully on the grass, and chased David into the wood. For the second time I heard that strange chuckle as David darted away. His eyes, when he was teasing Nixon, had a curious glazed

look about them. Nixon did not run far, for David easily outstripped him ; he turned and walked back towards the fire, with David dancing round him just out of reach and tickling him with the long grass. It was a most difficult position for an ordinand ; I judged that it had gone far enough.

"David," I called. "Washing-up!"

Again that hard chuckle. It made me feel a bit queer, so inhuman was it ; not cruel, but just not human.

"David," I called more sharply. He stopped and seemed to wake up, looked curiously at the piece of grass he was holding, and walked slowly towards me muttering to himself. I caught the words: "Won't do, my boy ; must pull yourself together." Then he began apologizing to Nixon: "You mustn't mind, you know. I get like this sometimes, generally about full moon. I'm quite harmless, but if I annoy you, just stop me." Then he settled down to the washing-up.

It is difficult to recall the stages by which we became first amused, then interested, finally alarmed by David's queerness. I think that Nixon distrusted it from the beginning. He had all the Early Fathers' hatred of paganism, and David was pagan to his finger-tips. Shortly after the episode of the grass, Nixon suggested that we should sail to another camping-ground for the night, said the mosquitoes would worry us under the trees. I objected. The place was so beautiful that I knew we could not hope to find a better. After a long argument Nixon was outvoted and we stayed. A strange thing happened that night. We had turned in ; David, as usual, just before ten o'clock, Nixon and I rather later. I was lying half asleep when suddenly on the deck above me I heard an unmistakable scamper of small hooves. I sat up and saw Nixon turn round in his bunk. Before I could say a word there was a scuffle of dropping blankets and David without a stitch on him, for he always slept naked, dashed through the cabin and was out on deck. We heard a soft thud on the bank as he jumped ashore, then that unearthly chuckle of his, and silence. I scrambled on deck, and looked for him ; the moonlit glade was empty and silent, only deeper in the wood I could hear a heavy body crashing through the undergrowth.

"David got 'em again," murmured Nixon.

"What was that noise?"

"A rabbit."

"Didn't sound to me like a rabbit, more like hooves. Besides, no rabbit would jump over two feet of water for the pleasure of

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running over our deck. Would it?" But Nixon, it appeared, was asleep again.

In the morning David was in his bunk sleeping quietly, a faded wreath on his head. Twigs were matted in his hair and the arm which lay over the blanket was torn by new bramble scratches. He had apparently been crying, for his eyes were red, and I discerned the tracks of tears on his grimed cheeks. He was very silent all day, and complained of a headache. In the evening he sat on a log a short distance from the boat. I was resolved to hear what he had been doing in the night, so sat down beside him, and tried to get him to talk. Nixon had gone to the village for supplies.

"What's the matter?" I said.

He turned to me a face of complete misery. The corners of his mouth drooped like a child's, and he seemed to be on the point of tears.

"Oh, Jack," he cried. "I don't know what to do. I'm in most awful trouble."

"Tell me about it," I suggested.

"You won't laugh at me?" he questioned tragically.

"Of course not," I replied, setting my face sternly. There was something almost comic about the complete abandonment of his wretchedness. David looked at me critically.

"I wonder . . ." he said aloud, in a changed tone, then: "Yes, I will. Oh, my dear," he went on with a rush, "you've no idea what relief it is to tell some one. All my life I've had to keep it quite secret because no one ever understood. You see, it's the people in this wood; they're trying to get hold of me."

I tried not to show my surprise. "What people?" I said, "Fairies?"

"Well, there are some fairies, but they're not the worst; it's the wood spirits. . . . This place is full of them."

"But how d'you mean, they're trying to get hold of you?"

"Well, they want me to stay with them; you see, they like me because I believe in them and can play their games. They want me to go and live with them always, and that'd mean that I should die, don't you see?"

"Oh," I said.

"I don't want you to think that they're evil, because they aren't; it's simply that they don't understand. If they want to do a thing, they do it. Why shouldn't they? Besides, they think I should have a much better time if I went to live with them; they can't understand why mortals are always so sad."

"But if they're trying to get you as you say, surely it's very dangerous for you to go and play with them. Why don't you refuse and stay with us?"

David hung his head.

"That's just it, Jack. Why don't I? When they come for me . . ."

"Come for you?"

"Yes, didn't you hear that one last night? He came to tell me to come. He was a saucy little fellow, a young faun. Didn't you hear his little hooves on the deck. I wanted to give old Nixon a shock, so I said that next time he came for me he could dance on the deck."

David had forgotten his trouble and was shaking with laughter.

"Nixon thought it was a rabbit," I remarked. "But, as I was saying, why don't you just refuse to go?"

His misery returned.

"Oh, Jack, if only I could! Every morning I say I will, and every night I go just the same. It's awful. Always before when these things have happened I've been able to pull myself up; but there's something very strong in this wood. When Nixon suggested moving, I knew it would be far better, but I didn't want to go, so I backed you up. I can't break it. Oh, what shall I do?"

There was silence for a few moments.

"I know," he said suddenly. "If you'd come with me, we could break it between us. You see, I get carried away, but you wouldn't. Will you come? To-night? I promise that you shan't come to any harm. I'll show you all their dances and everything, and then at the end we'll tell them that we can't come back, and in the morning we'll move to another place."

"But why go again at all? Why not move now?"

At once David became tragic again.

"Because, you see, it must be broken by our will. If I ran away like that they'd fetch me. Besides, I promised to go to-night, and it wouldn't do to break my word, would it? Do come, Jack, and save me; it's my only chance."

I considered for a few moments. "All right," I said, "I'll come. To-night?"

"Yes," replied David enthusiastically. "I'll tell you what to do so that you can see them."

"See them?" I inquired blankly. "D'you mean to say that I shall be able to see these people?"

"Of course, you wouldn't be able to get me away if you couldn't."

Good heavens, I thought, what would Nixon think, if he knew what I'm doing?

We had bathed our eyelids in dew, and at a small flower-strewn altar made of a flat riverstone set against a tree, David had made sacrifice to the woodland god. The omens, he said, were propitious; our sacrifice was acceptable. Crowned with flowers, we made our way along the water's edge to that clearing where I had first seen him dance. As we walked, the moon played hide and seek with us between the tree-tops. David was carrying on a conversation with something apparently in the water.

"What is it?" I whispered.

"Hush," he replied. "A naiad. Can't you see her?"

At that moment there came to my ears a faint sweet piping, very deep in the wood. It was a thin strain, not exactly sensuous, but full of a strange excitement, the excitement of a lonely pass in the mountains, or a midsummer's afternoon on a slow flowing stream.

"What's that?" I exclaimed.

"Ha," said David, "so you have heard the pipes. Better and better; soon you will see."

And I did see.

As we reached the clearing a wave of luminous mist seemed to sweep towards us from its farther end. I clutched David's arm.

"Watch that," he whispered. I looked, and as I did so it broke into a number of small globes, each of which developed into a figure of many colours dancing in a sort of ring. They were surprisingly like our conventional idea of fairies. Each face was extremely beautiful, and quite impersonal; their clothes were a texture of light whose colours changed as they danced. The dances did not follow any particular order, each being seemed to dance as it pleased, but now and then the whole assembly would join hands and sweep round in a ring. As they did so there came into my mind the setting of a ballet that I had once seen. It was called "A Night in Fairyland," and at the time I had thought it good, "a triumph of wistful beauty" the papers had said. But now . . . I smiled quietly to myself. These beautiful little beings, radiant with energy and the joy of existence, were so different from the heavy creatures of pantomime and ballet, stupid figures whose fat white arms made futile gestures with absurd wands.

I smiled, too, at David's fears. The dancing folk did not frighten me. They were too happy to have any evil intent: of course they would wish to take him away, to rescue him, as it were, from the sordid life of mortals. We must explain that it was impossible; they would soon forget and go on with their dancing. David's voice startled me from my reverie.

"Oh, you naughty little thing, go away. No, I'm not going to play with you any more."

The wicked brown eyes of a young faun peered at us between the leaves. Suddenly there was a scuffle, a glimpse of flying feet and very neatly the small creature planted a light double kick on David's bare chest.

"Oh, you would, would you?" shouted David. "Come on, then . . ." and scrambling to his feet, he dashed after the faun, chuckling hoarsely. I laughed a great laugh. What fools we all were to be so afraid of the small people! They were only anxious to be friends, to play with us. The wood had changed. It was greener, more august, more mysterious. I felt strangely, carelessly happy. I would become a child again, forget the business of life, and play for an hour with these people out of the world's early morning. Then, when it was time . . . A stinging blow caught the side of my cheek; behind me I heard a laugh and the patter of hooves. Something had thrown a fir cone at me. I leapt up and followed. . . .

"And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night
Fleeter of foot than the fleet foot kid. . . ."

What a man old Swinburne was, I thought, as I ran; he knew a thing or two. I caught sight of David as I passed the clearing. His lips were parted and his eyes shone. I wondered vaguely whether I looked like that. A rabbit ran across my path and tripped me up. I fell sprawling, but was up in a second. My little faun was a few yards ahead, laughing mockingly. "Ah, my boy," I thought, "just you wait till I catch you. I'll take you by the scruff of that hairy neck of yours and . . ." But my faun had vanished. Instead, a shape of gleaming white fled before me between the trees. Her hair streamed out behind her, and once when she turned I had a glimpse of wide frightened eyes set above a delicate mocking mouth. "A dryad," I whispered to myself.

On we sped, now out into the glade between the dancers, now among the tree-trunks where the trailing briers caught my legs and tore them. I was lifted up by a wild excitement: she should

not escape me by melting into a tree ; I would not give her time. I began to tire, but she also seemed to be slackening. Her long waving hair almost brushed my face. With a last effort I hurled myself forward. She sank down cowering against a tree. At last . . .

There was a crash like lightning striking a tall spire, then a terrible empty silence. The world seemed to reel for a second, then sink back stupidly to where it was before.

I was lying full length upon my face in front of a mountain-ash ; a few yards away David was staring vacantly at a large fern branch that he was carrying. At the entrance to the clearing stood Nixon, the silver crucifix which he always wore round his neck uplifted in his right hand. He was shouting something in Latin. Having ended, he beckoned to us to follow him. Stark naked and without a word, we did so, the magic place transformed into a very cold, empty wood just before dawn. David had taken off his wreath and swung it in his hand as a man would swing a straw hat. I removed mine also, and when we reached the river, flung it out on to the sluggish stream.

Nixon said nothing. It was very cold. As we reached the boat David stopped suddenly and confronted us. "Nixon," he said, "you shouldn't have done that. You've spoilt the wood."

THE PLANETARY CONTROL

By P. H. FAWCETT

ONCE more Science at its annual convention has endeavoured to stem the rising tide of desire to know something of the Unseen World by its outspoken scepticism. No doubt a wave of superstition and excessive credulity has swept in some directions over the bare sands left by materialism at its lowest ebb, but this merely negative attitude of disbelief in the survival of Consciousness seems no more likely to solve the problem of Life than a blind acceptance of the simple faiths of the Christian Church. In the meantime it does a good deal of harm to those who having no psychic experience of their own are anxious for information and consider the somewhat changeable opinion of scientists the last word in human intellectual attainment. There are enormous numbers of people who do not know what to believe and are not destined in all probability to come into personal contact with any phenomena which will settle the question for them one way or another.

The information which is given here is believed to be correct. Although it can offer no proof whatever, at any rate for the present, it can and should be subjected to the criterion of reason.

Frankly we were uncertain whether so much might be written, although the information is not, strictly speaking, secret; but very grave times are menacing the European world, possibly the world generally, and it may help some when the hour has struck to feel that behind the failure of Governments and the merciless individual rapacity, which is precipitating its inevitable Nemesis, is Human Wisdom acting under Higher Direction for a definite purpose in a world in which nothing is left to chance, but all is part of a well-considered plan.

For the vast majority Consciousness is limited to the reception of outside stimuli through the five termini of the nervous system which we recognize as the five senses, with a sixth sense functioning variably between individuals as the translator of these stimuli into terms of experience. This perception is usually directed to the preservation and gratification of the body, owing to the relatively low stage which our evolution has yet reached. A seventh sense, at present dormant and even unsuspected,

remains in embryo awaiting the conditions accompanying the development of the sixth before it can function through physical matter. Ordinarily human beings are unaware of more subtle states of matter because the animal nature of thought, habits as to diet, and the rivalry which characterizes the struggle to live at present, do not permit the development of perceptive faculties much beyond those common to the animal kingdom.

Animals possess the same six senses. Not only are the familiar five often keener than our own, but the range of "perception," as in the case of human sensitives, occasionally extends some distance within the Astral World. Savage man possesses an acuteness of these senses far outranging those of civilized man.

The difference between the human, animal and lower kingdoms, does not depend upon the range of these senses, for human beings may lack one or more of them and have very faulty powers of perception, but upon a more complex organization, including associated elements of Higher Worlds. Neither man nor animals are yet fully responsible, for physical evolution is still far from perfect; consequently the full results of good and evil are not yet appropriate to the stage at which we find them. It cannot be said that human consciousness evolved in any individual sense through the various kingdoms of life. Physical form is the result of physical evolution, but the intelligence which animates it enters at a stage when the form is suitable for its expression and is itself the product of evolution under other conditions.

As far back as geology can trace man was as he is now. Yet millions of years ago the forms we see to-day had no existence, but are the result of variation and adaptation to altogether different conditions. Millions of years hence they will have again changed out of recognition. What we are apt to assume as "links" between the various kingdoms are in truth the retrograde elements of each stream, the evolutionary failures. The streams have diverged and varied within themselves over too long a period for any living links to be traced or fossil remains discovered in any stratified deposit at present above the sea.

