

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE is an atmosphere of romance in the life of Laurence Oliphant of a kind that is hardly met with in that of any other mystic or occultist. Indeed, his life story suggests to the reader in a very singular manner the thought that he might have found himself more in his element among King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table than in the comparatively humdrum conditions of the civilized world in the nineteenth century. In this parallel I do not except the upshot of the whole series of adventures described to us in the romances of Malory, that is to say, the elusive quest of the Holy Grail, which seems to the eye of the ordinary man to have as little relation to its dragon-and-giant

THE ROMANCE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S LIFE. killing antecedents as did the first phase of Laurence Oliphant's career to its strange consummation in the search for the mystical secret which was to save the nations of the earth from the catastrophe which he dimly foresaw in the not-far-distant future, and which has since overtaken us.

Seldom has a life opened with more brilliant prospects of

worldly success than it did in Oliphant's case. He was the pet of society, and to all appearance the favoured child of fortune. His genial, versatile and lovable disposition made hosts of friends, and friends in the highest and most advantageous quarters, wherever this modern knight-errant turned his foot-steps, and there were few parts of the world to which even in his early life he did not turn them.

His father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, who was at one time Attorney-General at the Cape, and later Chief Justice in Ceylon, came of a good old Scottish family, no member of which, however, had distinguished himself in any very remarkable manner. There was a Baron of this name who accompanied David I of Scotland to the siege of Winchester in the year 1142, and there was a later Lord Oliphant who is referred to in a seventeenth-century manuscript as a Baron who "is not of great renown but

THE
OLIPHANT
FAMILY. yet who hath great landes and profitable." One of the branches of this family, the Oliphants of Condie, earned local distinction as country gentlemen, lawyers, or soldiers, as the case might be. A

second son of this house was the Anthony Oliphant to whom I have already alluded, who found his fortune in the Colonies, and whose son Laurence is the subject of the present brief sketch. While living at the Cape as Attorney-General, he married Maria, the daughter of Colonel Campbell, of the 72nd Highlanders, whose wife was a member of the still well-known Cape Dutch family of Cloete. Here in the year 1829 their only child Laurence was born. Both Laurence's parents were deeply religious people, of the evangelical type then common, and it is clear that from the very first their affections were centred in their only child, who seems to have met with the fate of many only children in being a good deal spoiled by his indulgent if pious parents.

Laurence as a small boy was sent to a school at Durnford Manor, near Salisbury, conducted by a certain Mr. Parr, and apparently at this time his mother was alternately in England and Scotland while her husband was discharging his duties at the Cape. In these early days the boy did not shine in his epistolary style, of which some specimens were retained for many years by parental fondness. Nor was he at all strong in his mathematics. "I am," he writes on one occasion, "such

EARLY
EDUCATION. a horrid sumer (summer). It is that that gets me down in my class so much. I was perfectly beaten last week, for they brought me down from top to bottom." He must have been a vivacious and attractive child

in spite of the criticism which was passed by a lady on one occasion on his personal appearance, which he happened to overhear. Talking of his mother, the lady in question remarked to a friend on what a pretty woman she was, adding rather indiscreetly, "What a pity the child should be so plain." "Ah!" retorted the boy, who was well within earshot, "but I have very expressive eyes!"

In 1841, when Laurence was twelve years old, his father was appointed Chief Justice in Ceylon. This appointment had a very important influence on the boy's career, as it was arranged for Lady Oliphant to join her husband, and she soon found that she could not be happy in her new surroundings if parted by such a long distance from her beloved "Lowry." It was accord-

LAURENCE
JOINS HIS
PARENTS IN
CEYLON.

ingly arranged that he should leave school and be placed in charge of a tutor, who should travel out with him to join his parents at Colombo. The choice of the tutor was made by Major Oliphant, "Uncle James" as his nephew called him, and fell on a certain Mr. Gepp, a young man fresh from Oxford, who afterwards entered the Church. The journey to Ceylon occupied over three months, eight days of which were taken in travelling from Boulogne to Marseilles. There were no P. & O. boats in those days, and a variety of accidents served to lengthen the voyage, one of which was taken advantage of by Laurence and his tutor to pay a visit to Mocha, where the young travellers met with great civility from the Shereef.

The life that Laurence led, subject to very little of the ordinary educational discipline, had no doubt a marked effect on his later career. An amusing story is told of how, when Lady Oliphant entered the schoolroom (at Colombo), disapproving of the tutor's scheme of work, and some friction and a rather heated argument arose in consequence, Laurence got up from his books, and taking his mother's arm with those fine manners which he had so early developed, observed, "Mamma, this is not the right place for you," and marched her out of the room. An incident such as this shows very plainly the truth in Laurence's case of the old proverb that "The boy is father to the man." Naturally

LIFE AT
COLOMBO.

in the gay capital of Ceylon the boy got to know everybody and entered into everything, taking his share in entertaining all the great officials and travellers who passed through Colombo on their way to India, or on their return journey home to England. It was not, however, the intention to keep him permanently in Ceylon, and he

was, in fact, sent home to England, and was being prepared there for the university when his father returned on a two years' leave of absence. The son thereupon, in characteristic fashion, urged the superior advantages, from an educational standpoint, of European travel, and it was finally decided that he should abandon his proposed Cambridge career and travel on the Continent with his parents. This led to a winter spent in Paris, followed thereafter by travels in Germany, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, and subsequently in Italy.

At this time the Continent was seething with excitement, signs being everywhere apparent of the coming convulsion which shook so many European countries in 1848. Laurence and his parents witnessed the Italian outbreak against Austria, and the boy, who never lost an opportunity of being in the fun, joined in on one occasion with a mob which pulled down the royal arms from the Austrian legation and took them away in triumph to burn them. Eventually he returned with his parents to Ceylon, where, from being the judge's secretary, he was shortly advanced to the position of a barrister, and we find him pleading in the Supreme Court when he was barely of age. He had already been engaged, he informs us, in twenty-three murder cases before he had reached as many years of life. Among his pastimes

AN
EXPEDITION
TO NEPAL
AND HIS
FIRST BOOK.

were big-game shooting in the jungles of Ceylon, and once he accompanied an Indian Rajah on an expedition to the still little known country of Nepal. The result of this expedition was the first of many books of adventure told with that graphic power of description which served him in good stead throughout his life, and especially in connection with his journalistic career as war correspondent to *The Times* in France and elsewhere. As usual he thoroughly enjoyed himself in Nepal, in company with the Rajah and his brother, and their numerous retinue, where he joined in their game shooting, elephant catching and other sports and amusements. " 'Oliphant Sahib' being considered unpronounceable," he tells his mother, " I am ' Lowry Sahib,' in return for which I term the young Colonel [the Rajah's brother], ' Fee-fi-fo-fum Sahib,' this being the closest approach I can make to his name."

Whatever scrapes he got into, Oliphant always fell on his feet, mainly perhaps because he had a positive genius for making himself popular. " I never saw such a fellow as you, Oliphant," observed a friend to him on one occasion, " you are a favourite everywhere immediately." The wonder, perhaps, is that he was

not more spoilt by the marked attentions with which he met. Finally it was judged expedient to send Laurence home to England with a view to his starting on the more serious work of life. His mother accompanied him, Sir Anthony's retirement being anticipated in the near future. It was first PROPOSED LEGAL PROFESSION. proposed that he should be called to the bar in London, but afterwards, in the summer of 1852, he decided for the Scottish bar in preference, and moved his headquarters to Edinburgh. Here, too, he went everywhere and saw every one. Already at this early age his circle of acquaintances was very extensive. "I find myself," he writes, "dining out every night, the last place being with old Colonel Philpott and family. Curiously enough I met at the station, all in the same carriage, Algernon Egerton, Campbell of Monzie, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and Hawkins, an Indian judge, all of whom I had known, and none of whom hardly knew one another." Campbell of Monzie had been canvassing for an election and took his Free Kirk principles very seriously.

He grew vehement [says Laurence] in his advocacy of Protestant doctrines, and by his explanations of the "truth as it is in Jesus," sought to impress upon us the principles as they were in Monzie. He told us a story of having canvassed a man who seemed averse to giving him his vote, and was rather grumpy in his refusal to do so, whereupon Campbell said, "But if you do not vote for me, who will you vote for?" Whereupon the man replied that he would sooner vote for the devil. On which Campbell retorted, "Well, if your friend should not come forward, perhaps you will be prepared to give your vote to me."

The story is an old one, but its origin is not always remembered. Not much came eventually of Laurence's legal pursuits. It may be assumed that he was too much of a rolling stone. In any case he took advantage of his first vacation, not as the average young man in his position would have done, to betake himself to a Scottish moor, but to go to some outlandish region untrodden by the footsteps of the civilized European, in order, as he says, that he might have something further to write about. "The only part of Europe fulfilling the required condition seemed to me," says Laurence, "Russian Lapland, for I AN EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA. heard from an Archangel merchant that the Kem and other rivers in that region swarm with guileless salmon, who have never been offered a fly, and that it would be easy to cross to Spitzbergen to get a shot at some white bears." He and a friend of the name of Oswald Smith started off with this project in view. It turned out, however,

that they were too late to go North with any chance of sport. The plan was therefore altered, and Oliphant proposed to disembark on the right bank of the Volga, near Astrachan, and ride over the Don Cossack Steppe to Taganrog, on the Sea of Azoff. Something of this kind was, in fact, actually accomplished, and the expedition, after a visit to Moscow, ended in the Crimea, where Sebastopol in those days was an almost unknown fortress and shrouded in some mystery, it being rumoured that Russia was establishing an arsenal there, from which it was anticipated she would descend upon Turkey and overawe Europe. The knowledge that Oliphant acquired of these parts served him subsequently in good stead when the war with Russia broke out, as he was about the only Englishman who was in a position to give any useful information as regards the locality.

Oliphant in a letter home remarks on "the hindrance which the policy of the Russian Government offers to anything like advancement or civilization where it is most needed." "I do not think," he adds, "we have anything to fear from Russia. Its gigantic proportions render it so unwieldy and the people are so barbarous that we shall always have the same advantage which our enlightenment gives us over the Eastern nations." Shortly after his return to England the Crimean War broke out. Laurence was anxious, as usual, to be in the thick of the fray, but the opportunity did not offer at first. In the JOURNALISTIC ACTIVITIES. meantime he occupied himself by writing contributions to *The Times*, the *Daily News*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. The *Daily News* had then recently been started, and bade fair in those days to compete with *The Times*, its only serious rival. Oliphant was offered two guineas a column, but was not satisfied with this, so the editor consented to double his remuneration on the spot.

While considering the acceptance of an offer of Mr. Delane to go out as *Times* correspondent to the front, he received a proposal from Lord Elgin that he should accompany him to Washington as his secretary, on a special mission connected with a treaty between the United States and Canada. This led to his first visit to America, and to experiences on Laurence's part calculated to be of the greatest service to him, should it be decided, as seemed likely then, that he should take up a diplomatic career. A narrative of this visit to America is given by him in his *Episodes in a Life of Adventure*. Lord Elgin himself was a most accomplished diplomatist, and his example was not thrown away on his young secretary. It was

charged afterwards on Oliphant's chief that the treaty was floated through on champagne. In commenting on this accusation, Laurence observes that "without altogether admitting this, there can be no doubt that in the hands of a skilful diplomatist liquor is not without its value." In any case, a repetition of such an occurrence in the future seems hardly within the realm of practical politics. Lord Elgin had understood that if he could overcome the opposition of the Democrats, who had a majority in the Senate, he would find no obstacles thrown in his way by the American Government. Oliphant did not at first quite realize the position. "At last," he tells us, "after several days of uninterrupted festivity I began to perceive what we were driving at. To make quite sure, I said one day to my chief, 'I find all my most intimate friends are Democratic senators.' 'So do I,' replied Lord Elgin dryly."

All this time Lady Oliphant was writing letters of admonition to her son, fearful of the effect which this mixing with the gaiety of the world might have on his religious principles and character. Laurence, in replying to her, describes in detail the entertainments of a single day. "The pretty girls who bullied one to dance and who were disgusted if you did not flirt with them; the champagne all day long, and the bowl on the table, in which you might have drowned a baby, of a most delicious and insinuating concoction; ices, strawberries, and bright eyes till six, when we had to rush off and dress for a grand dinner at a State Governor's." "Now," he observes to his mother, "I have no doubt you are perfectly horrified and picture to yourself your inebriated son going home to bed in a condition you never thought possible." This, however, he points out, was not the case. "I did not touch anything else but champagne, and stopped exactly at the right moment." He writes in a very serious vein to his mother, and it is quite clear that through all these scenes of festivity the secretary kept a very level head.

It was Laurence's first introduction to the grave political questions which were then agitating America, and which were destined eventually to culminate in the Civil War. The secretary hears both sides, and judges for himself. "I generally," he says, "got between two senators at dinner, one of whom pours abolitionism into my ear, and the other the divine origin of slavery." Here, too, he just missed being brought in touch with a lady who was a spirit medium. The master of the house where he was

dining was a senator, who was at the same time a Methodist preacher and a teetotaller. His wife, who unfortunately was not there, was a spirit medium. This is the first reference of Oliphant to anything connected with spiritualism, and is by no means complimentary. "She is," he says, "in constant communication with the nether, though she calls it the upper, world." The daughter wore bloomers, and was married to a rampant atheist, so the combination must have been a singular one. Evidently Laurence thought so, as he wondered how they could get on together. "For," he observed, "the preacher must look upon his son-in-law as a viper, and the son-in-law must look upon his mother as an impostor, and they must all look upon his wife as a fool, while she takes very good care to show the world that she wears the breeches."

After this, Laurence was appointed Superintendent-General of Indian affairs in Canada, under Lord Elgin, and finally returned with him to England, declining the offer of the renewal of this appointment with his successor. In the meantime he was, as usual, thoroughly enjoying his Canadian experiences. In Parliament, as he explained, he took his seat on a chair exclusively his own, next the Speaker, and where "members come and tell me the news, while I am on chaffing terms with the Opposition, and on confidential terms with the Ministerialists. If I see pretty girls in the galleries, who are friends of mine, I go up there and criticize members and draw caricatures of them, which I throw down into members' laps, neatly folded, who pass them on to the original, by which time I have regained my seat, and the demure secretary remains profoundly political and unsuspected." Oliphant tells us, and we are not surprised to learn it, "I find nothing so difficult as keeping my dignity." And he is afraid that some of the Cabinet Ministers and other dignitaries are "scandalized by a larking young cove like me occupying so responsible a position."

When Oliphant returned to England the Crimean War was still raging. Needless to say he immediately set his heart on taking the first available opportunity of getting to the front. With this in view he urged on Lord Clarendon the importance of sending assistance to the Turkish army in Asia Minor, and creating a diversion in this direction, hoping to be entrusted with the charge of negotiations to effect this object. He always maintained that if timely assistance had been offered here the fall of Kars might have been averted. Eventually Lord Clarendon sent him out with a letter of introduction to Lord Stratford de

CANADIAN
EXPERI-
ENCES.

Redcliffe, who, he doubtless thought, would find some job for this ambitious young diplomatist. Nothing of great importance came of this enterprise, though Laurence duly went out and ultimately found himself in the thick of the war in Asia Minor. As usual, he utilized his opportunities by acting as correspondent to *The Times*, and did not return to England till the war was over. Shortly afterwards he was once again in America, acting as cicerone to the editor of *The Times* on his arrival in New York and investigating social conditions in the Southern States. Not long after, in April, 1857, he again found himself occupying the post of private secretary to Lord Elgin on a commercial mission on which his former chief was sent to China. While on his way to the East the Indian Mutiny broke out, for some time interfering with the objects of the mission, as the troops necessary to enforce the projected treaty with China were required for service against the Indian insurgents. Finally this deficiency was made good. Other troops were sent, and after the fall of Canton, where little practical resistance was offered, a treaty was negotiated which had the desired effect of arranging for the admission of foreign traders to the Celestial Empire.

A step in Oliphant's career which might have led to much, but, in fact, proved somewhat abortive, was his first genuine diplomatic appointment as First Secretary of the Legation at Japan, and temporary Chargé d'Affaires at Yeddo (now Tokyo). The hostility to the foreigner in Japan was at that time much in evidence. Everyone, Oliphant observed, down to the lowest interpreter, who had anything to do with the introduction of foreigners, had disappeared or been disgraced. The position, which was becoming rapidly intolerable, culminated in a murderous attack on Mr. Alcock, the chief of the Embassy—who had now returned—and on Oliphant himself, the two narrowly escaping with their lives, Laurence being seriously wounded, and eventually invalided home. Although he made a good recovery from this attack, he never fully regained the use of his left hand. A subsequent offer to him to resume his post as chargé d'affaires at the Japanese capital which would probably have led to his embarking permanently on a diplomatic career, was rejected by him out of consideration for his mother, who, his father having recently died, dreaded the idea of her son exposing himself to further risks in this dangerous diplomatic post. About this time, while on some mission on the Continent—probably on

TRAVELS IN
TURKEY,
AMERICA,
AND CHINA.

ATTEMPTED
ASSASSINA-
TION IN
JAPAN.

behalf of *The Times* newspaper—Laurence was fortunate enough to fall in at Vienna with the then Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, who was on his way to Palestine, and who invited him to accompany him as far as Corfu. It is interesting to record the opinion formed of his distinguished companion. He writes :—

As I had already been to all the places on the Adriatic coast at which we touched, and was able to do cicerone, I spent a most pleasant ten days, at the same time doing a little quiet political observation. I was delighted with the Prince, and thought he was rarely done justice to
 HIS OPINION in public estimation : he is not studious nor highly intellectual, but he is up to the average in this respect, and
 OF KING beyond it in so far as quickness of observation and general
 EDWARD. intelligence go. Travelling is, therefore, the best sort of education he could have, and I think his development will be far higher than people anticipate. Then his temper and disposition are charming. His defects are rather the inevitable consequences of his position, which never allows him any responsibility, or forces him into action.

