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EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE following incident is reported from Paris under date April 11 last by the (London) *Daily Express* correspondent:—

As a coffin was being lowered into a grave in a cemetery near Villeneuve-sur-Lot, one of the undertaker's men heard a muffled shriek. He stood for a moment transfixed, then called his fellow-workers' attention.

The next instant all heard a stifled, agonized cry echoing from within the coffin, followed by shrieks for help.

The men rapidly drew up the coffin and began feverishly to rip open the lid.

The "dead" woman opened her eyes and looked around, astonished and wondering at the wealth of flowers and mourners.

She was rushed to her home, where a doctor soon revived her and pronounced her fully alive.

This is one of numerous instances that serve to show the grave risk that is run of premature burial, and in countries where, as in England, it is not compulsory for the doctor to view the corpse before giving a medical certificate of death, this risk is obviously considerably increased.* It is, moreover, not com-

* There is also an increased risk in hot countries where the climatic conditions make quick burial desirable, or where burial within a very brief period is enforced by law.

pulsory even to state the actual cause of death, though naturally this is usually done. This danger of premature burial arises mainly in cases where the subject is liable to conditions of either catalepsy or trance. Dr. Franz Hartmann, in his book on the subject, states that there seems hardly any limit to the time during which a person may remain in a trance. "Cases of catalepsy," he states, "are due to some organic obstruction of the mechanism of the body on account of the exhausted nervous power, and the activity of life is resumed as soon as the impediment is removed, or the nervous energy given a chance of recuperation. In catalepsy the muscles pass into a state of rigidity and all sensibility is lost."

TRANCE, CATALEPSY AND PREMATURE BURIAL.

The difference between trance and catalepsy appears to be that the muscles of the body become rigid in the latter case, but not in the former. Both conditions may be artificially induced by hypnotism or autohypnosis, as well as pathologically through some physiological or psychic affection. In the latter case we may perhaps be justified in treating them as forms of *involuntary* autohypnosis. Braid describes trance as "a functional disease of the nervous system in which the cerebral activity is concentrated in some limited region of the brain with suspension of the activity of the rest of the brain, and consequent loss of volition." Numerous cases are recorded in which the person in trance was perfectly aware of all that was going on around him, but unable to move a muscle.* In such cases it is obvious that the consciousness had not left the body, though in others there is reason to believe that the spirit has temporarily quitted its physical tenement. There are, of course, also the cases of trance induced by anæsthetics, and here again we apparently get the two types, in the former of which the consciousness remains in the physical form, though sensation and power of movement are inhibited, while in the other type the trance resembles death in the entire absence of physical consciousness. The former condition is sometimes varied in so far that while the patient is insensible to pain during the operation, he exhibits at the same time symptoms of ecstasy, thus proving the presence of consciousness in a limited portion of the brain. Certain individuals again have the power of inducing death-like trance at will, as

DIFFERENT TYPES OF TRANCE.

* Correspondents of the OCCULT REVIEW who have written letters on the condition of "Paralysis on Awakening" will be familiar with this state.

in the case of some Hindu fakirs. The bodily conditions in such cases counterfeit death in every way except that mortification does not set in. It is well known that before the introduction of anæsthetics Dr. Esdaile performed many operations in India under hypnotically induced trance conditions. Among these were some of the most serious, such as amputation of the thigh, leg, and arm, and numerous operations for the removal of tumours. The patients underwent the operations without showing any symptoms of suffering.

OPERATIONS UNDER HYPNOSIS.

The difficulty with which doctors are confronted in patients liable to trance lies in the fact that in many cases there is no ascertainable difference between the symptoms of actual death and suspended animation. In fact, there is reason to believe that suspended animation is frequently a prelude to death, whereas, if the proper restoratives were administered, the vitality would return to the physical form. With regard to this Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson observes :—

> We are at this moment ignorant of the time when vitality ceases to act upon matter that has been vitalized. Presuming that an organism can be arrested in its living in such a manner that its parts shall not be injured to the extent of actual destruction of tissue or change of organic form, the vital wave seems ever ready to pour into the body again as soon as the conditions for its action are re-established.

We have again instances in which the consciousness appears actually to have left the physical form before vitality is extinct in the body. Readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will remember a case I gave some years ago in which a sister of my father's took possession of her own body to make a communication when, if her statement can be accepted, her spirit had already left the physical form. In this instance a communication was written through the medium of the body by a spirit who contended that she was no longer its tenant, and in the communication in question supplied evidence of full possession of her mental faculties.

The doubt that such instances raise as to the time at which death takes place is very significant. Nor is it altogether easy to say how we can define this actual moment of death. Is it the moment at which the spirit first leaves the body, or must we say that no one is really dead until it has become impossible for the spirit to return to the physical form? What, again, constitutes this impossibility? It is contended by modern Theosophists, following on the lines of earlier occult students,

that this complete severance does not take place until the magnetic cord uniting the physical form with the etheric body has been severed. This cord, it would appear, once broken, cannot be reunited. Probably this theory, borne out as it is by a number of occult observations, is scientifically sound. Years ago a physician (evidently of a very sensitive type), in a letter to *The English Mechanic*, drew attention to the fact that he had frequently observed what appeared to be the sound of the snapping of this cord when present at the bedside of patients at the moment of death.

THE TRUE TIME OF DEATH.

From the point of view, however, of the ordinary physician, the question whether the magnetic cord is severed or otherwise is not taken into account, nor, in fact, has the physician any knowledge of its existence, still less of methods by which the question of its severance or non-severance could be decided. Hence the danger of the patient being buried while the cord still remains intact. The cases recorded of persons certified as dead and coming to after having been placed in the coffin, are almost innumerable, but in what percentage of instances people are actually buried alive and recover consciousness when assistance is unavailing, one is only left to guess. Many speculations have been made and certain evidence is forthcoming in the case of old cemeteries which have been dug up, but naturally no statistics are obtainable on which it is possible to place any real reliance. Those, however, who come to after their supposed death are probably only a small proportion of the number that might be brought back to life were adequate restoratives administered. A statement is made by Dr. Franz Hartmann in his book on Premature Burial with regard to a graveyard in a town in Holland which was removed to another locality. In this case it is stated that more than half per cent. of the corpses examined bore indications of having been buried alive and having wakened in their coffins.* In the case of an epidemic the risk of such premature burial is obviously very much greater. Dr. Franz Hartmann stated that within two months of the publication of his book on the subject he received no less than sixty-three letters from persons who had been fortunate enough to escape premature burial through some accident. The authors of *Premature Burial and How it may be Prevented* † have collected a very large number

THE EVIDENCE OF A DUTCH CEMETERY.

* Surely an excessive estimate. Another calculation computes the number at 2 per 1,000.

† William Tibb, F.R.G.S., and Col. E. P. Vollum, M.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1896.

of instances of similar cases. Here is one that hails from New York State in reference to an incident that occurred in July, 1894, and was recorded in the *Boston Post.*

Sprakers, a village not far from Rondout, N.Y., was treated to a sensation Tuesday, July 10th, by the supposed resurrection from the dead of Miss Eleanor Markham, a young woman of respectability, who to all appearance had died on Sunday, July 8th.

Miss Markham about a fortnight ago complained of heart trouble, and was treated by Dr. Howard. She grew weaker gradually, and on Sunday morning apparently breathed her last, to the great grief of her relatives, by whom she was much beloved. The doctor pronounced her dead, and furnished the usual burial certificate.

Undertaker Jones took charge of the funeral arrangements. On account of the warm weather it was decided that the interment should take place Tuesday, and in the morning Miss Markham was put in the coffin.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

After her relatives had taken the last look on what they supposed was their beloved dead, the lid of the coffin was fastened down, and the undertaker and his assistant took it to the hearse waiting outside. As they approached the hearse a noise was heard, and the coffin was put down and opened in short order. Behold! there was poor Eleanor Markham lying on her back, her face white and contorted, and her eyes distended.

"My God!" she cried, in broken accents, "where am I? You are burying me alive!" "Hush, child!" said Dr. Howard, who happened to be present. "You are all right. It is a mistake easily rectified."

The girl was then taken into the house and placed on the bed, when she fainted. While the doctor was administering stimulating restoratives the trappings of woe were removed, and the hearse drove away with more cheerful rapidity than a hearse was ever driven before.

. . . . . .

"I was conscious all the time you were making preparations to bury me," she said, "and the horror of my situation is altogether beyond description. I could hear everything that was going on, even a whisper outside the door, and although I exerted all my will-power and made a supreme physical effort to cry out, I was powerless. . . . At first I fancied the bearers would not hear me, but when I felt one end of the coffin falling suddenly, I knew that I had been heard."

Miss Markham is on a fair way to recovery, and what is strange is that the flutterings of the heart that brought on her illness are gone.

Here is another instance. *The Undertakers' and Funeral Directors' Journal*, July 22, 1889, relates as follows:—

A New York undertaker recently told the following story, the circumstances of which are still remembered by old residents of the City:—About forty years ago a lady living on Division Street, New York City, fell dead, apparently, while in the act of dancing at a ball. It was a fashionable affair, and being able to afford it, she wore costly jewellery. Her husband, a flour merchant, who loved her devotedly, resolved that she should be

interred in her ball dress, diamonds, pearls and all; also that there should be no autopsy. As the weather was very inclement when the funeral reached the cemetery, the body was placed in the receiving vault for burial next day. The undertaker was not a poor man, but he was avaricious, and he made up his mind to possess the jewellery. He went in the night and took the lady's watch from the folds of her dress. He next began to draw a diamond ring from her finger, and in doing so had to use violence enough to tear the skin. Then the lady moved and groaned, and the thief, terrified and conscience-stricken, fled from the cemetery, and has never been since heard from that I know of. The lady, after the first emotions of horror at her unheard-of position had passed over, gathered her nerves together and stepped out of the vault, which the thief had left open. How she came home I cannot tell; but this I know—she lived and had children, two at least of whom are alive to-day.

LIFE SAVED BY ATTEMPTED THEFT.

That life may be retained almost indefinitely under such conditions seems to be shown by the experiments to which Indian fakirs have allowed themselves to be subjected. Dr. Holigsberger, a German physician residing in India, gave the following account of a fakir who permitted his body to be buried alive. A certain rajah heard of this fakir, whose name was Hari Das, and sent for him, asking him if he was prepared to submit to an experiment for the purpose of proving that a man's real life was not dependent on the activity of his physical body. The fakir consented, stipulating only that his body should be taken care of in such a manner as to protect it against injury, so that the spirit on its return would find it intact. Before being buried alive he filled his ears, nostrils, etc., with wax, so as to prevent the entrance of any air, and threw himself into a state of death-like trance, in which the heart ceased to beat and no indication of life could be detected. The corpse was then sewn into a linen bag in the presence of the rajah, which was sealed with the rajah's seal, while the bag was put into a box for which the rajah provided the lock, and of which he himself kept the key. The box was duly buried in the garden of one of his ministers. Barley was sown in the ground above the place of burial, and the whole enclosed by a wall, while military guards were posted there night and day. On the fortieth day the box was reopened in the presence of the rajah, his ministers, General Ventura, and certain Englishmen, among whom was a physician. They found the fakir lying stiff like a corpse in the identical condition in which he was interred. Warmth was then applied to his head, the wax removed, and air blown

THE RAJAH AND THE BURIED FAKIR.

into his mouth, after which the body revived, the fakir being none the worse for his experiment.

Other instances of a similar character are narrated from various sources. Certain curious cases are recorded of torture during the Middle Ages and in early Christian times, in which the victims had gone into trances, and apparently died, subsequently recovering, and stating that they had experienced no pain nor had any knowledge of the tortures to which they had been subjected. Later on, in the seventeenth century, an instance is given of a widow named Leucken, who was tortured at Arnum in 1639 under suspicion of sorcery. In the midst of the torture she went into a trance, during which she spoke in several different languages, and finally lost all consciousness and was pronounced dead. Eventually she woke up, remembering nothing of what had been done to her.

THE DEAD RETURNS TO LIFE.

An amazing story was investigated by the late Dr. Hodgson, of the American S.P.R., in which a Quaker mother, after she had been pronounced dead, suddenly sat up in the presence of her family and, turning to one of her sons who had held materialistic views, exclaimed, "I am permitted to come back to thee to tell thee that there is a future life." Having uttered these words, she sank back upon the bed a corpse. It is stated that the experience produced a profound effect upon the young man concerned. The story was narrated to me, when in America, by Dr. Hodgson's secretary. No names were given, the family who confirmed the truth of the incident being unwilling to allow such a sensational occurrence to become public property.