The final object of physical evolution is the perfection of the human vehicle so as to eliminate physical life altogether from the chain of experience. That human individual whose mental activity is limited to the reception of outside stimuli translated into pleasure or pain is not only not superior to members of the animal kingdom, but certain elements of the latter who are above the average of their kind may be in advance

of him. Yet although it is possible for higher animals intimately associated with humanity to bridge the gulf and enter the human stream, the Human Monad cannot retrograde into the animal kingdom. Human failures degenerate within the human stream, reincarnating into constantly more defective vehicles, often suggesting characteristics of the animal and even lower kingdoms, until the ultimate point has been reached and incarnation is no longer possible. The Higher Worlds cannot preserve their embryonic association with such an individuality owing to the grossness of its matter. Atrophy of the link is inevitable and consciousness fades out as a mere function of an ephemeral form in the lowest section of the Astral World, or if sufficiently powerful to be mischievous is sent to the scrap-heap! It surely appeals to reason that there cannot be Immortality in any experience which is wholly dependent upon the eyes, ears, nose, tongue and skin. In this sense the British Association has some grounds for its opinion. Conversion of Perception by extension at the one end and dropping the lower nature at the other can be the only way. Both development and degeneration are slow because Nature makes no jumps; but the higher process can be accelerated by following the laws of occult training.

The quality which preserves the Human Monad through the whole range of physical experience is "Love," the desire to assist or benefit some unit in the general evolutionary purpose apart from self. It is a mistake to confound this with human sentiment and preferences, although such emotions do represent "Love" in its lower aspect, and as such are something. Maternal love is shared by the animal world. Like physical attraction between sexes it is an instinct often based upon personal gratification. There is no real reason why one person should arouse our likes or dislikes more than another. It is an innate weakness of the Individual, the cause of which must be sought in the operation of attractions and repulsions originating outside of present physical experience altogether in most cases.

Love is universal Charity and Understanding.

Its converse is segregation from the Whole, the perfect Selfishness. Powerful though it can be and reaching to Worlds of Matter far beyond our normal ken, its very segregation associates it with extraordinary danger. It cannot afford to slip on a chosen path every foot of which demands watchfulness and endurance. That it has its compensations is obvious, or there would be no Left-Hand Path. The Brothers of the Shadow in this World and beyond have reached their goal by terrible

paths of inconceivable peril. They, too, can overcome the need for rebirth. They are found in the Higher Worlds up to that point where Good and Evil, Past and Future, are one. They are not creatures of gross self-indulgence, of animal lusts, or petty necromancy, but the apotheosis of intense egotism fighting single-handed for Knowledge and Power, destroyers of all opposition. Lust for possessions, worldly ambition, indulgence and vice are the weak aspects of selfishness with which the Dark Brotherhood has nothing to do.

In the days of Ignorance and Superstition into which the World drifted after the last periodical collapse of its civilization, it was enough to paint a crude Heaven and a ferocious Hell. To-day the more advanced teachings adopted by Theosophy preach an ultimate survival of the Monad after æons of rebirths, while the everflowing tide of Spiritualism wavers between an acceptance of the Doctrine of Reincarnation and the irrational idea of an eternal survival in Higher Spheres of Progression after this one unequal experience of life.

The time seems to be ripe for a sterner view as to the survival of the Individuality. It is probably true that human failures are for the most part merely deflected into other evolutionary streams beyond our planet, and that Higher Monads similarly deflected from elsewhere are being constantly recruited; but nevertheless there is a Cosmic Sink, the scrap-heap of the mischievously useless.

The ultimate survivors of a Planetary Manvantara are few! They are, as a Theosophical work puts it, the Flowers of the Tree!

The fact that the most material point in our evolutionary progress has been passed, and that the world generally is on the eve of radical changes, social and intellectual, is perhaps why information is increasing regarding the Occult Brotherhoods which, unseen and unsuspected by the great mass of humanity, control our racial and national vicissitudes.

In certain parts of this world are six great "Lodges," geographically distributed. Amongst many activities these "Lodges" supervise the development of certain definite branches of the human race. "Lodges" have always existed somewhere, more openly in archaic times, secretly in those we know as historical. It would be vain to suggest where these are, because, for reasons which will appear later, such information would not help any inquisitive investigator. It may be said, however, that over twenty years ago one "Lodge" did exist somewhere

in the Balkans and another in the Caucasus, but both were shifted owing to the approaching war and its yet uncompleted aftermath. "Lodges" which were intimately associated with Atlantean and pre-Atlantean or, for those who prefer the term, prehistorical civilizations, still survive in activity, possessing complete records of those peoples!

"The Lodges" are the inner circle of six Occult Brotherhoods, whose membership embraces a considerable number of resident Initiates of various grades. The "Lodge" is a Council composed of a definite number of very advanced Initiates. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true that a very high Initiate is a human being who radiates such force that undeveloped persons would be physically incapable of retaining consciousness in his presence!

Although ancient buildings of some sort form the outward and visible evidence of the locality of these "Lodges," the actual Council Chambers and internal organization generally are subterranean. Why it should be so we are not in a position to say. Possibly the mechanical employment of certain earth currents or the avoidance of interference by etheric surface currents may have something to do with it; but this is merely conjecture. The Brotherhoods can never have been exposed to any risk from persecution owing to their control of forces as yet unfamiliar to Science. They are not only furnished with remarkably perfect means for intercommunication and information undreamt of outside, but extended powers of vision and movement keep them in constant touch with the progress of events for the direction of which they are responsible to still Higher Control. For the World is no haphazard affair at the mercy of unscrupulous politicians or the machinations of shrewd capitalists, except in so far as these people are necessary agents for the precipitation of a certain course of events.

The scientific knowledge possessed by these Brotherhoods and periodically familiar to Civilization in general has been concealed from present day humanity because in its egotism and blindness all such powers would certainly be employed, as they were in the forgotten history of former civilizations, for purposes of destruction and personal aggrandisement, and so as a serious menace to evolutionary progress. Such indeed has been and is the corollary of scientific discovery as we commonly know it.

Members of the Brotherhoods are capable of attaining and do attain to ages which may be reckoned in thousands of years.

Although physical immortality is impracticable, yet Knowledge permits the renewal of the body in the first instance and its preservation subsequently to enormous periods of time. The process need not be confused with glandular grafting or the experiments of Steinach and others, which may or may not effect changes of a temporary nature upon a body suffering from self-indulgence (and in all probability exact their price). Occult processes are essentially distinct, based, it is believed, upon complete replacement and the eradication at once of all those atavistic tendencies which lead to senility and death.

The activities of the "Lodges" extend beyond the Physical World into the Astral Worlds. They do not all work on the same system or necessarily with any co-ordination of detail, but they are all under the authority of a Supreme Lodge consisting of fifteen very advanced Initiates, known as the "Council of Fifteen." The Chief of this Council, for a number of reasons into which we cannot venture to go, utilizes three Physical bodies, geographically distributed. The very deep mysteries which surround the physical functions of the Astral and Mental Vehicles are secrets of initiation associated with a certain degree extremely difficult to acquire.

All great social movements which stir Humanity to its depths are inspired by the "Lodges." This operates generally as the Shaping of Ideas, direct interference with Free-will being apparently avoided. The Theosophical movement, credited to the inspiration of the Aryan Lodge, has, in spite of the opprobrium heaped upon its apparent founder and its varying vicissitudes (fully anticipated), taken root within the Aryan race. The Spiritualistic movement, now in all probability the greatest religious movement in the World, is believed to be the inspiration of an older "Lodge." So far as modern history is concerned the movement started in the U.S.A., and it has reached its greatest development on the American continents and amongst people of Celtic origin!

There is some reason to anticipate a co-operation of purpose between these two "Lodges," and possibly others, working towards the unification of Theosophy and Spiritualism with the basic teachings of all the great Religions, after an approaching period of very drastic change. Although definite information on this point is naturally difficult to obtain, yet signs are not wanting as to the probability of a world catastrophe altogether dwarfing the circumstances and aftermath of the late war.

Apart from the great Brotherhoods, but in touch with them,

are a number of Occult Schools under the direction of Initiates of the earlier degrees. There are a considerable number of these Initiates scattered over the world and to be found, by those who can recognize them, in every race and many walks in life. Apart from these, again, are the Neophytes and Aspirants, some in touch with an Initiate, others undergoing the often long test of unrecognized preparation. Agents, acting consciously and unconsciously, are spread like a network over the face of the Earth. Followers of special cults, devotees of so-called systems of occult training, some Yogis, fakirs galore, and mere phenomena hunters, are the rag-tag and bobtail which screen the reality from the vision of the illusioned mass of humanity. Apart from all is the organization of the Brothers of the Shadow, the followers of the Left-Hand Path. Can it be surprising that we sometimes entertain an angel in disguise?

Human Governments and institutions generally are the unconscious pawns of these foci of Human Wisdom, which periodically direct an ignorant Humanity into a Golden Age or plunge it into the confusion which marks the close of the materialistic age of Iron and the Age of Gold alike, in the spiral progress of Man towards the evolutionary goal.

The Great Lodges are unapproachable by the explorer, or even by clairvoyant faculty. For a considerable distance around the immediate locality has been established a wall of Mental Matter, impenetrable by physical and astral visitor or extended perception alike. Its effect is to create mental confusion. The "Lodges" are fully aware of all outside human movement in their locality, and are quite able to discourage inquisitiveness by apparently "unfortunate incidents." We could tell curious tales, and may perhaps later, of attempts to penetrate these sanctuaries and of an occasional approach permitted for some purpose we can only surmise!

By land and by air they are inviolate without their own volition!

Above these great Human Lodges are appropriate supra-physical organizations. Not one of the evolutionary streams which share our planet, or in infinite number populate the Unseen World, but has its controlling system. Nothing seen or unseen exists haphazard; to imagine otherwise were foolishness. In that dreadful World which is denser than our matter, our evolutionary scrap-heap, the confusion and abuses which may attend human relationship, cruelty and selfishness in their most awful guise, reach their utmost possible development, for its grim

denizens are the personification of all that is undesirable in the factory of Nature!

No doubt the following statement will further tax the credulity of those who are unaware of this occult organization. There are certain men and women in all periods of history who play a dominant part in national and world changes, or are the leaders in far-reaching revolutions of thought or political action. Such incarnations occur usually under the definite control of the "Lodges," through Higher Instruction, for predetermined purposes. The Individual reincarnated in this manner is not necessarily advanced in an occult sense, but he has during previous lives specialized along those lines upon which his particular aptitude is needed. His specialization makes him a dominating personality in his particular sphere of activity. Sometimes we call it genius. The past, present and future of these individuals is not only perfectly familiar to the "Lodges," but is recorded in black and white, and may be and actually has been inspected by those who can obtain access to the archives! For the great movements, social, intellectual, or political, which accompany world changes are considered and precipitated, not in the luxurious salons of an internationally jealous conference or amidst the elegant surroundings of offices of state, but in an atmosphere of Wisdom and Foresight where there are no veils over the future and no vested interests weigh against the ultimate benefits to the evolutionary plan.

The spread of Theosophy and Spiritualism has, so it is hinted, already modified to some extent the sweeping character of the approaching changes, but unfortunately spiritual aspiration too often falls to the enthralling pursuit of material comfort and the overwhelming desire for power or possessions.

And now a word regarding the degrees of Initiation to which we have alluded and about which little information is available to the layman. These must, of course, not be mixed up with that charitable and useful institution known as Free Masonry. The latter is but a shadow of Ancient Wisdom, and though familiar once with the lesser mysteries, retains in its empty solemnities nothing unknown to Science or unavailable to ordinary research.

Initiates of the First and Second Degrees of Occult Science are dwellers in human society. There need be no abandonment of profession. To be father of a family need be no insuperable obstacle, although the final period of training for the First Ordeal and all subsequent life demands physical and moral

strength, abstention from alcohol in any form, certain rules as to diet and exercise, and absolute chastity. Above all there must be an end to all desire for self-indulgence along these lines.

The Second Initiation follows the First at a comparatively short interval. Failure in either case implies physical death or madness, or, during the many tests preceding the first ordeal, moral degeneracy. For in this quest there can be no turning back! Usually Initiates of these Degrees, the First and Second stages of Eastern doctrine, rest satisfied with this attainment, not caring to risk the extremely difficult trials of the Third Degree without the more favourable circumstances attached to an artificially rapid reincarnation with a more perfect adaptation of the physical cell groupings to the desired end.

An Initiate of the Third Degree need incur no more physical death, for he has passed the "turning point;" but below this the First and Second Stages must be reattained in a following incarnation, with all the trials and effort incidental thereto. Readers of *The Light of Asia* will recall the stanza:—

Who standeth at the Second Stage, made free
From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,
Lord of all lusts, quit of the Priests and books,
Shall lead but one more life.

The Third Stage permits the possession of no personal property, useless encumbrance under the circumstances; the Fourth compels withdrawal from ordinary human society, as we understand it. Such withdrawal is no sacrifice. It does not require an Initiate or even an advanced Neophyte to be alive to the futility of those toys and experiences which the various strata of Society enthrone as the object of life. Enjoyment of harmless social diversions, delight in works of art and the hobbies of an active personality, are entirely worthy and wholly desirable to us, but they are the merest vanity to those whose eyes have been opened to the treasures of the invisible World. Life should be enjoyed and not be made a penance, but vision widens as to the character of life as we shed the animal nature and its purely outward perception. After all, riches fail to satisfy, and the most celebrated man passes out of society to be immediately forgotten!

Of the Higher Degrees it is useless to surmise anything.

It may be reasonably asked: How is so much known, or where are the proofs?

The answer is: There are no proofs except for those well

advanced on the Path, but the Night of Waiting is illumined at certain intervals.