During all this period of Oliphant's early life, there is a constant interchange of correspondence between himself and his mother, his mother always anxious for her son's spiritual welfare, and the son in a curiously candid fashion discussing his attitude towards various religious problems and analysing the motives of his own conduct. Oliphant, it seems to me, with all his gaiety and love of adventure, tended naturally to be
 TOO FOND rather too fond of introspection and self-analysis,
 OF INTRO- and his mother's letters and inquiries after his
 SPECTION. religious state fostered this tendency to a somewhat dangerous extent. On one occasion about this time Laurence writes to his mother in the following strain, very illuminative of his mental outlook :—

I find it impossible to divest my conversation and conduct of that frivolity which marks the worldly mind, and which gives the lie to any sudden outburst of morality I may think it necessary to assume. Nobody could conceive how deeply I feel the reality and truth of religion from my conduct, considering the force of my convictions and the occasional earnestness of my prayers. In days when I
 HIS UNDERLYING was almost insensible to religion of any sort, or had any RELIGIOUS principle except my love for you, I was infinitely less
 TEMPERA- capable of evil than I am now ; but now that I begin to
 MENT. delight in the love of God after the inward man, the law of my members seems moved into activity. As this said law always gets the best of it, you will perceive that I must be harassed in proportion as the struggle is great. However, I could go on theorizing for hours ; and now that I come to read it over, I daresay it is all humbug from beginning to end, and that is another reason why I don't like writing this sort of stuff.

Again and again Laurence Oliphant starts analysing his own motives and tendencies, and ends up by criticizing his own self-analysis, and wondering in a quizzical way whether he is not after all merely playing a game with his own emotional self for his mother's delectation. What his mother must have thought of it all, one cannot help wondering; but in any case her son's half mocking tone did not lead to her desisting from her persistent inquiries as to his spiritual welfare.

After Oliphant's rejection of the offer of the post of chargé d'affaires at the Japanese embassy, he made up his mind to abandon his hopes of a diplomatic career, and to take up political life in England, as in this latter case he felt that it would

ELECTED FOR PARLIAMENT. be possible for him to keep in touch permanently with his widowed mother. With this in view he became candidate for the Stirling Burghs, for which he was in due course elected, and his countless friends both at home and abroad were at one in predicting for him a brilliant political future. The incident that led to the blasting of all these bright hopes was a chance meeting by Laurence Oliphant with the American seer and mystic who happened at that time to be lecturing in London—Thomas Lake Harris. What had troubled Laurence Oliphant in his contemplation of that world of fashion and diplomacy, of which he had seen as much as, if not more than, any single one of his contemporaries, was the insincerity of the life lived by people who were avowedly professing the Christian religion. The contrast between the life actually lived and the kind of Christianity taught in the Gospels jarred upon and shocked his deepest feelings. In spite of the outward gaiety of his manner of living, he had inherited from both father and mother a naturally deeply religious temperament, and the consequence was that he seemed to himself to be living two lives, the outer and the inner, the one being in flat contradiction to the other. Not that he was in any way what the world would call a loose liver, but that the Christ life that was professed by his associates seemed so far removed from that high ideal of self-abnegation portrayed in the Gospel story that the mere profession of Christianity struck him as undiluted mockery. He blamed himself all the more

HE DABBLES IN SPIRITUALISM. because, owing to his naturally pleasure-loving disposition, he himself entered whole-heartedly into this life of the world which at bottom he despised. He had for some time past dabbled in spiritualism, and had seen enough to become aware that pheno-

mena which only excited the incredulity of the vast majority of his friends had beneath them a substratum, at the very least, of scientific truth. He alludes to this discovery in the preface to *Sympneumata*, in the following passage, which gives some clue to the motive involved in his decision to abandon the life of the world in the pursuit of what he held to be an all-important truth.

The capricious conditions [he writes] under which these forces in nature appear to develop, and the character and methods of their operation, were indeed calculated to encourage imposture and charlatanism, and to repel scientific examination. And it was not until I became personally conscious of their influence in myself that the duty and obligation seemed to be irresistibly laid upon me to endeavour to discover by experiment the laws by which they were governed, in the hope that it might be found possible to apply them for the benefit of my fellow creatures.

It was not until the year 1867 that he took this decisive step and left the political and social world in which he felt himself so much at home on a voyage to America, which was for a considerable portion of his life to link his fate with that of the strange American seer, of whose influence on him so much evil has been spoken, and of whom he himself in the end was the foremost and most unsparing critic. If, however, he found Harris wanting in the long run in those high qualities of a Christian for which in the first instance he had given him such full credit, he never at any time went back on his recognition of the vital importance of the doctrine which he inculcated or of the influence this had had in changing his own entire outlook upon life.

This change was not as some seem to imagine made by Oliphant on the spur of the moment. It was, as he says himself, not until after years of most unsatisfactory effort that he was forced to the conclusion that he must either abandon this quest for truth or devote himself to it exclusively, and that therefore he must choose between what he considered this higher life and the turmoil of a political and social career. For psychic phenomena in themselves it is plain throughout that he cared but little. He states, however, that even at this early stage he believed that he was prosecuting an investigation which he "felt to be pregnant with possible discoveries that might prove of incalculable value to humanity." What surprised his friends at the time, and what still surprises the student of his life, is not so much that Oliphant abandoned a worldly career which held out to him such brilliant prospects for the sake of leading the higher life, and in search of a secret which he believed must be of such inestimable benefit to humanity, as that he seemed to have almost surrendered his own volition

THE
DECISIVE
STEP,

at the bidding of an obscure American preacher whose intellectual outlook was essentially narrow as compared with his own and whose experience and judgment were necessarily limited by the life he had led and his own narrow mental horizon.

AND ITS
CAUSES.

Perhaps no fully satisfactory explanation of this can ever be forthcoming until the influence which one dominant personality exercises upon another by its hypnotic or magnetic force—call it what you will—is more thoroughly understood than it is at the present stage of the world's intellectual development. Some partial explanation, however, is offered by Oliphant's principal biographer and distant relative, Mrs. Margaret Oliphant, to whom it is but fitting that I should here acknowledge my great indebtedness in connexion with this brief study.*

It was not until he was about to take this most decisive step in his life that Laurence Oliphant talked to his cousin of the matters that meant so much more to him than the current political questions of the day. On this occasion, or shortly after, Laurence

A VOLUME
OF SERMONS.

presented his relative with a little volume of sermons and addresses delivered by Thomas Lake Harris, with the idea of offering some sort of explanation of the subject of their previous conversation. Her observations on the matter are all the more noteworthy as she clearly never saw eye to eye with Laurence, much less sympathized in his decision to abandon his career for what must have appeared to her little better than the pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp. Of these addresses she says :

A little florid in phraseology, as was perhaps necessary for the class to which they were addressed, they seem full of lofty enthusiasm and the warmest Christian feeling. . . . Not even the most careless could, I think, but be impressed by the fervent nobility of faith, the high spiritual indignation against wrong-doing and against all that detracts from the divine spirit of Christianity with which the dingy pages badly printed upon bad paper still burn and glow. The effect, no doubt, must have been greatly heightened when they were spoken by a man possessing so much sympathetic power as Mr. Harris evidently had, to an audience already prepared for the communication of this sacred fire. The very points that had most occupied the mind of Laurence Oliphant, the hollowness and unreality of what was then called religion, the difference between the divine creed and precepts and the everyday existence of those who were their professed believers, were the object of Harris's crusade. He taught no novelty, but only the greatest novelty of all, that men should put what they believed into practice, giving an absolute, nay merciless, obedience at the cost of any or every sacrifice to the principles of a perfect life."

* *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his wife.* By Margaret O. W. Oliphant. In 2 vols. William Blackwood & Sons, 1891.

His biographer is, of course, referring to this particular book of addresses. It could hardly be argued that the idea of interior respiration which figured so largely in Harris's mystical philosophy was otherwise than a novelty to his contemporaries, even though the conception did not originate with Harris.

"INTERIOR RESPIRATION." As regards this matter of interior respiration, if, indeed, we are prepared to accept it as a fact in nature, it must be admitted that its definition is no easy matter, as it stands to reason that it is not susceptible of being understood except by those who have actually experienced it. Such explanation as is possible is offered in the handy little volume on *Thomas Lake Harris and his Occult Teaching*, which has just been written for my publishers by Mr. W. P. Swainson.* "It means," he says, "the breathing of the atmosphere of heaven not only into the spiritual but also into the natural lungs. It is the gift of the Holy Spirit to those who are sufficiently regenerated to receive it, and was originally possessed by the entire humanity of this planet." "Internal or arch-natural respiration leads," he continues, "to counterpart marriage. This is not merely the dwelling of two persons opposite in sex with each other, but their indwelling with each other, eternal mate with eternal mate, man in his true or unfallen state being twain-one or dual in nature."

We may suppose, then, that interior respiration implies a process by which breathing was transferred, at least in part, from the normal to the etheric plane, either actually or supposedly. We are informed that all the colonists at Brockton, U.S.A. (the Harris Settlement), practised this interior breathing to their great spiritual and physical benefit, but we may presumably take this statement with a grain of salt. However this may be, one thing is clear: Thomas Lake Harris evidently obtained his ideas with regard to interior respiration from the Swedish seer, Emmanuel Swedenborg. In Swedenborg's spiritual diary we find the following remarkable and suggestive passage:

Afterwards, when heaven was opened to me and I was enabled to converse with spirits, I sometimes scarcely breathed by inspiration at all, for the space of a little hour, and merely drew in enough air to keep up the process of thinking. I was thus introduced by the Lord into interior respirations. I have again and again observed that when I was passing into a state of sleep my respiration was almost taken away, so that I would awake and catch my breath."

Swedenborg adds afterwards in explanation his opinion that

* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 2s. net.

the object of this experience was "that every kind of sphere, particularly the more interior, might find in my own a fit respiration which should come into play without any reflection on my part, and that a medium of intercourse might be effected with spirits and angels."

Some idea of the results of the indwelling of two persons of opposite sex with each other may be gathered from the account Laurence Oliphant gives of the production of his work already alluded to, *Sympneumata*. He had felt himself, he said, in a state of restless excitement, full of the idea of writing something but quite unable to do so, and when he took his pen in hand in order

HOW "SYM- to express his ideas, was unable to offer any reason
PNEUMATA " for this mingled desire and incapacity. At this
WAS point his wife observed to him that there was
WRITTEN. something to which she particularly desired to give
expression, if he would write it down for her.

Thereupon they began to write the book together, she dictating, but he so entirely in accord with her thoughts that he would frequently finish the sentence which she had begun. Laurence came to the conclusion that the book was in reality hers, and suggested accordingly that she should continue it alone. When, however, she attempted to do so, she found herself inhibited by the same incapacity for self-expression which he had himself experienced. Thereupon he again resumed the writing while she dictated, and in this way the book was eventually written, without any further difficulty arising in its production. The phenomenon is the more remarkable in view of the fact that Laurence Oliphant was above all things a ready writer.

With regard to the counterpartal marriage, this involves an even greater difficulty of comprehension. It was contended by Harris, who, by the way, had children of his own about whose origin there was no pretence of mystery, that from such so-called pure marriage unions families would spring which would become the germs of a regenerated society. Following this a state of

COUNTER- affairs would come about with which readers of
PARTAL Prentice Mulford will be quite familiar. Whether
MARRIAGE Prentice Mulford got the idea from Harris, or Harris
AND from Prentice Mulford, or whether they both derived
PHYSICAL it from a common source, I am not aware, but
REGENERA- certainly one of Mulford's favourite theories was
TION. that of "regeneration or being born again," and
of "immortality in the flesh," the conception being

doubtless the gradual etherealizing of the human form in the

course of its higher evolution. The idea is obviously the same in both cases whencesoever it may have been derived, though Mulford tells us nothing of the assumed origin of this state in counterpartal marriage as narrated by Thomas Lake Harris. For Harris the idea has scriptural authority, "our body of humiliation" being, as St. Paul tells us, transmuted into "the likeness of Christ's body of glory." He adds that eventually "our departure from the world will not be by disintegrating process of physical disease, but by the evolutionary process of physical transubstantiation and ascension." "Arch-nature," he maintains, will thus impinge upon and finally absorb ordinary nature, bringing about a world crisis. Thenceforward

THE
FAILURE
OF OUR
PRESENT
CIVILIZA-
TION.

all men will breathe internally, as they are alleged to have done in the Golden Age. These ideas were evidently absorbed in the main by Laurence Oliphant, nor did his breach with Harris lead him, as far as we can gather, to abandon them. As regards the failure of our present civilization, and the cause of that failure, the ideas of Thomas Lake Harris, as expressed in the forceful lines following, will find as ready an echo in many breasts to-day as they did in that of Laurence Oliphant, half a century ago:—

Reformers fail, because they change the letter
And not the spirit of the world's design.
Tyrant and slave create the scourge and fetter ;
As is the worshipper will be the shrine.
The ideal fails, though perfect were the plan ;
World harmony springs from the perfect man.

Oliphant's description of the most important factor in Thomas Lake Harris' teaching as viewed from his own standpoint, should perhaps be quoted, as indicating the channel through which the American seer first obtained his influence over the English diplomatist and man of fashion. "It is not so much," he says, in epitomising his teaching, "that we may 'penetrate the mists of this world and see into the sacred mystery beyond,' though this is most undoubtedly the case, as that organic changes are taking place whereby men are being brought into closer relations with the unseen world and are becoming more open to the influences which directly proceed from it, and that thus we are enabled to bring ourselves into closer *rapport* with him who was once a man and established a human relationship with us for this express purpose, or, alternatively, with those evil ones who

ORGANIC
CHANGES
IN COSMIC
CONDITIONS.

now as of old can take possession of and destroy, physically and morally, those who do not resist them. This change of organic conditions is evidenced by manifestations of a character novel to our present experiences, but which existed in past ages of the world."

There is something in this passage of an almost prophetic character in view of recent developments in connection with the "thinning of the veil" and the manner in which communications for good or for evil with "the other side" have been multiplied in all directions during this generation.

The present study of Laurence Oliphant's life, and his relations with Thomas Lake Harris, has already extended to undue limits, but I have felt that it would suffer if I were to curtail it to the length usually allocated to these Notes of the Month. Though, therefore, it is contrary to my usual custom, I have decided to defer its completion till the next issue of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I am publishing in this issue an article by Mr. Foster Damon on the Evidence for Literal Transmutation, and also a letter which is in the nature of a reply to some of the opinions expressed recently on the matter in my Notes of the Month. I may have something further to say on this abstruse subject in a future number. In the meantime I would merely remark that I am somewhat distrustful of explanations that claim to open all locks with one key; and Mr. Damon's theory of ectoplasm in elucidation of all alchemical problems rather suggests to my mind the use that has been made of telepathy to solve all psychic riddles. It is, of course, quite true that the language of the alchemists was generally speaking symbolic, but it is surely doing violence to the obvious meaning of the passage to take such a very plain statement as that made by van Helmont in this sense. I would submit that we have here the clearest testimony to the reality of metallic transmutation by one whose credit is above suspicion.

THE
ALCHEMICAL
PROBLEM.

TO SATURN, THE DARK ANGEL

BY EVA MARTIN

LAY thy dread hand upon my brow,
Thy son and servant am I now,
Kneeling in ashes at thy feet,
Proud to approach thy judgment-seat.

Long have I chafed against thy bond,
Long have I sought to see beyond
The prisoning barriers thou hast raised,
Long have complained, and never praised.

Now will I glorify thy name,
And feel my servitude no shame.
Mine eyes are opened, and I see
At last what thou wouldst do with me.

Heavy the yoke and harsh the grip
Of thine unsought companionship,
Yet who submits as son, not slave,
Draws life from thee, though in the grave.

Justice and temperance thy gifts ;
Unyielding fortitude that lifts
All burdens lightly, because thine
Is heavier than men divine.

Patience and purity and power
Thy children win from thee for dower ;
Thou givest strength to stand alone
To those who serve before thy throne ;

Thou givest thought, serene and deep,
Wisdom and peace and dreamless sleep,
Freedom from passion, fear or pain,
To all who 'neath thy foot have lain.

Thus will I greet thee with a song,
Clear-eyed at last, though blind so long.
Lay thy dread hand upon my brow,
I am thy child and servant now.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A PSYCHIC NATURE

By A. C.

WHEN I was a child, I had two cravings. One was to go to Italy, the other was to live alone in an old monastery. Many curious experiences were lived through, and many things happened, before the dreams of my childhood were realized. I went to Italy many times, and in a remarkable way, a room in a monastery fell to my lot.

At one time I did not even know of the place where the monastery stands. I happened to be going round looking for a specially nice spot in which to spend a summer, and came by chance upon a small village with a beautiful old monastery partly in ruins.

I was tremendously drawn to it, and spent all the day in its beautiful cloisters. The atmosphere enthralled me, as nothing else had ever done at home or abroad.

I felt in a strange way that I was part of it, and in my very element. The peace and beauty of it all seemed to enter my very soul. I felt in a dream, and very reluctantly at the end of the day I tore myself away from the glorious spot, and left the village, fully determined to return for the summer.