There are other cases on record in which men have been sentenced to death and hung, and subsequently returned to life. It appears that as evidence of actual death the physician's stethoscope is quite unreliable. One method that has had the effect of reviving the vitality of the apparently dead is to apply a lighted match to a finger of the corpse. If a blister is then formed the subject is not actually dead. Nature,

METHODS OF RESUSCITATION.

in the effort to protect the inner tissues, throws a covering of water, a non-conductor of heat, between the fire and the flesh. If you are dead, and flames come in contact with any part of your body, no blister will appear. No methods appear to be infallible, even the severing of a vein sometimes failing to bring back to life an apparently dead person, who, however, subsequently recovers. There are several other methods adopted for resuscitation which

in numerous instances have been proved effective. In one case a patient, pronounced dead, was profusely rubbed with mustard by a practical neighbour. The corpse sat up, stung back into renewed life, subsequently married, and had a large family. Another case, given in *The Lancet* for June 21, 1884, has already been cited in the OCCULT REVIEW, and is interesting as giving a further suggestion as to methods of resuscitation. A mother and her baby were ill of smallpox. Both appeared to die, and were declared dead by the doctor. The grandmother, however, had made the nurse promise that if death appeared to ensue, she would put additional blankets on one or on both, and leave them till the grandmother's return. The nurse did as she had been requested, and next day when the grandmother came back they were both alive, and in each case made a complete recovery. In another instance, where a patient was supposed to be dead, to make assurance doubly sure the doctors opened a vein in each arm, but no blood flowed. The nurse, however, by applying mustard poultices to the patient's feet and neck, and burning feathers to her nostrils, succeeded in restoring consciousness. Here again a satisfactory recovery ensued.

Dr. Franz Hartmann, in his *Premature Burial*, narrates a further case of resuscitation from apparent death. The method here employed was the application of a red-hot poker to the soles of the feet of the supposed corpse. The incident occurred in the Bukovina in the vicinity of Radautz. A woman here was certified to have died of spasms of the heart. As there appeared to be some doubt of her death, and no signs of putrefaction appeared, an interval of five days was allowed before the funeral. After this, final arrangements for interment were made. As they were about to put the coffin in the grave, the sister of the deceased woman arrived to attend the funeral, and begged to be allowed to see the dead body. The coffin had already been screwed down, but was opened in response to her entreaties. She maintained her belief that her sister was still alive, procured as above stated a red-hot poker, and in spite of remonstrances from those present, touched with it the soles of the feet of the corpse. There was a spasmodic jerk, and the woman recovered. She had not been unconscious for a moment of the whole time, and was able to describe afterwards all the details of what had taken place around her. In this case, however, she did not suffer any terror, as she had watched everything that took place like a disinterested spectator, but had been able to make no signs of life.

LIFE SAVED BY A RED-HOT POKER.

Treating of the means of restoration of the apparently dead, and the absolute signs and proofs of death, in a paper read before the Medical Society of London, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson gives the following account of the restoration to life of a medical man, which suggests still further methods of resuscitation:

The man in question was found dead, as was presumed, from an excessive dose of chloral. There was no sign of respiration. "It was very difficult [says Sir Benjamin Richardson] even for a ear as long trained as mine to detect signs of the beating of the heart. There was no pulse at the wrist, and the temperature of the body had fallen to 97° Fahr. In this condition the man had lain for some hours before my arrival, and yet, as the simple result of raising the warmth of the room to 84° Fahr. and injecting warm milk and water into the stomach, he rallied slowly out of the sleep, and made a perfect recovery."

Sir Benjamin Richardson gives the following list of signs of actual death:

SIGNS OF DEATH.

(1) Respiratory failure, including absence of visible movements of the chest, absence of respiratory murmur, absence of evidence of transpiration of water vapour from the lungs by the breath.

(2) Cardiac failure, including absence of arterial pulsation, of cardiac motion, and of cardiac sounds.

(3) Absence of turgescence or filling of the veins on making pressure between them and the heart.

(4) Reduction of the temperature of the body below the natural standard.

(5) Rigor mortis and muscular collapse.

(6) Coagulation of the blood.

(7) Putrefactive decomposition.

(8) Absence of red colour in semi-transparent parts under the influence of a powerful stream of light.

(9) Absence of muscular contraction under the stimulus of galvanism, of heat, and of puncture.

(10) Absence of red blush of the skin after subcutaneous injection of ammonia. (Monteverdi's test.)

(11) Absence of signs of rust or oxidation of a bright steel blade, after plunging it deep into the tissues. (The needle test of Cloquet and Laborde.)

In addition to the methods of resuscitation which have been adopted from time to time, as cited in the foregoing instances, we may add the more recent forms of procedure adopted of heart massage and artificial respiration. Instances will be

familiar to readers of the daily and weekly Press where heart massage has restored the vitality of the apparently dead.

It would be easy for me to multiply instances of cases in which premature burial has occurred, some of them with singularly horrible and revolting details, and had I the temperament of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick Papers*, I should no doubt take the very favourable opportunity to make my readers' flesh creep.

"VERBUM SAPIENTI."

My intention, however, is rather to draw attention to the seriousness of the danger in question, and the methods that have been, and may again be, employed to restore consciousness where there is any doubt as regards actual death. There have been instances where such doubt has occurred and those present have lacked knowledge of the requisite measures to be taken in a crisis of the kind. I hope that these notes may serve a useful purpose by enumerating a number of tests that have in the past saved many fellow creatures from a horrible and agonizing death.

Perhaps a few remarks may not be out of place with regard to the death of Lord Carnarvon, which has been so widely attributed to the operation, after thousands of years, of some ancient Egyptian curse on anyone who might venture to disturb the resting place of the Pharaohs. One is, I think, bound to admit, whatever views one may take on the matter, that the contention in the present instance is not proven. The fact appears to be that Lord Carnarvon was stung by a mosquito when engaged in his investigations in the tomb. That this mosquito may have absorbed some poisonous matter from the contents of the tomb is only too probable, and the danger in the case of one who suffered normally from an unhealthy condition of the blood, is by no means surprising. Mosquito bites, even under ordinary conditions, are very dangerous where people who have already suffered from blood-poisoning are concerned, and it is alleged that the Egyptians deliberately used poisons in connection with embalming, in order to protect their dead from molestation. If so, the explanation may well be a natural one. Still, one never quite knows, and the prudent man will be well advised to let sleeping Pharaohs lie.

LORD CARNARVON.

A PIONEER IN MENTAL THERAPEUTICS

By ROSA M. BARRETT

THOSE who have heard at all of P. P. Quimby chiefly associate his name with the controversy as to whether he or Mrs. Eddy should be regarded as the originator of the teaching known as Christian Science. But quite apart from this question, there is much of great interest and novelty in the writings containing the ideas and teaching of Quimby during the years from 1846 to 1865. He published nothing during his life, nor was it until after his son's death in 1920 that anyone was allowed access to the sealed box containing the Quimby manuscripts, which were therefore first published in 1921 only, though Quimby had died so long before as January, 1866.* This sealed box contained books full of notes, essays, answers to questions, letters from patients, copies of Quimby's replies to these letters, press cuttings—a confused and heterogeneous collection. These, after his death, were all collected and locked up, nor would the son publish them or allow anyone to see them, although one of the chief patients and adherents of Quimby let it be publicly known that the MSS. existed and wrote articles about them, and indeed a book on *The Philosophy of Quimby*. Much misunderstanding might have been removed but for this stubborn refusal.

Quimby's ideas and remarkable therapeutic success were so far in advance of his time that he was—though highly respected for his upright, unselfish character—regarded by many as a crank and a visionary. His son, G. A. Quimby, was not a follower of his father's teaching, and seems to have been a conventional sort of man: possibly he thought any circulation of his father's views might imperil his position as a respectable citizen or injure his business. This, however, is only conjecture. The reason he himself gave was that the time for publication had not come; and so when Mrs. Eddy brought her libel action against a man who had stated that her ideas were really Quimby's, the case went by default in Mrs. Eddy's favour, the son refusing even then to

* *The Quimby Manuscripts*. Edited by H. W. Dresser. Published by T. Y. Crowell Company, New York.

produce Quimby's writings. Even copies made by the Dresser family were perforce returned to G. A. Quimby. When G. A. Quimby died, the widow gave this sealed box, in January, 1921, to Horatio W. Dresser, the son of Quimby's chief student: with her permission he has therefore now published these remarkable documents, just as they were written or jotted down, and unrevised, by Quimby.

So much for the explanation as to the cause of the delay in circulating Quimby's theories.

Quimby, a blacksmith's son, born in 1802 in New Hampshire, was—in the ordinary meaning of the word—an uneducated man who could not even spell correctly; he had not read or studied much, but he had a reflective, inquiring and original mind that could not rest when any problem came before him without trying to solve and understand it. In this way, while still young and working at his trade of clock and watch making, he became interested in the subject of mesmerism through hearing a lecture given in 1838 by a French mesmerist who, noting his intelligence and interest, instructed him in the practice of hypnotism. Quimby also read any books he could get on the subject and on Theories of Matter, and soon found that he was himself able to mesmerize, and that a youth, named Lucius, upon whom he experimented, was a singularly susceptible subject. Quimby could put Lucius into a deep mesmeric trance by simply looking intently at him, and when in that condition, Lucius became remarkably clairvoyant. At this time (although the widely-known Fox sisters attracted much attention to spiritualism a little later) most people thought mesmerism either a delusion or diabolical, and Quimby was vilified and ridiculed. He, however, gave public demonstrations, and the extraordinary gifts of Lucius excited keen interest: the local newspapers of the day giving long reports and testifying to Quimby's remarkable success. In these demonstrations, Quimby, or some person in the audience, would mentally will that the lad should describe some distant building, place, or person totally unknown to the subject and often unknown to Quimby himself. No words were spoken or written, nevertheless Lucius would describe the place or the person with minute accuracy as if actually seeing it. Time and space did not seem to affect the clairvoyant power of Lucius. This travelling clairvoyance, as it is often called, or telæsthesia, as Mr. F. W. Myers termed it, is the perception of objects at a distance independently of the recognized channels of sense and under such conditions as to render it impossible for any known

mind—other than that of the percipient—to be the source of the knowledge thus gained. Dowsing (for water or minerals), if the facts are admitted, affords the most conclusive proof of this faculty. The evidence for telæsthesia is as abundant as that on behalf of telepathy, more so indeed, and is even more conclusive. One most remarkable example of this is found in the case of a much-respected U.S. Presbyterian minister,* who, when in a state of trance, described persons and events at a great distance, often many miles away. The evidence of his clairvoyant and supernormal powers when in this condition is too remarkable and abundant to be gainsaid. Scores of well-known and influential people testified to his gifts. One doctor gives as an example of his powers that Mr. Sanders (the clergyman), on being asked while in a trance to find a lost bunch of keys, said that they were under the steps of a door on the west side of the owner's house, some three miles away. The people there had searched everywhere for them in vain, but hearing this went again and found them in the exact spot named, where a child had hidden them a week before.

Very soon Quimby began to utilize this clairvoyant gift by making Lucius diagnose people's ailments and prescribe remedies. In this he again had marvellous success, and, becoming more widely known, his work so increased that he removed from his boyhood's home in Belfast, Maine, to the larger town of Portland, and here his chief work was done. It is worth noting that the newspapers of the day speak of Quimby as being well known for his honesty and integrity, as a man of deep thought and love of truth, of unblemished moral character, very benevolent and widely respected.

During the time (chiefly in the years from 1843 to 1847) that Quimby gave public demonstrations and practised hypnotism, doctors performed operations quite painlessly on some of his subjects—such as the removal of a polypus from the nose of a hypnotized patient. The doctor himself describes this operation, at which several noted citizens were present by request. The operation took some minutes, but the patient's colour did not change, and on awakening (she was apparently in a natural sleep) she was unconscious that anything had been done, and was surprised to find that she could breathe freely once more, for her nose had been entirely closed for some months previously. In another case, a patient in a hypnotic sleep, for three hours

* See a book called *The Sleeping Preacher of N. Alabama*, by the Rev. G. W. Mitchell, published in New York, 1876.

underwent quite painlessly an operation on her teeth. A striking fact is recorded in this case: Quimby told her mother he would communicate mentally with the girl, without speaking or touching her, she then began to laugh in response to an unspoken thought of Quimby's. Another doctor took Quimby to see a patient who had injured her elbow by a fall, and suffered excruciating pain. Quimby "magnetized," as he called it, and completely cured her. He cured functional as well as organic diseases apparently, as many doctors testified.