What we have written must be subjected to the light of reason by those who are treading with uncertain footsteps the threshold of the occult world. There is no need to credit a word of it. No Initiate would give such information to a layman, yet this much has been obtainable. Some truth, which may not be the whole truth, is perhaps permitted to leak out here and there in order to encourage that wave of spirituality which is lapping the shores of the ocean of selfish materialism bringing the Age of Iron to a close.

Let us add one word of encouragement. The man or woman who preserves human affection, be it only for a dog, is still swimming in the evolutionary stream. Persistence of individuality can be best found in assisting Evolution by carrying out the well-known precept of duty towards one's neighbour in that state of life to which it has pleased the laws of the universe to appoint us.

That man or woman who has learnt something of the meaning of Charity is secure. Action is of little importance except for harm wrought; thought and intention are everything. There is no need to accept any doctrine, to preserve any particular faith which is contrary to reason, or to cling to any recognized religion. In the earlier stages it is even desirable to be harassed by doubt. Charity in its true sense will alone sooner or later unlock many doors and disclose the way, for it is the master key to the Universe, Seen and Unseen.

THE SHOOTING STAR

By PHYLLIS M. JAMES

A STAR fell
Swiftly and silently
Into the bottomless well
Of the night.
The Cosmos heeded it not,
Nor seemed bereft of its light ;
But it vanished away
As suddenly as it was born,
And dissolved into essence again,
Awaiting some distant Æonial Dawn.

And I prayed
That when my farewell is made
To this planet of manifestation,
I may take my flight
Silently, swiftly,
As that burning star when it plunged
Direct, unafraid,
Into the secret and fathomless pools of obscurity.

The Cosmos will heed me not
As I go out into the night.
Like a falling star I shall vanish away
And dissolve into essence again.
One with the Spirit of Origin and Creation,
I shall remain
At rest on a tranquil shore,
Till the tide of Life washes in from the Infinite main,
Bearing me out once more
Into the cycle of Love and Desire and Pain.

A GHOST STORY

BY MARY E. MONTEITH, Author of "The Fringe of Immortality"

IN London, towards the end of 1919, a ghost frequented an old house situated in a picturesque corner of the great city. It was the ghost of a little old lady—at least, that is what it became eventually, but at first, all that I could distinguish was a shadow which fell here and there and momentarily distracted my attention from what I was doing ; a blurred outline which, in early days, did not take actual form. And yet it was something definite.

There would be a quiver of light and shade on the table, just for a second, which would fade away at an involuntary glance of interest. Probably my own head, I thought, as I bent over my writing, or a bird in flight across the window which was high up near the roof of a big building where pigeons and other feathered friends were wont to pass to and fro and even rest awhile on the overhanging eaves.

So elusive was this shadow that although it had appeared several times in close succession, not only on the table but at my side, and silhouetted also in different parts of the room, I regarded it with indifference, and failed to pay that mark of respect due to a personality, attention, accompanied by the gentle inquiry, "Can I do anything for you?" which is, of course, the equivalent, to a ghost, of the social amenity common in polite society of "How-do-you-do?"

It is generally understood in these enlightened days, that if a ghost does take the trouble to appear to human beings, it wants something. I was well aware of that. But at this juncture I was not inclined to acknowledge that my ghostly visitor was anything more important or more substantial than a shadow. Like the majority of folk, I was, at that time, fully occupied with the substance which surrounds and often dogs our footsteps in this workaday world.

This was no ordinary shadow.

Strictly speaking, it was a shadow cast, however, by a coming event ; the prelude to the melody of a sweet personality who, in visiting this earth, compelled response from the chords of a human instrument. By some means, unknown to mortal man,

she gradually emerged from shadow-land and formed into the distinct lines of a picture.

It was then that I could distinguish a little old lady, dressed in a graceful fashion which is still popular with the real old ladies of our own day. But never was I able to see her face. Never was there anything visible by which I might recognize her identity amongst the family portraits belonging to myself or to my friends. Either she would not, or she could not, show herself more clearly.

She must have lived quite recently.

So much I gathered from the general style and from the way that her hair was done ; but there was no conversation between us concerning those she had left behind, no characteristic message was given for a loved one who might, from its purport, discern the communicating spirit.

Sometimes, I would think that it was all imagination, that she was a creation of my own fancy, a thought that had taken form and projected itself from the centre of my brain into the perspective of what is commonly called the mind's eye. And then, as if aware of my presumption, she would assert herself in so decided a manner as to leave no room for doubt. Unseen, unheard (except to the psychic senses), she would direct my ways, sometimes it seemed in actual words, and at others with a silent force which conveyed a definite meaning to my now attentive spirit. And her directions were not always in complete accord with my intentions ; therefore the more convincing. She was occasionally so opposed to my actions that I could not but accept her as a real and independent personality, and regard her as a real though ephemeral being who had come into my life, and who was, for some reason or other, interesting herself in my welfare.

My welfare appeared to be her principal object. She occupied herself with details that the wise consider are (or ought to be) beneath the notice of souls who are ascended to a higher sphere. Her suggestions, which were many, were always feasible. Although she exercised a certain authority over my comings and goings, indisputably to my advantage, she did not enforce her will, but would rather remind me of what should be done, appealing always to the practical side of my nature, and simplifying the minor complexities of everyday existence by giving me the benefit, sometimes, of a keener observation than I was wont to exercise in normal times.

I say, in normal times, advisedly.

When the mind is racked with anxiety and the thoughts are centred on the matter of the moment, a question perhaps of life and death, commonplace happenings are as episodes in a dream ; the crucial point, a sole reality.

One may eat and drink at the usual hours, keep appointments and journey to the several destinations apparently like everybody else, but all is done without conscious effort. There is little or no memory afterwards of chance conversations, of incidents which occurred when travelling from one place to another ; nor even sometimes how the necessary excursions were made ; so completely can the mind become absorbed in an affair of vital interest. It is not a normal state.

At a time like this, Providence, in the shape of a little old lady, watched over me.

A beloved friend was lying, as we feared, at death's door. Every day I was with her, hoping, as it seemed, against hope, and yet expecting the end. For years she had suffered from ill-health, but latterly health and strength had to some extent returned and she had been looking forward, happily, to a life of increased activities. Now she was stricken down once more, and it looked as if the skill and care that had been bestowed upon her were, after all, to prove useless. That, in itself, was sufficient to engross my thoughts, but as we all know, death may knock at the door of the very house we live in, and yet the business of life continues. I was finishing some literary work which had to be completed within a stated and limited time. When I was not in the sick-room, I was working for all I was worth in my quiet corner beneath the eaves. Other things might have been somewhat neglected had not my little old lady put in an appearance now and again with her gentle reminders—" You must have some food," or " You must work no longer, it is time to stop." She would imply, too, that there was no real necessity for anxiety, that all would be well ; and this comforted me and gave hope at moments when hope was failing.

As I write these words now, it seems that I am describing a dream ; something that never happened. There is so little to go on, such a lack of evidence to prove to outsiders that the little lady was a ghost and not merely a creature of my own imaginings. Some may believe that it may have been an emanation of an independent personality, without further discussion ; others, who have had similar experiences, will understand how much this guidance in the little things of life meant to me. Not one, I conjecture, in this practical age, will fail to appreciate

the stage of doubt I came through, how I tried to psycho-analyse myself on modern lines, and, finally, on the grounds of past experiences in telepathy, followed by a curious incident which occurred at this time, placed the little lady in the picture gallery of the subconscious realm. I degraded her to the lowly state of a reflection belonging to an untraceable past, divested her of every particle of personality, and decided that the kindly advice I had received so gratefully was myself obeying the guiding thoughts of a loving but, certainly, a living human being.

Telepathy is a subject which opens up a vast field of inquiry. The question of thought apart from speech is not one to be dealt with lightly, and the transmission of thought is still less easy of comprehension. Nevertheless, such a possibility is derided, and upon evidence which would not hold good in any court of justice. Controversy rages around it, but we go on thinking just the same, and it is more than possible that, in the near future, it will be discovered that the transmission of thought is as much a habit to the human race as prose was found, by our old friend M. Jourdain, to have been a life-long means of communication between him and his fellow-creatures. But we have some way to go before we can prove it.

Nobody really understands telepathy.

When two lutes are strung to an exact harmony, and one is struck, the other sounds—that is a charming and, possibly, a logical analogy. To credit thought with vibratory energy similar to sound or colour is doubtless reasonable, but it is in experience that conviction is to be found. Any attempt to define the laws governing this most subtle cause of great effects, results in failure. It happens to some people, and it happens so often to me that I search for a human cause before taking any ghostly possibilities into consideration. I will relate how it was that I came to mix up telepathic influence with that of my little old lady.

There was something familiar about her, that indescribable something which we call personality. The height and style were unlike, but the familiarity I traced to somebody I love, who happens to be the mother of the friend who lay ill in bed. I will call her "Somebody" because, although there are many who may guess her identity, it is not kind to give names to the general public. People are mostly sensitive with regard to any psychic revelations of a personal nature, and, as will be seen before I have come to the end of my story, "Somebody" and my little ghost were very intimately and sacredly associated ;

so much so indeed, that it is only right to draw a veil between them and strangers.

Somebody, Somebody's daughter and myself apparently arouse vibrations, when we think, at an identical pitch. The three lutes, in fact, are strung to an exact harmony; and the consequence is, whenever a thought is directed from one to another, or even when it is only centred upon a matter of mutual interest, there is a corresponding response. It is not possible to limit either one or the other to the position of transmitter or that of receiver, but I receive more communications from them than they do from me; and in my case it is more distinct. I am able to pick up a pencil and register the message in words, while they are only aware of an idea, in connection with me, in their minds. It is only when we have discussed the matter and found that the idea in question had been thought out by me originally that we acknowledge telepathy between us.

This has been experienced for years, and with some very practical results under satisfactory test conditions; and, accordingly, the reader will perhaps sympathize and bear patiently with my profound logic which, in reasoning the ghost out of existence, was entirely, so I believe, at fault. Instead of vanishing in the light of reason, the little lady stood her ground and became more real.

It was midnight.

I had gone to bed full of anxiety for my sick friend, and I may or I may not have fallen quickly into a doze. I cannot be quite sure. If I were asleep, I was awakened by a figure who came to my side, bent over and kissed me. I turned and, looking into her face, recognized the mother of my friend. I was able to distinguish her features by the light in the room. I heard myself say dreamily, "Good night, darling." There was no reply, and a moment later the room was dark and empty; the church clock struck twelve.

Now, fully awake, I had no doubt as to the reality of this experience, nor as to the identity of my nocturnal visitor; and I lay rejoicing in the realization of a communion of souls, independent of space.

Incidentally, the distance between us was not great. She lived about a quarter of an hour's walk away, up my street, past the line of taxi-cabs awaiting fares outside the handsome buildings wherein men congregate, across Piccadilly, along Bond Street and a little to the left; far enough away, however, to be out of sight and hearing.

Whilst thinking over this wonderful communion, the memory of my little ghost stole into my mind, and again came that sense of familiarity, followed by instant recognition. There was no doubt about it. The ghost and Somebody were alike; they aroused an identical emotion, a corresponding impression, and that impression, slight though it was, convinced me that I had mistaken the thoughts of a living woman for the emanations of a shadowy third of my own imagination. Stripped bare of the only real manifestation of personality—purpose—the ghost was relegated to the dusty shelf of fantasy. Satisfied that I had at last solved a secret of the universe, I fell asleep.

This incident proved to be a question of telepathy; so far I was right, but it was a case of telepathy *à trois* instead of the more usual duet in canon; a transference of thought which had, certainly, its origin in the mind of Somebody, but which had nothing to do with me. It must have been transmitted to me through the medium of a third person, whose experience became mine by reason of a natural link of sympathy increased by existing circumstances. The human link in the connecting chain was Somebody's daughter.

Somebody's description of what really happened is as follows:

The patient was in a more comfortable condition and had already settled down for the night. As a last precaution, before leaving her in the hands of the night nurse, Somebody went to the bedside, smoothed the pillows, bent over and kissed her daughter gently. She turned, half sleeping, and said, "Good night, darling," and settled down once more to peaceful oblivion. At that moment Somebody heard a clock in the distance chime the midnight hour.

It coincided exactly with my experience. Even the lighted room which, in contrast to my dark one, was so real a factor in enabling me to see, was correct. Their room was illuminated at that time, twelve o'clock; immediately after it was darkened.

Now Somebody cares for me greatly. She is always ready to listen patiently to all my psychic experiences, however trivial, and this proof of still another instance of telepathic communication between us drew from me, for the first time, an account of my little ghost, and I enlarged upon a theory which had grown apace since I recognized—or thought that I had recognized—its origin.

My argument was on this basis, the basis of creative thought. Unconsciously, or semi-consciously, during conversation, we form mental images, mind pictures, which come to the surface

some time later in visions. As Somebody was by way of advising me in the interests of health and prudence, I took it that she had impressed upon me, mentally perhaps, the wisdom of balance in everyday affairs during a time of unusual stress; and that aroused a corresponding idea of caution which came to the surface of my consciousness at the appropriate moment. With an active imagination, I had clothed the idea in suitable words, created the necessary "Person speaking" in form of a little old lady, arranged the duologue, all of which allowed generously for the workings of that subconscious mind which all students of psychology are, in honour, bound to consider.

Somebody, however, would not agree to this. She reminded me that telepathic experiences between us were always traced to a definite cause; there had seldom, or never, been an effect without a cause, conversation wherein I was the predominating subject, or thoughts decidedly projected in my direction. She denied the authorship of all this care I had enjoyed, for as she said, since the illness in the house she had not had time to think about me at all. And, in justice, I was recommended to treat the little lady with courtesy, obey her sound instructions, and hope that in time she might be induced to disclose her identity in such a way as to leave no room for scepticism. In short, I was to give the little lady the same consideration that I had bestowed upon my own subconscious mind, and not err in the matter of overbalance on the popular but often unproven side of psychological investigation.