Eventually, I got rooms there and lived in the place for several years. Then, owing to a relative departing this life, I was moved hundreds of miles away from my beloved spot. But one day, to my great joy, I received a letter asking me if I would like to come back to the village and live right in the old monastery itself. I was delighted at the idea . . . therefore the second dream of my childhood came true.

I live quite alone in the old monastery, and am fully conscious of the beautiful atmosphere within its walls, just as I was on the first day I came to look at it, nearly seven years ago. It always seems to belong to one of my past lives, everything is so familiar, and for a long, long time I was wakened at 2 a.m. every morning by a heavy door opening, and a clanging sound of keys and chains, and loud knocking, and on several occasions a voice calling, "Claudius, Claudius, Claudius!" There was no door where I heard it open, but on inquiry I found there had been a passage and door just where I heard it. I also got the rules of the Order, and found they rose at 2 a.m.

Then two friends, both of them very psychic, were spending an evening with me not long ago. They are both clairvoyant and clair-audient, and heard and saw a great deal. One heard wonderful chanting in Latin, and beautiful music, and saw the procession of

monks. She went to the piano and reproduced the music and sang the Latin, as she heard it. It was very beautiful and went on for some time, we who were listening were sitting by the fire, we had no other light, and the piano was in the far corner of the room. The corner was one of the original cells with a cell window, and I felt impelled to place my piano there when I first came.

Presently the girl left off playing and said: "Listen! Some one is going to tell us something." Then she repeated what she was told. It was one of the monks speaking. . . . He said: "When I was in this monastery this was my cell. My name was Ambrose. I loved to hear the brethren sing, and I loved the peaceful life here. The one who lives here now is most fortunate to be in this place—He was here when I was . . . He entered the monastery at the age of twenty and was an acolyte, his name being 'Claudius.'"

Of course I felt more fully convinced than ever that I had been in the monastery in a former existence. During my life I have had many curious experiences of a psychic nature, and I have often wished to write them down, thinking that they might interest others, and in the quiet restful peace of this abbey I feel that I can at last do so. I have always been extremely interested in psychic things, because unusual happenings have come to me all my life quite unsought.

I was once staying in a house in the country, a large modern house with a very large garden, a river ran through it, and there were woods, orchards, fields, rose gardens, tennis lawns, croquet lawns, kitchen gardens, flower gardens, rock gardens, waterfalls, and bridges over streams, and everything possible that could be put into a large garden.

There were several other guests staying in the house and one of them lost a large carbuncle out of a brooch that had been given to her by her father. She had been walking in the garden, and had no idea where it could have dropped. She valued it greatly because the father she adored had passed on from this life. Every one in the house seemed to think it was a hopeless task to try and find it in such a large garden, so the day went on and it was not found.

We were having tea in a verandah outside the drawing-room windows when I suddenly heard some one say to me quite plainly: "If you walk across the lawn from where you are sitting and go straight to the gravel path between the trees, you will find the carbuncle trodden into the gravel of the path."

Needless to say I went as fast as I could, the guests wondering what had possessed me! They had no need to wonder long, for I went straight to the carbuncle and found it trodden right into the gravel path. It was a very happy moment when I was able to restore it to its owner, and she wept for joy.

In the same garden the lady of the house lost a very large amethyst pendant, and just in the same way I was shown plainly where it was

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and "told" to go and find it in some very long grass down by the river, and I went to that also and found it at once.

Another time I was living with a friend in a furnished flat in Chelsea, and I went to spend a day in the country with my parents and missed the train back, and had to motor to another station which made me very late. I had taken a silver chain bag with me, and as it was so late at night my mother begged me to take off the jewellery I was wearing and put it inside the bag with my purse; she said it would be safer, and I did it to please her. I arrived at the flat in Chelsea at midnight, and found my friend in the throes of a terrible attack of neuritis. I tried to get relief for her by some remedies I had at hand, but it took over an hour, and when she got eased of the pain she said: "I thought you took your silver chain bag with you?"

I said, "Oh, what have I done with it? I must have left it in the train, and it has my jewellery as well as my purse inside. Oh, well, I suppose it's gone!"

After a few minutes some one said to me: "If you go out and look in the middle of the road where the trams and 'buses stop, after they have turned round the corner, you will see it."

I thought it was the most impossible thing, as the road was brilliantly lighted and trams and 'buses were turning the corner continually and people getting in and out; it was a very crowded stopping-place, and busy on till 2 a.m. However, this voice was most persistent, so I went, and there was my chain bag lying in the middle of the street, shining and glittering, I could scarcely believe my own eyes; no one else seemed to see it and I got it safely back.

Another experience which is quite personal, but amusing and interesting, happened to me last year in this monastery.

It became necessary for me to have all my bottom teeth out, at least I was told to during the great craze for removing people's teeth. However, I went through the ordeal and consequently had a new lower set of teeth. As I have already stated, I live quite alone in this old monastery, in a room high up. I was getting ready for bed one night at about 11.30. I had had my bath and was giving my mouth its usual cleansing, and my bottom teeth, which I carefully placed on the side of the wash-basin fitted up in my bathroom. There is a small opening for an overflow in the top of the basin, and my teeth slipped down this and vanished from sight!

I knew the drain was a large one, right down the building and out into the grounds underneath. I turned on all the taps I possess to give it a good flush of water in the hope of finding the teeth lying in the grid over the drain outside. Then I went as quickly as I could down sixty steps and through long dark passages, unlocked the great doors of one of the entrances and through gates and into the grounds to the drain where the water came pouring out, but no teeth appeared in the grating! I wondered vaguely what anyone would think of

the apparition in the grounds at midnight ; I hadn't bothered to dress. I had a suit of mauve pyjamas and a red flannel coat belonging to a wounded soldier which had once been given to me for fun, and a pair of blue felt bedroom slippers !

I knelt at the drain for some time, but no teeth appeared. I gave it up, and went back and turned off all the taps, and sat myself down in my bedroom to think. I wondered what I could do, miles away from any town, and oh ! how I dreaded meeting my friends. I was also worried by the thought of the awful expense that a new set of teeth would necessitate !

I wondered what would happen if I concentrated on getting them back ! having at the same time a feeling that I might as well try to get the moon ! Anyway, I thought I would try. . . . I knew that doubting would do no good, and I remembered the extraordinary ways in which I had recaptured things previously. So I began . . . and after a few moments I was clearly told by some kind unseen friend in a clear voice : " If you go and get that long piece of wire used for the electric lamps, which is lying in the fire-place—it is quite pliable—push it down the drain of the basin and then try and bend it up, you will find the teeth ! "

Well, it sounded to me the most hopeless and impossible thing imaginable. However, I did as I was told. I went and found the piece of wire and bent it at the end and pushed it down the drain as far as I could, but it touched nothing, and I sat down in despair. The same voice said : " Try again ; put the wire down and try and push it against the other hole in the drain. "

I went and tried again, bending the wire more at the end. I pushed it down the drain and turned it round about and then it seemed to touch a hole. I tried hard to push it into the hole. I got a longer piece of wire and tried again so that I could push the end into the hole, which I did, and to my intense joy, up came my teeth through the overflow at the side of the basin ! I literally danced a jig round my bedroom out of sheer joy and gladness. It certainly was one of the most wonderful experiences I had ever known. The voice that guided me was so plain.

I was visiting a friend who had a bungalow near a beautiful little village in Sussex. The views were glorious, long stretches of undulating country as far as the eye could see, all brown and green and gold with a bright blue sky most of the time. The sunsets were like living gold and the hills became purple. The early mornings were wonderfully beautiful and I loved to walk to the old tenth-century church to the early mass, which was said by an old priest over eighty years of age. The peace of it all was beyond description. The walk in the fresh morning air and sunshine ; the long stretches of bright green country, and the unspeakable peace of the little church with an atmosphere all its own, created by the thousands of masses said within

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its walls and the peace-giving personality of the old priest as he went through the service, placing his hand tenderly upon each communicant's head in blessing, as they received their communion. It was all at a time when I needed help more than I had ever done in my life, for I was going through a terribly difficult experience, so difficult that I had a perpetual fight to live at all. The temptation and desire to take my life was intense, when I was guided to this place of rest and peace. It was on one of the beautiful mornings that I have already described that I was walking along to the early mass, and feeling too full of doubt, sadness and despair to even have the capacity to enjoy its glory, when a thought suddenly flashed across my mind—that some sign should be given to me before I reached the little old church if the great sorrow that was eating into my very soul should be removed, and I chose for the sign something quite unusual. It was this.

That I should find a magpie's feather, a black and white one, lying on my path before I reached the church door.

I went on, hoping and hoping, and the little church stood high up above the road surrounded by a churchyard, with old worn tomb stones, and old trees. I had reached the gate, and still no sign had been given.

I walked up the path to the door, and there, to my great delight, was a black and white magpie's feather close to the door in the path, and by the side of a tombstone on which was engraved: "Put thy whole trust in God."

The whole world seemed suddenly turned into heaven, and I realized in the little church during that service the peace that passeth all understanding, and the great love that passeth all knowledge.

Something of the same nature happened to me once in Egypt. I was staying right out in the desert, and at that time I was much worried about a friend of mine. I was longing for a letter which I hoped would contain the news I wanted. I looked out at the glorious stars and the deep blue sky, and the desert looking like snow. I felt impelled to go out, thinking something was going to help me, so I walked on and on. Then I sat down and thought over the thing that was worrying me. I looked up at Orion, dazzlingly beautiful, and formed a wish aloud; that if a letter was on its way to me bearing the information I wanted so much, a shooting star should go straight across Orion. I had scarcely formed the wish before a beautiful star swept right across the sky and straight through Orion. It was so wonderful that I could scarcely believe my eyes. I went back full of hope and joy to the hotel where I was staying, and found the letter waiting for me with exactly the news I wanted so much to hear.

At one time I went in for portrait painting, spending several years of my life in art schools and studios, and at one particular art school, where I went every day, I often received a letter from a friend

asking me to do some shopping for her, as she was in the country and I was in London.

She had told me that she would want some things sent out the following week-end and would write me a note to the studio telling me what to get. Saturday came, and I had received no letter. I went to the office belonging to the studio several times during the morning, but no letter had arrived. At 1 p.m. on Saturday the studio closed and the office also, and every one went away. I waited until 1 o'clock and no letter came, so I gave it up and went off to a restaurant to have lunch, a long way away. When I had got about half-way through my lunch I heard these words quite clearly: "If you go back to the office at the studio you will find it shut, but if you put your hand in the letter box, and then try and get your hand upwards towards the top of the box, you will find your letter wedged up there." I did not wait to finish my lunch, needless to say I got back as quickly as I could to find the letter just as I had been told, wedged in the top of the box!

In that same studio, special artists came to criticize our work and to teach us on different days. The most important day was Thursday, when a rather great artist came to give lessons. He was a huge creature, and judging from all impressions we had of him as he criticized one's work, he was a very material individual. He generally came in the morning, and one Thursday morning I was working away at the portrait I was doing when he came in to give the usual lesson. My mind was far away, concentrated on some friends of mine who had what they called a "Circle of Healing" every Thursday morning at 11 o'clock, and up to the time I had joined this studio I had been in the habit of going to this meeting. We were about fifty in number and sat round a large room and burned incense, and sent out thoughts of healing to all the sick people we knew, suffering bodily or mentally. I was trying to do my work—but in reality I was far away there—when suddenly all the air around me became impregnated with incense! and I felt quite certain that my friends were thinking of me at that moment and sending out loving helpful thoughts. I began to wonder whether anyone else in the studio could smell the incense! I had not wondered long when the artist came up to my easel to criticize my work, but as soon as he got near me he said:

"Good Lord! What a smell of incense. Who's burning incense? Who's got incense?"

He looked around at all the students; no one replied. They did not seem to be conscious of it, although it was very strong indeed.

Then he turned to me and said, "You *are* burning incense!"

I said, "No, I am not."

But I'm afraid he did not believe me! I did not try to explain the reason, because he would not have understood.

There was another artist who came to criticize twice a week at that studio; an extraordinary coincidence happened with him, too.

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I was living with a friend in a flat in Chelsea at the time, and feeling very tired one Sunday night I said to my friend: "I shall have a bath and go to bed"; it was 9 o'clock. I had not been in the bath long before a face appeared more and more clearly, close in front of my face and the eyes looked into mine, and I recognized the face of the artist who was coming the following morning at 9 o'clock to criticize our work in the studio. He looked steadily into my eyes, his face was quite clear. I wondered whether he was ill or had met with an accident. The face remained some moments. I felt quite worried, wondering and wondering why I had seen it, and I went to the studio next morning still wondering.

I opened the door leading into the room where we worked, and he was at the far end of it. He made one dash across the room the moment he saw me and said: "I felt so awfully worried about you last night. I sat and thought and thought what I could do to teach you in the right way, without destroying your individuality, and it worried me so to try to find out the way to do it. I wish I could find the right way." I felt tongue-tied. I could not form the words to tell him of the clear vision I had of his face and anxious gaze of the previous evening. I told some of the students, and they begged me to tell him, they were so interested, but I couldn't.

Some of my friends thought it very dreadful for me to live alone far away from everybody in this old monastery. "No one could hear if you called," they were always saying, and they were for ever asking the question as to what I should do if I were taken ill in the night? I always told them that I never contemplated such a thing happening, and went gaily on. But one night I went to bed as usual, feeling quite well, and awoke at 2 a.m. I couldn't move; I was aching in every limb and couldn't move my body and felt desperately ill. I thought to myself: "Well, here I am placed in the very predicament that my friends had so often pictured me." I couldn't even move. My radium alarm clock showed 2 a.m. The pain in my limbs was so acute that I screamed, and immediately when I did that, I heard a voice saying: "Come—come quickly," and at once I was fully conscious of presences about my bed, and a beautiful soothing, healing influence that gradually took away all the pain and stiffness out of my whole body, and filled me with a feeling of unspeakable peace and rest and health. It felt like being under the influence of some wonderful narcotic more than anything else, and I kept quite still. It seemed like being in another world. I kept still for a whole hour fully conscious of the soothing healing influences around me. Then the same voice spoke and said: "Get up and drink a glassful of cold water."

But I felt far too comfortable and happy to move. The voice repeated the same thing: "You are to get up and drink a glassful of cold water."

I still waited, and a third time the voice came in a stern tone.

"If you do not do as you are told at once you will be forced to."

I then jumped out of bed and fetched the water and drank it, then I went back to bed again and fell into a sound peaceful sleep, and awoke in the morning feeling wonderfully well and extraordinarily refreshed.

I made up my mind that after such an experience there was no need to worry about being taken suddenly ill!

I had a curious experience one night too.

I went out to dine with some friends, and, as was very often the case, the topic of conversation after dinner turned on the idea of my living alone in the old monastery. How dare I? It was so dark and creepy! What should I do if I saw a monk? Or supposing I heard anything! Shouldn't I be petrified with fear? and so it continued . . . this endless questioning.

This particular evening one guest began telling gruesome ghost stories about the Tower of London, and many personal experiences, and we all became rather worked up. At about midnight we broke up the party, and I must honestly confess that I felt afraid to go back to my lonely dark abode. It was in the depth of winter and very dark, and I had to go through many black places before I could get to my room. The log fire was out before I left in the evening, so I knew how dark it would all be. It took me some moments to summon up courage. Then I forced myself by sheer will power to do it. I reached my door and groped for the lock, and opened it and walked into my room, literally shaking with fright! But from the moment I opened the door I was conscious of a beautiful welcome from some wonderful presence, and a voice said: "Come along, there is nothing to be afraid of; nothing can harm you." The fire which I had allowed to die out was blazing up, and all was bright and cheerful, and I just sat down and gasped with joy and longed to be clairvoyant as well as clairaudient, that I might see the kind friends whose presence I could sense so well, and who had given me just what I was needing.

Every particle of fear left me at once, and I felt reluctant to move from the chair where I had seated myself, it was all so beautiful. But it was late, so I went to bed, still feeling filled with a sense of welcome and joy, and peace, and love, which they had given to me.

They have helped me many times, in many wonderful ways, these unseen friends.

Many times I have overslept and have not heard my alarm clock go off when I have particularly wished to rise early, and many times I have been wakened by three loud knocks, or by my name being called.

One evening when it was getting dark I became conscious of someone standing beside me, and a hand was placed on my head and a voice said: "My child, you must be brave, you have a great deal to go through." I felt filled with a wonderful strength and peace.

Three friends were having supper with me one evening; they were

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strangers to the place, but loved the old monastery. They were greatly impressed by its wonderful atmosphere. After supper we sat round the log fire, watching it dance on the old stone walls and oak beams. We began to talk about the soul, and what the soul really was. We were deep in concentration upon the subject when we were all startled by a beautiful sanctus bell being sounded close to our feet. It rang out in beautiful silvery tones three times. As it was struck we all looked at each other and simultaneously gasped: "Oh, how beautiful!" and one of the girls said: "Well, that is a distinct affirmation of what the soul really is; as we have just described, that is just what it means."

We were so enthralled by the beauty of it all that we could only sit still and wonder, until at a very late hour my guests very reluctantly left the place they loved, and went back to the house where they were staying.

A curious coincidence happened to me once, after a very vivid dream.

In my dream I was in a beautiful garden with large lawns and tall trees, and suddenly before me there appeared an old man. He looked as though he had stepped out of another world, and when he began to speak I found that he had!

He told me that he was a Martian. Also that people in Mars could fly. He asked me whether I would like to be able to fly? and I replied: "Yes, I should love to." He said: "Well, people who will eventually fly have two small dents or dimples in each shoulder; you place the first finger of each hand in each dimple and press hard, and you will find that you can go up and fly about anywhere you like. Come over into the middle of this lawn and I will give you a lesson."