Quimby experimented upon other people besides Lucius. A lady whom he mesmerized was asked to describe events in her father's house 400 miles away. While in this state she said that one of the family had died and that a friend had been taken very ill there, but had so far recovered that a brother had carried her home. In a letter received during the following week these statements were found to be absolutely correct. One observer (whose wife had been under treatment) writes that Lucius seemed, when thus hypnotized, to have almost miraculous insight, seeing perfectly correctly every detail regarding the internal structure and state of the body and describing the causes of disease. Moreover, though both he and Quimby were quite ignorant of the language, Lucius often wrote, when in this state, long prescriptions in Latin: this began after he had been in contact with a qualified practitioner, though he afterwards sometimes gave Latin prescriptions to Quimby.

One medical man wrote these striking words: "Mesmerism demonstrates the immateriality of the human soul, and lets in more light than any other window that has been opened for a thousand years."

Gradually Quimby came to realize the fact that his subject, Lucius, could only visualize what was in his, Quimby's, mind, or in that of the person with whom he was at the moment in contact—he expressed no independent truth. Then, Quimby asked himself, do ideas take form? Has man or thought the power of creation? Do ailments exist only in the mind, not in reality? If the mere *thought* of a wild beast in my mind, he argued, makes Lucius shrink in terror and describe the ferocious animal as if it had some objective existence before him, or if he shivered when cold was mentally suggested, or tasted or smelt a substance merely suggested to him, is it not conceivable that other things which appear real, such as pain and sickness, may exist in thought only and have no objective existence? If this be so, then by substituting for thoughts of pain, of disease and of evil, ideas

of wholeness, of God's ideal for that man or woman, would it not be possible to abandon the error, to make the person well both in body and in soul, mentally creating *good* objects and so benefiting the minds of those influenced? These ideas may be commonplace now, but eighty years ago they marked an epoch, for Quimby was indeed one of the very earliest to realize the fact of thought-transference. From this time Quimby worked hard at this idea, practising his theories and gradually evolving what he called a Science, which he taught, and, discarding medicines entirely, effected many marvellous cures, to which doctors and patients alike testified.

At first, when healing, Quimby touched or stroked a patient's head or the affected part, but from 1847 he gradually abandoned this practice and all manipulation and mesmerism, simply concentrating his thought intently upon the patient, sitting in silence and receiving vivid impressions. He considered that in this way he became aware of the patient's mind and condition (he was himself, no doubt, clairvoyant) and experienced their feelings. At first he even took their conditions on himself, but later he learned how to avoid this, by realizing, as he describes it, the protective power of Wisdom, so keeping his own soul free. He would never allow the patient to describe his feelings or ailments, but, while thus sitting in silence, Quimby became conscious of, and accurately described, the sensations and pains of those who came to him to be treated—not fearing their belief in the evil he was not afraid of the disease. The patient realized that Quimby understood his condition and did not ignore it, so a feeling of confidence was aroused and then Quimby imparted *his* belief in the divine ideal of perfect health, of God as love. The guiding power was love of truth, faith in an inner higher self open to the Divine presence. The effects produced were not mysterious, but the result of the direct action of *mind upon mind*, a remarkable conclusion to reach eighty years ago. Hence instead of his work being humbug, he was developing the principle of the influence of thought. Dr. (as he was often called) Quimby kept no record of his patients, but he treated some hundreds every year: beginning with bodily healing, this was followed, if needed, by spiritual healing. As one instance of his work, a description is given by her son, of the cure of a lady about seventy years old who had broken her ankle badly some eleven years previously, and since then could only touch the ground with her toes and had to use crutches. After treatment by Quimby, she put her whole foot on the ground, walked without any stick, and even danced. The writer adds that

people thronged his house to see the miracle that had been performed! Another time he treated a woman violently insane, who had attempted to cut her throat and was so violent that she had to be held by main force. Quimby came and, sitting by her, so quieted her that in four or five hours she fell asleep, and was not only restored, but, through Quimby's efforts, the woman and her husband who had separated in anger became reconciled. Among the many who came to him to be healed was, as is well known, Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson.

There are many mental healers now, it has indeed become quite a recognized profession, but in those days the subtle effect of mind upon mind, or upon the body, was little recognized, known, or studied, and it was in this that we may consider Quimby as a pioneer. He tried to discover the underlying principle of this power of suggestion, and passed gradually from his early ideas of human control to belief in an inner receptivity of Divine Wisdom, and in spiritual senses or powers functioning independently of matter. He moreover shared the burdens of the suffering. "It is not an easy thing," he wrote, "to forsake every established opinion and become a persecuted man for this Truth's sake, for the benefit of the poor and sick, when you have to listen to their long stories without getting discouraged. . . . I have been twenty years training myself for this one thing, the relief of the sick."

From this time Quimby's life work was to develop his Science of Health (a term he used from 1861 onwards), and to demonstrate that we are receptive to Divine Wisdom, that spiritual healing might be as common to-day as in Christ's time. His patients often experienced a quickening, an increased love for spiritual truth and for God. Though intensely inimical to all priestcraft, creeds and superstitions, as he was indeed to doctors, mediums and so on, he was yet deeply religious, if by religious is meant a profound belief in the indwelling presence of God and the living a life of service to mankind.

"All phenomena, called disease," he wrote, "are the result of false beliefs, originating in the darkness of Egyptian superstition. The realization of the Divine ideal is perfect health." At another time: "An individual is to himself what he thinks he is. All disease is in the mind or belief." Mind (he means the brain) he always speaks of as the material, not the spiritual, part of man. "My knowledge teaches that man is not in the body, but outside of it . . . the body is to the soul as the steam engine is to the engineer. . . . True knowledge is in true love."

" To know God is to know ourselves, and this knowledge is Christ or Truth. We cannot be separated from our Heavenly Father. To be dead in sin is separation from God or Truth . . . embracing the true Christ is the resurrection from the dead." Again: " I believe in one living and true wisdom called God, in Jesus, a medium of this truth, and in the Holy Ghost, or explanation of God to man." Giving the theory of his religion, he writes: " My God is wisdom and all wisdom is of God; where there is no wisdom, there is no God. God is not matter, and matter is only an idea that fills no space in Wisdom, and as Wisdom fills all space, all ideas are in Wisdom." " Spiritual wisdom is always shadowed forth by some earthly or literal figure. The Bible is spiritual truth illustrated by literal things, but religious people follow the shadow or literal explanation and know nothing of the true meaning. . . . To know that you exist is a truth, but to prove that you always will exist is a science. . . . Life cannot be destroyed, but death can."

He held that all phenomena in the natural world had their birth in the spiritual. In Quimby's earlier writings there seems no clear idea as to sin; he attributes all evil to human opinion or error, but later he attributes all goodness to God only. The Bible, he said, " has nothing to do with theology, but contains a scientific explanation of cause and effect." He speaks of the Christ within as Wisdom or Divine Wisdom, and constantly repeats the idea that all causation is mental and spiritual, that " every phenomenon that takes form in the body was first conceived in the mind." " Disease," he reiterated, " is an error of mind, through predominant beliefs man is more influenced by suggestion than by actual qualities."

The true senses, he held, constitute the real man, and include intuition, inner impressions, giving immediate access to Divine wisdom and love. " To be a disciple of Christ is not only to realize the Christ within us, but to put this wisdom into practice in daily life. God or Wisdom is the only reality, external forms are mere semblances, the universe is not matter, not that in which God dwells, rather all things are in God as ideas are in the mind. . . . When we identify ourselves with His image, the new birth begins. This Life within us will accomplish the work, and this Wisdom will create the same true world in us all. . . . Our next world is *here* where we are and always must be."

To give an example of the meaning Quimby read into the words of the Bible, he speaks of Jesus walking by the sea and seeing Andrew and Peter fishing in the old Mosaic laws or sea,

and called them to follow Him. So they left their nets, or old beliefs, and as they saw others mending their nets or creeds, which were worn out and ready to drop to pieces, they left their father (or old belief) in their ships (or error) and followed Jesus.

When Quimby decided to give up his practice and devote himself to preparing his papers for publication, a Portland newspaper wrote: "His departure will be a public loss . . . he has won the respect of all who knew him, and that he has manifested wonderful power in healing the sick, no well-informed person can deny. Indeed, for twenty years the doctor has devoted himself to this object. . . . By a method entirely novel, and at first sight quite unintelligible, he has been slowly developing what he calls 'The Science of Health' . . . he now enters a broader field of usefulness and may yet accomplish something for the permanent good of mankind. An object so pure, a method so unselfish, must claim the favourable attention of all." Others testify to Quimby's humility and lack of self-assertion: he certainly did not seek to amass money, nor to attain power by his gifts.

Quimby did not transmit his healing powers to any of his pupils apparently. He was, indeed, in almost every way a great contrast to Mrs. Eddy, who undoubtedly derived many of her theories, and even phrases, from his teaching; he had no love of power, he made no rules, he did not teach in classes, only individually, and it never seems to have occurred to him to court publicity. It was his early recognition of the direct action of mind upon mind (thought transference), of the creative power of thought, his practice of silent spiritual healing, which mark him as a pioneer.

HERB-MAGIC

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc., A.I.C., F.C.S.

SOME one, I believe, has remarked of the English that they are characterized by their especial love of flowers. I do not know how true this is; but certainly, if it is true, the affection is one of which we have no need to be ashamed. To the vegetable kingdom man, in common with other animals, owes the greatest of all debts, namely, that of his continued existence. The chlorophyll of plants is the agency adopted by Nature for maintaining the oxygen of the atmosphere which is essential to the life of man and all creatures that breathe, and to the plant-world man is entirely indebted, either directly or indirectly, for his supply of food-stuffs, for it is only plants that have the power of converting mineral substances into forms that can be assimilated by the digestive organs of man and other animals. Moreover, the beauty of flowers, the charm of their varied forms and colours and the deliciousness of the odours that many of them exhale, cannot be denied. Finally, it is from the world of plants that man obtains many of the most potent drugs (e.g. quinine) with which to combat the various diseases that afflict him. The medicinal value of plants is the characteristic that appears most to have excited the interest of the ancients. Convinced that everything in Nature existed for the service of man, they were eager to find some medicinal property, some magical virtue, in every plant, even the seemingly most unlikely. No wonder, therefore, that there came into existence a vast body of folklore associated with plants, folklore that has died hard, and of which very many traces indeed may still be found lingering in the country to-day.

The study of the old herbals embodying the ancient knowledge and beliefs concerning plants, a curious medley of fact and fiction, has a charm which is all its own. It has not, perhaps, been explored as widely as it deserves to be, for there are few books which reveal to us as intimately as do the old herbals the thought and beliefs—the mental atmosphere—of days that are gone. We ought, therefore, to be especially grateful to Miss E. S. Rohde for her beautiful book on the old English herbals which has recently been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green

& Co.* It is one of those discursive books which the reader feels must have given great enjoyment to the author to write, and which it gives him equal pleasure to read. It is essentially a popular book, in the best sense of that rather misused term; and if it is not free from certain inaccuracies, we can readily forgive Miss Rohde for these because she has succeeded in conveying to us the spirit of the old herbals, and that is what is of primary importance.

So fascinating are the old herbals, so alluring are the many quaint beliefs of Herb-Magic, that it is difficult to select for treatment one book, or one belief, rather than another. But something of that sort has to be done in a brief article such as the present. Personally, I find Gerard quite irresistible. His *Herbal*, which is one of the best known, was published in 1597. The manner of its production, it is true, does Gerard little credit. A considerable portion of the material for it he obtained, and used without acknowledgment, from an unpublished translation of a work by Dodoens; but the man, in spite of the fact that he could descend to this literary theft, was by no means devoid of genius, and he transfused this genius into the work, transmuting the somewhat dry bones of Dodoens into one of the world's most fascinating books. Some parts of it, indeed, are his own work. Very interesting is it to read his accounts of the plants that grew about London in his day, and to picture the charm of the place as it then was. And no less interesting is it to know, as an illustration of the tenacity of plant-life, that some of them are still to be found by those who have eyes to see. Whortleberries and the Small Earth-nut are still to be found at Hampstead, and, although I have not seen the Hemlock Dropwort at Battersea, it may very well be there, for I observed it in a seemingly equally unlikely place—near the canal bridge at Stratford—but a few years ago.