As the patient advanced towards convalescence, she too began to take an interest in the ghost, and both she and her mother would ask for news when I went to see them. Since, I have put the question: Had they, at this stage, any suspicion who it might be? but their reply was a decisive: "None whatever." It was not until two very trivial details came to the fore that they began to have an idea, but even then I was kept entirely in the dark; they said nothing about it to me. These two details proved to be, subsequently, indications of identity, one being a matter of beads; the other, the purchase of a bulldog.

In relating the episode of the beads, I must first of all explain that up to this time I had no love for beads. The fashion of the moment amounted to a craze but I did not follow that fashion, being unaware, unfortunately, that they could be so beautiful. A string of these ornaments was given to me by a friend who is known to the reading public as Miss A. It was on the occasion of a luncheon party given at a Ladies' Club in Dover

Street by one who writes under the name of Claude's Mother ; on my left hand was Miss Estelle Stead, a truly psychic gathering.

The necklace was quaint rather than beautiful, with a fascination all its own. It was composed of moss agates, some of them touched here and there with a brick-red colouring, but mostly grey, with shadows which indicated rather than revealed the mysterious moss within.

That same evening, when I was looking at my new possession, the little ghost appeared, seemed to be interested, and (so I thought) suggested that a glint of gold between each bead would improve the necklace. It was hardly more than a fleeting impression, but the following day she became discursive on the subject and it was clear that she had more knowledge of beads than I thought existed, and a wonderful love for them. I cannot remember half she said—clairaudient communications fade so rapidly from the mind—but it was evident that she had made a study of these articles of adornment which I had, hitherto, rather despised. I took her advice to have them properly threaded at a shop, although I must confess to a disinclination to go to the expense of having so simple a matter done for me. It was not so simple as I thought, according to the assistant who undertook the task, for they were very old pebbles and imperfectly hand-pierced, a formidable business and one I should never have had patience to execute.

With regard to the bulldog, it must be remembered that the little ghost knew, supposedly, all about my poor invalid who was now, as the little ghost had always promised, really getting better and at last on the road to recovery.

Walking past a shop one day on my way to visit her, my attention was drawn to a tray in the window on which was arrayed a tempting army of ornaments. They were bulldogs, mauve, grey, and green, all sitting in an attitude of watchful alertness. And I seemed to hear the voice of that dear little ghost—"Go in and buy one for E., to keep the burglars away."

Dreamily, I obeyed, wondering the while why I did so. I entered the shop, bought a green bulldog and took it along with me, handing it to E. on my arrival, with the words, "It is to keep the burglars away."

She looked at me curiously.

"What made you bring that?" she inquired, and I explained that, although I was presumably the donor, I was not quite sure that I should have bought it for her unless prompted by the little ghost. Immediately I was plied with questions.

Could I not describe her more fully? Was there nothing at all to distinguish her from any other old lady except her height? Had she never given a name? Shown no indication of character, temperament, likes or dislikes which might identify her, if ever so little, from the multitudes of kindly old souls who would naturally retain a memory of the living?

To all this I could but reply in the negative.

I felt that had she chosen, she could have told me who she was; she seemed to have no difficulty at all in communicating her desires to my psychic understanding. At the same time, I had an impression that she had no wish to disclose her identity; a certain secrecy pervaded our relationship, as if it were a private matter and one which she would prefer to be kept private. There was really nothing more characteristic that I could see than a practical view of life and a kindly disposition exerted in the interests of other people. And, of course, that love for beads.

Beads. They seized on this point eagerly. What did I mean?

Too much importance, I thought, was attached to so trivial a detail, but I described her interest in my agates, her advice as to the addition of gold, their arrangement and threading, as best I could, and gave my reasons for thinking that she knew a great deal about them. And she did; but that I was not told until later.

It seems extraordinary how big a part trivialities play in the composition of personality, how convincing are the scraps of familiar ways that come across the borderland from those who fail to give what is called an irrefutable proof. It is not every one who would know how to give an irrefutable proof of personality through an ordinary telephone when alive, and I am inclined to give my little old lady the benefit of the doubt (for doubt, and perhaps telepathy, there may be from beginning to end). You must take into consideration that, in life, she was guiltless of scientific propensities, and that in trivialities there lay a certain amount of characteristic matter. Her memory for those she loved became evident later, and her continued care for them, and for one intimately connected with them, seemed to survive the dissolution of soul and body. More than that she never attempted.

As the cause for anxiety was removed and work completed, the little ghost discontinued her visits and, to my disappointment, unrecognized. A kindly guardian who had performed an angel's

task in giving hope and comfort when both were obscured, was fading fast into the past memories when she paid me a last and unexpected visit.

I was sitting with a clairvoyant friend one afternoon, who described a little old lady who wished to give a message. She purported to give some account of herself and of her visits to me, and spoke of the sick girl, whom she called by her Christian name; further, she claimed a near relationship to Somebody. She seemed sure that Somebody knew who she was and asked me to say that she would always be near when Somebody needed her. And then she demonstrated her final message.

My friend saw her holding up a cap, not an ordinary old lady's cap but a dainty creation of some white material, flowered and transparent, trimmed with lace and pretty ribbons. She expressed a desire that this should be told to Somebody with an assurance of her continued care, and then disappeared.

It was all true.

One by one I related the details to Somebody and to Somebody's daughter; one by one were they recognized.

My little old lady was Somebody's mother.

I was really astonished and more than a little surprised to hear that their suspicions had been aroused by the green bulldog, "To keep the burglars away," and the love of beads. They had kept their secret well.

She had died abroad, and as I had never known her, they had seldom mentioned her to me. The three of us can solemnly affirm that the beads and the bulldog were unknown to me.

The beads, which were merely characteristic, had formed quite part of her life as an absorbing hobby. Latterly, she had developed such a craze for them that she would knit them into every piece of work she could. Mittens and all sorts of unlikely articles of clothing sparkled with little bits of iridescence which she could not resist including with the worsted.

The bulldog is a more substantial piece of evidence. It exists with its duplicate in concrete form, a silent witness. It is a facsimile of a present the little old lady had sent to Somebody a short time before she died, with the words, "It will keep the burglars away" written in the accompanying letter. That bulldog was mauve, and thereby hangs another tale. She would sometimes give an identical present to both Somebody and her daughter, but when colour was a feature in these presents, never, never did the colour correspond. It was her way to

choose mauve for Somebody, while the presents given to Somebody's daughter were, without exception, green.

And the cap ?

It looked as if that cap was going to upset their calculations entirely. Both were vehement in their denials of a cap as part of their little lady's attire. She never did wear one ; she never would wear one ; a cap was an object of hatred and rejection all her life, despite the fashion of her contemporaries. But when I came to describe it, a light broke over the face of Somebody's daughter.

" Why," she said, " that is the boudoir cap I made for her just before she died, the very last present I ever sent her. It was ninon with flowers on it, transparent, and trimmed with ribbon and lace."

The little ghost visits me no longer, but we believe that when anything is wrong with those she loves, guided by unerring and undying instinct, she will be in her place beside them. Using that further vision which from the higher spheres is possible, she will direct and strengthen the suffering in her own way, the way of a ghost.

She came to make a tiny corner of the world a little better, to ease the hearts of those she cared for. And if she had a message for others, it lay in action which implies the eternal nature of that love which religion teaches is supreme—a truth enshrined in lines of modern verse.

Dear, I am dead, but friendship cannot end ;
 Love does not die, and I am with you here.
 Often in sorrow you will feel me near,
 Feel me, but never speak, nor hear me speak.
 . . . Remember, I am here.
 The dead are bound to those they hold most dear.

WITCH-WRECKERS

By W. N. NEILL

THE after-history of Cutty Sark, the Maiden of the Alloway coven, whom we meet as a debutante in the tale of "Tam o' Shanter," is dismissed by the poet in a few lines. They are sufficient, however, to show that her proficiency in the black art was leading her well on the way to her inevitable end, the stake and faggot. She had become notorious on the Carrick shore for the perishing of "mony a bonny boat," as well as other things.

This was a favourite ploy of witches residing on the coast. They had all their individual and tried methods of wrecking, but the result was always the same: the ship went down to the floor of the ocean. The poet has not deigned to inform us what means Nannie adopted to sink her ships; she was probably familiar with them all. One of the surest ways of destroying a vessel was by means of a tiny model in a basin of water, and it was perhaps the most ancient of all. There is a story of Nectanebus, the last native king of Egypt, about 358 B.C., which appears comparatively modern alongside the practices of Scottish witches. Whenever Nectanebus, who was a mighty magician, was threatened with an invasion by land or sea he did not trouble to mobilize his army or concentrate his fleet, yet he drove the invaders from his coasts or his frontiers all the same. Suppose the enemy was to arrive by sea. Nectanebus simply went into his study, and bringing out a bowl, which he kept for the purpose, he filled it with water. Next he took some wax and moulded figures representing the ships and men of the enemy, along with the figures of his own ships and their personnel. Setting these upon the water in the bowl, he donned the cloak of an Egyptian prophet, took an ebony rod in his hand, and muttered his incantations. Suddenly the waxen men sprang to life: the waxen ships began to move to and fro, and a miniature sea-fight was enacted before his eyes. Of course, his waxen fleet was always victorious, and as the figures of the hostile ships sank with their crews to the bottom of the bowl so did the actual vessels perish.

Nectanebus had two disciples in Ayrshire alone. Margaret Barclay, wife of Archibald Dein, burgess of Irvine, had quarrelled with her brother-in-law John Dein. The barque of this John

was about to sail for France, and Andrew Train, Provost of Irvine, who was part-owner of the vessel, sailed with him as supercargo. Ere they departed Margaret was heard to imprecate curses on the devoted ship, praying that sea or salt-water might never bear it, and that partans might feast on the crew in the depths of the sea. The ship duly sailed, and was shortly afterwards duly wrecked on the English coast, the only survivors being two of the sailors. To cut a long story short, it leaked out that Margaret Barclay, along with two other women, had fabricated clay images by night; one handsome and with fair hair like the Provost. They also modelled a ship of clay, and, going down by night to the ocean marge, threw the whole lot into the water with suitable incantations. Immediately the sea began to rage, roar, and grow red as the juice of madder in a dyer's cauldron. Margaret was found guilty and suffered the usual penalty in the year 1618.

Near about the middle of the seventeenth century a certain Maggie Osborne kept a public-house in the burgh of Ayr. She was a witch. One day while she was in the shape of a beetle at the Nick of Balloch—having assumed that somewhat unusual form to evade an approaching funeral—one of the mourners, a farmer, set his great foot upon her. Luckily for her she happened to be in a small hollow in the ground, and so escaped uninjured. Her *amour-propre*, however, was injured and she revenged herself later on the unhappy man by means of an avalanche, which overwhelmed him and his household, ten in number. One son happened to be on a visit to some friends in the Western Hebrides at the time, and was thus the sole survivor. But Maggie's vengeance was not yet sated, and, learning that his vessel had returned to the Bay of Ayr, she shut herself up in a garret, bidding her servant-lass put some water in the mash-tun and set an ale-cap to sail in it. The maid was then to take up her position at the foot of the garret stairs and await instructions. In a short time the girl was ordered to go down to the brew-house and see in which part of the tun the cap was sailing, and if there were any ripples on the water. She reported that the bicker was in the centre of the tun, rocking on the ripples. In a short time the maid was told to look again. She found the water rising in waves over the rim of the tun, and the bicker dashing madly from side to side. She also heard, as it were, the cries of drowning men. The third time she visited the brew-house the water was quite still, but the bicker had disappeared. Needless to add, the ship in which the youth was a passenger was dashed

to pieces by a sudden hurricane on Nicholas Rock, at the Bar of Ayr. Burns may have had both of these cases in his mind when he wrote of Nannie's power over vessels at sea.

Hibbert says that, in Shetland, a cap or wooden basin, floating in a tub, was whirled with progressive violence during incantations until it overset. A yawl at sea thereupon suffered the same calamity. Several instances of the same magical method on the West coast are given by J. Gregorson Campbell. "A few years ago a boat was lost coming from Raasa to Skye. The witches, who caused the calamity, were seen at work in the Braes of Portree, beside a stream. Three of them were engaged in the evil task, and a man was present along with them. A cockle-shell was placed floating in a pool, and a number of black stones were ranged round the edge of the pool. When the incantation was at its height, the black stones barked like dogs, and the cockle-shell disappeared." The laird of Raasa, Ian Garve, celebrated in Highland song and legend for his tremendous strength, lost his life in the same way through the machinations of a witch. Ian left Lewis on a calm day. The witch, a dairymaid, seeing his boat coming, put milk in a large dish with a smaller dish floating on top. A boy was stationed at the doorway, where he could see both the milk-pan and the laird's boat. The witch stood with her foot in the chimney crook and commenced her incantations. Soon the dish began to be violently agitated. The boy reported it first as going round sunwise (*deiseal*), then as going round against the sun and hitting the sides of the basin. Finally it capsized and floated bottom upward. Ian Garve's boat disappeared simultaneously with the capsizing of the dish, and all on board perished. This took place during the great storm of the Borrowing Days: Easter Monday, 1625. On this historic night every Scottish witch must have been abroad and busy. We read, for example, that on the other coast of Scotland that same night, one Katherine Oswald, a notorious witch, was in company of such another on the Pan braes, "using and exercising her devilish art of witchcraft and sorcery." One would have thought that, after the terrible fate of Dr. Fian and his pupils, no one in Prestonpans would have dared to meddle with magic for a century! On another occasion, three witches of Harris left the maidservant in charge of the milk-pan with a dish floating in it, warning her strictly not to allow anything to go near it. During her absence for a moment, a duck entered and took to squattering about in some water on the floor. The witches, on their return in the morning, stated that they had been

very nearly wrecked by a heavy sea coming round Cabag Head.