I followed him, and he placed my first finger in the dents in my shoulders (which I really do happen to have!) and told me to press hard! My feet left the ground at once, and up and up I went, higher and higher, sailing over the trees, whilst he stood below on the lawn guiding me, telling me different things to do in order to go in different directions, or to come down when I wished to do so. It was a superb sensation, and I felt master of it. He gave me several lessons, and when I had accomplished it to his entire satisfaction, he vanished!

It certainly was one of the most realistic dreams I had ever experienced.

It so happened at the time I was attending some psychical lectures in London every week, and about a week after this dream I went as usual to the lecture. About fifty others were present, and the lecturer began to talk about Mars, and Martians, and then he said:

"People who live on Mars can fly, and they do it by pressing their shoulders with their fingers, they can then fly about anywhere. There are dents in their shoulders where they place their fingers, and anyone

who happens to have dimples in their shoulders may be quite sure that they will eventually fly."

Well, to me this all seemed so extraordinarily uncanny that I scarcely knew whether I was alive, awake or dreaming! I could not believe my ears! It seemed such an amazing coincidence. I have often wondered how the lecturer obtained the information, and whether the same Martian had appeared in a dream and given it, as he did to me. The lecturer spoke in a most convincing way.

Before I came to live in the old monastery, I was with a great friend in an old cottage within the monastery walls, and therefore within "sanctuary." The cottage had been part of the old monastery and the walls and oak beams still remained in parts of it. I lived there with my friend for about a year. She was a very great invalid, quite helpless, and, added to her other sufferings, she was apt to suddenly develop a condition of pneumonia and to get a very high temperature and become as ill as pneumonia at its worst could be within twenty-four hours. This happened many times, and I had been warned by doctors that it would happen once too often, and that she would not have sufficient strength to withstand the severe attack.

One Palm Sunday she was seized with one of these attacks and died within the week. She was quite conscious up to the end, and talked about many things. She asked me if I could hear beautiful music like a glorious choir. I had heard it all night and wondered whether she could too, I felt sure that it meant her soul was passing on. She lived all through the night and next day until four o'clock, and passed away like a child peacefully sleeping. Everything was left to me to arrange, and consequently there was a very great deal to think of and to do. I was very tired with years of heavy nursing. I had nursed her entirely myself for fourteen years; therefore I decided to stay on at the cottage and rest until the summer.

One night I had gone to bed early and had gone off into a deep sleep. (I had not known what it was to sleep for years! My friend always suffered more at night, and wanted more nursing, and when I knew I could sleep it was always that "deep dreamless state.") But this particular night I was awakened by tapping on the wall close by my head. It was an outside wall, and the bed was pushed up close to it. The tapping sounded absolutely unearthly and turned me physically sick. I almost fell out of bed and flopped myself on the nearest chair. The little servant girl who had been with us all along in the cottage awoke at once. She was too frightened to sleep in her own room, so she had brought her bed into my room. She was very much startled by my looks and said: "Oh, what is the matter? Are you ill? I will make some tea for you."

She proceeded to make tea, and after some time, in which I heard no more tapping, I went back to bed, and Edith rose early and went downstairs to get her work started and the breakfast ready. She had

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not been down long when she returned, with a horrified expression and said : " There has been such an extraordinary knocking on the floor and the dresser in the dining-room. I have often heard of such things, but I have never experienced anything of the sort in all my life before. It has made me feel so ill."

I said : " Oh, it is nothing ; I will come down with you, and we will try and discover what it is."

As soon as we got into the dining-room, the very same identical and unearthly tapping which I had heard on my wall began on the back of the dresser. The dresser stood by a wall which divided the dining-room from the little drawing-room. I thought every moment that Edith would faint. She became livid, and I said : " Do you think that my friend is wanting to speak and tell us something ? " But Edith could not answer.

I tried to summon up courage to speak to the tapping : " We are listening. What is it you wish to say ? Can you tell us ? " Whereupon the tapping became absolutely frantic, all over the dresser, and on every side of the room at once !

I spoke again, and suggested everything that came into my mind, and it only went on and on in that frantic manner on all four walls and the dresser.

At last I persuaded Edith to get the breakfast ready, and said I would go upstairs and finish my dressing. I went up and sat at my dressing-table feeling almost scared to death, when suddenly the tapping came actually on my dressing-table. I ran down to Edith, who had also had it just where she was. We both felt ill and scared. Then we sat down and tried to eat some breakfast, when frantic tapping came on the breakfast-table in the middle of the room. Edith turned a ghastly colour, and looked again as though she would faint and said : " Oh, I can't bear it, it is too dreadful."

I said : " Try and keep up ; I will tell the priest about it, and if it is something evil, he will send it away."

But we did not wait for him to come ; we both went to Matins, and I told him about it afterwards. He gave me some incense and a crucifix and said that he would come to the cottage as soon as he could. We went back, and I lit two candles and burnt the incense and put up the crucifix on the dresser. But the tapping went on just the same, becoming frantic when I spoke to it. The priest came later on, and I told him all that had happened, but, from the moment he entered the cottage it ceased, and during the two months that followed, in which he came many times, and it continued day and night, he never heard it once !

Then another curious thing happened. Every night at midnight I had a clear vision in my bedroom of a midnight Mass, and all the room was filled with incense. Edith could not see anything, but she could smell the incense plainly. The tapping became much less at night, but was incessant in the day time.

A friend was coming to stay with me for a week ; I wondered what effect it would have on her. The first evening of her arrival we were sitting by the fire talking. She was doing some embroidery work on a handkerchief. I left her and went upstairs to my room to fetch something. Presently she came up to me with a white scared face and said : " I say, there's the most awful tapping noise on the dresser in that room."

I said : " Oh, nonsense. It's only a bird."

She looked incredulous, and said : " It is nothing of the sort. It's something I have never heard before and I couldn't bear to be in this house, I should be frightened to death. I must leave to-morrow."

I told her nothing of what had happened and tried to insist that the knocking meant nothing. But it was impossible to do that ; it was too plain and unearthly, and she left next day, frightened out of her wits over it !

I myself should have flown long since in the same manner, but the priest said that I ought to stay and try to find out what it meant, if possible, and, as I have already said, it lasted two months !

Two other people came to stay with me and heard it, and were scared to death and made quite ill by it too.

One night I had a very vivid dream. The tapping came on the wall over my head, and I knelt up in bed and said : " What is it you want ? Who are you ? Can't you tell me ? " Then two women appeared, and one said in a very clear voice : " Your mother has been trying all this time to tell you, but you have not been able to understand because she couldn't speak. She wants us to tell you her message, it is this : ' You are not to go to the house. ' " Then the women vanished and I awoke.

It puzzled me tremendously, I could not understand its meaning. I felt so sure and utterly convinced that it had some strange significant meaning, and that all the endless tapping was at last explained or would be shortly.

I was right, for we never heard the tapping again, and before the year was out I understood fully the meaning of the message.

I was in financial difficulties once. I have often been in the same predicament, but this time it was worse than usual. I had no food, and no money, and I felt very hungry indeed, and was wondering what I should do next. I felt impelled to go for a walk in a certain direction, and as I went, I passed some cottages and a small shop. The cottage people had great faith in my medical knowledge ; I have had a good deal of experience in that direction, and I have often helped the people in their illnesses. As I passed the home with the little shop, some one tapped the window, and a young woman came running out to me, begging me to go in to see poor Mrs. Smith, who was in such pain with an inflamed neck and arm and shoulder. I went in and did what I could to relieve it, and the poor woman was

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full of gratitude. As I left the house her husband ran after me with a nice large piece of fish out of the shop, asking me to accept it and thanking me for all I had done for his missus. I just thanked God for a good meal that I was needing badly !

When I was a child I was a thorough tomboy and up to all kinds of mischief. I had a brother two years younger than I. I was looking out for something to do when we were walking home together one day and a furniture van happened to pass us. I said : " Let us jump up and ride on the back." Which we did, little thinking we were being watched and followed by a priest of the parish. He was determined to know where we came from and called on our mother. He was very fond of children, and from that time we became very friendly with him and much interested in the church of the parish. There were all kinds of delightful things for children on every day of the week. Guilds, classes, lantern services, lantern lectures, a children's Eucharist on Sunday, a children's service in the afternoon, where we were told wonderful stories, and catechized and taught by the S. Sulpice method of analysis. There was a boys' club, a girls' club and a gymnasium. I entered into it all and loved it dearly. The priest who had first seen my brother and me on the back of the furniture van had a wonderful influence over the children. They all loved him dearly. There were six other hard-working priests, but he was the children's favourite. Under his influence and example and teaching, and wonderful guidance, we tried very hard to be good and live up to the ideals set before us. It all appealed so much to me as a child, and I loved the life with all my heart and soul. He knew this, and gave me a Sunday school class of twenty small boys when I was thirteen years of age. I was confirmed when I was twelve, but he always made me go to the confirmation classes for years afterwards in order to help him with those being prepared. He believed implicitly in sacramental confession, and most of the children went regularly ; he did not teach compulsory confession, but always strongly upheld the idea of the great advantage it was in the spiritual life.

I went every week as a child in those days, and he taught me the great love of God, and a great love for the Mass, and those two things are firmly imbedded in my soul, and have been my great stay and support in some of the most terrible experiences that could happen to any human soul. His faith was wonderful, and his devotion and love to our Lord was too wonderful to be described. His continual teaching was " God is Love," and he lived up to it and believed it.

At one time, one of his spiritual children gave him very great trouble, a girl of about fifteen. She seemed as though she had become obsessed by an evil spirit. He asked her to go and have a talk with him in the Lady-chapel in church. I happened to be in church at the time, and I heard a great altercation going on, and I saw Madge go out of the church looking like a little demon !

I went up to make my confession ; he was kneeling, praying for her I was sure. When he saw me he said : " My child, you must help me. Madge is a very naughty girl. She has been dreadful and so rude to me. Let us make a special intention for her at Mass in the morning. I know it will help her."

We did so the following morning, and later that same morning I went to the clergy-house to do some writing for him, and Madge arrived at the same time. He greeted her warmly and took her hands and said : " I was so glad to have your nice letter this morning, dear child ; I am so thankful that you are sorry and that you are going to be different."

She stared at him in blank astonishment and then at me and said : " I have not written one word to you, Father ! "

He said : " But my child, I received a letter from you this morning saying that you were so sorry for the way in which you had behaved."

She repeated again : " I have not written to you ! "

" Very well, dear child," he replied, " you shall see."

He went to his waste-paper basket, emptied the contents on the table, found the pieces of the letter, pieced them together and read it aloud : there it was, just as he had said. He asked me what I could make of it, and all I could think of was that she had written it in her sleep ! She said : " Well, Father, I have come now to tell you just what I have written to you. I am so sorry for all I have done. I will go home and try to find out by my writing-desk about the letter."

" Well, dear child," he replied, " all I can say is that your Guardian Angel made you do it, and brought you here with the letter in the night. Thank God, my child, for this wonderful change in you. I am so thankful."

Madge went home, and up to her bedroom, and found the letter blotted on her blotting pad on her desk, word for word as she had written it.

From that day she was a changed girl, and as time went on she did splendid work in the world. She became a nurse, and eventually went to Wantage and became a sister.

MORE LIGHT UPON ATLANTIS

NOVEL AND STARTLING THEORIES

BY LEWIS SPENCE, Author of "The Civilization of Ancient Mexico," "The Popol Vuh," etc.

WITHIN the last few months two startling new theories have been propounded which have a direct bearing upon the hypothesis of the existence of an Atlantean continent. The first is concerned with the geological evidence, and is of a character so extraordinary that, if it be substantiated by further research, as it is likely to be, the existence of Atlantis may be definitely established, for, according to a geologist of eminence, writing in a provincial paper, but anxious to retain anonymity, an entire school of geologists is of the opinion that the Old and the New Worlds have actually drifted more or less slowly apart, and still continue to do so.

The student of geology will see in this a serious effort to renew an old hypothesis, the recent consideration of which has had surprising developments as regards the internal constitution and condition of our globe. The earth, as most of us know, is 8,000 miles thick, so that the nature of its inner constituents must naturally remain matter of conjecture. But its weight shows that it is at least twice as heavy as it ought to be if it consisted throughout of matter of the same ponderability as the rocks of its outer crust. The nucleus must therefore be of much weightier matter than the crust, and good reasons exist for the belief that it consists of iron and nickel.

Many scientists believe that the earth is composed of three concentric zones—the nucleus of iron and nickel alluded to, and called, from the chemical symbols of these two elements (Fe and Ni) the Nife. Regarding this nucleus little can be posited, and whether it is solid, liquid or gaseous is unknown. The stratum superimposed upon it is, however, in a liquid condition and is thought to be composed of silica and magnesia, the symbols of which confer upon it the artificial name Sima. Above all is the outer crust, which is made up of silica and aluminium, and is consequently named the Sal.

The more conservative school of geologists, says our anonymous but well-informed expert, believe the Sal to be a true crust, but unequal in thickness. In these places where it is thick

continents exist, while in the thinner parts we have ocean basins. But more enterprising observers believe that beneath the ocean spaces no solid Sal exists at all, and that the continental masses float in the liquid Sima, much as icebergs in the ocean. If, for any reason, a fissure develops in these floating masses the break may grow until at last two separate bodies appear, which will naturally drift away from each other by degrees. Such a condition, it is thought, accounts for the separation of the American Continent from the Old World. To commence with, the degree of separation may have been comparatively rapid. But careful observations made during the past forty years show that after all possible errors in longitude have been eliminated, the mass of Greenland is farther from Europe by 2,500 yards than it was at the beginning of that period.

Now, by means of a very simple calculation we find that the yearly rate of separation of the two continents averages, roughly, about 60 feet, that is about 6,000 feet in a century, or 30 miles in a thousand years. In ten thousand years, then, the land masses would drift no less than 300 miles apart. But this is not to say that the rate of separation may not at one period have been much in excess of its present average. Let us suppose that through the agency of the shifting of the earth's poles (an occurrence which takes place once in about 10,000 years) the rate of drifting was temporarily accelerated, and we may well suppose that at a date not so very distant, even historically speaking, the American Continent was nearer to Europe by some five or six hundred miles. Florida is at present less than 2,000 miles from the mouth of the Mediterranean. It may be that some 7,000 years ago it was no farther distant than 1,300 miles, or not much farther than Egypt from the Pillars of Hercules!

This theory does not, of course, detract in the least degree from the possibility of the former existence of an Atlantean continent. Indeed, so far from doing so, it is quite compatible with it, and in fact facilitates the deductions from the evidence on which the theory of land-drifting is based, as it is obvious that if the ocean-space between Europe and America were comparatively narrow, communication between Europe and Atlantis on the one hand and America and Atlantis on the other, would be much more probable in early times than if no drifting of the larger continents had actually occurred. Belief in the hypothesis of an Atlantean island or continent is thus brought much more within the realms of possibility than before. We can picture to ourselves an Atlantis only some hundreds of miles

from the coasts of each continent, rather than, as we had to do before, an Atlantis almost a thousand or perhaps fifteen hundred miles distant from either. The old stories of Atlantis become much more comprehensible, for if America some 7,000 years ago were only 1,300 miles from the Pillars of Hercules, both of these points could scarcely have been more than 500 miles from Atlantis. Polynesian canoes have been known to drift 800 miles from land—a mere bagatelle to the skilful Egyptian sailors of 7,000 years ago, who were known to have visited Morocco in search of cedar-wood even at that distant epoch, and at a rather later date to have circumnavigated Africa itself.

It will be observed how strangely this hypothesis of drifting continents agrees with the ancient and persistent legends regarding "floating islands," which are found among the peoples of the west coasts of Spain, Brittany, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and with their belief that Tir-nan-Og, the Celtic paradise, was an island of the sea.

We find, too, in Mexico and Central America such an ancient civilization as amply justifies the hypothesis that Atlantis may, after all, have thrown out colonies on the neighbouring American coasts. True, the monuments which remain are no older than the commencement of the Christian era. But that is not to say that American civilization, such as we know it, was not preceded by a still older civilization, as all Central American traditions aver. Recent expeditions have discovered the remains of mighty cities in the forests of Brazil. The walls of these are covered with inscriptions of the most extraordinary character, some resembling Cypriote, others Cingalese scripts, while still others approach the Phœnician. From a rough collation of some of these which I have seen, I think it possible that they may be the prototypes of the symbolic writing of the Maya of Guatemala and Yucatan. We know, too, that the language of the Maya was South American in its origin. Brazil was, with the mediæval peoples of Europe, synonymous with Atlantis. The first mention of the "isle" of Brazil is found in a map contained in the Medicis Atlas, dated 1351, in which it is placed opposite to the entrance to the Mediterranean, and is labelled Braçir, so that the name of the "mythical" island was later given to the Portuguese colony in South America. That it was the equivalent of Atlantis cannot be doubted. What was then, perhaps, an older American civilization than that of Central America flourished in a land which had at least a nominal and traditional connection with Atlantis, and which was probably one of its colonies,

distant, perhaps, not more than 400 miles from the mother-land.