Writing of the beauty of plants, Gerard says in "The Epistle Dedicatorie" to his work: "What greater delight is there than to behold the earth appareled with plants, as with a robe of imbroidered worke set with orient pearles, and garnished with great diversitie of rare and costly jewels?" "But," he continues in that spirit of nature-mysticism which we are perhaps unfortunately beginning to lose, "these delights are in the outward senses: the principall delight is in the minde, singularly enriched with the

* *The Old English Herbals*. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. 10 in. × 7½ in., pp. xii. + 243 + 18 plates (one in colour). London: Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 21s. net.

knowledge of these visible things, setting foorth to us the invisible wisdome and admirable workmanship of almightie God." Of the medicinal or magical (one can hardly distinguish between medicine and magic in these days) virtues of plants, Gerard has naturally much to say. There were for him plants not only to cure physical ills, but also those to cure ills of the mind and heart. The odour of Basil, he tells us, removes melancholy and makes a man glad. Much the same was also said to be true of Balm ; and it is pleasing to think that, in the days when so much use was made of medicinal preparations of the most disgusting and nauseating character, the herbalists stoutly maintained the medicinal efficacy of sweet-smelling herbs and plants. The virtues of Rosemary were, of course, much extolled by Gerard. " The flowers made up into plates with sugar after the manner of Sugar Poset and eaten," he writes, " it comforteth the heart, and maketh it merie, quickeneth the spirits, and maketh them more lively." The belief in the sovereign virtues of Rosemary is a very old one, and Rosemary was one of the ingredients in Roger Bacon's celebrated recipe for the cure of old age and the preservation of youth.

No account of Herb-Magic would be complete without some reference to the Doctrine of Signatures, to the idea, that is, that the hidden virtues of plants were indicated by some external sign. The notion is a very ancient one. Roger Bacon gives expression to it as follows: " Wheresoever God hath placed such an unspeakable Virtue, he hath added a certain Similitude, that every Man, who is of a clear and vivacious Wit and Understanding, may conceive its Operation." * The doctrine became very generally accepted during the seventeenth century, no doubt owing partly to the vigorous championship of it by the great Paracelsus. William Coles, a late seventeenth-century herbalist, writes concerning the doctrine as follows: " Though Sin and Sathan have plunged mankinde into an Ocean of Infirmities (for before the Fall, Man was not subject to Diseases) yet the mercy of God which is over all his Workes, maketh Grasse to grow upon the Mountaines, and Herbs for the use of Men, and hath not onely stamped upon them (as upon every Man) a distinct forme, but also given them particular Signatures, whereby a Man may read, even in legible Characters, the use of them. . . . . *Heart Trefoyle* is so called, not onely because the Leafe is Triangular like the Heart of a Man, but also because each Leafe contains the

* Roger Bacon: *The Cure of Old Age, and Preservation of Youth*, translated out of Latin; with Annotations, by Richard Brown. (London, 1683), p. 17.

perfect Icon of an Heart, and that in its proper colour, *viz.* a flesh colour. *Hounds tongue* hath a form not much different from its name, which will tye the Tongues of Hounds, so that they shall not bark at you: if it be laid under the bottomes of ones feet. . . . . Wallnuts bear the whole Signature of the Head, the outwardmost green barke answerable to the thick skin wherewith the head is covered, and a Salt made of it, is singularly good for wounds in that part, as the kernell is good for the braines which it resembles being environed with a Shell which imitates the Scull, and then it is wrapped up againe in a silken covering somewhat representing the *Pia Mater.*" *

With the Renaissance and the revival of ancient astrological doctrines going back to the days of the Babylonians, the belief became current that the virtues of plants were derived from the planets. Every plant was in correspondence with one of the heavenly bodies, many of them bore the impress or seal of the planet wherefrom it derived its virtue, and hence it was necessary for the herbalist to be acquainted with the virtues of the planets and to read their signs aright. Astrology, it must be remembered, for these old-time thinkers was more than a mere method of foretelling the future; it was, rather, a philosophy of the universe. Cornelius Agrippa, in his *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*, that heroic attempt to work out all the correspondences of the universe, tells us the means whereby we may assign not only plants, but, it would seem, almost all other terrestrial objects to their appropriate planets. Thus the Marigold—a very sun-like flower in appearance—we learn, is solary. So also are those plants which fold their leaves when the sun is near upon setting, but unfold them little by little when it rises. Solary also are plants which never fear the extremities of winter; as well as many others, such as Mint, Saffron, Balsam, Calamus or Sweet Flag, Sweet Marjoram, etc., for less obvious reasons.

Amongst the names of seventeenth-century British herbals in which astrological doctrines predominate, that of Culpeper's is perhaps pre-eminent. Miss Rohde regards Culpeper as a charlatan. Perhaps to some extent he was. Yet in spite of all its fantasticality, my own feeling is that he believed in much of what he wrote; and he certainly achieved—however many its absurdities—the most popular herbal, judged by the enormous number of times it has been reprinted in one form or another, that has ever been produced.

* William Coles: *The Art of Simpling: An Introduction to the Knowledge and Gathering of Plants*, etc. (London, 1656), p. 88.

THE MYSTICISM OF ALICE MEYNELL

By FRANCES TYRRELL

THESE observations are not meant as a disquisition on the nature and standing of Alice Meynell's poetry.*

Still less are they designed as a chronological list of her utterances, nor of the conditions under which her work was produced.

They are rather an endeavour to clearly define the quality of the thought atmosphere in which she habitually dwelt, and with which all her art was imbued.

Much has already been written in the way both of unerring praise of the high intent of her verse and of understanding criticism of her methods. There still remains a something "interne" almost untouched—possibly because it belongs to a realm untrodden by those who desire to pay tribute. Yet it is only understanding of this innerness which can wholly reveal to her readers her attitude towards Art and Life.

When the art-worker leaves this sphere of endeavour, admirers —knowing they will get no more in the accustomed way—are usually keen in pursuit of all available recordings of the life-experiences of the one who has enhanced their sense of beauty. They desire a sort of biographical chart of performances; or, in the belief that it may reveal that which eludes in the work itself, a knowledge of personality. But it is not through the outwardness of things that we reach the source of the worker's inspiration. That elusiveness of thought, within subtlety and restraint of expression, which sometimes baffles her most earnest readers in many of her poems, can only be captured by realization of the inner standpoint from which she wrote.

To those who, because of this elusiveness, approach her work with diffidence this page may not come inaptly.

To Alice Meynell, Poetry itself had a deep and mystical import. She regarded it as something so complementary to life that its absence would have made the difficulties of the soul's negotiations with the world and its ways almost insuperable.

Is it not the very mission of Poetry to keep the vision of

* *The Complete Poems of Alice Meynell*; 6*s*. *New Poems of Alice Meynell*; 3*s*. 6*d*. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.

Beauty before the eyes of the wayfarer along the darkness of the wastes ?

This is essentially the attitude of the mystic towards Art and Life. With or without the assent of the intellect, the mystic reaches the reality that underlies all appearance.

To ordinary understanding the mystic is one who seeks escape from the crude and ugly facts of life by entering the realm of contemplation, there to evolve possibly lovely, but quite impracticable, ideas of actual living.

This is an inadequate conception of the meaning of the word. It is the far more scientific definition that the mystic is one who has conscious communion with God, and far from being unpractical is in the fullest sense most practical, since in all difficulties, instead of trying the ways of the obvious, he goes straight to the One Source of all knowledge and lets that work through him, and for him, to obtain results.

The mystic has complete faith in the working of Spiritual Law.

The question as to whether the saints, or some of them, were not somewhat selfish in secluding themselves from the life of the world, for the safety of their souls, is not infrequently a matter of discussion. But no such query arises in the case of the mystic. He retreats that he may have more to give. It is as though one should go to the well for water, and instead of keeping it for oneself should give to drink to those who could not go for themselves.

People who knew Mrs. Alice Meynell in any of her varied relations, domestic, social, literary and other, could not think of her as unpractical. Her views of the panorama of life, in so far as it came before her, were always definite, and her warm and sympathetic admiration for the gifts of others was always based upon her critical clearness of perception.

But if you had any soul-kinship with her, you could not help realizing that it was often because she was a dweller in the spirit that she could in her human ministrations be both so strong and so tender with the troubles and failings of those who were only feeling their way. Artist as she was by nature, saintly as she was in her conception of the demands of life, she was before everything else the mystic.

She had wonderful silences. Those mentally in accord with her, who were privileged to see her informally, know that sometimes on discussion of some question of absorbing interest she would drop into silence—yet her silence gave you no impression of cessation of speech. You could feel the vibrations of soundless

words. It was as though she had reached for illumination and was receiving it from the Spiritual. It was at such moments that it seemed to diffuse itself through her personal presence and attitude, and to give her an air of aloofness from all that was of the world worldly.

I think it was this background of illumination even more than perfection of form that has given to the fugitive moods of her poems such enduring substance. Though she has left no mighty ode or great soul-drama, this indefinable transfusion of background, like the perfume of some delicate flower, makes her lyrics cling to the mind—you cannot analyse the perfume, but you know its possession. Neither the clamour of the market nor the reverberations of the highway appealed to her as material, although she saw that through such enfoldment they too were making for universal harmony.

It was the impress that this noise of life makes upon the soul that engaged her thought. And it may be—taking into account the ordinary understanding of the word reality—that this attitude towards life provides some shadowy foundation for the charge of a certain insubstantiality which the more thorough-going section of the reading public find in her work.

But if those of her readers who find the meaning of some particular poem obscure would give themselves up to the whole impression it makes upon them, they would find the spirit within.

If, despite my opening assertion, I seem to break lavishly into quotation in illustration of my standpoint, it is not with any idea of emphasizing the artistic value of her work by any attempt at criticism. All who have ears for music or eyes for form will find the imprint of Art upon each one of her productions. My only desire is to show that the spirit of the mystic prevailed from the first note to the last.

Poeta nascitur, non fit. As of the poet, so of the mystic. He is not to be made. There is in him an inherent something which could never be attained by climbing the highest intellectual heights, nor by long service in the cause of profound philosophy. If, in addition to such attainments, he should have this almost indefinable endowment, he has come to it by divine inheritance, and not by labour.

There is no poet, to whom in love we bend the knee in homage, to whom this divine gift has not been given. When to this is added a glory of dramatic power or wealth of imagination, these qualities may, at first sight, seem to stand for his complete claim

to greatness. But the inner vision is there all through, or he could not so move our souls to upliftment, or transport us to a world of ecstasy.

This sense of being filled with the divine afflatus (!) comes from his realization of his part in the Eternal Oneness. He is in it, of it, and must express its glory.

If we take up " In Early Spring," the first lyric in Alice Meynell's early poems, we find prevailing from the first note to the last this realization of oneness with Nature and " Nature's God." In its breath there is the sense of personal presence. You cannot pause in the complete stanza to question or consider, or you break the sense of ecstasy in its music :

O Spring, I know thee ! Seek for sweet surprise
In the young children's eyes.
But I have learnt the years, and know the yet
Leaf-folded violet.
Mine ear, awake to silence, can foretell
The cuckoo's fitful bell.
I wander in a grey time that encloses
June, and the wild hedge roses.
A year's procession of the flowers doth pass
My feet, along the grass,
And all you wild birds, silent yet, I know
The notes that stir you so.
Your songs but half devised in the dim, dear
Beginnings of the year.
In these young days you meditate your part ;
I have it all by heart.
I know the secrets of the seeds and flowers
Hidden and warm with showers.
And how, in kindling Spring, the cuckoo shall
Alter his interval ;
But not a flower or song I ponder is
My own, but memory's.
I shall be silent in those days desired,
Before a world inspired.
O, all brown birds, compose your old song phrases,
Earth thy familiar daisies.

Then if you turn to the last poem but one of her completed work, *The Poet to the Birds*, you find—the mood changed—the same possessing sense of the Eternal Oneness voicing itself in a deeper way :

You bid me hold my peace
Or so I think, you birds : you'll not forgive
My kill-joy song that makes the wild song cease
Silent or fugitive.

Yon thrush stopt in mid-phrase
At my mere footfall, and a longer note
Took wing, and fled afield, and went its ways
Within the blackbird's throat.

Hereditary song,
Illyrian lark and Paduan nightingale,
Is yours, unchangeable the ages long;
Assyria heard your tale;

Therefore you do not die.

Then you are made to feel the impassioned cry for more light —the longing of the soul to get nearer to its Source:

But single, local, lonely, mortal, new,
Unlike, and thus like all my race, am I,
Preluding my adieu.

My human song must be
My human thought. Be patient till 'tis done.
I shall not hold my little peace; for me
There is no peace but one.

With the Mount of Vision in front, how can you endure to count your steps in climbing?

Between the first poems and the last—whatever the mood may be—they may each one be accounted as offerings of worship to the Maker of all Beauty.

In *Early Poems*, "The Young Neophyte" is, in a sense, complementary to "In Early Spring," so full is it of promise awaiting fulfilment. Its consecration of Life to Art is in the nature of religion:

Who knows what days I answer for to-day?
Giving the bud I give the flower. I bow
This yet unfaded, and a faded brow;
Bending these knees, and feeble knees, I pray.

Thoughts yet unripe in me I bend one way,
Giving repose to pain I know not now,
One check to joy that comes I guess not how.
I dedicate my fields when Spring is grey.