Another method of sinking a ship was that employed by another Carrick witch, Elcine de Aggart, of Joseph Train's ballad. She was perhaps just Maggie Osborne under a Norman name. This potent witch sat on a rock near Turnberry Castle and sank what ships had survived of the Spanish Armada, one by one, as they fled homeward down the coast of Ayrshire, simply enough, by using a "magical clue of the indigo blue." In England, so late as 1716, a woman and her little daughter, aged only nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for raising a storm, so that a ship was almost lost, just by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap.

Highland witches were wont to take the shape of a sea-gull, when out to sink a boat. They might also appear in the form of a skua or a cormorant. Early in the seventeenth century Elizabeth Bathgate with her accomplices went aboard George Goldie's ship at Eyemouth, and "most cruelly sank and destroyed the ship, and so perished the said George with his ship and goods, with the whole company." Marvellous to relate, she was acquitted, for one thing because she and her associates had not been seen "flying like crows, ravens, or other fowls, as use is with witches." The immortal albatross, had it followed a Scottish vessel in the good old days, would have met the selfsame fate as it did at the hands of the Ancient Mariner, but for a different reason!

It was a favourite diversion with the witches of Scotland to go aboard a ship, unseen by the crew, have a good time eating and drinking of the ship stores, and send the vessel to the bottom when they left. The Tranent witches did this. The ship they chose was richly laden with wine, and when they had drunk their fill, like the stag at eve, Satan with base ingratitude dragged the vessel down so that all on board save the witches perished. Marie Lamont, the young witch of Inverkip, went out with several others between that village and the Isle of Arran, "to do skaith to boats and ships that should come along." They managed to raise a storm and rive the sails from Colin Campbell's ship, but Marie was so upset with the rough sea that "she took the fever soon thereafter, and did bleed much." It seems strange to think of a witch succumbing to sea-sickness. A most original method of destroying a ship at sea was for the witch to stoop down and look at the vessel from between her legs, backwards. If, however, the ship had rowan-tree wood on board it was immune. Sheep were also slain by performing the same cantrip.

Modern travellers assert that this is a good way of stopping a wild animal. In one English case, an imp was employed to do the deed. A poor old clergyman, named Lowes, after being tortured by lack of sleep for five days and nights on end by the infamous Matthew Hopkins, confessed that when he was at Landguard Fort, in Suffolk, an imp appeared asking for work. He bade him sink an Ipswich vessel that was passing at the time, and he did so. There is no record of a Scottish witch calling in outside aid in such a form in order to sink a ship. She was quite able to perform the task herself.

The list of the various manœuvres of the witch-wreckers may be fitly brought to a close by a reference to the two best Scottish stories dealing with the subject. One is Highland; the other Lowland; and both are classics. The Highland story is a combination of the misadventures of a mythical Spanish princess and the actual shipwreck of the *Florida*, a vessel of the Spanish Armada, which sank near Tobermory in 1588. Viola, daughter of the King of Spain, dreamt of an extraordinarily handsome man, and made a vow never to rest till she found him. She fitted out a ship, and in the course of her wanderings arrived in Tobermory Bay. There she met the man she was in search of and who was none other than Maclean of Duart. The course of their love did not run smooth, for, unluckily for the princess, Maclean was already married, and to a very jealous lady. She, thinking that the royal visitor was becoming far too intimate with her husband, bribed her servant, Smollet by name—probably an ancestor of Tobias—to blow up the Spanish ship with all on board. The King of Spain, learning his daughter's dreadful fate, sent Captain Forrest with a warship to take summary vengeance on the people of Mull. Mrs. Maclean, feeling that the ordinary resources of the island would be of little effect against a great galleon, enlisted the services of the Mull witches and, sure enough, before next morning dawned Captain Forrest's ship was at the bottom. But it was a great battle. Captain Forrest happened to be a bit of a magician himself, and the Mull witches found him a hard nut to crack. The witch-in-chief shut herself up all alone in a house and began her incantations. A rope was slipped through a hole in a rafter, and all night long the handmill was hoisted up and down. As the quern was raised a gale sprang up. At the same time gulls appeared on the yard-arms of the doomed ship. Some say, however, they were hooded crows, others that they were black cats. The captain now started his counter-spells, and the local witches found that they must have reinforce-

ments if they were to be successful. Nine came, but their assistance was of little avail. A fresh draft of six arrived, yet they could not raise the quern any higher. At last the Doideag got a strong man to hold the rope and prevent the stone slipping down again, while she flew off to Lochaber to beg the assistance of Great Garmal of Moy, the doyenne of Highland witches. She consented to lend her aid, and set out for the scene of the battle. No sooner was she in the air than a great tempest arose, and by the time she reached Tobermory Captain Forrest deemed he had better retire. But before the cable could be cut Great Garmal had reached the ship; had climbed to the top of the mast in the shape of the biggest black cat ever seen; and, uttering one spell, she drove the hapless vessel to the bottom.

The last story of all, which is also in its way a royal romance, had far-reaching effects in fanning the flames of witch persecution in Scotland. To quote "News from Scotland," "Agnes Sampson confessed that at the time when His Majesty was in Denmark, she, being accompanied with the parties before specially named, took a cat and christened it, and afterwards bound to each part of that cat the chiefest parts of a dead man, and several joints of his body: and in that night following the said cat was conveyed into the midst of the sea by all these witches sailing in their riddles or sieves and so left the said cat right before the town of Leith, in Scotland. This done, there did arise such a tempest in the sea as a greater hath not been seen, which tempest was the cause of the perishing of a boat or vessel coming over from the town of Burntisland to the town of Leith, wherein were sundry jewels and rich gifts which should have been presented to the new Queen of Scotland, at Her Majesty's coming to Leith. Again it is confessed that the said christened cat was the cause that the King's Majesty's ship, at his coming forth of Denmark, had a contrary wind to the rest of his ships then being in his company, which thing was most strange and true as the King's Majesty acknowledgeth."

SOME ADVENTURES WITH FAIRIES

BY MAUNSELL VIZE

THE title of Sir A. C. Doyle's work, *The Return of the Fairies*, is, in my opinion, rather misleading. It suggests that fairies are only just beginning to dwell and manifest again among mortals after a prolonged period of absence, and this I maintain is erroneous. Fairies have never ceased to be in close touch with some or other of the inhabitants of the British Isles, and, in order to substantiate this statement, I propose to narrate a few of my own experiences, which are varied and extend over a period of many years. As a preliminary, I might remark, there used to be a saying in Ireland that three generations among the bogs and hills of the South and West enabled one to see ghosts and six generations to see fairies ; hence, if there is any truth in such a statement, it is small wonder that I, who have had ancestors in Ireland from time immemorial, should see both ghosts and fairies, more frequently, perhaps, and in a more concentrated form, than those whose lineage does not extend quite so far back. As this article, however, deals with fairies and not families, I will confine myself to the subject in hand.

My first experience with fairies occurred when I was still a very small child. One late autumn afternoon, my mother and my nurse both being out, I was left alone in the nursery. I had got tired of my toys and was sitting by a very dull fire thinking, when, fancying I heard a sound from behind, I looked sharply round and saw something move on the top of an old chest that stood near the window. As the sun had just sunk to sleep in the west, and the moon had not fully risen, there was little more than a glimmer of light ; but it was sufficient for me to see two or three small figures, fashioned like people, standing quite motionless on the chest and apparently looking at me. They were so small that I did not feel in the least degree frightened, only curious, and I sat and stared at them, wondering what they were and how they had got there. I sat thus for some seconds, keeping absolutely still, and they did the same, showing no sign whatever of life or movement, till, all of a sudden, one of them slowly turned round. The other two followed suit, and then all three began to move or rather glide about, round and round, and

in and out, their actions being all the time very mechanical and automatic.

I was still watching them at this curious game, for so it appeared to me, with tremendous interest, when my nurse suddenly entered the room, and they vanished. Of course, I began at once to tell her about it, and I had not got very far with my story before she ejaculated, "Glory be to God, it is the fairies you have seen," adding, when I had finished, "I told the mistress that chest was haunted by ghosts or fairies, as 'tis made of oak from the Bog of Allen, but she only laughed. Don't you be after throwing anything at them, Maunsell, or doing anything to offend them in any way, or it is a grave injury they'll be doing ye and every one else in this blessed house. Ochone!"

I promised her I wouldn't offend them, if I could possibly help it, and she then told me some of her experiences. She said once when she and her mother had been out harvesting all day and were returning home late in the evening through a very lonely glade, they suddenly saw, crossing the path ahead of them, a little man about eighteen inches high, dressed in a queer red garment, in shape not unlike the scarlet uniform worn by English soldiers in the eighteenth century, and wearing a kind of cocked hat on his head. He did not appear to notice them, but looking neither to the right nor left disappeared down a narrow, winding path leading to a deep pool. She said she was very frightened, and that her mother told her it was nothing to be alarmed at, it was only a leprechaun, and that there used to be a number of them in that spot, but that, as she hadn't seen any lately, she had imagined they were all gone. My nurse declared that subsequently she often saw this same leprechaun; sometimes, she said, it used to follow her home at night, whilst, at other times, it would climb on to the window sill and stare in at her, while she was ironing or paring the potatoes. She said it never spoke or made any sound, all its movements being absolutely noiseless, but, if anyone called out or said anything, it would instantly vanish, and bad luck would attend every one in the house afterwards, for at least a fortnight. She said dogs were not as a rule frightened at leprechauns and other fairies like they were at ghosts, but, on the contrary, they would often wag their tails with pleasure at the sight of one, though they took care never to bark.

Well, after this conversation with my nurse, I often saw the same little figures, sometimes on the oak chest, but more often in a corner of a very big field. I recollect, when I was about eight years old, setting out one evening, shortly after sunset, to meet

my mother and my old nurse, who had gone out together mushrooming. I had to pass through the field on my way, and perceiving a curious bluish light flickering to and fro in what we all termed the fairy corner, I went to see what it was. Up to the present time I had never seen more than three or four fairies at a time, but on this occasion there were a score or more, all gliding about, in and out, silent as statues, and ever with the same extraordinary automatic-like movements. The light that I had seen from a distance I now perceived was a kind of phosphorescent glow, which they seemed to emit from all over them. They wore very filmy garments of a rather sombre shade of green or grey, and were very pale with very pronounced and grotesque features. I was so interested in their evolutions that I quite forgot my mission, and stood still about a dozen yards away from them, following their every antic with an earnest gaze. Later on, my mother seeing me in the distance called out to me, and at the sound of my voice they all vanished simultaneously.

Apparently fairies, like human beings, are of varying temperament, and some are neither timid nor very well behaved, as the following case will show.

A relative of mine was driving in a side-car one fine moonlight night along the road leading from Hospital to Ballinanty in County Limerick. At that date there were few habitations in the vicinity, and the road was consequently little frequented. When he arrived at a certain lonely hollow, a gloomy spot with a thick growth of tall solemn trees on either side of the road, the horse suddenly slackened pace, and the coachman, who was seated back to back with my relative, cried out at the top of his voice, "Help! help! master. For the love of Heaven, catch hold of me; if you don't, I'll be pulled right off, for the fairies are tugging me like the very devil, bad scran to 'em."

My relative at once turned round and saw, to his amazement, a number of tiny shadowy forms, some on the ground and some on the wheel of the car, apparently engaged in trying to unseat his servant and pull him out of the vehicle on to the ground. He caught hold of the man by the shoulder, and feeling something tugging against him with great force he had to exert his strength to the utmost to prevent the man being torn from his grasp. In this veritable tug-of-war, however, my relative eventually won, for in the end the fairies let go their hold, and he was able to proceed on his journey.

Now, strange as this story may appear, neither my relative nor his servant ever went back on their word, but always declared

it to be true. Moreover, as my relative was universally regarded as a man of very high integrity, I think what he stated as a fact must be accepted and allowed to pass unchallenged. Furthermore, he and his man were not the only people who had seen fairies in that particular road, for it had long borne the reputation of being fairy haunted.

To recall another incident of my childhood. Quite near to our house there lived an old man who was said to be pooka haunted. The pooka is a malicious type of fairy, often in the shape of a black colt. It is peculiar to Ireland, and is credited with playing all kinds of unpleasant tricks on benighted travellers, sometimes with fatal results. According to common report, "Pat," as the old man was generally called, was on his way home from the funeral of his sister one night, when he passed in a dark lane what he took to be a dog lying alongside the hedge. Feeling in a particularly venomous mood, for his sister, from whom he had had expectations, instead of leaving him any money, had left it all to a local charity, he gave the supposed dog a kick, whereupon it at once stood up, and he perceived, to his horror, that instead of it being what he had thought, it was a pooka. Terrified out of his wits, he took to his heels and ran, and, what with the darkness and confused state of his mind, he took the wrong turning and somehow got hopelessly lost.

He wandered on and on without knowing in the least where he was going, till he finally found himself on a wide-spreading and ghostly-looking moor. Afraid to stir, lest he might find himself landed in a bog, he stood still and was calling every saint he could think of to help him, when he suddenly perceived in the wavering moonlight, about fifty yards away from him, a little old woman in a shawl wending her way quickly, as if anxious to get home. He called to her several times, but receiving no reply and coming to the conclusion she probably lived close by, and was consequently well acquainted with the moor, he followed her, and she led him on and on, mile after mile, till his feet were raw with walking and he was well-nigh tired to death. Yet he could not stop, he was obliged to follow her. At length they came to some very rough stony ground, the moon suddenly disappeared, and before he had time to realize what was happening, he heard a loud mocking laugh and found himself falling down, down, down, till, with a crash, he alighted on mother earth. A complete blank ensued and, on recovering consciousness and opening his eyes, he perceived he was lying at the bottom of a deep pit with the moon in full view again directly overhead. Unable to stir

hand or foot, for he had broken a leg and was a mass of bruises, he was compelled to remain where he was till morning, when, fortunately for him, some passers-by, hearing his cries, came to his rescue and, fetching a rope, hauled him out.