The second theory, which seems to me to cast considerable light upon the connection of Egypt with America, is that which was propounded in *Folk-Lore* for June by my friend Mr Donald A. Mackenzie, F.S.A.Scot., one of the most brilliant and successful upholders of the hypothesis of Professor George Elliot Smith, of London University, that the civilization of Egypt was in effect the mother of all civilizations, and that it slowly but surely circled the habitable globe. The paper in question deals with the difficult problems associated with colour symbolism in a manner far more acute and satisfactory than has yet been achieved. Among other things it shows how the customs of apportioning colours to the points of the compass, which grew up in the Nile country, was disseminated among the peoples of the globe. These colours were allotted by the Egyptians, through the process of mummification, to the various organs of the body as well as to the cardinal points, the north (red) to the lungs, the south (white) to the liver, the east (yellow) to the stomach, and the west (black) to the intestines, so that it is indeed startling to find that the colours and organs associated by the Maya with these points are nearly identical with those allotted to them by the Egyptians: north (white), lungs; south (yellow), belly; east (red), larger intestines; west (black), intestines. Thus the colours and organs for the west agree absolutely, and the north agrees as to the organ allotted. But more important still is the point made by Mr. Mackenzie that "the Canopic jars, which went out of fashion in Egypt, were continued in use by the Maya and placed under the protection of the Bacabs, their gods of the four coloured cardinal points. Apparently the Egyptian system of mummification which reached America was accompanied by the Egyptian doctrines in less modified form than one might be led to expect, especially when one considers how varied were the cultural influences to which these doctrines must have been subjected during the process of gradual transmission from Egypt to the Far East and across the Pacific to America." And again: "It is really, one must repeat, the fundamental habit of connecting the internal organs with the coloured cardinal points of the compass" that matters. "This habit arose from a mass of complex customs and ideas that have a history in Egypt alone. It would be ridiculous to assume that such complex customs and ideas had independent origin in different parts of the world, and that such peoples as the Indonesians, Polynesians and pre-Columbian Americans began spontaneously to practise methods

of surgery which the Egyptians had taken 1,700 years to develop."

Mr. Mackenzie makes much of the striking fact that the American colour symbolism more closely approaches that of Egypt than that of China. To me this does not appear strange. It seems much more likely, to my way of thinking, that, if Egyptian civilization reached America, it did so by a more direct route than via Asia. It is unlikely, too, that, as this school holds, the Egyptian ideas to be observed in America should have presented an appearance and spirit so purely Egyptian had they come through an Asiatic filter. Moreover, the hypothesis of their entrance by way of Asia supposes a duration of time for their passage thence, which altogether precludes the possibility that they could have reached American soil without much greater fundamental alteration than they exhibit. This is not to say that Chinese or Cambodian or Polynesian influences did not impinge upon American civilization. I am convinced that they did, but I am just as certain that the evidences of Egyptian culture in Central America were as untouched by Asiatic influences in their passage to the New World as was later European culture in its way thence.

There is, says Brasseur de Bourbourg, a river Nil or Nile in Guatemala which harbours many crocodiles, and on the banks of which are to be seen the ruins of pyramids. I cannot believe that such an association of ideas came together in Guatemala after a filtration of thousands of years through Asia and across the Pacific. Nor is the route clearly marked. Again, the pantheon of Mexican mythology is the shadow of that of Egypt. Quetzalcoatl is Thoth, Tlaloc is Osiris, Ciuacoatl is Isis, Piltzintecutli is Horus, Xochipilli is Bes. The list might be extended *ad infinitum*. Such close resemblances, if they are to be found in India, are certainly not encountered in China, and the surrogates of the Central American gods in Japan are demonstrably of later origin. Actual mummification is to be found in Mexico and Peru: only its memory in China.

All this seems to go to prove that direct contact was at one time achieved between Egypt and America. Egyptian records speak of prolonged voyages. A people which could round the Cape of Good Hope, as did the Egyptians in the reign of Necho, were surely capable of making almost any sea passage. Direct contact, I feel convinced, between Egypt and America took place by way of Atlantis, the shorter and more feasible route, rather than by the deserts and boundless wastes of Asia, or via the Pacific.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND FREEMASONRY *

By J. S. M. WARD

THE persistent hostility of the Roman Catholic Church to Freemasonry is a never-ending source of mystification to the average English Freemason, and usually he lays the blame on the "Atheistic Lodges of the Grand Orient," comforting himself with the belief that the Papacy does not realize the profound difference between Anglo-Saxon and Continental Masonry.

But the "average Freemason" is quite wrong. The Papacy is far too well informed to make any such mistake, and those who read Dudley Wright's book will see that English Freemasonry is carefully and deliberately included and referred to by the high Papal officials who have been charged with the duty of promulgating the Papal Bulls and Encyclicals against Freemasonry. For example, the Vicar-Apostolic of Bombay, when promulgating Pope Leo XIII's condemnation, expressly declares that it includes likewise Freemasonry in England and India (*see* p. 203).

Bro. Dudley Wright has collected and set out methodically all the important official documents on the subject, and for that reason the book will henceforth be an invaluable work of reference. Instead of searching in half a dozen places for the text of the various "Bulls," the student will now be able to find them all under one cover, and our thanks are due to him and to Messrs. Rider for publishing the work.

But Bro. Dudley Wright's book contains much more than this, for he shows the hollowness of the Papal pretence that its hostility is directed against all secret societies, for he proves conclusively that she has organized and encouraged secret societies of her own, among which one of the most famous is "The Knights of Columbus"—a body moreover which actually does interfere in politics as is shown by the fact that quite recently it gratuitously went out of its way to show its hostility to Great Britain by acknowledging the so-called "Irish Republic"! Did the Pope issue a "bull" against *it* for such a gross attempt to "undermine the British Throne"? Not a sign or a word!

* *Roman Catholicism and Freemasonry.* By Dudley Wright. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 10s. 6d. net.

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Bro. Dudley Wright also deserves well of the Masonic Order for another reason—he appears definitely to have proved that Pius IX *was* a Freemason. Keen students know that this statement has been made repeatedly and denied, but Bro. Wright produces translations of the actual documents which contain Pope Pius IX's signature—then known as Giovanni Ferretti Mastai, showing he was initiated at Palermo in 1839. Furthermore he also produces a translation of the decree expelling him from the Order on March 27, 1874. Moreover, the decree of expulsion was signed by Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy and Grand Master of the Orient of Italy. Finally he shows that this decree was commented on by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in October, 1874! So the matter is at last definitely settled.

Altogether the book is one of great value, and our only regret is that Bro. Dudley seems to be unaware of a most interesting paper read by Wor. Bro. Cart de Lafontaine, before the Masonic Study Society, at Mark Masons Hall on January 10, 1922, on this very theme. A brief summary of it appeared in the *Transactions* of the Society, which were issued in May. The lecture consisted mainly of actual letters which had come into his hands and showed that the Papacy was every bit as hostile to English as to Continental Masonry. And the reason? Freemasonry is practically undenominationalism, which is anathema to the Papacy, and further, Roman Catholics are forbidden to join in prayers to God with members of other religious bodies. Could intolerance go further?

In fact the average Englishman credits Roman Catholicism with some of the tolerant spirit he himself possesses, but therein he is mistaken. A tract entitled *Freemasonry* by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., and issued by the "Catholic Truth Society" in 1920, shows that the campaign is being sedulously pressed in this country. It is a moderate and carefully reasoned piece of work, and by its very "reasonableness" liable to mislead those who are not members of the craft, yet it shows the undying hostility of the Papacy to every form of Freemasonry. The Pope always has taken the line that those who are not with the Holy See are against it, and that any one who acknowledges any religious belief other than that authorized and taught by her accredited officials is a heretic and certain to go to hell and likely to lure the "faithful" thither.

Thus the Papal attitude *is* thoroughly logical. No one, according to her, has any right to teach of spiritual matters save the Roman Catholic Church, for Christ gave into her hands the keys.

If Freemasons, as in England, even faintly do so—and the fact that they offer prayers in Lodge shows they do—then they are dangerous heretics. If, on the other hand, they do not demand a belief in God, as in France, that proves they are atheists and working against religion. So the Papal Curia condemns both with equal vigour!

One last word for the much abused Grand Orient. It was not till 1876, i.e. after Leo XIII's final condemnation, that the French Freemasons deleted the name of God from their rituals. We English Masons regret and condemn the change, but at least let us be just. It is not true to say the Pope condemned Continental Freemasonry because it was atheistic; it is nearer the truth to say it became atheistic in self-defence against the ruthless persecution which it had suffered at the hands of the Papacy for 150 years. In England there are any number of Christians who are not Roman Catholics, and so can become Masons, no matter how the Pope fulminates; but in France a man is either Clerical or anti-Clerical, and since the Church has driven all Roman Catholics out of Freemasonry naturally that magnificent Order fell under the control of the extreme anti-Clericals, who often are atheists.

Moreover it was not an atheist who proposed the deletion of the name of God, but one of those *rara avis*, a French Calvinist minister. He declared it was a mistake to refuse to admit a good man because he hesitated to make a definite statement that he believed in God. This the Calvinist minister declared was applying a religious test, and like all such tests it only excluded the honest and conscientious.

Nor can we ignore the fact that influential American Masons have felt compelled lately to protest very plainly against the insidious propaganda of the Roman Church, and particularly against the methods of the Knights of Columbus. Finally the growth of the Klu Klux Klan, an organisation whose avowed object is to counteract the political machinations of the Roman Church, is a most significant, though disturbing, sign. Such a society could not exist without some excuse, particularly in a country so famous for its religious tolerances. Thus condemnation of Freemasonry by Rome is only one phase of the age-old battle waged against those who claim that their souls are their own.

THE EVIDENCE FOR LITERAL TRANSMUTATION

BY S. FOSTER DAMON

IN a previous article, I tried to prove beyond reasonable doubt that Thomas Vaughan's alchemy was in reality what is known to-day as *Psychical Research*. If this is so, it would seem equally reasonable that the other alchemists who described the same process in the same or parallel symbols, and who claimed to have produced the same results, were also investigating psychical matters. In order to verify this, I have been reading extensively in the standard alchemical authors such as Trismegistus, Arterphius, Senior, Lully, Aquinas, Peter Bonus, Roger Bacon, Thomas Norton, Hortulan, Basilius Valentinus, Paracelsus, Kelly, Stirk (or "Starkey"), Sendivogius, d'Espagnet, Urbigerus, and Khunrath; and all of these, though scattered over many centuries, seem to confirm my theory. None of these authors presents any serious fundamental difficulties to the spiritistic interpretation, though here and there are obscure details—obscure, because the ancient process differed a little from the modern one, as we might expect. No other theory has ever been given the public which allows such a general interpretation of all alchemical authors; and until such a theory appears, it is reasonable to accept the spiritistic one.

It seems evident, then, that the great line of alchemists was not trying to manufacture gold. But none the less, we may well ask if nobody, while experimenting blindly in what seemed accordance with the obscure texts, did not stumble upon some process which really succeeded in making gold. Of course such a transmutation would be the accidental exception, not the rule. And we may further remark that modern science has never accomplished anything like it. We admit the theoretical possibility, but that is all. We must beware of confusing what is to-day called transmutation (the breaking down of elements) with the transmutation (the building up of elements) at which the alchemists seemed to be working: the change of an element such as radium into lead and helium, two other elements (a change which man has been unable either to hasten or retard), has nothing to do with the four

“elements,” much less the “metals,” of which the alchemists wrote. The similarity is only one of terms, and those terms have obviously changed in meaning.

However, there are passages in various alchemical works which seem to point directly at a literal, physical transmutation. Mr. Shirley, in the OCCULT REVIEW, has collected four cases which are as clear-cut as any. Of the four, Van Helmont is by far the most important; he is known as an earnest, intelligent, and honest inquirer into the secrets of nature, and his integrity has never been seriously attacked, as far as I know. Helvetius, the second of the four, was the physician to the Prince of Orange. Berigardus is quite obscure. Flamel, the last of the authorities, is famous more for his legend than for his writings, but his testimony none the less is to be seriously considered.

The crux of the question is this: Are we to interpret these accounts literally or symbolically? Were these men writing the chemical facts as clearly as they could, or were they merely carrying out a system of concealment which was imposed upon them? The average alchemist, of course, warns everybody that he is writing in metaphors, that he is on oath not to reveal the secret openly; and often he goes so far as to say that he is not working in metals at all. Were these four men of this school, or were they actually being literal?

It stands to reason that if we find them using symbols throughout, we are hardly justified in taking them literally at the end. “I accomplished an actual transmutation of lead into gold” would merely be the logical climax of the symbolism. If “lead” is a symbolic term, then so is the ultimate “gold.”

Two of Mr. Shirley’s authorities are frankly symbolic; and what is more, they fit the spiritistic theory. These two are J. B. Van Helmont and Nicolas Flamel.

Van Helmont begins his *Tree of Life* with the following statement:

I am constrained to believe that there is the Stone which makes Gold, and which makes Silver, because I have at distinct turns made projection with my hand of one grain of the Powder upon some thousand grains of hot Quicksilver; and the business succeeded in the Fire, even as Books do promise; a Circle of many People standing by, together with a tickling Admiration of us all.*

This certainly sounds literal; but our suspicions are at once aroused when we discover that the treatise, which is called *The Tree of Life*, is really about the preparation of an elixir to lengthen

* *Oriatrike* (London 1662), treatise 119 (pp. 807-814).

one's life. Van Helmont has apparently forgotten that he was writing about gold. Is the mention of his "hand" significant, or the mention of the "Circle"? As he continues, it seems that this Medicine (and not commercial gold) was "to be fetched out of a most wholesome, odoriferous, balsamical, and almost immortal Shrub" (pp. 808-9). And what was this Shrub? He explores the Bible at length for references to Cetim (shittim) wood and cedars, and finally decides that they symbolize—a Virgin! (second page numbered 809). By this time he is talking freely about the "mystical sense" of words. It is preposterous to assume that Helmont made literal gold with some vegetable extract; he made alchemical gold (a materialization) with a virgin for a medium, having entranced her by the usual manipulation with the "hand," nor was the "circle" lacking. However, let us proceed. "But the difficulty of preparing it, consisteth in this, that the Wood ought to be resolved without a dissolution of its Faculties, by a luke-warmth, such as is that of the Sun in *March*." (This is "sulphur of Sol" acting upon "Luna"; "Mercury" should now appear. It does.) "But there is in the Juice of this kind of resolving the entire Virtue of the Cedar; to wit, a vital one." This is a "milky liquor" (p. 810).

Was it gold or the elixir of life that he had made? He has forgotten about the gold; and now he warns us against the idea of a literal elixir: "because I being an old Man do pursue these things, and I myself am about to die." Yet he protests, "I write these things which I know to be true. . . . I have written concerning long Life, what I know to be true; not indeed for young Beginners, as neither to be comprehended by readings; for God hath known why he hath given unto the Goat a short Taile. There shall at sometime be an Adeptist (in its own maturity of Dayes) who shall understand that I have spoken Truth."

He cannot be "comprehended by readings" because he is writing symbolically; "long life" is to be interpreted as "immortality," which he felt was demonstrated by his experiment.

We are left with these alternatives: either Van Helmont was too old and irresponsible to write coherently, or else he was writing neither of literal gold nor a literal medicine. And since his formula can be explained logically by the ectoplasmic theory, I think it wise to interpret him so, until a better explanation be offered. But in any case, this is bad evidence indeed to offer for gold-making.*

* Those curious in the matter may consult the selections from Van Helmont in the *Collectanea Chymica* (London 1684). The process on

Flamel's book might be dismissed off-hand, since it is almost certain that it was written long after his death ; but as it was probably written by an adept, such dismissal would be somewhat premature.

The symbolism is stressed by the author. There was the question of using the blood of children. "I tryed a thousand broulleryes, yet neuer with *bloud*, for that was wicked and villanous: for I found in my Booke, that the *Phylosophers* called *Bloud* the Minerall spirit, which is in the *Mettals*, principally in the *Sunne*, *Moone*, and *Mercury*." *

His great difficulty was in finding the First Matter. But finally he had what he desired, and produced silver (ectoplasm), "*Perrenelle* [his wife] onely being present." Three months later, "in the presence likewise of *Perrenelle* onely," he made gold (completed the work: i.e. accomplished a materialization). In fact, he made it three times "with the helpe of *Perrenelle*," who, he says, could have done it alone. Why did he emphasize his wife so, if she were not more important than appears at the first glance? We suspect at once that she was his medium. And on looking at the famous "hieroglyphicall figures," we find that in place of Sol and Luna (operator and medium) he has boldly represented himself and his wife! †

He explains that an understanding of Alchemy is sure to reform a man. Could this be gold-making? or was it the same alchemy which had such a profound effect upon Sir Thomas Browne's metaphysics? "Our Stone hath sembably to a man, a Body, Soule, and Spirit." ‡ Now what but man, or a materialized spirit, could have a Spirit, if Flamel paid any respect at all to the doctrines of the Church. Was he a heretic? On the contrary, he seems to have been noted for his piety. And presently we come to a passage which seems clearly to indicate clairvoyance: "In this operation, the fixed body [medium] will gently mount to heauen, being all *spirituall*, and from thence it

page 59 is quite frank about "spirits"; the only essential difference of detail from the Bisson experiments seems to be that the fog (which precedes the appearance of ectoplasm) turns red, instead of remaining white.

* *Nicholas Flammel, His Exposition of the Hieroglyphicall Figures* (London 1624), pp. 19-20.

† All three references to his wife occur on p. 29. In the *Mutus Liber*, a man and woman in contemporary dress also replace Sol and Luna.

‡ P. 114. This, by the way, is a quotation from Artepheus; see p. 187 of the same volume.

will descend vnto the *earth*, and wheresoeuer thou wilt, following euery where the *Spirit*, which is always mooued vpon the *fire* [will of the operator] ” (p. 122). But I need not force my own interpretation upon this and other passages ; it should be clear enough that, whatever Flamel was doing, he was not making gold.