And now when the complete work is gauged one does not wonder that with such singleness of purpose the fulfilment should justify the dedication.

To the spiritualist, to whom it has been given to see through the veil the world-thought has drawn between one sphere and another, there comes the strong impression of her joy in the realization of that supreme beauty she so ardently sought. There can be no broken links with all she loved—only the inexpressible bliss of finding reality.

MORE ADVENTURES WITH FAIRIES

By MAUNSELL VIZE

IN a recent article appearing in the OCCULT REVIEW I related certain of my experiences with fairies, and I now propose to narrate further happenings of a more or less similar nature, which took place also in Ireland.

In the village near where I spent a considerable portion of my childhood there lived an old man named Larry Malony. Larry bore a none too enviable reputation in the neighbourhood. Besides being a hopeless drunkard, he had been up before the magistrates several times for assault and petty larceny, and was even suspected of being implicated in far darker deeds. He lived all alone in a cabin on the outskirts of the village, without even a pig or a rooster for a companion, and so great was the fear and aversion with which he was universally regarded that no one ever ventured within sight of his dwelling-place. Well, one day when I was walking through the village, I came upon a crowd of people, all of whom were well known to me, standing in the middle of the street talking in a very excited fashion. Wondering what had happened to cause such a commotion, I inquired of one of them, Mrs. Tim Rooney, who kept the Post Office.

"Arrah, Master Maunsell," she replied, "have you not heard? It is old Larry up at the cabin yonder. As Pat Flannegan was passing along the road this morning to look after the cattle, what is grazing in Widow Johnson's meadow, he heard a loud groaning and moaning coming from Larry's cabin, and, on going to see what was the matter, he found old Larry lying on the floor, wid all his clothes on, a-bawling and a-shouting like a madman. Flannegan ran for Father Moike and the doctor, and they are both of them up at the cabin with Larry now, a-trying to find out what is the matter with him."

"Don't be too quick in your judgments, Mrs. Murphy," another woman exclaimed. "Pat Flannegan told me Larry did not sound as if he were drunk at all, he appeared to be quite sober. But husht, now husht, here comes the doctor."

I looked in the direction she indicated, and seeing Dr. Manly,

whom I knew intimately, I went up to him and inquired what was wrong with Larry Malony.

"He's in a bad way, Maunsell," the doctor replied, "though divil a bit if I can tell you what it is exactly that is ailing him, save his conscience and drink, but it's a queer case altogether."

"What's a queer case?" I asked, and after an immense amount of pressing he told me.

"When I was called in to see Larry," he began, "I found him lying on the floor of his miserable cabin moaning and groaning, and saying that it was all up with him because the Leprechauns had got hold of him and sold him to the devil. I asked him what he meant, and little by little I got out of him the following extraordinary tale. It appears that last night Larry was, as usual, up at the White Hart Inn, drinking. He did not leave till twelve, and on his way home he lost his way. Wandering on and on he at last found himself in Jerry's Wood, which they say is haunted, and he was about to turn back, in a great state of alarm, when the ground suddenly seemed to give way beneath him, and he found himself falling. In a moment his brain cleared. He remembered the pit they call Dooney's Punchbowl, and realized he had fallen into it. Down, down, down he went, till at last he struck against something with a big crash and immediately lost consciousness. When he came to he found himself lying half in and half out of a pool of black slimy water with a number of little people, whom he at once saw were Leprechauns, standing by his side peering into his face.

"'Larry Malony,' one of them, whom he took to be the leader, exclaimed with a grin, 'we've been waiting a long time for you, and now we've got you we are going to claim our reward. Get up and come along with us.' Making him rise, they led him through a hollow passage in the side of the pit to a huge cavern, in the centre of which was a table, so long that he could not see the end of it. Seated on either side this table were men of a most terrible and sinister appearance. As soon as Larry entered, the man seated at the top of the table, who was taller and more dreadful-looking than any of the others, cried out, 'Who have you brought now?' and on the leader of the Leprechauns saying, 'Larry Malony,' he motioned to Larry to sit down in the empty seat beside him. Not daring to disobey, Larry sank into the chair, exclaiming, however, 'In the name of God, your Honour, let me get out of this place,' whereupon everybody laughed, and the man at the head of the table said, 'You may go, Larry Malony, conditionally that you promise to return in a year's time.' Larry

promised: he felt he would give his very soul to breathe once again the pure free air overhead, and the very next instant the whole scene faded away and there was a blank, and when he recovered his senses he found himself lying on the floor of his cabin."

The doctor paused, and I could tell from his face that he was not a little perplexed and frightened.

"What was it—a dream?" I remarked.

"I don't know, Maunsell," the doctor replied, "and that's the thruth. 'Tis a fact his clothes were all wet and muddy, so that he must have lain in water, if he weren't in the pit all night. He is terribly upset, and declares he is lost for ever, having promised his soul to the devil."

"What did Father Michael do?" I asked.

"Father Michael and I both assured him it was only a dream," the doctor replied. "We besought him, however, to take it as a warning to turn over a new leaf, and he promised us he would."

I did not have time for any further conversation just then, as some one came up to the doctor with a message, and he at once hurried off. To everyone's surprise, however, a marked change for the better was soon seen in Larry Malony. He gave up going to the White Hart, shunned his disreputable companions, and revived his long discarded habits of industry and sobriety. Little by little work came back to him, until he was once again on the high road to prosperity. At the same time, cheerful and self-respecting as he was now, it was obvious that he was not altogether easy in his mind. Eleven months from the night of his dream had gone by, and he was now rapidly approaching its anniversary.

"If only I can get past that night, Master Maunsell," he observed to me, "I should feel safe, absolutely safe, but the fear lest something should happen to me on or before that date worries me continually. I can't sleep at night for thinking of it."

I did my best to comfort him, as, indeed, did every one else, but it was of no avail. Nothing would drive the awful haunting thought from his mind that the leprechauns would get hold of him in some subtle manner and convey him to that terrible place underground, where he would be confined a hopeless, helpless prisoner for Eternity.

The day of the anniversary of the dream came at last, and as ill luck would have it, his nephew turned up in the village in the evening, having just arrived from America, his pockets bulging with money made in the gold diggings. Despite

Larry's protestations, his nephew finally persuaded him to accompany him to the White Hart, where they remained drinking together till it was close on midnight. Larry was then seen to stagger off alone in the direction of Jerry's Wood. The following day he was missing from the village, and, on a search being made for him, he was eventually discovered lying at the bottom of Dooney's Punchbowl, with his neck broken. That he had wandered to the haunted wood in a state of absolute intoxication, and not seeing where he was going had, for the second time, fallen into the punchbowl, was obvious to all, but undeniably, it was a very startling coincidence that his death should have taken place in that spot exactly twelve months after his most sinister and terrible dream. It was, in fact, such a remarkable coincidence that many people believed Larry's death was not altogether natural, but was brought about by supernatural intervention. Whether these people were right in their surmise I cannot, of course, say, but all I know is I never passed by Jerry's Wood or Larry Malony's cabin after dark without experiencing a feeling of horror no words can describe.

An aunt of mine once had a dog that was said to be elf shot by fairies. It was a water spaniel, a sturdy-looking brown-and-white dog with big brown eyes, all agog with fun and excitement, at least, until the incident I am about to mention took place. My aunt lived near a moor, on which was a black, deep and sullen-looking pool, that was reputed to be haunted both by ghosts and fairies. One evening my aunt and one of her old servants, Molly Broderick, happened to be returning home from the fair in Limerick. The weather had been very sultry all day, and despite the fact that the sun had long since sunk to rest, it was still unbearably hot. On arriving opposite the pool, Grit, the spaniel, ran up to the edge, and was about to plunge in, as was his wont, when he suddenly started back, and, lying at full length on the ground, began to whine piteously.

"Gracious me, Molly," my aunt exclaimed, "what is the matter with the dog?"

"Och musha, I dunna," Molly replied, crossing herself vigorously, "unless it's the fairies he sees." Then with a loud cry of "Awirch, awirch, look, look," she pointed in a great state of agitation to the centre of the pool, where my aunt saw, floating on the surface of the black water, a number of what looked like phosphorescent rings. She had not time to examine them very closely, however, for Molly, clutching hold of her by the arm, dragged her forcibly from the spot, exclaiming as she did

so, " They are the fairy lights, mum. They always come before the fairies themselves appear. Come, come quickly, for if the fairies catch sight of us they'll shoot their arrows at us, and we shall have no more peace for the rest of our lives."

My aunt, who did not believe in fairies or anything of the sort, laughed and tried to persuade Molly to stay, but it was of no use, and, seeing that she was really afraid, my aunt hurried home with her. In their haste neither of them apparently thought of Grit, and it was not until they were turning in at the gate, that they discovered he was not with them. My aunt wanted to go back to the spot to look for him, but Molly implored her not to, and for the second time that night she gave in. Grit stayed out all night, and, on his return in the morning, a strange change was observed in him. Gone was all his friskiness and friendliness; he was sullen and dejected, and remained so all day. On the approach of evening, however, he seemed to recover his exuberance of spirits, and when the sun began to set and the shadows to come out, he raced off in the direction of the moor, not returning home again till the following morning, when his behaviour, as before, was quite abnormal. Now as Grit behaved like this day after day, Molly declaring it was all due to the fairies of the pool, who had shot him with their arrows, my aunt resolved to follow him, when he raced off in the evening, and to find out if she could where he went and what he did.

She carried out her plan, as soon as possible, and following Grit found him at the pool, but, instead of plunging in, he lay on the bank and whined, till a number of tiny forms suddenly rose out of the water, and, gliding to the shore, danced round and round him. My aunt described these forms as being about a foot and a half in height, and clad all in green, with very grotesque faces. She said they made no noise, but performed all their evolutions in absolute silence. While she was looking at them, she was suddenly seized with an irritation in her throat and coughed, whereupon the fairies vanished, and Grit growled so savagely at her that she became alarmed and ran. Fortunately she happened to meet a horse and trap with people in it whom she knew, and they, seeing my aunt running with Grit snarling at her heels, pulled up and drove him off with a whip. But for this my aunt was quite sure Grit would have bitten her. What became of him afterwards was a mystery. He never returned to my aunt's house, and as far as she could gather no one in the village ever saw him again.

Here is another story about my aunt and her fairy experiences. She at one time employed a girl named Biddy Gallagher, whom she at length got rid of because of her persistent cruelty to animals. She could never pass by a dog without giving it a kick, or a cat without viciously pulling its tail, and the climax came when one day my aunt chanced to find her plucking a fowl alive. My aunt, horrified beyond measure, rescued the bird, crying out as she did so, " For shame, Biddy, don't you know fowls feel pain like you or I ? "

" To be sure I do, mum," Biddy replied, " but what matter ! They're going to be eaten afterwards."

My aunt then, full of indignation, and feeling that she could never really like Biddy again, sent her home, and a few days later visited her parents to explain the cause of her dismissal. " I can't understand," she said to them, " how it is that such a nice-looking and otherwise good girl like your Biddy should be so diabolically cruel."

" Och, musha," Biddy's mother exclaimed, drying her eyes, for she had been weeping bitterly," it is all the fairies' fault. The day Biddy was born a pookah looked in at her through the open window. 'Twas Mrs. McCarthy who saw it, and bad scran to the gorsoon she never had the sinse to do anything, but stood and stared at it, like anyone bereft of their raison."

" But what should she have done ? " my aunt asked.

" Done ! Why, Mother of Saints ! " Biddy's mother cried, " anything sooner than look at it in that daft way. There is nothing that provokes the fairies more than to be gazed at in such a foolish fashion. She should have asked it what it was there for, or done something to warn my husband or myself. But because the gommocks only stared, the pookah ' overlooked ' Biddy with evil in its eyes, and she's been a sore trouble to us and to every one else ever since. Ochone, ochone ! " and the old woman burst out crying again.

DUAL DREAMS

By JANET COOKE

IN view of the fact that dreams are often such remarkable and exciting experiences, it is strange that there are so few classical examples. During the past 4,000 years those which have been recorded and have become household words almost all happened to old Biblical patriarchs, —Joseph, Nebuchadnezzar, Pharaoh and tribe.

Notice, please, that these were all dreamed by men. Though it is well known that women dream far more vividly than men, I do not remember a single woman's dream that has attained immortality. Since men kept the records, the fact needs no further comment.

I have always prided myself upon my powers of dreaming, and it is the reason I have remained unmarried. I could not bear the prospect of being awakened in the middle of the night, to listen to an account of some inferior dream of my husband's, knowing all the time I could have done the thing much better myself.