On being asked how it had happened he replied, " Arrah, but it was the pooka that did it, right enough. If I hadn't kicked him, when he was lying in that lane, and followed him, when he was dressed up, for all the world like an old woman, it is not I that should be in such a plight now, all to pieces, and well nigh dead."

After that Pat was continually in trouble. When he recovered the use of his legs, he broke one of his arms, and when he got well from that, he was accused of stealing some of his neighbour's fowls; and he attributed it all to the pooka, and vowed and declared he would never kick or even say another unkind word to an animal—especially a dog on a moonlight night—as long as he lived.

Another strange old man who lived near us, and whose name was Dennis Smyth, was said to have had a pooka in his house, or rather cabin. He was related in some way, so I understood, to Anne Roche, the old woman who was one of the principals in a very remarkable case concerning fairies in 1828. Anne Roche had a grandson named Michael Leahy, who, from the fact that at the age of four he could neither stand nor walk nor speak, was commonly said to be " fairy struck." His parents often consulted Anne about him, and one day she told them that there was only one way of curing him, namely, " to put the fairy " out of him; and this, she said, could be done by dipping him daily in the river Flesk, at a spot where the fairies were in the habit of meeting. Michael's parents, being much impressed, begged Anne to undertake the case, and as she consented to do so, Michael was forthwith entrusted to her care. Well, for some days, all went smoothly enough. Michael struggled and made a great fuss when his grandmother undressed him and plunged him into the water, but nothing serious occurred. One morning, however, the grandmother kept Michael immersed too long, and when she lifted him out he was dead. She was terribly upset and, on being accused of murdering the boy, declared most emphatically that she had tried to take him out of the water sooner, but that she had not been able to do so, as the fairies would not let her.

Now although many of the neighbours believed her and testified to having constantly seen the fairies by the riverside, others declared that she had purposely got rid of the child, and

had invented the tale she had told about the fairies to cover up the crime, and it was in consequence of this persistent accusation that, in the end, she was arrested and tried. Feeling ran very high against Anne at the time, but, as it was pretty well proved that she had no intention whatever of drowning Michael, the case was dismissed, and she was acquitted. The spot where the tragedy occurred, however, was subsequently shunned, and for many years afterwards it went by the name of "a bad fairy's haunt."

Before concluding this article I will refer to only one other experience, a recent one in Sussex. A friend of mine with a character for scrupulous veracity narrated it to me. "I had been out on the Downs all day," he said, "and was returning to Pulborough in the evening, alone. I had noticed in passing a certain spot in the morning what we used to call in my childhood a 'fairy circle,' that is to say, a number of mushrooms in the form of a ring, and out of curiosity I resolved to pass by the same spot on my way home. The moon was well overhead when I began my homeward journey, and it must have been between ten and eleven when I came within sight of the magic ring. To my intense surprise and delight, on approaching nearer to it, I saw a number of tiny creatures moving in and out the circle. They were about a foot and a half in height, clad very fantastically in blue, and red, and green; but unlike the Irish fairies I had seen (my friend, like myself, is of ancient Celtic origin) they moved quickly and appeared to be very animated and lively. I stood watching them, quite spellbound, for some minutes, and then suddenly something seemed to scare them and they vanished. Naturally I revisited the spot several times, but I never saw the fairies there again. Nor have I ever met anyone who has had an experience similar to mine."

I would like to say here to those who assert the experience I have just quoted was all due to imagination that my friend assured me that, at the time it occurred, his brain had never been clearer nor his faculties more on the alert. I might add that, from his description, the little creatures he saw were without wings and bore little resemblance to the alleged photographs of fairies that have lately been produced in certain newspapers and magazines.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE HALL OF LEARNING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read Miss Mabel Collins' beautiful description of the Hall of Learning with great interest. But I must confess to being perplexed by what seems to me an arbitrary and confusing application of the terms astral and ethereal! She locates the Hall of Learning in the ethereal region "which lies beyond the astral." This seems to contradict the information obtained from *The Voice of the Silence*, translated by H. P. B. (I understand with the aid of her Guru) from the ancient *Book of the Golden Precepts*—the latter emanating from an exalted source. Will you permit me to quote from H. P. B.'s annotated edition: "Three halls, O weary pilgrim, lead to the end of toils. . . . The name of the first hall is Ignorance—Avidya. It is the hall in which thou saw'st the light, in which thou livest and shalt die." [Note.—The phenomenal world of senses and of terrestrial consciousness only.]

"The name of hall the second is the Hall of Learning." [Note.—The hall of probationary learning.] "In it thy Soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled." [Note.—The astral region, the psychic world of supersensuous perceptions and of deceptive sights—the world of mediums. It is the great "astral serpent" of Eliphas Lévi. . . . It is the world of the great illusion.]

"The name of the third hall is Wisdom, beyond which stretch the shoreless waters of Akshara, the indestructible fount of omniscience." [Note.—The region of the full spiritual consciousness, beyond which there is no longer danger for him who has reached it. . . .]

"If thou would'st cross the second safely, stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms to inhale. If freed thou wouldst be from Kármic chains, seek not for thy Guru in those máyávic regions. . . . Seek for him who is to give thee birth [i.e., spiritual or second birth] in the Hall of Wisdom, the hall which lies beyond, wherein all shadows are unknown, and where the light of truth shines with unfading glory."

The above extracts make further comment unnecessary. But I would like to point out that Miss Mabel Collins' description of the

beautiful garden and the recently arrived soldier tallies with the spiritualists' "Summerland," usually assigned to the 5th sub-plane of the astral world, i.e., the next sphere, which adjoins the physical or terrestrial.

Miss Collins' account of the birds and horses also bears out my contention that she has been discoursing about the astral. Surely one could not expect to find the individualized forms of these creatures at a higher level?

I think we should try to avoid placing an undue value upon the Hall of Learning. The sooner we get beyond the whole realm of *maya* (so poorly rendered by our word *illusion*) the better for our own evolution. (Though the seven planes are interpenetrating, yet each goes to his own place by Karmic affinity of vibration.)

Doubtless the masters and their more advanced pupils will always be ready to descend to that level in order to help on less evolved humanity. But let us remember that a higher goal is our real true heart's desire; we are linked to that through the *inner* ether.

Yours faithfully,

EUPHROSYNE.

N.B.—The "etheric double," also called vital body, is the envelope of subtle physical matter, which disintegrates soon after death. It has no connection with our peregrinations during deep sleep, having its own work to do at home.

DR. STEINER'S CLAIRVOYANT CLAIMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Since my purpose in writing the article on Dr. Steiner was entirely friendly, I must not allow myself to be drawn into a polemical discussion with your correspondent, Mr. Herbert A. Purchas. Yet I am sure you will permit me a brief reply. In order to make a correct record I observed Dr. Steiner objectively and examined myself subjectively with considerable care, and I am glad to learn from Mr. Purchas that, so far, I earned his approval. Regarding my reference to Dr. Steiner's adherents, I need only say that, though I am not acquainted with all of them, the many I do know, and for a period of years, leave on me the "impression" that they follow their leader as faithfully as one looks for the sun to rise in the morning. I am glad to learn that there are some independent exceptions.

I observe that Mr. Purchas does not deny that Dr. Steiner's clairvoyant observations are the corner-stone of his system; I should be much surprised if he did so. He objects to my calling them "unchecked." Here I can only reply that I never heard of them being checked nor of any one who had subjected them to check. Again, I am glad to learn that this is possible.

I conclude by saying that I did not assert the impossibility of grasping Dr. Steiner's system as a whole or in parts by logical thought.

I agree it can be so grasped in a general way; it is for this that the philosopher's books exist. But logical thought, however clear and continuous, does not give clairvoyant vision, for the content of which we are thrown back upon the authority of the clairvoyant himself. And this refers not to Dr. Steiner peculiarly, but to all who make such claims.

For myself, I have great respect for the intellect, of which, I think, we make too little use. And although I am conscious of its limitations I am always distressed when I hear it decried in favour of a faculty which is only at the service of a few. The crux of the whole matter lies in this question: Can the intellect not only *grasp* but *confirm* the revelations of the clairvoyant faculty? If it cannot, then the case is as I stated it.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE new issue of *PSYCHE* will be of interest and importance to many as a memorial of Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, F.R.S., who, an editorial note tells us, would have delivered the Presidential address this year to the Psychology Section of the British Association, but was prevented by death. It was given instead by his fellow-worker in the same field, Dr. C. S. Myers, also a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the subject chosen was the influence of his friend. The address is printed in *PSYCHE*, and is partly biographical in character. It is followed elsewhere by a lecture on the aims of ethnology, originally prepared by Dr. Rivers for the instruction of students of anthropology in Cambridge. We remember him on our own part more especially for his two volumes on the *History of the Melanesian People*, as they have seemed to us always a mine of treasures in respect of religious custom, myth and folk-lore. There are elements of the same kind in the lecture before us, but its chief concern is to indicate how and why the once general belief of evolutionists that "after an original dispersal . . . the different varieties of mankind had developed their cultures independently" was replaced by the now more prevalent view that they were the result of transmission. The latter accounts naturally for recurring similarities of belief and custom among primitive peoples everywhere, whereas the older school explained them by "uniformity of the constitution of the human mind." Dr. Elliott Smith, F.R.S., reminds us that Freud and his follower Jung are committed to the exploded theory in the cause of "typical symbols," which fantastic speculations have been brought to the ground by Rivers, at whatever cost to Sir James Frazer, the speculations of *The Golden Bough* and the gospel of Totem and Taboo.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of New York opens its latest issue with some acute reflections on the background of past history which lies behind the present position of Russia and Ireland. It is called a study in psychism, and is written to illustrate its "deadly character" in both countries, "violent and explosive" in the one and in the other a passionate dreaming. The workings of each are sketched, ruin of constructive activity in Russia, in Ireland the devastation and ravage of age-long faction feuds. The subject is not of our pages, but we note it to distinguish between the psychic modes which are not of "authentic humanity" and those that belong to the vision. There is no question that memorable gifts of this order have left their imperishable records in Russia, in Ireland, in Wales—possibly most of all—and so also in Scotland. They are the lore of the elder folk, which can open for some even at this day those thresholds which lead to the world of spirit. They were therefore the work of seers who assuredly had in their own age the freedom of that threshold, and sometimes also, it may be, of the world itself.

In the editorial to which we refer, it is a satisfaction otherwise to find a tribute to the Russian Church for its "heart of genuine devotion" and its "real mysticism" coming down from the Saints of old. So also in respect of Ireland, it is said that the *odium theologicum* did not flow in Irish veins of the early days and that when Christianity prevailed it does not seem to have pursued "the dwindling votaries" of the worship thus replaced. Among other papers in the issue we find one upon alchemy as "the key-note of a new cycle" and therefore spiritually understood in the main, though there are references to the chemical side. In respect of the latter it is said with a certain shrewdness that "the alchemy of the present has so far succeeded in demonstrating only the disintegration of the atom, not its integration." There is also an explanation of Nirvana, an effort which has been made often in recent years. In the first place, it is the goal held out, and more especially the goal of the disciple. Secondly, it is not "the empty nothingness that early misunderstanding attributed to it." Thirdly, it is the "attainment of a certain range or new order of consciousness." It is obvious that the essence of the state escapes in the last definition, but it deals with a mode of being which is not connoted by the image of a dewdrop that has slipped "into the shining sea." In conclusion as to this issue, we have read with much appreciation a sympathetic and discerning study of St. Ignatius Loyola and his epoch.

THE THEOSOPHIST of Adyar opens a new volume and also a series of articles on the Society's General Secretaries, beginning with W. Q. Judge, who occupied that position in respect of the American Section. It is, however, a mere sketch of two pages, and those who would learn at large of his activities in the early movement must have recourse to THEOSOPHY of Los Angeles, in which the history of that movement is continued from month to month. THE THEOSOPHIST has also a suggestive study of the Lord's Prayer, described as "a mystic's view." It is by an anonymous writer, who says that he (or she) is "a babe in Christ." There is a second part to follow, which may perhaps enable us to check some of the statements made here and there in the first, e.g., that the Sermon on the Mount "abounds in words and phrases taken from the Ancient Mysteries." . . . Miss Sharples, writing in THEOSOPHY of London under the heading "My Servant Job," gives a dark picture of the four years which have passed since the Armistice was signed. It seems to her that we have fallen to pieces, now that we are no longer bound together by the "common horror" of the war. There would be no need to mention what is after all a point of view if she did not see the nations emerging ultimately into light, and if in the meantime she could suggest no source of "comfort and illumination" amidst the present chaos. She finds it curiously enough in "mystery teachings" and their imagery of purgation by elements, understood mystically. The waters of desire are cleansed by the waters of life; the breath or air of the spirit renews

the world of mind ; the fire on a supernal altar transforms our part of motive, the inward will of purpose ; and in fine there is the earth of another Kingdom, which is that of the Zion that is above, and it transmutes our part of earth. Miss Sharples does not unfold the mystery teaching precisely in this manner, but such are its secrets ; and her meaning is that through such purifications of personality—and not otherwise—shall we in our own degrees and the nations at large in theirs come forth from darkness into light. She has also a word on love as that torch which " leads to the higher path " : it is more, however, than this, for it is also the path and end.

In *THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT*, the editor gives " leaves from a Psychic Diary," being messages from " the Borderland " received by automatic writing and coming from various alleged communicators. We hear in this manner of " surprises " in the spirit world ; of a poet and his meeting with " great poetic souls who have gone before him " ; of an American agnostic who still remains such, at least on certain points, for he finds many things " open to question " ; and finally of a Melbourne scenic painter, who testifies that there are theatres on the other side and that scenery is painted for them. In fact, according to his opinion, " it is a very real world here." Our friend the editor tells us that these messages are given to the world because of the teachings they contain. On our part we turn with better satisfaction to his own editorial notes, in which he expresses the opinion that Psychical Research is destined to influence some teachings of the Christian Church, and that the Anglican Branch is likely to take a leading part in the " forward movement " which will be inaugurated as a result.