The accounts of transmutation by Helvetius and Berigardus, however, are not in symbolic language ; nor, I may add, do they follow alchemistic tradition. Both men were ignorant of alchemy ; neither knew how he accomplished the great change ; and neither could repeat his experiment. The question is not how their language is to be interpreted—it can only be interpreted literally ; the question is rather how far their word is to be relied on.

Helvetius, at the time of his remarkable experience, was a prominent doctor, aged thirty-five and a sceptic towards alchemy. The Hague at that time was agog over transmutation. One day Helvetius rushed to a goldsmith with half an ounce of metal, asking feverishly : “ Is it really gold ? ” It was. Why should he ask ? Because he himself had made it. The gold withstood all the tests ; and the next day, Helvetius had a stream of illustrious visitors, among them Spinoza, who beheld with his own eyes the very crucible in which the miracle had occurred. Naturally everybody wanted to know how it had been done, but they were disappointed when Helvetius explained that he did not know himself. It was all due to a mysterious stranger, who was none other than Elias Artista, prophesied a century before by Paracelsus himself. This stranger had given Helvetius (for no apparent purpose) just enough of the philosopher’s stone to transmute one-half ounce of lead, and none of it was now left. Needless to add, the stranger never reappeared.

On reading this amazing story, one at first takes it to have been a practical joke played on a credulous physician. Certainly Elias did not fulfil the prophecy of Paracelsus, at whose coming “ there shall be nothing so occult that it shall not be revealed ” * He revealed no secret whatsoever ; all he did was to tantalize the well-known physician in a very silly fashion. †

But Helvetius puts fraud on the part of Elias out of the ques-

* *Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus* (ed. A. E. Waite), Vol. 1, p. 27.

† “ Elias ” acted with absolutely none of the dignity which we should expect from an adept. It is impossible in this article to give a full account of his silliness ; I must refer the interested reader to *A Briefe of the Golden Calf* (London 1670).

tion. The operation was performed in the stranger's absence. If gold had been secretly introduced into the crucible, by means of a false bottom or a hollow rod, what became of the lead? If there were fraud, it was of Helvetius's own committing. But why should he, a prominent man, hazard his reputation so?

We put aside our suspicion as unjust; but everything tends to confirm it. Nobody else saw "Elias." Helvetius puts himself beyond all argument by admitting that he himself does not know how it was done: we must accept or reject him solely on his word. His book is completely ignorant of alchemical principles; it consists mostly of classical legends, whose metamorphoses are supposed to symbolize transmutations. Yet Helvetius had at least been reading Van Helmont; and consequently we are not surprised to find a certain resemblance in their descriptions of the Stone. And finally, Helvetius's literary style is most Defoe-like. It has a wealth of circumstantial detail which is ostentatiously verisimilar. Why, then, would he have lied?

I think anyone familiar with modern occultism or modern spiritualism will recognize the type. Too often some one (and not infrequently a prominent person at that) thinks to gain notoriety by sacrificing—just once!—his veracity. He always has been a bitter sceptic; he never knows why he, of all people, should be singled out for the honour; he never can say how it was done—it just happened. And every experimenter must watch for this kind of person constantly.

However, we need not explain Helvetius's aberration. All that is necessary in this paper is to show that his evidence, relying as it does solely upon his unsupported word, cannot be accepted as proof that transmutation was ever accomplished. No scientist, no judge, could ever take such an improbable story seriously, without strong confirmation. And there is none—all that we know is that his gold was gold.

The last case, that of Berigardus, can be dismissed even more easily. His account occurs quite casually as a few sentences in the middle of a long work (in execrable Latin) on Aristotle's philosophy.* Berigardus was trying to define and criticize the scientific theories of the ancients; and between their physics and his own, he was having a difficult time. This particular chapter is an attack on the idea of Empedocles that there are but four elements, because such a great variety of things could never be

* *Circvlvs Pisanvs Claudii Berigardi. . . . In Aristotelis lib. de Ortu & interitu* (Vtini, 1643); *Circvlvs XXV, "De mitione iuxta antiquos."* The account of the transmutation occurs about the middle of page 154.

produced from such a few. " Mix fire, air, water, and earth, and work them together for a long time, in the quantity of proportion that you desire, efface the multiple qualities by due mixing ; nevertheless you will not fuse the species of anything, unless you take suitable material in which are the seeds of that kind of thing which you are trying to produce " (p. 147). He theorizes about this at some length : earth is the heaviest of the four elements ; gold is heavier than earth ; therefore gold cannot be made by mixing earth with three lighter elements. And then (skipping to page 154), the experiments of Paracelsus bear this out ; he could separate nothing from sulphur, which is not a recognized element. Yet we may assume that even the " terra damnata " (residue) of the alchemists might be separated further, if we but had a strong enough fire. The ancients themselves denied that a thing was simple from which fire could be produced, such as the air, or fulminating gold, or even the elements of Paracelsus. To make gold, then (I assume this transition was in Berigardus's mind), its seeds must be contained in the materials. And gold can be made : here follows the testimony quoted by Mr. Shirley.

There are several things to be noted about this passage. The first, and most important, is that Berigardus does not say that he himself made the experiment ; he puts the account into the mouth of one of his characters, Aristæus. The second point is that Aristæus was another of these people who knew nothing about how it was done : a mysterious stranger furnished the equally mysterious ingredient. The third suspicious point is that Berigardus himself does not consider the matter very important ; it is tucked in merely as evidence to support an abstract theory.

I think what happened is obvious. Berigardus, who was not interested in alchemy (if we may judge by his book) felt no scruples in letting one of his characters testify to something which supported his theory that there were more than four elements. It was purely a literary device, no more dishonest than if an author to-day, writing an argument on some philosophical subject (say the basis of life) were to let one of his characters quote as first hand some supposedly well-known chemical experiment.

I know of no alchemist who ever took this as serious evidence ; I cannot imagine that Berigardus himself did. Otherwise he would have made much more of a stir about it, and about the stranger, instead of slipping this in as a few lines deep in the body of a theoretical work on Aristotle.

On comparing the evidence of Helvetius and Berigardus, we

are struck by the dissimilarity of the processes which had the single result, gold. One added a grain of glassy substance wrapped in wax to half an ounce of lead ; the other added one drachm of a red powder * to ten drachms of quicksilver. If we are to believe these men, there are at least two ways of making gold, while modern science is unable to find one !

We must have better evidence than this, or else we must admit that a literal transmutation of a lower metal into silver or gold probably never took place. Of these four cases, two of the men were writing symbolically, and seem rather to have been concerned with psychical research ; the other two can hardly be called alchemists, since they both professed to be ignorant of the art, and could never repeat their experiments. A real transmutation may have occurred, but as yet we lack the proof.

* Coloured like the wild poppy. Berigardus may have been remembering some alchemical formula in which the poppy was introduced to suggest its soporific powers. In such a case, the red powder would have been " sulphur of the sun."

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 PROBLEM OF STEINER.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. Charlotte Sturm's article entitled “The Problem of Steiner” gives interesting quotations from ancient literature as a “material buttress” to Dr. Steiner's “supersensible edifice.” The quotations, so far as they go, prove that Dr. Steiner's statement as to the existence of two Jesus children finds striking corroboration in literature and records which are not generally spoken of as “akashic,” but I cannot dismiss the problem with the easy conclusion that here is merely a case of the absorption of data from certain occult and mystical tradition. Dr. Sturm is strikingly non-committal as to her own position, but the fruits of her evidently wide and sympathetic study are very useful, if not used to defeat what I conceive to be her purpose in writing the article.

I submit that the corroboration is satisfactory evidence of the fact that Dr. Steiner's information is derived from just as real an inspiration as that to be found in ancient literature which men of our civilization would always be prone to revere just because it is old and hallowed by tradition. There is no trust in modern seership in these days.

If Dr. Steiner's statements were not capable of corroboration in any tradition we should be as dubious about their value as we are about the psychic trivialities of Mr. Leadbeater, although the difference in the intellectual and spiritual power of the two men is abundantly evident. But when the corroboration *is* forthcoming, what is the general attitude? That there has been “absorption” of ancient tradition, and nothing more.

While as a student of Dr. Steiner I would welcome more and more quotations and extracts in reference to the yields of his investigations in occultism, I am coming to realize that those we already have disprove, rather than prove, the assumption that he has merely collected a mass of data from ancient and mediæval documents, and proceeding from this, has built up a system of his own.

The example of Mr. Leadbeater's childish stories of past lives and adventures of personalities connected with Adyar has taught us to be very cautious of literature claiming the Akashic Records as its source,

and rightly so. Dr. Steiner's information and approach is of another character altogether, and while realizing to the full the necessity for intelligence and balance in the examination of all results of spiritual investigation, we should not fall into a position where we reject the possibility of the existence of inspiration as real and as reliable as that which blessed our forefathers. The age is afraid of supersensible revelations; yet Christianity spread through the world on the basis of one such revelation—the vision of St. Paul before Damascus.

Yours faithfully,

D. S. OSMOND.

THE ZOHAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The quotations given by Dr. Charlotte Sturm in her interesting article printed in your January issue call for one or two remarks. Three of them are prophetic and therefore must be intended to suggest that they were uttered *before* the events they foretell. In this they fall into the class of apocalyptic literature produced so largely by the Jews from 200 B.C. onwards. But if they were written or spoken by Rabbi Simeon ben Yohai, who was born in Galilee during the second century A.D., they would in reality be only pseudo-prophetic, *following* indeed closely upon the death of Jesus in A.D. 29.

Students of the *Zohar*, however, do not allow such great antiquity to this interesting book. Karppe maintains its relative modernity. Dr. Abelson declares that it made its first appearance in Spain in the thirteenth century A.D., and that its contents show it to be the work of several hands. But whatever the book's origin may be, I fail to grasp the force of the argument which regards the *Zohar* as "a kind of material buttress" to a clairvoyant investigator's readings made in the twentieth century.

In reference to the two genealogies of Jesus it is easy to understand the difficulty felt by St. Augustine, who regarded the words as inspired and infallible; but surely we are able to admit, in these days, the possibility of error and variety of tradition. I believe the genealogy of Luke was the earlier of the two, Matthew's having been added to the *corpus* of the gospel at a later date. In any case the learned contributor to the *Zohar* would have had plenty of time—nearly a thousand years—to hear what St. Augustine thought about the two genealogies. It is fairly obvious, I think, that Luke, writing for Gentiles, wishes to say that Jesus came of the human stock, tracing his lineage back to "Adam the Son of God" (iii. 38). Matthew's version, whose message was to the Jews, carried it back to Abraham.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

THOSE AKASHIC RECORDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. W. Loftus Hare's article, I think Mr. Leadbeater's first fall in the Alcyone propaganda work occurred when that hefty volume *Man*, by Mrs. Besant and the gentleman in question, came out a decade ago. The teachings, etc., in *Man*, may have been entirely accurate; personally I do not know whether they were or not, but what discounted the work in the eyes of many who did not entirely people their mental world with announcements from Adyar, was the printed list of very mixed egos which went with the volume, and were said to record those who had evolved along with Alcyone and were again in touch with him in this incarnation. It seemed that at the last manvantaric dawn they had managed to book front seats in the Theosophical Theatre, Adyar, and elsewhere. The list may have impressed those F.T.S. who were uncritical devotees of "C. W. L." and "A. B.," but, on the other hand, many of us who had remained unawed by the E.S., considered the inclusion of the said list was foolish, as, firstly, anyone might have been included in it, and secondly, it militated against the work being taken seriously by readers, save the most solemn and uncritical upholders of the two T.S. leaders mentioned.

I would add that it is quite possible that Mr. Leadbeater does clairvoyantly see the events, lives and members of his list of people "who will be there" as they proceed on their illusory and, for all we know, objectless journey through the ages. He wants to see them. This is one of the reasons, I believe, why some of his records fall short of what others believe to be the facts of the case. Practically every clairvoyant's vision is coloured or toned by his or her mental outlook, character, or even past lives, and presuming he wanted to record Alcyone's past as a more or less distinguished series of incarnations, he would see him identified with the great or sitting in the seats of the mighty. Past lives told to you by some one else may be taken as matters of absorbing interest, but, I should say, never as "gospel." To give a concrete illustration, where Mr. Leadbeater would see a person (clairvoyantly) sitting in an arm-chair with some fruit and a soda and milk, reading perhaps the *Gita*, another would see the same person with a homely pipe on and a glass of light ale on the bookcase ledge. I give this illustration as I came across it in a house at Mellow, Surrey, recently, during two clairvoyant readings of the same subject.

Yours faithfully,

6 TREWINCE ROAD,
WIMBLEDON, S.W.20.

ARTHUR M. TURNER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—There must be many who will welcome Mr. W. Loftus Hare's exposure of the fallacy and craziness of the claims made to reveal the

“previous lives” of certain notorious persons. May I—on behalf of all true believers in the truth of Reincarnation—express the satisfaction felt? For years this travesty of truth has gone on. Persons who never hear the sane version—somehow or other—get informed of all this nonsense, written and published by certain writers, with the object of establishing the claim of Messiahship for their own incubation in their own occult circle. As though this misrepresentation of a profound spiritual truth were not a sufficient crime in itself, the prestige of certain high authorities is also exploited, to give emphasis. The persons who issue these silly fairy tales claim to be *the* representatives of those Great “Masters,” who are the custodians of the evolutionary interests of humanity. Like the esteemed Editor of this journal, they may, and probably do, “smile” at such puerilities, but the “smile” is doubtless tinged with a stern sorrow.

“Truth silenced, every lie may speak.” The “lies” shout with megaphone voice, and the “still small voice” passes unheard.

Mr. Hare is to be congratulated on the fact that his position and prestige ensure him against the cruel martyrdom endured by those of us who, in humbler guise, have ventured to oppose the maelstrom of this psychic tyranny, which has made of theosophic truth the laughing-stock of the world.

The price demanded of us is a heavy one.

Yours respectfully,
“A.”

THE AKASHIC RECORDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In expressing my entire agreement with the Editorial comments in the last issue of this magazine, I venture to call attention to the following observations in regard to the “Akashic records.” Assuming that everything that has ever happened on this earth is in some way stored up somewhere (as an individual experience may be stored up in memory, and not be by any means always accessible on demand), i.e. independently of the human race and its millions of individual memories, has anyone considered in what frightful confusion these might very well be? Or are they supposed to be in “palimpsest” layers, which can be “tapped,” clean of all sub- and super-incumbent layers?

One often wishes, in these days when the most preposterous people take themselves so much *au grand sérieux*, that there were some outstanding reader of human nature to prick these inflated bubbles for us, as Dickens did in his age. Too many people nowadays put forward as startling discoveries their own fond ideas vainly invented or “of their own compoging,” as Mrs. Gamp or some one *after* Mrs. Gamp called it. Many of your readers will recall the “scientific gentleman” in *Pickwick Papers* who called his butler to see the most remarkable natural phenomenon of a moving light in the dark

lane beyond his back garden. Upon his questioning the butler as to what he thought it could possibly be, that worthy man, not being a romantic, said, "I should say it was thieves, sir," which was probably right.

Yours truly,
DELTA.

"THE HALL OF LEARNING."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to thank you for the paper by Miss Mabel Collins about "The Hall of Learning." While I am a practical person, more interested in the scientific side of phenomena than in spiritualism or theosophy, the "Hall of Learning" touches upon personal experiences, and as such, is of intense interest. I am also indebted to an article of Miss Collins for my introduction to the OCCULT REVIEW. Years ago my mother and I had been subject to various psychic experiences which we did not know were shared by others, until one day, in a railway station, we found this magazine. Imagine our surprise upon reading in Miss Collins' article a clear description of the very Temple we had both visited in our "dreams" (?). It is convincing proof of the reality of such statements when strangers from across the ocean confirm the same details. I have seen the floor open, with the water flowing through, also the Chapel of Fire, and my mother has witnessed the gems glowing upon the walls of the "Chapel of Light on the Path," though, unlike Miss Collins, we are not able to transport ourselves there at will. With gratitude to the OCCULT REVIEW and to Miss Collins,

Very sincerely,
CATHARINE HARTLEY GRIGGS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—My questioning of Miss Collins' terminology was certainly not intended to imply the slightest disparagement of the truly great and wonderful teachings given in *Light on The Path* by a Master of the Wisdom through M. C.

The matter of nomenclature is interesting, even though not of paramount importance. One cannot really draw any hard and fast line. The highest levels of one plane are overlapped and permeated by the higher vibrations of the lower levels of the one above it.

Since the luminiferous ether is a continuous medium, it bathes every atom of matter and transmits many forces, including light itself.

There is much interesting information being given through Automatic Writing.

Yours faithfully,
EUPHROSYNE.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In my article on "The Evidence for Literal Transmutation," I hope I have answered the main points raised in your excellent Notes of the Month for November, 1922. However, in the Notes there were certain comments on the various purposes of the alchemists which might better be dealt with here.

As I pointed out in a previous communication, the alchemists had many interests—prophecy and healing among them; but all these interests were directly consequent upon the Great Experiment itself. If my theory that the alchemists were Spiritists is correct, then we should expect to find all these secondary interests to be paralleled in the claims of modern Psychical Research. And this is just what we do find. Peter Bonus, for example, spoke mysteriously of the art's having to do with "spirit, soul, and body, and their union and separation"; he says that the ancients studied it for "the insight which it affords into the things of the spiritual world," also "for the purpose of illustrating Divine truth"; and it was "on account of this fact that the ancient Sages were able to prophesy."* All these experiments are repeated to-day in our séances. Healing, to be sure, Bonus omits; but when we read of Paracelsus, as physician, boldly shifting the purpose of Alchemy from "gold-making" to the "elixir of life," we may be sure that it was healing in which he was interested. The spagirists, familiar with "sulphur," or the power of the will, would readily have endorsed our own theories of hypnotic healing: whether or not they claimed that power to come from God I do not know, but the matter is not past finding out.