I have dreamed vivid dreams from my earliest years. Many of them stand out clearly and distinctly in my memory to this day. For example, when I was a very little girl I dreamed that I went out into the garden at night, and was chased by a monkey who had hidden himself behind a water-butt. I ran screaming into the house, followed by the monkey, who broke off his tail as he ran, and told my mother that I had done it. I could, no doubt, give an interpretation of this dream, like the dreamers of old, but I have regard for the feelings of my youngest brother.

Later on I went to school at Loughborough, and knew the town very well. Some years after I dreamed of the place several times, each time noticing changes from the town as I knew it. When at last I went back there in my waking life, I found the changes just as I had dreamed them. This was distinctly veridical—not like the very free interpretation of Joseph's dream.

But I am delighted to find that women are at last coming into their own by recording dual dreams (see an earlier issue of the Occult Review). I do not say there is anything remarkable about these dreams except their duality, but that I seriously think is very significant. I have had dreams, as has every one else, I suppose, of far greater vividness than others, and which seemed as if they must belong to a different state of consciousness from ordinary dreams (of many of these I have kept a record, even drawing pictures of some of them), but I do not class these dreams I am about to relate with that sort. I do not think they were due to association of

ideas caused by some occurrence on the preceding day, as in no case could we trace anything of the kind.

To make things clear I must state that I have a faithful little maid and friend who has been with me for twenty years. She was my cook when I was in charge of an institution, and when I left she came to live with me as my maid-companion.

I dreamed that I was again at the institution. I knew that I had left, but for some reason or other I had gone back. Miss F——, who had taken my place there, was in the room. The trustees were holding a meeting in the board-room, and sent for Miss F——. She would not go, and asked me to attend the meeting in her place. I declined, saying that I was no longer head of the institution. Then a tall man—a stranger to me—came and asked me to find Miss F—— and send her to the board-room. I made inquiries as to who the man was, and was told that he was on the committee.

On waking I called Ellen and told her it was time for her to get up. "Oh," she said, "I thought I was at S——. I have just been dreaming we had gone back there. I was in the kitchen, and a tall man came and told me to find Miss F——."

On another occasion Ellen told me she had been dreaming about a black horse which was in a lane. That same night, or rather early morning—for on comparing notes we found we must have been dreaming about the same time—I dreamed that I was going along a lane and met a black horse. It was the same lane in both dreams.

A third dream: I dreamed about a certain Mr. M—— and also about two children, a boy and a girl. That same night Ellen dreamed about Mr. M—— and two children.

One night Ellen dreamed that she had measles. I dreamed that I had a rash on my arms and chest, and came to the conclusion that it must be measles.

This is a rather amusing dual dream. Some weeks ago I dreamed that I was watching somebody catching fleas. One was so big that I exclaimed, "Oh, I am sure that is not a flea. It must be a beetle." During the following morning I asked Ellen what she had dreamed the previous night. "Not a very nice dream," she said. "I dreamed I saw fleas, and caught several, and one was so large I could not believe it was a flea."

I could go on multiplying examples, but I think I have given enough to prove that there are dual dreams. I humbly suggest that they are due to telepathic communication during sleep, but I am not out to explain the cause, I merely record the facts.

THE STORY OF THE SWORD

By J. W. BRODIE-INNES

THERE seemed no obvious reason why the sword that hung in Mrs. Graham's drawing-room should specially attract the notice of every fresh visitor who called. It was an ordinary cavalry sword of a somewhat obsolete pattern, but no one but an expert would have known this, and it hung under a half-length portrait of a singularly handsome man in uniform. That was all. There were other curios about the room, some very rare and interesting. But every new caller was certain to ask what was the history of the sword, and equally certain to get no information.

"My husband's sword," was all Mrs. Graham would vouchsafe in the way of explanation, and promptly changed the subject. Of her late husband she would never speak.

Neighbours of course gossiped among themselves. Who was Colonel Graham? When did he die? Was he killed in battle? Or what became of him? And the only answer was: "He was understood to be missing." It was long before the Great War, and the word "missing" had not acquired the tragic connotation that has since attached to it. Mrs. Graham had come to the Manor House a few years back, an utter stranger to the neighbourhood, and of her previous history nothing whatever was known. The widow of a Colonel Graham, so it was understood. The Army List recorded a few years of gallant service, the resigning of his commission, and no more. So gossip had to remain unsatisfied. This was fully twenty years ago, and since that time there was no trace of the Colonel that the gossips could hear of. Some one hazarded the theory that he might have volunteered in one of our little wars in the Punjab, or elsewhere, and been captured by hill tribes, and after a while this was told as a fact, but there was no confirmation forthcoming. Mrs. Graham's reticence was unconquerable, and there was no other source of information. No one even knew where she had lived last before she came to the Manor House. A Kensington flat was the last and only address. But in the silent watches of the night the sword sang to her of old beautiful and mysterious things.

Mrs. Graham was approaching the calm and gracious autumn of life. Her soft grey hair framed a face in which the wild rose tints of youth seemed still to linger, and grey blue eyes that almost touched the true violet, looked as though they were full of dreams. Usually she dressed in long clinging robes of delicate colours, hung from the shoulders. Fragile she looked, and somewhat eerie, but always kindly and gracious in spite of her reserved reticence about herself. And the sword sang to her.

It was no marvel to her that it should attract attention. There was something magnetic about it. Sometimes when she had sat watching it years ago in darkening twilight it had seemed as though a faint light played round it, quivering along the edge, and it might have been fancy that made her think there was a low murmur as if the edge of the blade were a tense string sounding faintly like an æolian harp. No ! It was no fancy. It was a real palpable sound that came to her as she sat dreaming in the growing dusk. Like the harps of the trees in the Celtic fables, she said to herself, and the rise and fall of the weird cadences brought dreams, growing clearer till she lived over again the past, and recalled how that sword came to her. A dream that had never been told to anyone.

Again she was a girl in the quaint old house where she was born and brought up. Gay and daring, but full of romance and imaginings even then, trying to see the ghosts that they told her haunted the old place, but never succeeding, dreaming ever of the fairy Prince Charming who was to come for her in the fashion of orthodox romance. And how at last he came in a dream she could never forget.

She dreamed that she was broad awake and in her own room in the west wing, that looked over the white road and the solitary clump of fir trees, over to the lonely moor. Only a narrow strip of garden divided the house from the road on this side. The full moon shone through the window, and the room was almost as light as by day.

In the easy chair by the dressing-table sat a man.

Why she was not frightened nor surprised she could never understand, as she recalled the dream afterwards. Everything was so vivid, so natural, she seemed to be so thoroughly awake, yet the presence of the man seemed so much a part of the natural surroundings that it would have seemed strange had he not been there.

He was splendidly handsome and with a lovable attractiveness, and looked magnificent in his cavalry uniform : she remem-

bered wondering to herself: Was he a dream? Would he vanish if she moved? Spellbound she lay perfectly still, watching him as her whole soul went out to him, weaving, as it were, a fairy atmosphere of romance around them both.

Then he looked up and spoke:

"Art awake at last, my wild-rose fairy! I have watched you long, fearing lest I should startle you. You are not afraid of me."

What she answered she never could recall. What wild words of love and welcome came to her lips, for in her dream all reticence, all shyness, had vanished. And what he said. Only it all glowed in a golden mist and she could only recall being clasped to his heart in a close embrace. Vaguely she remembered the white lace of her nightdress against the gold of his uniform, fading into a warm darkness, a long happy sigh, then no more till the sun woke her, streaming into her window.

A wonderful dream. Her Prince Charming had come. But after all he was but a dream. No matter! He would come again. In the magic fields of dreamland she would meet and know him. Meanwhile no one must know. So she lay and thought, and tried to recall every incident, loath to get up and break the thread of vision. When at last she did with a big effort jump out of bed, and looked round on the familiar room now consecrated by that wondrous presence, she started with a sudden leap of the heart, for there on the easy chair by the dressing-table lay a sword, a palpable material sword. Then it had been no dream. Reverently she took it up, gazed long upon it, and pressed a kiss on the blade. Then carefully she wrapped it in new white silk, and then in a dark cloth cover, and locked it up in a drawer with her most sacred treasures.

Yet the most careful investigation failed to show how anyone could possibly have got in. Her door was securely locked, and the window twenty feet from the ground. The house, as usual, bolted and barred, and nothing anywhere disturbed. It could only have been a dream. But whence came the sword? There was nothing for it but to leave it among unsolved mysteries, hoping that when he appeared again in another dream she might learn the solution.

But all in vain. Her dreams were commonplace as they had ever been, and only in waking memories could she see Prince Charming, and even this memory faded as time went on. The sword was in the locked drawer, but not again did she take it from its wrappings for years.

Then came a time when the old house was sold, and her people moved to London, and the novelty and excitement of the new life changed the romantic and dreamy country girl into a woman of the world, loving gaiety and very popular. Yet always she cherished the sword, though she never took it from its wrapping. But sometimes she would take the parcel from the locked drawer, and recall that wonderful dream. And sometimes too she fancied there was a strange magnetic thrill, felt even through its coverings, that made her hands tingle, and now and then she almost fancied a faint murmur as if from a tense harp-string.

Men sought her in marriage, for she was beautiful and fascinating, and reported wealthy, but she had a fancy when deliberating the answer to a proposal, of taking up the long dark package that held the sword and gazing at it while she thought over what she should say. And ever it seemed to her that, from the murmur within the wrappings, there came a faint but distinct " No, no ! Not yet. Wait." And so the answer was always No. And her own people and her friends wondered, but she kept her own counsel, and there seemed no one likely to win her.

Then came another memory, clearer than any before, except that of the wondrous dream. A great ball, where all the notables in London were present. And she had been heavy and distraught, unwilling to go, and unwilling to dance when she was there. Dance after dance she sat out among the dowagers on the dais. Then, for no apparent reason, her eye fell on the back of a man standing near the middle of the room. Why she watched him, why she wished he would turn round, she could not have told, or why, when he did turn round, and was walking towards the dais, she should tremble, and her heart should beat tumultuously, and she should feel shivers like electric shocks. Somewhere she had seen him before, but could not recall where or when. Half dazed, in a kind of dream, she was conscious that he was being presented to her, and asking for a dance. Only she was conscious of vainly trying to conceal the eagerness of her assent. Her fatigue had vanished, she was vitally alive, and rejoicing in life. But where had she seen him before. Then as they danced a bit of lace of her dress lay across the gold of his uniform, and in a flash memory rushed over her, the memory of the dream of long ago. He was the Prince Charming of the dream. Yet how was it possible. He was Major Graham, of the Indian Cavalry. She knew of his people by name only, some thirty miles or so from the old house where she had been brought up. A wild desire

came over her to solve the mystery somehow. But that dream could never be told.

"I think we must have met some time," she said at last. "I seem to know you so well, and you come from near our old home."

"And I seem to know you also," he replied. "But it's impossible, I've been many years in India. Only just home, in fact."

"Do tell me about it," she said. "India has always been the land of romance to me."

And they sat out two or three dances in a dim little alcove, and he told her many things. Simla! No! He hated Anglo-Indian society. It was a hotbed of scandal and intrigue. But several of the great rajas were his intimate friends, and he had made a special study of the native religions and customs. He had visited wonderful old temples that few Europeans even knew the existence of. He had the gift of making his experiences so vivid that he held her enthralled. And then he had begged to be presented to her mother, whom he remembered to have met in his boyhood, and most simply and naturally asked permission to call. He was a lonely man, he said. His father a chronic invalid, he had few relations, and practically no friends in England. His long residence in India accounted for this.

So it was that Major Graham soon became a frequent and welcome visitor, and the sword sang to her of the happy time of courtship. But whenever she thought to tell him of her dream, she felt more and more reluctance to mention it, and at times when she took that long dark package from the drawer the low murmurs seemed to say, "No, no! It must not be told." Yet again the faint mysterious voice seemed to say, "Take him! This is the man for whom you have waited," and her own heart said the same thing, and so the courtship passed into an engagement, and the engagement to a wedding, and still the long dark package remained unopened. It accompanied her everywhere, but ever there was a curious feeling that disaster must follow the opening of it. She grew more and more superstitious regarding it. It was her luck, her talisman.

Shortly after their marriage his father died, and the family estate was sold to strangers. And then some trouble occurred in India with the hill tribes, and though he had left the Army he volunteered once more, and she went with him, for neither of them had any special tie in England, and his extraordinary knowledge of the languages and customs of the natives contributed greatly to settle the difficulty without bloodshed. And

she had the desire of her life in seeing the wonders of India, of which she had dreamed so long.

And the parcel that held the sword was at once a fascination and a terror to the natives whenever they chanced to catch sight of it. Once or twice she found the sayce prostrate before the chest in which it lay, but he would not explain why. And once a thief endeavoured to steal it. The door of the room was locked, and the chest was locked, but locks are no barrier to the expert native thief, whose cat-like tread arouses not the lightest sleeper. He laid his hand on the package, and uttered a yell of pain. Major Graham suddenly wakened, sprang from bed and seized him by the throat. The man piteously craved mercy. He had come to steal jewels, he said: he thought that parcel contained them. No more could be got from him.