PSYCHIC SCIENCE has a notable historical contribution on *The Mystery of the Fox Sisters*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. We are back to the beginning of the movement which became that of Modern Spiritualism, among the first pioneers, like Robert Dale Owen, the first " revelations " of Andrew Jackson Davis and the epoch-making knockings of Hydesville. We are reminded of names innumerable, once familiar in the subject, but long since forgotten, of strange facts in the old hauntings which have also passed out of mind, and of points belonging to the evidence that once impressed us ; but memory has grown dulled about them. In pages so clear it is good to go over this part and observe how it impresses one of our foremost investigators, whose voice of testimony is now " in all men's ears." It is needless to say that there is nothing new as to fact ; we know the good and the evil of and belonging to the three Fox sisters, their supposed confessions included. We have weighed and judged long since, and yet Sir Arthur's study has refreshed us in several ways, presumably because it is in such a different category from that of professional witnesses like Mrs. Hardinge Britten. There are other good articles in these " quarterly transactions." Mr. J. Stewart McKenzie has a monograph on the mediumship of Frau Gilbert, accompanied by an excellent

portrait, and Commander Kogelnik makes a careful report of *poltergeist* phenomena occurring in the presence of Fraulein Hannie, a Carinthian peasant, who is now in London. Altogether it is an exceedingly interesting issue, and of no little value from the standpoint of Psychical Research.

The French magazines are good reading as usual, it being understood that REVUE MÉTAPHYSIQUE occupies the first rank. Dr. Geley tells us that the failure of certain Sorbonne doctors, to obtain phenomena at séances with Professor Richet's medium Martha, has become the pretext for a systematic campaign against metapsychics and metapsychical research. Professor Richet deals trenchantly with the false confession of a coachman who, having been discharged for theft, pretended that he masqueraded at séances as a ghost, whence it follows in public opinion that all the researches, from those of Myers and Crookes to those of this present day, are at once voided and that the Professor himself is to be pilloried for daring to champion metapsychism in the face of such a revelation. It may be little less than scandalous, but the two illustrious investigators remain unmoved. In LA REVUE SPIRITE M. Léon Denis also reflects on the Sorbonne failure and decides that official investigations will continue to register *nil*, in respect of results, for just so long as there is brought to them a will to impose on psychical phenomena the rules and conditions which apply only to researches in matter. The JOURNAL DU MAGNÉTISME presents some further extracts from a forthcoming work on *Secret Science*, by M. Henri Durville. He maintains that from all time the truths of initiation have been presented by initiates under two distinct aspects, being (1) exoteric and general, draped in rites and ceremonies, symbols and images, the pageants of legend and so forth; (2) esoteric, otherwise the integral revelation of great arcana, placing the recipient in entirely new conditions of life. The distinction is familiar enough under the denomination of Lesser and Greater Mysteries, but the latter—in the world of antiquity—were as much a matter of rite, pageant and observance as the former, while there is no trace whatever of anything behind the Greater Mysteries except the astute sacerdotalism by which both were governed. It is to be hoped therefore that M. Durville will produce his proofs, drawn from records of the past. PSYCHIC MAGAZINE has also specimens to offer from *La Science Secrète*. We note with interest that they deal with a bond of union underlying all religions and with religion itself as a necessity for the spirit of man. SCIENZA ED ARTE is published at Trieste and seems to have an official connection with an Academy of that name. It has articles on metabolism, accompanied by an excellent bibliography, and on the origin of life. We have received an advance copy of SPIRITUAL TRUTH, which seems intended to promote a knowledge of Psychical Research and Spiritualism within Church circles. We are told that the enterprise will be assisted by writers representative of "many branches of Christian thought."

REVIEWS

RAYMOND REVISED. A new and abbreviated edition of "Raymond, or Life and Death," with an additional chapter. By Sir Oliver Lodge. With twelve illustrations. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, W.C. Price 6s. net.

SIR OLIVER LODGE will afford much pleasure and profit to very many readers by the issue of this revised and abbreviated edition of *Raymond, or Life and Death*, especially by his inclusion of a supplementary selection of more recent incidents and communications than those recorded in the several previous editions, as well as an additional chapter of "Explanations and Replies," in which he analyses, with patience and forbearance, "some of the objections raised by the more reasonable type of critic—namely the critic who is willing to devote some time and attention to a book in order to arrive at its real meaning."

With regard to "critics" of another type, one cannot help thinking of a favourite anecdote told by Sir Robert Ball, the late Astronomer Royal for Ireland, concerning a man who crossed to America for the special purpose of gazing on the celebrated Falls of Niagara, but who on reaching his destination exclaimed in a tone of injured disappointment: "Oh, is *that* all!" "I believe," added Sir Robert in telling the story, "nothing but the entire Atlantic Ocean pouring in a single cataract from the planet Mars would have satisfied this person's idea of what Niagara *ought* to be like!"

Sir Oliver expresses a hope that:

"In time, when the possibility is recognized and taken under the wing of religion, people will not need individual and specific messages to assure them of the well-being of their loved ones. They will, I hope, be able to feel assured that what has been proved true of a few must be true of all, under the same general circumstances. Moreover, it is to be hoped that they will be able to receive help and comfort and a sense of communion through their own powers, in peaceful times, without strain or special effort and without vicarious mediation."

These wise sentiments will probably be more or less endorsed by all who have found their way through the maze of inquiry, experiment, and personal investigation of the subject broadly, or popularly, known as "Spiritualism"—a term capable of such wide and varied interpretation—and who have derived from it consolation in grief, sometimes in despair, by adding in many cases knowledge to faith.

EDITH K. HARPER.

OUR WIDENING OUTLOOK. By G. G. André. London: John M. Watkins, 31 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C. Price 2s. 6d.

THESE "Short Studies in Arresting Subjects," as their sub-title puts it, arrest the critics for two reasons—their genuine originality and the beautiful lucidity of their style.

Mr. André's themes are all well-chosen, and of both lasting and topical importance. As a sheer literary climax, however, I refer students and

readers of the OCCULT REVIEW to his outstanding Essay on "Christianity according to St. James." Among other good and valuable things, Mr. André remarks therein :

"The most voluminous of these writers of Epistles, the Apostle to the Gentile world, St. Paul—he who may be said to have founded the Christian Church as we know it—had not had the advantages of personal intercourse with the Master. The pupil of Gamaliel was learned in the Jewish law. As a philosopher he belonged to the Alexandrian School ; as a citizen of Tarsus, which in his day, was one of the chief centres of the wide-spread Mithraic religion, he manifested a predilection for the Mystery form of divine revelation. He speaks the language of an Initiate.

"It is not surprising, then, that under such a leader, the Gentile Church grew up in the form of a Mystery cult, esoteric doctrines being cast in exoteric moulds. The language of symbolism, which to the instructed conveyed sublime truths, became, for the multitude through a literal interpretation—inevitable for the unenlightened—a cause of misunderstanding and of erroneous belief. A point to note here is that it is this mystical Pauline form of Christianity which is out of harmony with modern thought, and which is said to have failed."

Mr. André ably defends James from what our brilliant Educationist, Sir John A. Cockburn, K.C.M.G., M.D., so aptly termed "The Malignity of History" in a recent essay of that name. I refer all unbiassed thinkers to Mr. André's slender yet weighty volume.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

HINDU GODS AND HEROES. By Lionel D. Barnett, M.A., Litt.D.
London : John Murray. Pp. 120. Price 3s. 6d. net.

A NEW addition to the admirable "Wisdom of the East" Series is always sure to attract attention, and though Dr. Barnett's *Studies in the History of the Religion of India*—originally delivered as lectures under the Forlong Bequest—are perhaps more likely to appeal to the student than to the general reader, it must be said that he has succeeded in compressing an immense amount of information into a very limited space. He traces the stories of all the chief Hindu gods and heroes—Indra, Rāma, Vishnu, Krishna, and many others—through their frequent metamorphoses from remotest ages down to the present day, and announces his irrevocable conclusion that "in the beginning the gods were mortal." "The gurus and their congregation," he declares, "have made the history of their deities, recasting the gods ever anew in the mould of man's hopes and strivings and ideals." Whether this dictum be fully accepted or no, we must admit to a feeling of deep respect and admiration for the erudition shown in the pages of this little book. It represents, obviously, the thought and labour of years, and is a treasure-house of facts and references supremely valuable to all desiring to study the subject with which it deals.

E. M. M.

LES VIVANTS ET LES MORTS. By Henri Regnault. Paris : Henri Durville. Pp. 441. Price 10 francs.

SPIRITUALISM in France has a redoubtable champion in the person of M. Henri Regnault. His vigorous and forcible style, his extensive knowledge, and his firmly established beliefs, render this one of the most "live"

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books on Spiritualism that have appeared for a very long time. One feels almost sorry for the lecturer who, after speaking in defence of orthodox Catholicism, was faced by M. Regnault with the remark: "And now we should like to know how God was capable of creating hell." The orator, we are told, "made digressions," and when pressed for a definite reply, "contented himself with smiling." Not a very effective method.

M. Regnault seems to have taken up the special rôle of defender of Spiritualism in face of the attacks of Orthodoxy, and it is one that he is well fitted to fill. This book is a reply to a course of sermons delivered by the Rev. Father Mainage in Paris in 1920, and is to be followed by two more volumes dealing with further lectures and writings by the same cleric in 1921. A résumé of the reverend father's arguments is given at the beginning of each chapter, and M. Regnault then proceeds to demolish them point by point, and almost phrase by phrase, with the assistance of numerous extracts and quotations from celebrated writers and believers in Spiritualism, both French and English. Some remarkable photographs are also included in the book, and the impression left on the mind of an unbiassed reader is that Père Mainage suffers a crushing and ignominious defeat!

One thing that seems to emerge quite clearly is that Spiritualism—or Spiritism, to use the much more suitable French term—in France differs considerably from what is known by that name in England, and is in a far more flourishing and vigorous condition. Apparently it covers a wider field, embracing many things that are scarcely at all connected with it in this country. The theory of reincarnation, for instance, appears to be one of the most firmly held tenets of French spiritists, and M. Regnault's forthcoming book, which is to be devoted entirely to this subject, will be looked forward to with interest. In it he will deal not only with the proofs for reincarnation, but with its moral, philosophical and social consequences, and if—as we may expect—it is animated by the same vitality and sincerity that breathe from every page of the present volume, it should be very well worth reading. E. M. M.

CHRISTIANITY AS MYSTICAL FACT. By Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D. Pp. 238. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 7s. 6d.

THIS book, first published in England in 1914 and now reprinted, expounds a form of Christian mysticism considerably in advance of anything that is likely to secure general acceptance; but it is a remarkable and arresting work which should be read by all who seek the deeper truths concealed in religious concepts and ceremonies, and especially by those for whose spiritual needs the ordinary teaching of the modern Church, whittled down and vitiated by repeated surrenders to wholly irrelevant "scientific" criticism, offers no adequate satisfaction.

Dr. Steiner's theme, developed with an admirable smoothness and lucidity, is prefaced by a definition of the exact significance which should attach to the term "mysticism" and by an insistence upon the necessity for using in the domain of spiritual matters a method of knowledge other than that which is appropriate in the realms of natural science.

Especially interesting, and in marked contrast with the arid commonplaces of most modern scholarship on the subject, is Dr. Steiner's treatment of the ancient myths and mysteries, which he regards as expressing the

inner experience of every individual initiate. Whether he is right in his suggestion (p. 240) that the teaching of the Mysteries was embodied in the myths for the purpose of communicating that teaching in a manner comprehensible by the uninitiated, may be seriously doubted. He is on much broader and safer ground in his earlier contention (pp. 94-96) that "the people" themselves created the myths without realizing how rich in spiritual truth and how appropriate in imagery these seemingly simple stories were, and that when the initiate sought the truth in a myth "he was conscious of adding something which did not exist in the consciousness of the people." The principle involved in this contention is valid not only in the case of the myths; it is valid throughout the entire domain of art, to which all authentic mythology belongs; and it can be illustrated by countless examples to be found among the great imaginative creations of man from Homer to Shakespeare.

The crux of Dr. Steiner's argument in respect of Christianity is in his chapters on the Gospels and the Apocalypse. He treats the Gospels as an account of the life of Jesus of Nazareth written in the terms peculiar to the ancient Mysteries, and the Apocalypse as an account of the relation of the Christian Church to the churches of antiquity. There will perhaps be few who can accept his case in its entirety; but no one competent to judge the issue with which it deals will deny that it has at least the root of the matter in it.

COLIN STILL.

THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF IRELAND. By Captain H. B. C. Pollard.
London: Philip Allan & Co. Pp. xii + 324. Price 12s. 6d. net.

THERE is little or nothing of the technically "occult" about this historical work. If, however, the truth expressed or exaggerated in the occult saying, "there are no secrets," were better realized it may be that Captain Pollard's book would be less suggestive than it is of the feebly infernal in strife with the law of might.

From 1641 or earlier to the present decade, from the organization of the Defenders to that of the Clan-na-Gael, from Roger Moore to Eamon De Valera, the activities of Irish Separatism provide melancholy reading. Captain Pollard is a type of the non-rhetorical prosecuting historian. The effect of his coolly presented evidence is dismally prejudicial to the glory of clandestine Irish attacks on English rule in Ireland. After reading him it is not very difficult to believe the shocking statements made by Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Menzies in their pamphlet, "Truth About Ireland." He makes one realize vividly the danger of oaths the fulfilment of which demands the suppression of sacredly gentle feelings to which warriors not cursed by horrible promises habitually yield. His book should be in the hands of every one who thinks that heroes were the only architects of the Irish Free State.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF INSECTS. By E. L. Bouvier. Translated by
L. O. Howard, M.D., Ph.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.
Pp. xviii + 377. Price 8s. 6d. net.