In dealing with the various powers gained by the study of alchemy, some of the authorities refer to no less than three Stones, separate and distinct, which belong respectively to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. I do not believe that "animal," "vegetable," and "mineral" are to be understood literally, any more than "fire," "air," "water," and "earth." Of these four elements, "fire" meant will-power; "air" meant the psychic world; "water" meant the First Matter; while "earth" included everything which we call matter. If anyone should doubt this, let him look up the opening chapters of Agrippa's *Occult Philosophy*.

It is reasonable, then, to expect a similar shift in the meanings of "animal," "vegetable," and "mineral." The subject of alchemy being Man, we should look in him for a threefold division—which, of course, is spirit, soul, and body. And these actually fit the meanings of the three Stones. For according to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, the *Stone Minerall* (which we should expect to deal with body) actually signifies the great transmutation (materialization, if my theory is

* Peter Bonus: *The New Pearl of Great Price* (ed. A. E. Waite), pp. 146, 147, 124.

right); the *lapis vegetabilis* deals with mental healing (until the appointed hour of death—there is no question of immortality); while the *lapis animalis* purifies the five senses, or sets the Spirit free by clairvoyance.

So far, it is clear. But the peculiar philosophy of the alchemists always allowed them to state analogies as facts, and their peculiar symbolism often forced them to state facts as analogies. The average alchemist, seeing that by the mere effort of his will he could shape the inchoate and disgusting ectoplasm into human form, did not hesitate to compare himself to God shaping the Chaos at the beginning. The analogy was reasonable; therefore it was accepted as fact. The original Chaos *was* ectoplasm; it *did* underlie the entire universe. Thomas Vaughan, on seeing the gum exuding from trees, may well have thought that it was vegetable ectoplasm—he certainly was not scientific enough to feel unwarranted at hazarding such a guess; but I rather think that instead he was merely giving yet another analogy; as the sap issues from trees, thus the First Matter issues from Luna. The whole question was so generally applied in his mind that having seen the First Matter “spiritualized,” he believed that all Nature eventually will be thus raised into a spiritual body, and be saved. His *Euphrates* is based on that doctrine.

Was the visible First Matter identical with or secondary to the Chaos from which God created the world? Perhaps I have already answered this question. Naturally the original First Matter “disappeared” during the Six Days, simply because it changed its form. The form being changed, it was invisible (as First Matter), and the great secret was to make it visible again. The alchemists did not believe that it was *destroyed*; it merely awaited retransmutation. What then appeared Vaughan called “secondary,” but he also said that it was “the very same in essence and substance.” Obviously by “secondary” he meant secondary in time only, and in no essential.

When we come to the question of the cleansing of the First Matter, we leave such theory for pure practice. Many of the alchemists insisted that this must be done before the Great Work can be finished. This I take to have been a certain moulding by the operator’s command and will-power, and not by any use of hands. Hands were used only at the beginning (to entrance the medium). “Is it conceivable that ectoplasm could be abstracted from its source, taken away, and purified?” There could be no question of taking it away; the Great Work was accomplished entirely in one Vessel “hermetically sealed”—the cabinet.

To quote the Notes again: “One thing, however, is clear, and that is that this substance could only be transmuted by those who had lived a life of sanctity and obtained spiritual powers far beyond those possessed by the ordinary man or woman.” At once one recalls the rascal (and mediumistic) Kelly. Sendivogius’s reputation is none too clean, either, if we are to lend ear to the tale of his relations with

Sethon. I think the difficulty will be removed if for "spiritual" we substitute the word "psychic." Jakob Böhme may well be cited here against me. I intend to consider the whole school of Transcendental Alchemy in a future paper. I may say here, however, that Böhme was a mystic and not an alchemist, and he himself admitted it, though he used alchemical symbolism freely to express his mystical ideas and experiences.

As for the objections raised by M. Servant in the OCCULT REVIEW for October, 1922, I must confess that I cannot make out what they are. That he disagrees with me is obvious; why he disagrees, he does not explain. I am wholly unable to consider him a serious student of alchemy when he confuses the First Cause (which of necessity is God) with the First Matter, and when he makes such glaringly inaccurate statements as that the sages "have taken pains to warn us that no other substance of another kingdom than the mineral would serve for the work." The cases quoted in the Notes of the Month, to which I have been referring, and the statements of Van Helmont in "The Evidence for Literal Transmutation" should be sufficient refutation.

The gist of the trouble seems to be that M. Servant takes the alchemists at face value and believes that they were actually working in metals. He offers absolutely no evidence to support his theory.

But perhaps he is a member of one of those innumerable secret societies which claim to possess the whole truth, and therefore he cannot defend his theory lest he violate his oath. Yet even so, he should at least be free to give evidence (and not mere opinion) against mine. But here he is equally vague.

In short, what M. Servant has done is to commit that easiest of errors, known in freshman courses on logic as "begging the question." He has assumed the truth of the very point at issue.

Assuming that one is right, one can always convince oneself that one is not wrong, especially if all opposing arguments are so glibly ignored. But no one else is likely to grant the simple hypothesis essential to this type of reasoning.

Yours faithfully,
S. FOSTER DAMON.

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Further correspondence is unavoidably held over till next issue.
—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE new issue of THE QUEST is not perhaps quite so distinctive as our favourite quarterly review so often is, but it is at least of genuine interest, including two verse contributions. Following a fashion of the moment, not to speak of the line of least resistance, these are in irregular rhymeless measures. Such things are turned out by thousands in these days by writers unacquainted most probably with the name of Dr. Sayers, who first devised the form, and equally unfamiliar with Southey's "Thalaba," which gave it a minor place in literature. On the present occasion, however, it is used by persons who have something to say, e.g., Mr. W. Kingsland, whose lines entitled "Spirit" are deep with meaning and present him under a new aspect, namely, as a writer of verse. Contributions of this kind are, of course, but a by-way of THE QUEST, relegated to its later pages, but on the present occasion we came upon them first, having been drawn by Dr. Eisler's study of an "Iranian" Redemption-Mystery, which appears towards the end. This is an elaborate notice of Reitzenstein's recent work under the same title, and in taking the German Hellenist to task on several counts Dr. Eisler opens to our wonder some extraordinary riches of his learning. As it is impossible to speak of them here we must be content with explaining that the Redemption-Mystery is a Manichæan text concerning the soul of man, regarded as "a divine being of light" "imprisoned in the realm of matter." In a notable article on the Present Phase of the Survival Controversy, Mr. Mead puts on record (1) his belief in the immortality of the human spirit; (2) his inability to be persuaded that "the greater humanity in the beyond and the humanity here are really intended to be kept in watertight compartments"; (3) his personal confidence that there is abundant evidence for the possibility of a conscious state "apart from the physical body" and "just as one otherwise normally is"; and finally (4) his feeling that there is so much evidence for personal identity in the body-general of psychic communications that on any other subject it would be "accepted as sufficient." Mr. R. Newton Flew contributes to our knowledge by an account of his personal experiences among the Yezidî Kurds, otherwise worshippers of Satan, described as a peaceable and law-abiding folk in the mountains to the North of Mosul. Mr. Flew says that their faith is mysterious, and the one practical consideration which lies behind the cultus seems of a remote kind. Thus Satan is the first among seven great spirits who emanated from the Supreme Being, and the world has been committed to his charge for ten thousand years, six thousand of which have elapsed. He is "an evil and a fallen spirit," and at the end of his reign it is said that the angel Jesus will commit him to hell. He will

repent therein, his tears will extinguish its fires, after which God will have pity on him and will restore him to his "dominion over the world." The belief is that Satan at that time will reward his worshippers, "who have never spoken evil of him," and have suffered so much on his account. How he profits them in the meantime does not emerge in the story. In a paper rather awkwardly entitled "Church—a Psychological Fact," it is proposed by S. Elizabeth Hall (1) that, according to mysticism and psychology, our conscious part is a fraction of our whole; (2) that the roots of our being are out of sight; (3) that in these roots we may be "much more closely connected" than we are in conscious life; (4) that all this suggests a possible state or sphere in which union will be so intimate that we may be said "to *be* each other"; and (5) that this looks like a way of escape from "the egoism of the idealist" and "the procession of fate." We hear also about a Cosmic Trinity and "a common psychic life which constitutes the universal church." There seems just so much in it all as poets have felt and told through the years and the ages, but what about F. W. H. Myers and those who say with him, "I must have God"? We prefer Böhme's view—that the soul "longs to return to its Light-Centre, whence it originally came, that is to the Heart of God." This is quoted by Mr. E. T. Harrison in his excellent comparison of the "Teutonic theosopher" and Madame Guyon.

In THE HIBBERT JOURNAL the "idea of evolution" and "the idea of God" are set over against one another by Mr. Edmond Holmes, who says that the former is "tending to revolutionize our conception" of the latter and is thus "undermining the foundations of orthodox theology." He proceeds to give the reason, somewhat in Bergsonian form, namely, (1) that "the change from a static to a dynamic view of things . . . is bound to have this effect," and (2) that "the Creator of Being and the Source (and Goal) of Becoming are, as concepts, at opposite poles of human thought." There is further no compromise possible, one—and a main reason—being that orthodox, otherwise Roman, theology is grounded on scholastic logic, which has "no use for the idea of evolution," while this in its turn has "no use" for scholastic logic. Mr. Holmes proceeds herefrom to an acute critical consideration of the law of causation and the law of identity. As regards his own position, he is on the side of evolution, not on the orthodox side or that of supernatural revelation, and he believes that evolution is working and will work its way "silently and unobtrusively." It may be so, though we have to remember that displaced orthodoxies are not all theological. This is seemingly the day of "becoming" as opposed to the idea of "being," but who shall tell us that "being" itself may not have another day or that the great problems lie utterly between these alternatives? Mr. Holmes appears to define "becoming" as "the idea of an eternal procession of Being out of not-Being," while it is denied that the latter is a "valid con-

cept" in the absolute sense. It is suggested that the relation between them is one of polar opposition or of infinity to zero, but how one should proceed from another in such case belongs, one cannot help thinking, to unattainable realms of thought. We are not on the orthodox side, but it would seem that we might be served as well or better by St. Thomas Aquinas or scholastic theology at large. However this may be, Mr. Holmes is an evolutionist after his own manner, since that which evolution offers for him is "an ideal, an inspiration, a vision, a dream." Is it not therefore perchance "the same that oft-times hath Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam Of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn"? We could do with it better than with St. Thomas in that event. We should be able to forget the alternatives of Being and Becoming and remember only with Mr. Holmes in his last words "the faith which is ever transforming our inner life through trust in God Immanent . . . and desire for God Transcendent."

Professor Buckham offers a summary of the *principia* of Modernism as apprehended in his opinion by American theologians, of whom he is one. They are (1) recognition of religion as experience rather than dogma; (2) recognition of the kinship of Christianity with other religions; (3) recognition of Jesus Christ as "the highest and most moving revelation of the character of God"; (4) recognition that the Bible has been enriched vastly by "the results of literary, historical and scientific criticism"; (5) recognition of modern science as becoming spiritual from more to more in its implications; (6) recognition of Christian institutions, including the Church and her Sacraments, as made for man, "not man for them"; (7) recognition of the necessity and importance of Christianity in its social applications. Professor Buckham speaks of freedom and light in connection with modernism of this kind, and on the surface it may suggest such an atmosphere, but in reality it is much too indeterminate to act as a guide of life. Dr. J. Wilson Harper presents "a true universalism," the term belonging no longer to notions of final redemption for all mankind, but connoting the unity of the human race, which Dr. Harper interprets as brotherhood. So regarded, he affirms that it is found in the oldest Hebrew writings and is one of the "distinctive notes" of Christian faith. We have read the essay with sympathy, but it is certain that the apostles of unity would by no means regard brotherhood as embracing the whole field of their conception: it goes much deeper and is very much more debatable. Mr. R. Travers Herford sets forth "the fundamentals of religion" as they are "interpreted by Christianity and Rabbinical Judaism." His purpose is to show that these fundamentals are the same, or otherwise (1) that God is; (2) that man stands in "some relation" to God; (3) that "intercourse of some kind" is possible between God and man; and (4) that there is "a desire to be in harmony with God." But it is obvious that such fundamentals are the common ground of all religion, and that if they

were absent from the root-matter of a particular system it would not deserve and could not bear the name.

THE THEOSOPHIST gives early portraits of Mr. G. R. S. Mead and Mr. Bertram Keightley, belonging to the period when they acted as General Secretaries of the British and European sections of the Theosophical Society. There is a curious account of the ancient Shadow Play of the Javanese people, which is regarded as an expression of their artistic nature presented in dramatic allegory. Some at least of the interpretation offered is presumably that of the writer. There is also a short study on Methods of Magic which affirms (1) that the art is still alive and active, "though generally under other names and with various disguises," one of which is apparently mental suggestion ; (2) that its secrets are still communicated from master to pupil in private, under strict pledges. The authority for these statements does not emerge. . . . THEOSOPHY of Los Angeles devotes a long article to explain and protest that the Society—as regarded by itself, of course—is not a church or sect, not a religious body, and not a religion, understood in the particular sense. It is, however, religion itself, explained as "that which binds not only all men but also all beings and things in the entire universe into one grand whole." . . . THEOSOPHY TO-DAY is in its present form a comparatively new venture which reaches us from New Orleans, but the sub-title explains that it was formerly a publication devoted to Christian Science. It is now the official organ of a Theosophical Association. It is difficult to be certain, but some of the terminology suggests that it is in connection, or at least in sympathy, with the headquarters at Adyar. In any case, its Christian dedications are made exceedingly clear, for Christ is described not only as "our great Master," but as "the Master of Masters." Spiritualism, Christian Science, and something denominated a little vaguely "the movement for the equalization of the sexes," are, moreover, all parts or branches of Theosophy. Mr. Vale Owen and his communications from "the great beyond" are cited at considerable length. . . . The magazine entitled DAWN is now in its second volume, and continues to represent in very plain terms the views and objections of a theosophical Loyalty League at Sydney. As on a previous occasion, we are not in a position to notice its most important articles because of their highly controversial nature. In the correspondence columns we notice some families names, Mrs. Laura Langford and Alice Leighton Cleather, each well known in the movement during its earlier days.

Among periodicals devoted to Spiritualism, THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT has an account of some experiences among the Maori by Mr. Horace Leaf, who is led to conclude that the seers among these people are "in touch with the same spiritual world" as psychics of other races and countries. The editor presents a thoughtful and suggestive "study on spiritual values." . . . THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER speaks of present aspiration towards a World-Religion, and suggests

that whensoever inaugurated it will "perpetuate in more perfect forms every divine element found in the ancient faiths," the fundamental view being that past religions were not the creations of blind men, "groping in darkness for certitude and hope," but the response of man's heart to the attraction of God." The central doctrine will be that of St. Paul: "One God and Father of all, Who is above all, and through all, and in you all." . . . We are indebted to the BULLETIN OFFICIEL DU BUREAU INTERNATIONAL DU SPIRITISME for a note on a German Catholic Congress held at Munich, in which the development of "modern superstitions" was considered at some length and proved to be spiritism, hypnotism, suggestion, telepathy and theosophy, not to speak of clairvoyance and magic. . . . PSYCHICA has notes on telepathy and other instances of "psychology" among animals. We learn also, with perhaps a little surprise, that a society has been established for the study of this curious by-way and that it has begun to issue proceedings. . . . PSYCHIC MAGAZINE has a further and final article on "secret science," prior to the publication of M. Henri Durville's work upon this subject. We are told (1) that documents are not wanting to prove the existence and perpetuation of esoteric doctrine; (2) that initiation reveals the presence of a vital force in all religions; and (3) that it unfolds new faculties in its adepts. We trust that M. Durville's volume will fulfil the promises of its bold advertisement, that it will not be a work of expatiation, or "about it and about" for evermore, but that having made the statements it will furnish also the evidence. . . . In the course of a paper on the enemies of spiritism LA REVUE SPIRITE foretells a time to come, and comparatively near at hand, when the authenticity of psychic phenomena will be no longer in question, though this does not mean that the spiritistic hypothesis concerning them will be accepted everywhere and by all.

The *revue initiatique* which is called *Eon* puzzles us more and more, while we are not a little disconcerted by orations which announce commonplaces in magnificent terms. The Order of the Lily and the Eagle is some kind of fact and has Commanderies in various directions, but unbelieving Paris seems to have regarded its glorified founder *Dea* as nothing better than a myth, and for this reason presumably we are favoured at last with a few biographical data. She was born of humble parents at Odessa in 1884, and her name is given as Marie Routchine. The spectacle of human misery about her caused her to seek knowledge that she might discover the root of evils. As a young woman she studied life in Egypt and Greece, and is said to have chosen her mission at twenty-six, though she knew that death was near. She established her Order in 1915, and passed away three years later. What else she accomplished and why her physical envelope is regarded by disciples as having been the vesture of *La grande generatrice Déa* the deposition does not state. She appears to remain as great a mystery as ever, like the purpose of her foundation and the veneration of which she is the object.

REVIEWS

LES TEMPERAMENTS. By Dr. R. Allendy. Paris: Vigot Frères.
15 francs.

To most moderns the gulf between medical science of to-day and medicine as practised by the ancients appears so vast as to be incapable of being bridged.