"It is my luck, my talisman," she said to her husband, and he smiled a curious enigmatical smile, and asked no questions; it was not his way to ask questions, or to be inquisitive. Absolutely devoted to his wife, he accepted her as she was, his wild-rose elf, the gift of the gods to him. But this very quality of his made her wish greatly that there should be nothing hidden from him. And the only secret between them was the sword. So over and over again she was on the point of telling him the whole story, but always she was held. She could not tell it.

And so they came back to England. Hardly knowing anyone, and truth to tell not greatly caring, for they were wrapt up in each other, and enjoying to the full the free and careless life they could live, wandering from one place of beauty or interest to another, and seeing their own country. Lovers with kindred tastes.

And so at length it chanced that they stayed near to the old home where she had been born and brought up, and the sight of the old familiar hills and woods brought back vivid memories of her girlhood culminating in that wonderful dream, now so happily fulfilled, and therewith the resolve. Now she must tell him everything, there must be no more secrets between them. The reluctance to speak of it had chiefly been when she touched the package containing the sword. And she had fancied that the sword had ever sung to her, "No, no! Say nothing. Keep it secret." But now she seemed to recognize that the reluctance had been her own reticent shyness. She had imagined the words, that were bred from her own excited fancies when she thought they were sung by the sword. Probably she had even imagined those faint harp-like murmurs that had seemed to come from

the tense edge of the sword. At all events if there were anything in it he would know. He was learned in many strange things picked up in India, and would explain all that was mysterious. She would listen to the sword no more, till he had heard all about it. And so one morning she said to him:

"I want to show you my old home. Let us go over. I hear there's only a caretaker in charge: the family are away. We can have the place to ourselves for as long as we like. The caretaker is my old nurse, and will make us welcome."

So they drove over, and she carried the sword with her in its wrappings, and he chaffed her gently: "Never parted from your talisman!" he said. "Take care lest the luck suddenly vanish. It does sometimes if you treat talismans of this kind wrongly, you know."

"I am treating it the right way now, I know," she said.

Hand in hand like two children they wandered over the garden and the house, and the old caretaker made tea for them, and fondled and gushed over her baby of long ago. And at last she said:

"Now there's only one more room to show you, I've kept it for the last. The room that was mine. I expect it will be much as it was then. These people bought all our furniture with the house, and they have hardly changed a thing It's this way, up in the west wing."

"Your maiden chamber!" he said, looking round, a little puzzled, as though his brain were trying to catch some vague memory.

"Here it was I first saw you, my darling," she murmured. "In a dream, the happiest dream of my life, and now come true. It was August in the year that Queen Victoria died."

His face had suddenly grown grave and full of apprehension.

"I was staying with the Raja of Bikaneer. It was there I met the most wonderful fakir I ever saw, even in India." He paused—confused.

"It was then I got my talisman," she said. "See now, and tell me all about it."

She began nervously to strip off the coverings. His face had grown grey and drawn as if with pain.

"No, no!" he cried, "don't uncover it. I mustn't see it."

But it was too late. She had pulled off the outer dark cover and the white silk wrapping, and drawn the blade from the sheath. A moment his eye rested on it. A moment his fingers mechanically touched the gleaming blade. Then his arms were

round her. He kissed her, close and ever closer, strained her to him, and turned without a word and walked out of the room. She called after him, but no answer came. She heard the front door open and shut, and flew to the window, he was walking with head bowed down along the white road to the clump of firs that she knew so well. She threw the window open and called again and again to him to come back, but in vain : he never paused, nor looked back. He reached the trees, and for a moment was lost to sight. She looked to see him emerge where the road went on, but no figure appeared. It was as if the fir trees had swallowed him entirely.

Frantically she rushed from the house to the clump of trees, calling and searching everywhere, but in vain. All round was open country where no one could be hidden even had they wanted. And the old nurse heard her calling and joined her, and they searched together; and then the gardeners were summoned, and various men joined, and every square inch of ground was minutely examined till night fell. And in the morning she was in a raging fever, and the old nurse put her back to bed and tended her to health again. And the search had gone on fruitlessly, and after awhile had been given up.

As soon as she was well enough she arranged for quitting their temporary home, a house they had taken on a few months' lease : stored the furniture and gone abroad indefinitely. Two years of peaceful resting in the Canary Islands, and a period of roaming about in Italy and Sicily, and then the longing for the old country woke again in her, and after a short stay in a Kensington flat to arrange her affairs she took the lease of the manor where she was now permanently settled, and where often in the gloaming she sat dreaming, as she did to-night, while the sword, now released from all swathings, hung below her husband's picture, and seemed to sing to her in the warm dusk. Whether the gleams of light that seemed to play along the blade, or the faint music that brought the memories of the past, were real or fancy, she no longer questioned. The dreams came, and she let them come, and loved them.

To-night they were clearer than ever before. All the past story came back as tiny flames seemed to play from hilt to point along the edge. And the evening deepened into night, and the fire died down, and—was it fancy, or was there really a dark shadowy figure before her that raised an arm to take the sword from its nail ?

Who shall say ? They found her in the morning still sitting

in the easy chair, but cold and stiff. There was a happy smile on her face. She had been dead some hours. And the sword lay at her feet.

And the mystery was never revealed.

Note.—The foregoing story was told simply and naively almost exactly as here set down as an actual occurrence but seeking for an explanation. In some respects it is entirely unlike all experiences I have ever met with or heard of. It might be readily classed as a purely subjective experience—but for the fact that there is the material palpable sword which has been seen by many persons; also that Col. Graham was a well-known man with a known history whose strange disappearance made a certain newspaper sensation in the early years of the present century, which may still be read by the curious who care to search old pre-war newspaper files.

I am not at liberty to publish the actual name, but it can be easily identified, and has dropped into the limbo of unsolved mysteries.

I have no reason whatever to doubt the bona fides of "Mrs. Graham" in telling this story, and I should be very grateful to any reader of the OCCULT REVIEW who has had or heard of any similar experience, or can throw any light upon it. J. W. BRODIE-INNES.

ELEMENTAL LOVE-SONG

BY EVA MARTIN

EARTH and Air the soul of me—
Earth the prisoner, Air the free:
Fire and Water meet in you,
Soaring flame and secret dew.

Fire shall stubborn clay enfold,
Burn the dross, refine the gold;
Air shall fan Fire's rainbow sprite
To a blaze of crystal light.

Water-springs refreshing flow,
Winds from mountain summits blow,
Fire burns clear, and Earth provides
Gardens green where peace abides.

Thus our spirits grow more fair:
Fire and Water, Earth and Air,
All at last together blent
In one heavenly element.

LEGENDS OF THE HORSE

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

A BOOK about Horses in Faërie and the Horse in magic and myth can scarcely help being a good book because of its subject; but Miss Howey's comprehensive collection will be appreciated not only as the first attempt of its kind on record, for it is also well arranged and puts all its facts and narratives with simple force and clearness. It is not, of course, exhaustive, but a representative part of the old dreams and traditions have been brought together and they can be said to stand for the whole. The collector is, moreover, an artist and has provided most of the pleasant illustrations which make up a beautiful volume, very creditable to all concerned.*

The Horse in Faërie stands first in the garner, and I have been reminded of many things far back in my old readings, including Baron Osbert's encounter with a ghostly knight riding a black horse, which the Baron took from his opponent, but it vanished next morning at cock's-crow. This is from the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Heywood's *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, that strange old book which has been so long awaiting an editor and may yet, as I hope, find one, is the source of a Bohemian story concerning a faërie host and their champion who slew an earthly rider, as well as his steed. But what of that other version, in which the rider comes out of a swoon, to behold—in the mist and the moonlight—the host and its banners passing between the hills, while the horse follows behind? It is on record that this adventurer was haunted of Faërie through all his after days. The Horse of Monk's Heath, the Horse of Eildon Hills, and Papillon the Faërie Horse of Ogier the Dane, are old familiar favourites with some of us, but there are many others in Miss Howey's first and perhaps most delightful chapter.

Other divisions of the volume tell us of Angel Horses, like those seen in vision by prophets of Israel and in the *Apocalypse* by St. John, in the spirit on the Lord's Day at Patmos; but Al

* *The Horse in Magic and Myth*. By M. Oldfield Howey. With five full-page plates, coloured frontispiece and numerous illustrations in the text. Royal 4to, pp. xii. + 238. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

Borak is also included, " the fine-limbed, high-standing Horse " on which Mahomet ascended to heaven. They tell us of ghostly Horses, as those which draw phantom hearses or spectral coaches at night; of Demon Horses, like that which was summoned from Sheol by Michael Scott when he went on an embassy to France, or the Horse of the Wild Huntsman; of Horses that go headless, carrying headless riders; and of Horses ridden by witches. So far on the side of legend, but there are those of myth and allegory, Sun-Horse and Moon-Horse, Horses of Wind and Sea, and those which draw the dark chariot of night or carry the death-goddess. It will be seen that there is a goodly collection, not to speak of some effigies in wood, the Bridal, the Hobby, the Hooden Horse, and that which figured in the Siege of Troy. In fine, there are chapters on the lore of Horse-shoes, on the Horse in charm and incantation and in creation-myths.

The Horse in folk-lore and generally in traditional stories is naturally a much wider field than is likely to be covered within the measures of any single volume, and it is not the least office of a book of this kind, as of nearly all such researches, to awaken memories of other instances which it does not happen to include but which have come within one's own notice in the following of kindred paths. Some at least of my readers will know the beautiful story of the Knight Launfal, whom a queen of the woodland world, in haunts remote, enchanted with her talismans of beauty, so that he was wiled away into Faërie and the music of its life, beyond all years of sorrow. There are many versions, and that which may count as the earliest belongs to that great lady of legends who is like the Irish Swan of Endless Tales—I mean, Marie de France. But the point of my own story is that the Horse of the good knight loved his master, according to later texts, and when he received no command to enter the charmed precincts of Avalon in the West Country it is said that he tarried without, ever and continually calling with loud neighs. But because there is a spell of silence woven about the place and a sleep as of outward senses is set thereon, the Horse was not heard within. The legend says that he is there unto this day; and seeing that all such tales, at one epoch or another, must come to a good end, we may look for a time to follow when the Horse of the Knight Launfal shall find his master. I should think that then also there will be an end to the sleep of Arthur, who will come forth out of Avalon.

There is another Horse as dear, and made in the same likeness: it is that of King Roderick, denominated " the last of the Goths "

in Southey's romantic poem of that name, the noblest of all his efforts. The Horse was called Orelio, "a milk-white steed," whom Roderick styled "my beautiful." After the last battle, when the Moorish power was broken, in the great day of the King, it is said in the poem and in the old *Chronica de Rey Don Rodrigo* that the latter vanished—as if he also, like Launfal, might have been taken into Avalon. But as to the faithful Battle-Horse :—

> Upon the banks
> Of Sella was Orelio found, his legs
> And flanks incarnadined, his poitrel smear'd
> With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane
> Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
> Aspersed like dew-drops : trembling there he stood
> From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
> His tremulous voice far-echoing loud and shrill,
> A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seem'd
> To call the master whom he loved so well.

This is Southey at his best and carrying the "seal of simplicity," which is that of Nature and Art, as a wise Hermetist says. The banks of that Spanish stream, Sella, are surely at no great distance, in the radiant mind of myth, from the walls of Faërie, so that Orelio may yet meet with the Horse of the Knight Launfal. "Life is not a dream, but it ought to become one, and will perhaps," says Novalis, the German seer and poet. In the spirit of that dreaming we can see even now the Breton chevalier coming out of Avalon and also the return of the Goth.

Miss Howey gives two instances of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, intervening to help the Christian armies against Moors and Mexican Indians. In the first case he was mounted on a snow-white Battle-Horse, and on a grey in the second. There is a third example in Southey's introduction to his *Chronicle of the Cid*, according to which King Ramiro had fought all day long with the Moors and kept the field at night with a broken army. "The King called them together, and told them that Santiago had appeared to him in a dream, and had promised to be with them in the battle . . . on a white steed, bearing a white banner with a red cross." He appeared accordingly and the Moors were defeated utterly. Southey regards both dream and vision as part of a pious fraud, a point of view which was inevitable amidst the regnant protestantism of 1808.