To the student debilitated by too many newspapers this will seem a less readable book than it really is. While all minute things which hunger and multiply remind us of the distinction between life and bulk, insects often make us wonder if each species is but the bewildering demonstration

of the will of one being to function through seemingly living automata. Here is a volume which teaches us that insect intelligence is at least not lightly to be derogated as instinct or automatism. In support of this remark I need only mention Father Dzierzon's observation that the queen bee not only herself decides the sex of the offspring of her eggs, but drops the eggs in the particular cells designed for unborn males or females, according to the sex of the creatures to come out of them. I commend M. Bouvier's book to the attention of those who have read the fascinating works of the late J. H. Fabre. But it is not written for those who are too lazy to look at a dictionary.

W. H. CHESSON.

"THE LITTLE BOY WHO SET OUT TO WALK TO HEAVEN." By The Rainbow Maker (Katharine Parr). To be obtained only from Mrs. Parr, "Venton House," Widecombe-in-the-Moor, near Ashburton, Devonshire. Price 3s. 6d. post free.

THE Rainbow Maker having ceased to weave her rainbow necklaces is no less busy spinning rainbow stories. This one is dedicated by her to "The Memory of the brightest and happiest days of my life, spent amongst God's poor, the sick, the sorrowful, the needy, the dying, the sinner, the saint, in prison, in workhouse, in slum, in trying to bring a ray of sunshine into darkest London." It is a story of one of the least of these, whose terrible hardships and sorrows one knows are even now being re-enacted in thousands of cases in our great cities, but without, alas, the happy ending that came to this little wanderer's sufferings. It would not be fair to deprive readers of the interest of following the story for themselves, but I must just say that the Heaven Tommy reached at last was a very delightful earthly Paradise. What adds yet more to its interest is the fact that it is told by the author out of her own wide experience as a Lady Guardian, and Home Office Visitor to the Prisons.

Neddy, a costermonger's donkey, and Tinker his terrier, another terrier named Toby, and a "demure, elderly tabby cat, named Mother Puss," are all delightfully portrayed by the loving hand of the author, who knows, indeed, how faithful and devoted such fourfooted brethren can be.

The charming illustrations have been specially contributed by Mrs. Katharine Parsons, and like the Rainbow Maker's previous volume, "Stories of Animals I have Loved," the profits on the sale of this book will go to her tiny "Holiday Home of Rest" for Poor Gentlewomen who have to earn their living in large cities. "Moreover," adds the author in her Foreword, "I find a little timely help at our beautiful Christmas season is almost as necessary as a summer holiday. It adds warmth and sunshine to many grey lives."

And Christmas comes but once a Year!

EDITH K. HARPER.

JOANNES BAPTISTA VAN HELMONT, ALCHEMIST, PHYSICIAN AND PHILOSOPHER By H. S. Redgrove and I. M. L. Redgrove. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 2s. net.

This is the third volume written by Mr. Redgrove for "The Occultists and Mystics Series." It is distinguished by the same thoroughness and skill in the presentation of its subject that are to be found in the previous

volumes on Roger Bacon and Joseph Glanvill. The story of Van Helmont's life and the analysis of his works constitute a most remarkable chapter in the Romance of Science. This great chemist and physician was a man of genius, whose achievements are comparable with those of the greatest names in any branch of science. His whole life was devoted to research and experiment, his energy was indefatigable and enabled him to make discoveries in chemistry and medicine which revolutionized the knowledge of his day in those branches of study.

Born at Brussels in 1577, the youngest child of wealthy parents, young Joannes Baptista was, in his own words, "brought up to studies," and completed his course in Philosophy when only in his seventeenth year. But his bold and restless intellect soon rose in arms against the "empty stubbles and poor patcheries" offered him by the traditional scholasticism. As he says, he sought truth and knowledge, not their mere appearances; and, as a practical protest against the academical theories of his time, he refused to accept the title of Master of Arts, and withdrew himself from the schools.

His heart's desire was to be a physician. He had the true passion of the born healer—to cure diseases by investigating their real causes, and to employ every possible device to alleviate suffering and prolong life. In his lifelong conflict with the stubborn and narrow orthodoxy of his colleagues he made, as was inevitable, many powerful and implacable enemies, who did not rest till they had denounced him to the ecclesiastical courts, as a heretic and a dealer in magical arts.

Van Helmont was no heretic. Indeed, this bold and fearless thinker and experimenter remained, to his life's end, an entirely devout Catholic, and a deeply religious Christian. But he certainly did not share in the contemporary dread of Magic, to which he alludes repeatedly as a God-given art, the faculty for exercising it being inherent in the soul of man, though obscured by the Fall, and in need of being "stirred up" again.

His fervent belief that all knowledge comes from God made him fearless in the pursuit of the darker paths of knowledge. The chapter dealing with his Alchemical Achievements is of especial interest. Mr. Redgrove gives a detailed record of a successful attempt at transmutation made by Van Helmont following on the receipt from a mysterious adept of a "gold-making powder."

The excellent little frontispiece-portrait adds to the value of this thoughtful and conscientious study of a great and noble man.

G. M. H.

Q.B.L., OR THE BRIDE'S RECEPTION. A Treatise on the Nature and Use of the Tree of Life. By Frater Achad. Chicago: Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum, P.O. Box 141. Price \$10.00.

ONE is immediately struck by the more than ordinary lucidity and sense of construction displayed in this work. In the Tree of Life and its Correspondences, we are told, we shall find "a convenient means of classification, a sort of filing cabinet, together with much valuable material ready to file, and room for all that we may collect in our further researches. In this filing cabinet we shall find a means of getting rid of a great many ideas which have been valueless on account of their unbalanced nature, and this not by means of suppression—which forms complexes—but by

careful arrangement, thus setting our minds in order; and by balancing these ideas against their opposites, leaving the mind in a state which transcends both aspects, thus gradually regaining our lost equilibrium, which is the basis of the work. . . . The intention of this essay is to supply a basis whereby all serious students of the occult and mystic lore may learn to obtain equilibrium on all planes."

We are furthermore told that "to appreciate this essay . . . one should have a pack of Tarot cards. Miss Colman Smith's pack, published by Rider & Son, of London, being the easiest procurable, the matter is discussed as though this were in the possession of the reader."

There is no escaping the depth and wisdom of the quabalistically concealed meanings, and of these Frater Achad gives many illuminating examples. It is, however, in the appendix to Chapters 3 and 4 that the most interesting discovery is made. We are asked how it was that the serpent who founded the paths by ascending the Tree could possibly have started at the top, and we are shown what would happen if we started on our upward journey by the Eleventh Path leading from Malkuth to Yesod and attributed to the Tarot Trump O—the Fool—i.e., following of course, exactly the reverse order of the Paths as they were numbered in the old way, but keeping exactly to the order of the Letters from Aleph to Tau.

As to elaborate further would take up too much space, we can only advise those who are able to do so to study Frater Achad's essay. Their industry will be well repaid.

E. F. W.

ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC FOR 1923. London: Simpkin Marshall. Price 1s. net.

THIS Almanac contains the usual interesting material dealing with the astrological indications for the forthcoming year. This seems likely to be more peaceful than of late. "The British Empire," says the Editor, "will have a more prosperous and successful period than for the last eight years, Ireland and India excepted, too probably." The early part of the new year threatens discord in the Houses of Parliament, as indicated by the conjunction of Mars and Uranus on the cusp of the Eleventh House. At Constantinople the indications are not propitious, as Uranus is culminating and Mars nearly so. "This," says Zadkiel, "is ominous of danger to the ruler of Turkey. If an outbreak of violence comes to pass, warships as well as an army will probably be required to quell the disturbance." Serious trouble in any case may be anticipated at Constantinople. The primary directions in the horoscope of the Prince of Wales are given, among others, and readers may note with interest the arrival of the Moon at the trine of Venus in the zodiac in the early part of the new year—an indication frequently associated with engagement or marriage.

Among the horoscopes given is that of the veteran astronomer, Camille Flammarion, which will be of special interest to all students of this science. There are articles dealing with the Day of the Sun, the Moon and Lilith, the Velocity of Light, Astro-meteorology, and other interesting subjects. The price of the almanac is once more reduced to one shilling, and as it contains an ephemeris of the planets' places for the whole year, it is a very good money's worth.

R. S.

MARTIN LUTHER, APOSTLE OF THE REFORMATION. By R. B. Ince.
 Author of *Joan of Arc*, etc. London: William Rider & Son,
 Ltd., 8-11 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 2s. net.

THIS is Mr. R. B. Ince's third contribution to Messrs. Rider's "Mystics and Occultists Series," and in its ninety-six pages, the author has contrived to present a forcible, vigorous, and life-like picture of that great religious reformer, which should help to educate the average individual, to whom Martin Luther stands out chiefly as a rather sour person who nailed something on a church door, and who threw an ink-pot at the devil! Beginning with the baptism of the infant Luther, on St. Martin's Day, 1483. Mr. Ince traces the rough and often cruel experiences of the boy's early childhood in its German peasant surroundings, his school-days, and the accomplishment of his resolve to become an Augustinian monk; the shattering of his ideals by a visit to Rome, after which a study of the mystical writings of Tauler, "came like a refreshing shower after drought," and helped to stabilize his storm-tossed spirit. "For in Luther," as Mr. Ince points out, "two beings were struggling for expression; the one, a mystic seeking at all costs to attain communion with God; and the other, a practical reformer, longing to sweep away the shams and hypocrisies of a shamelessly hypocritical world, and to set in their place the realities of which they were the hideous travesties."

A brief review does not afford space in which to discuss the rise of the practice of Indulgences, in an age when, as Father Thurston has pointed out, "the clergy as well as the laity were rude and illiterate," and when it seemed that "a rough tariff of sins and penances supplied the best means of coping with the ignorance and terrible moral excesses which everywhere prevailed." Mr. Ince touches on the equally terrible abuses of this system, "which had become the enemy of human reason and human

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progress," and relates concisely the struggle between Luther and the Powers of Church and State of his day—a struggle in which, as all the world knows, the humble monk came out victorious.

Luther, and his famous contemporary Erasmus, are briefly but vividly contrasted and compared. The concluding chapters deal delightfully with Luther: The man, in his home life, with his wife (whom he called "The Morning Star of Wittenberg"), his children, and many devoted friends, in the Black Cloister, the old convent assigned to Luther by the Elector, John Frederic.

Like St. Francis, Luther had a passionate love for music and birds, and his letter, "Complaint of the Birds," is an exquisite bit of humour, revealing the loving and gentle heart of a child beneath the stern exterior of the fighting zealot.

EDITH K. HARPER.

LETTERS ON OCCULT MEDITATION. Received and edited by Alice A. Bailey. Demy 8vo, pp. 357. New York City: Lucifer Publishing Co., 135 Broadway.

THIS volume is dedicated to a "Thibetan Teacher" from whom they purport to have emanated. We gather that the communications have not been received automatically or psychically, but that they are definite epistles, received for the most part between May 16, 1920, and October, 1920. In the compilation of the work the letters have naturally been grouped according to the subject, rather than the date, and embody a wide and systematic presentation of occult lore, covering all the gradations from the first steps of the neophyte on the Probationary Path to the work of the Disciple on the Path proper.

It must not be assumed that esoteric teaching is cast abroad so that he who runs may read. Again and again the writer avers that his object is not so much to impart information as to develop the intuition of the reader. The student is frequently admonished to ponder in silence the hints given, when light will come.

The meditation which forms the subject of the work is, as the title explicitly states, occult as distinguished from mystical meditation. The types are clearly differentiated. The volume is essentially one for the serious inquirer into the subject, and scattered through its pages will be found much valuable teaching on the use of mantra, and the part played by sound and colour, in contacting the deva kingdom. Many interest-

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ing hints are also given as to the nature and function of the Hierarchy, and the methods of approaching the Masters.

It is long since we have come across a work of such considerable interest to students of occultism, especially along Theosophical lines, and we trust it will meet with a cordial reception at their hands. H. J. S.

IN HARMONY WITH LIFE. By Harriet Doan Prentiss. London and Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. Pp. 211. Price 8s. 6d. net.

We have here, in a binding whose neatness and good taste compel a word of admiration, yet another addition to the flood of "New Thought" literature which pours from the American press. No doubt this is a book that will find many grateful readers, for its pages teem with words of encouragement and good cheer; and though the author occasionally drops into weak verse, and is capable of enunciating so self-evident a platitude as—

"Until our souls are brought in tune,
From discord we are not immune"—

Yet at other times her writing displays a higher quality.

She is apt, however, to make dogmatic and controversial statements, such as—"We should have literally nothing whatever to do with calamity or sickness"; "Every eye may behold the marvellous display of Nature's pageants, and share in life's eternal blessings"; and "A well-poised temperament never has to wrestle with disease"—but, while the two last inevitably give birth to a dozen contradictions in the reader's mind, not even the most carping critic will feel inclined to accuse Mrs. Prentiss herself of the lack of sympathetic human feeling which the first seems to suggest. Her book radiates goodwill and the desire to help others, be they the

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victims of calamity, sickness, or merely of "disharmony with life," and though there is nothing new to be found in it, nothing that has not already been said—and much more forcibly—by Prentice Mulford, the father of all this class of literature, in his numerous essays on similar subjects, still, its insistent optimism will ensure it a welcome in the hearts of all those to whom such teachings make a direct appeal. E. M. M.

THE MESSAGE. By T. H. E. A. London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, W.C.2. Price 4s.

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