Dr. R. Allendy, however, sets out not only to bridge the gulf, but to show that the very earliest conceptions of medicine—crude though they were—contained truths which the modern physician cannot afford to ignore. How far Dr. Allendy has succeeded in his task must be a matter for individual opinion.

Beginning with the four seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—he shows their analogy with the four ages of mankind—Infancy, Adolescence, Maturity, and Old Age. He relates these again with the doctrine of the four elements—Earth, Air, Fire, and Water—from which in turn comes the idea of the four essential humours of mankind—Hot, Cold, Dry, Moist. He defines a temperament as a physiological state of being by which individuals tend to react in different ways to a like stimulus, and after an interesting discussion of the mediæval conception of temperaments based on the four humours, he elaborates a conception not very far removed from this by which he classifies mankind into four divisions according to which of four physiological functions predominate.

He naturally recognizes the influence which race, climate, sex, heredity, must have on our physiology and on the skeletal moulding, and debates these factors with great clearness.

One wonders at the end of it all what sort of world would really result if his doctrines were followed to their full extent.

There seems a distinct danger that such a classification would defeat itself, and that the patient stricken with disease would be treated in accordance with the principles proper to the type to which he belongs, rather than as an individual.

Possibly Dr. Allendy would deny this, but it seems a logical outcome of his theories.

R. MACD. LADELL.

THE CASE FOR SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M.D., LL.D. (Member of the Society for Psychical Research, etc.). With numerous illustrations. London: Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row. Price 2s. 6d. net.

ON entering the lists on behalf of Mr. William Hope, recently accused of "fraud," in circumstances now so well-known that recapitulation in the short space of a review is superfluous, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle takes up a line of defence both logical and fair-minded. He argues that: ". . . If a man is accused of dishonesty a long record of honesty would be his most complete defence. Therefore," he adds:

"In considering the case of Mr. Hope, and the value of his mediumship, one must not limit one's investigation to a single case, where errors of observation and of deduction may creep in, but must take a broader view which will embrace

an account of a long series of cases, vouched for by men and women of the highest character, and incompatible with any form of fraud. If the reader will have the patience to follow my facts and my argument, I hope to make it clear to any unprejudiced mind that there is overwhelming evidence that we have in Mr. Hope a man endowed with most singular powers, and that, instead of persecuting and misrepresenting him, it would be wiser if we took a sympathetic view of his remarkable work, which has brought consolation to the afflicted, and conviction to many who had lost all belief in the independent life of the spirit."

Accordingly this book contains, in addition to Sir Arthur's own impressions of the "Crewe Circle," and an examination of the recent charge brought against Mr. Hope, much interesting evidence from many other sources, including Sir William Crooke's statement regarding a spirit likeness of Lady Crookes. Letters from numerous sitters are quoted, accompanied in many instances by photographs, showing psychic "extras," together with "normal" photographs for comparison.

Sir Arthur has likewise something to say concerning Mrs. Deane and Mr. Vearncombe, two psychic photographers who have also been attacked by the enemy. Two supplementary chapters, "The Genesis and History of the Crewe Circle," and "Evidential and Scientific Aspects," are contributed respectively by Miss F. R. Scatcherd and Mr. Fred Barlow.

The controversy has not yet quite died down. Sir Arthur suggests "an impartial committee to consider the facts." Might not such a gathering of combustible material run the risk of sharing the fate of that notable "Society upon the Stanislow," immortalized by Bret Hart? . . . Unfortunately, as Sir Arthur points out, there is an ugly side to the story, and one trusts that the suggested committee would not include in its proceedings a request for the singing of "Onward, Christian soldiers."

EDITH K. HARPER.

SPIRIT AND MUSIC. By H. Ernest Hunt. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. Pp. 136. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MR. HUNT, already well known as a writer on such subjects as Auto-suggestion, Hypnotism, and the Power of Thought, breaks new ground in the volume under consideration. He treats his theme with all the liveliness and lucidity that readers of his former works have been led to expect, and has much to say that will be helpful both to students and teachers of music. A special chapter is, indeed, devoted to the teacher, for Mr. Hunt holds that "the inspired teacher is engaged upon one of the noblest of tasks as well as one of the most responsible," and that "effective teaching can never be done to pattern." His view of music and its influence is one that will cause the hearts of all true music-lovers to glow within them, and he is surely right in insisting that the power to appreciate good music is more important than the power to perform it (save in exceptional cases), and that the development of such appreciation among all classes would have an immensely uplifting effect upon our national life. The love of melody and rhythm is one of the deepest instincts of humanity; song is man's natural means of expression; and the basic principles of music run throughout the whole of Nature, "from the beating of our own hearts to the swing of universes in the heavens." Mr. Hunt believes that we are on the verge of a period of spiritual awakening, and that in this awakening music can, and will, play a great

part; and he very aptly quotes Balzac's saying—"Religion, love, and music, are they not the three-fold expression of the same fact, the need of expansion under which every noble soul labours?"

It is impossible here to give any adequate account of all the suggestive and inspiring thoughts contained in this book, which no one who loves to hear music, or to make it, should fail to read. Music is, indeed, the world's "universal language," and, as Mr. Hunt truly says, "to explore the beauties of Art and Music is to add those beauties, by expression and the power of memory, to the self"—and "evolution in music cannot stop, for spirit is behind it." E. M. M.

THE MYSTERIES OF HYPNOSIS (LES MYSTERES DE L'HYPNOSE). By Georges de Dubor. Translated by G. M. Hort. 7½ in. × 5 in., pp. xii. + 235. London: Messrs. Wm. Rider and Son, Ltd., 8, Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 5s. net.

M. GEORGES DE DUBOR has written a very interesting and readable book dealing not only with hypnotism, but also with many allied phenomena, which has been admirably translated by Mrs. Hort. It is essentially a book for the general reader and involves no technicalities. M. Dubor is more concerned with facts than with theories, and, from many sources, including his own experience, he has collected instances of remarkable psychic phenomena. I am not sure that he has been quite sufficiently critical in his selection, since, amongst others, the Slade phenomena (which there is good reason to believe were produced by fraudulent means) are included. On the side of theory, the only conclusion after reading the book is that the mysteries of hypnotism are mysteries still. I think this is the impression M. Dubor intends, and with his admirable sentiment that what is needed at the moment is not dogmatism, but further research, all students will agree. There are, however, two points concerning which the author has arrived at very definite conclusions, and it is just these which constitute, perhaps, the most controversial feature of the book. M. Dubor holds that all the phenomena of what is called "spiritualism" can be explained, without the assumption of the agency of discarnate spirits, by means of those barely known powers of the mind which are revealed—or perhaps I should say hinted at—in the phenomena of hypnotism. He is very anxious always to adopt the strictly scientific attitude, and the intrusion of spirits seems to his mind to be a departure therefrom. Certainly the sentiment is one that can be warmly recommended. The assumption of spiritual agencies is too easily made by the majority of professed spiritualists. The physical phenomena of spiritualism, for instance, which have been the phenomena mainly studied on the Continent, rarely, if ever, seem to warrant it. On the other hand many eminent British and American scientists, who have studied especially automatic writing and allied phenomena, have been forced to adopt the spiritualistic theory by their very adherence to the scientific method. The second point of controversy concerns what is called "animal magnetism." M. Dubor believes in the existence of a magnetic fluid or force (he seems to use the two terms indifferently) emanating from the human body and giving rise to phenomena distinct from those of hypnotism. In support of this thesis—which seems contrary to the temper of psychical research

in this country—he recounts a number of highly interesting experiments, many of which, however, stand in need of confirmation. M. Dubor has much to say concerning the therapeutic value of hypnotism and magnetism, which he possibly overestimates, and has written a chapter concerning the dangers of the former. There are also very interesting chapters dealing with clairvoyance, the exteriorization of sensation, telekinesis and allied phenomena, materialization and poltergeist phenomena, which are all regarded as indications of the hitherto unexplored powers of the human mind and will.

H. S. REDGROVE.

HEAVEN'S FAIRYLAND, *The Children's Sphere*. From the Woodley-Bradbrook Communications, 1921-22. Illustrated by E. Wall-cousins. Printed and Published for the Authors by W. E. Harrison, The Ancient House Press, Ipswich. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd. Price 2s. 9d. post free.

THIS work is described as "A Faithful Record of an Absolutely Authentic Psychic Revelation." It has a Foreword by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, who is personally acquainted with the lady through whom these Records have come, and he says of her: "She is just such an instrument as I could imagine would be chosen for the work by those who have the task in hand." It is dedicated to Mothers who have loved and lost their "little lights," and one feels that the many to whom these words apply, should this beautiful volume come into their hands, will be the happier for having read its lovely descriptions of the Home in which their little ones now dwell. The glories of blossoms, woodland and sunlight, are familiar to many who have the *Sight* (as they call it in the Highlands), and the song of birds, and "the music from unseen choirs," has been heard at times by souls attuned to the finer vibrations of the world within the world.

In this Children's Paradise, we are told, the very small ones, the mere babies, are cared for and amused by the elder children, whose delight it is, and who themselves are cared for and taught by angel guardians. It is pleasant to realize that all are taught to practise unselfishness and to learn that it is the keynote of all that is highest in any sphere. The symbolism of flowers is very beautifully expressed, each flower bearing its own special message, and playing its own fragrant part in this Garden of Love, for:

"In this quiet and gentle atmosphere we see our children attempting to join the garlands of flowers they have woven to place around their little companions and to throw rays of sunlight to the dark places and sad hearts of earth."

The delicate charm of the illustrations, and the excellence of both paper and printing, are alike appropriate to the work.

EDITH K. HARPER.

CHRIST AND LABOUR. By C. F. Andrews. 7¼ in. × 4¾ in., pp. iv + 146. Madras, India: Messrs. Ganesh & Co. Price R 1.8.

MR. ANDREWS has written an interesting and thought-provoking book dealing with the sociological applications of the teachings of Jesus. Central in these teachings he finds the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the recognition of the dignity of labour. Judged by these standards

there is much to be found wanting in the civilization of the past, and, in spite of the ameliorative influence the advance of Christianity has exercised, in that of the present also. The caste system of India stands condemned, but not less open to condemnation are the class distinctions of modern European civilization, its snobbery, its worship of mere material wealth and the attitude (so contrary to that of brotherhood) that it adopts towards the coloured races of mankind. Mr. Andrews has a long chapter dealing with usury, which during mediæval times, in accordance with Christian doctrine as then understood, was regarded as sinful, but is now the most essential element in the economic basis of modern society ; and he suggests that something should be done to curb its baneful influence. Much of what he has to say, especially as concerns the application of his views to present-day India, will no doubt arouse considerable criticism. But he has clearly and, on the whole, moderately formulated a point of view which is worth attention ; and for the reason, if for no other, that it is a book well calculated to give the reader " furiously to think," *Christ and Labour* deserves to be widely read.

H. S. REDGROVE.

REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING. By T. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc. 7½ in. × 4¾ in., pp. xii + 236. London: Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, Strand, W.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.

PROF. PEAR'S book is based upon a series of lectures dealing with normal and abnormal memory delivered to officers of the R.A.M.C. It is significant that no small portion of it is devoted to a consideration of memory as manifested in dream-phenomena. Whatever may be the final verdict concerning Freud's theories in their entirety, the debt which modern psychology owes to him is considerable. The older psychology almost entirely neglected dream phenomena ; Freud has shown how very important such phenomena are, and how much light they throw on the problem of personality. But Prof. Pear is no bigoted Freudian, and, whilst he is quite conscious of his indebtedness to Freud, he prefers in the main to follow the views of the late Dr. Rivers, which differ in many respects from those of the Austrian professor. Prof. Pear divides forgotten experiences into three classes. The first class includes apparently insignificant experiences and those which, whilst significant, are completely congruous with the personality. To these he applies the expressive label of " embodied." The second class is that of " exiled " or " repressed " experiences, which are forcibly barred from everyday consciousness ; whilst the third includes superseded experiences, those, so to speak, which have been grown out of by the evolving personality.

Not the least interesting portion of the book is the long Appendix, which includes chapters on certain unusual forms of memory. Of these may be especially mentioned " coloured hearing "—or the association of colours with sounds—and the phenomenon of number-forms—or the association of numbers with spatial positions—which remarkable forms of memory are possibly commoner than one not habituated to them might think. There is also an interesting chapter entitled " The Respectability of Muscular Skill," dealing with the problem of what may be called kinæsthetic intelligence.

H. S. REDGROVE.

MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE IN CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY.

Translated from the German of J. L. Heiberg by D. C. Macgregor.
7½ in. × 4¾ in., pp. 110. London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford
University Press. Price 2s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR HEIBERG suffers under the disadvantage of being unable to enter into the thought of those whose mentality is different from his own. The myths and fables of the ancients, their non-scientific attempts at the explanation of natural phenomena, are to him merely follies that do not call for explanation; and the whole of Greek alchemy he dismisses in a single paragraph. Within its limitations, however, his book is an interesting and informative one. It never places us on terms of intimacy with the old-time thinkers, but it certainly does give us a useful and accurate account of their positive achievements. Those who have defended a classical education against a scientific one, if they ever read this book (and they certainly ought to do so) will be very considerably shocked to find how deeply ancient Greece was imbued with the scientific spirit supposed to be peculiar to modern times. It is true that the Greek mind preferred to philosophize rather than to experiment, which accounts, no doubt, for the enormous progress they made in mathematics as compared with the other sciences; but, as Professor Heiberg shows us, there were many exceptions to this rule. Medical science was forced to be experimental from its very nature, and, with all its shortcomings, Greek medicine was marked by many notable achievements. In physics, although the tendency to philosophize appears to have hindered progress for some time, that wonderful genius Archimedes was not a unique phenomenon, and there were many lesser lights to show that the way of experiment was the way of knowledge in physical science.

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Wed. 7. Mr. Harvey Metcalfe	Wed. 14. Mr. Ernest Hunt.	Mr. Wm. Loftus Hare.
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of literature and art. We have, perhaps, been inclined to forget that the debt is not less in the domain of the natural sciences. Professor Heiberg's book will have a salutary effect in reminding us of this debt, and in demonstrating to us that the edifice of Greek science forms a not unworthy memorial to the dignity and powers of the human mind.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE RATIONAL BASIS OF BELIEF. By C. F. J. Galloway, B.Sc., F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I. 7¼ in. × 5 in., pp. 23. Glasgow: Messrs. William McLellan, 240 Hope Street. Price (paper covers) 6d.

IN spite of the title of the series, "Common-sense Philosophy," of which it is No. 1, this is quite an uncommonly sensible little pamphlet. The author summarizes the main objections that have been urged against a belief in the spiritual realm and the investigation of occult phenomena. It has been said that science, in contradistinction to occultism, deals with exact knowledge which can be proved, that its observations and experiments can be repeated by anybody, that its results are purely deductive, imagination being excluded, and finally, that science and occultism deal with totally different fields of knowledge which must be kept apart. Mr. Galloway proceeds to demolish these arguments. He clearly shows that all knowledge, except the knowledge of one's own existence and purely mental abstractions (the latter a rather dangerous admission, as he may discover if he is ever attacked by a Hegelian) falls short of absolute certitude. Scientific proof deals always with probabilities, though these are admittedly in many cases of a very high order. Scientific observations and experiments can by no means be repeated by anybody. In astronomy and meteorology, for example, we have to wait for the occurrence of suitable conditions, and in other sciences where the requisite conditions can be obtained when desired, e.g. chemistry, the ordinary man is entirely dependent on the observations and experiments of skilled workers. Imagination plays a most important part in the framing of scientific hypotheses, without which progress in knowledge would be impossible. And finally, since science takes the whole world

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of experience for its field of inquiry, psychic phenomena certainly demand scientific investigation. This briefly summarizes Mr. Galloway's arguments. He is a clear and level-headed thinker, his pamphlet deserves to be widely read, and a larger book from his pen would be by no means unwelcome.

H. S. REDGROVE.

SIXTEEN OR SO. By Lesley Garth. Published by Messrs. Scott-Cowell, Blackburn. Price 3s. net.

THIS little collection of stories shows great promise though, as usual, the jacket is too lurid for the context and one wonders feebly why the devil reaches out a taloned hand for a young lady with such ill-shaped arms. But then, the devil always has such bad taste on publishers' jackets. The stories themselves are very keen definitions of character in school-life, and the psychology is really unerring. Also, the author's style is pure and unspoilt by the fussiness and fluffs of the futuristic modern school. The outlines are clear to the point of cruelty, but one can always stand the truth. It is only unreality which disgusts. "Walking Home—An Interlude," "A Study in Feminity" and the humorous "The Night of His Life," are all well constructed and told, though the proof-reader might have been a little more careful in correcting the printer's errors. It is such a pity when these slips occur in good writing. Lady Peirse contributes an introduction and we echo her hope of hearing more of the author.

Still, why the book was sent to the OCCULT REVIEW mystifies a mere critic like myself. There is nothing occult in sex-analyses and the motives animating school-girls and teachers.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE MORROW OF DEATH. By "Amicus." With Foreword by the Rev. G. Vale Owen. London: A. H. Stockwell, 28 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. Price 2s.

THIS little book calls itself A Treatise on the After Life, but the contents are less portentous than the word Treatise would imply. A Prefatory Note explains that it consists of Communications given by a "Spirit Control," who on earth was a minister of religion, and "passed into spirit life about forty years ago." The wife of the psychic took down the communications verbatim in writing. All profits on the sale of the volume

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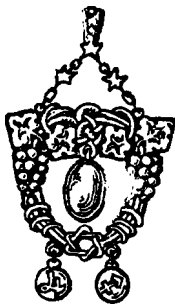
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