But this reminds me of the great hero whose life is told in this *Chronicle*, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, and of his Horse, Bavieca. "Who can tell the goodness of . . . Bavieca, and of the Cid

who rode him ? " He rode him in battle through many years of life, and the charger carried him in death, erect and armed, as if a living warrior, from Valencia to San Pedro de Cardeña, while the Cid's army scattered the Moorish hosts and their six-and-thirty kings. " And from the day in which the dead body of the Cid was taken off his back, never man was suffered to bestride that horse," which is said in the legend to have lived altogether " full forty years."

Here are a few recollections which have been brought back to a single reader, turning over and dwelling on the pages of Miss Howey's book. There are others which might expand this notice, but these must stand for the whole. As it has been greatly suggestive to me, so may it prove to many who know the field, while to those who enter it for the first time I have said enough to show that they have a capable guide. She is one also who believes that there is something behind folk-lore which belongs to the soul of man. This is true indeed, and it communicates to those who can receive. I think that some of us in these " foremost files of time " can share in its gift of the ages with inward eyes more open than was usual in Victorian days. Among many lamps which burn in the sanctuary of the soul before the Inward Presence, I am sure that the lamp of folk-lore is not the last or least.

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.]

BACK TO BLAVATSKY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As a very old and devoted friend of the late Madame Blavatsky, I want to thank you for the just manner in which you defend her memory in reviewing Mr. Sinnett's book, *The Early Days of Theosophy*. I deeply resent the tone of this book, and the T.P.H. shows scant respect for its founder in publishing such a work. I was the first British woman in London to join the Theosophical Society, when established there with H. P. B. at its head. I loved her, and owe her an eternal debt of gratitude. She picked me out of rank atheism, and put me in touch with the Ancient Wisdom. At once I found a logical explanation of the Universe which completely satisfied my intellect and my heart, and gave comfort to the many hundreds to whom I passed it on. I knew Mr. Sinnett intimately, and for many years saw him sitting at the feet of H. P. B. gathering what crumbs he could. I know how much he owed to her. Looking back on those early days of the movement, I can remember the thousands who were simply lost in a wilderness until given Karma and Reincarnation in explanation of the awful and apparently insoluble problems of life. I have lived to see the teaching of H. P. B. accepted broadcast all over the world. Millions who never heard her name are reared now in the light she carried from East to West. To those who rushed to hear her preach her "new religion" she said, "My religion is the oldest in the Universe." What she taught was "The Word" which was in the beginning: the foundation of all faiths. Let us get back to Blavatsky. Blessed be her name and memory.

VILLA LANGUARD,
TORQUAY.

VIOLET TWEEDALE,
Author of *Ghosts I have Seen*, etc.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your Notes of the Month for April regarding H. P. B. with care and interest. I deeply appreciate your standpoint and thoroughly endorse it, except as regards your gentle scepticism *re* H. P. B.'s phenomenal powers and your belief in her mediumship (in the Spiritualistic sense). However, one cannot expect everything! I never had the fortune to meet H. P. B., joining the then Theosophical Society only in the year of her passing over; but I was in sustained intimate and friendly contact with many of those

who knew her well, and absorbed through that invaluable personal touch some sense of what she was and the real meaning of her mission. I was for some little time a member of Headquarters in Avenue Road, and knew sufficiently well a large proportion of the leading and other personalities of those days, including a few of the American brethren. I was also (in those early days) occupied in strenuous propaganda work—a matter even now I have not entirely lost sight of. I was afforded more than one clear hint by those " in the know " as to the real meaning of various surface peculiarities of the old lady that were inexplicable or even repugnant to the outsider: needless, however, to go into that now. In short, I think I may say I possess a reasonable knowledge of her character and mission, and I therefore believe in and admire both, and venerate her memory beyond that of all, save one or two of my own flesh and blood.

Excuse all this Ego: it serves as needful groundwork to the following. It seems to me that a great and pressing need of the near future is a revival of interest in and study of the old Theosophy—as she taught it. People forget that H. P. B., if she did anything at all, came at a highly critical moment of our modern history to readjust the trembling balance between Right and Wrong, Progress and Retrogression, between a threatening tyranny of materialistic Science plus narrow exoteric ritualistic Religion, on the one hand, and the nascent fraternal consciousness and psychic unfolding of a newer and better mentality, on the other. The soul of the Western world was struggling to break its shell and initiate a new Order of Things—and would assuredly have failed but for *her*. Hence the formidable opposing forces aroused by her advent and work—those black forces that ever strive against the spiritual regeneration of man, whose mission it is to hold back the light, to sow confusion, chaos and hopelessness in the heart of man. Such forces took note of and fought against her and her work from the beginning, using every tool, human or otherwise, that could be subordinated or suborned to their purpose, from the ill-fated Coulombs to those dark inimical mentalities that engineered the aggrandizement of Germany; aiming to plunge the world into darkness once more, and civilization itself into never-rusting chains. All this should be considered in forming a judgment upon the circumstances and personalities involved in the successive attacks upon the Theosophical Society and upon her personality: such attacking personalities being often, I believe, practically unconscious instruments of those malevolent forces that aimed—and still aim—to destroy all sweetness and light in the world of men.

Now, apart from the hidden, essentially spiritual side of her work, H. P. B.'s principal means of " destroying the moulds of mind " and simultaneously reminding us of what we had all inwardly forgotten, was by never-ceasing exposition of the Esoteric Philosophy. Hence works like *Isis Unveiled*, the *Key to Theosophy*, the magazines *The Theosophist* and *Lucifer*, and the *Secret Doctrine*. And much else.

These works, these teachings, constitute her gift to the world, her transmission of the inner teachings to the outer world. I write thus in no spirit of brainless fanaticism: each of my fellow-men chooses his own intellectual path and treads it whither it may lead him, but I address those who *know*. And I say that this invaluable heritage is being gradually lost sight of; that a new generation of so-called Theosophical students is arising who "knew not Joseph," nor his message; that we suffer—and have done so for some years—from the domination of little personalities in scattered groups immersed more or less in their own little fads—estimable people, interesting fads—but not *Theosophy*. Should not some effort be made to at least remind people of the existence of the *original teachings*? They cannot even exert their undoubted right to refuse such teachings if they remain unaware of their existence. It is true that the names of certain of H. P. B.'s books are kept before the interested public in a more or less perfunctory fashion, but the occasional modern Theosophist I have met seems to have a far larger acquaintance with ephemeral speculations by amiable Theosophical amateurs than the definite and recondite ideas that thirty years ago formed our intellectual pabulum.

We have every reason to anticipate that 1975 will see the outer initiation of a new Theosophical movement: and we know that just as the Lodge never repudiates its servants, so the new messenger will prove to be a link with H. P. B., her self and her teachings. With what intellectual equipment will our descendants and representatives of that inspiring time be prepared to meet the new teacher and the new message? And what record of work done in the direction of broadcasting the specific Occult teachings (for all men to accept or reject as they choose) will they have to show? I hope, as ever, for the best; but I do not feel altogether happy at the prospect. Hampered by ill-health, I cannot do one-hundredth of what I would: I can only hope that others fitter for the task are awake and alert and joining hands to do what should be done in the common cause—which is that of Humanity.

Sincerely,
OLD THEOSOPHIST.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I wonder if you will allow a student of Theosophy to comment on the following passage from your Notes of the Month for April: "... a 'Back to Blavatsky' movement has arisen, the object of which is to recall the minds of Theosophists to the Faith as it was in the early days of the Society's existence, and away from the wild chimeras and unfounded dogmas which have brought it into disrepute."

For the life of me I cannot find any justification for this statement so far as the wild chimeras and unfounded dogmas are concerned.

I have gone carefully through the present Theosophical teaching as well as the teaching of earlier days, and, beyond a natural development, I cannot find any variance with the main ideas of H. P. B. and Mr. A. P. Sinnett, both of whom fairly represent the Theosophy of 1880–1890. Reincarnation, Karma, Brotherhood, the Existence of Masters, the Possibility of Initiation, Personal touch on the part of some of the Leaders with the Occult Hierarchy, Recovery of Past Lives, Psychic Powers, all these things were taught in H. P. B.'s days and are still maintained, forming the backbone of Theosophical theory. What is left? The Belief in the Possible Advent of a Great Teacher? Yet H. P. B. declared that the end of the twentieth century would see the coming of One she called the Torchbearer of Truth, and "Esoteric Buddhism" is emphatic on the Incarnations of the Bodhisattva. True, a somewhat puerile correspondence on a certain Mr. Leadbeater's bona fides is now taking place in your otherwise valuable magazine, but attempts at "Rents in the Veil of Time" have existed from H. P. B.'s days also. Again I ask, what is left in the way of chimeras and unfounded dogmas? Of course, the whole thing may be a chimera and a wild speculation—that is a fair position for anyone who honestly believes it to take up—but that is not the point of the passage I have quoted at the beginning of this letter.

Yours faithfully,

E. V. HAYES.

[Some reply to this correspondent is given in the letter of "Old Theosophist." I hope to have more to add on the subject later. ED.]

ALCHEMICAL INTERPRETATIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In interpreting the language of alchemic writings, much difficulty arises through failure to grasp the simple meaning enclosed in the metaphor.

To take one instance. A contributor writing in the OCCULT REVIEW recently, quoted from Vol. I of Waite's *Paracelsus* thus: "Thereupon follows the greatest arcanum, that is to say, the Supercelestial Marriage of the Soul, consummately prepared and washed by the blood of the Lamb, with its own splendid, shining, and purified body."

In *Paracelsus* the word "lamb" is not written with a capital letter, and this for an especial reason. The terms lamb, calf, child, *green* lion, etc., merely indicate immaturity. In alchemy a metal is a mature male, and the salt or vitriol of a metal is considered as imperfect, raw, crude, and immature as is a child, lamb, or calf when compared with the adult of the species. The treatise here quoted from deals with a Process of (or on) Vitriol.

Flammel speaks of the distillation of a salt under the guise of the slaughter of the innocents; the distilling fluid being the blood.

The Supercelestial Marriage takes place as follows: the volatile fluid, called the Spirit or Blood, distils aloft, and then returns in dews or rain upon the earth which lies in the bottom of the flask. On each return it dissolves some part of the soluble salt—which is styled the Soul—which is in the earth or Body. This salt gradually creeps up the interior of the flask, and is deposited about half way up, in appearance like snow or as "a newly slipped sword."

Ultimately the Soul and Spirit return together to the Body and no longer distil away. This is the Marriage. A more appropriate simile is Resurrection.

The salt or Soul is said to coagulate the Spirit or Blood, and is sometimes called the rennet of a lamb, as in Lully's *Codicil*, page 163—"terra alba foliata, coagulans ut coagulum agni. . . ." It is called by Ripley and Eirenæus "the solder of the Sun (the Body) and Moon" (the Spirit). The fluid is named the urine of a child in the *Codicil*, thus "ut fit urina infantis, albificans . . ." and in Waite's *Turba*, page 63, the urine of a calf. The Vitriol is therefore the lamb, child, or calf. This Marriage presupposes attraction between the substances, and is spoken of as a "strange magnetic force" in *Ripley Revived*, page 314, and is elsewhere alluded to as loadstone and iron, chalybs and steel, and the entanglement of Mars and Venus in a net of steel. Many other metaphors are equally simple.

Yours faithfully,
R. WATSON COUNCELL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—To your March issue Mr. R. Watson Councell has contributed a very interesting letter which comments on my theory of alchemy; but I think that on examination most of his objections will boil down to the very question which I raised and which he ignores: are the alchemists to be understood literally or figuratively? I have given what seems to me abundance of evidence that they themselves asserted continually that they were *not* to be taken literally. All of Mr. Councell's evidence is valueless until he gives *some* reason why he chooses to interpret them according to the letter.

Curiously enough, one of the very passages he cites against me contains an affirmation that it is to be understood figuratively! I refer to the four lines from Norton:

> One of these kinds a Stone ye shall find,
> For it abideth fire as stones do by kind:
> *But it is no stone* in touching ne in sight,
> But a subtle earth, brown, ruddy and not bright.

How often have we read that "the Stone is not a stone!"

Mr. Councell quotes these lines to destroy my parallelism between the symbol "red clay" and human flesh. But I confess that I do not know how he thinks he has succeeded. Are "red clay" and

" ruddy earth " so different ? However, let us take up the whole passage in the light of the symbols as I have already explained them. The first difficulty comes with the word " fire," which I believe is to be interpreted as the force of the human will—the hypnotic power. The " stone " (medium) resists, and yet is overcome (according to the formula found in any alchemist). Norton warns us then that it is not a literal stone, but a " subtle earth " (see Genesis ii. 7, if my theory that " earth " equals matter in general, and the flesh in particular, be not acceptable) ; " ruddy " or reddish ; and " not bright," that is, not shining, not metallic. " Brown " I have omitted purposely, since that is a problem for philologists ; I need only point out that during Norton's day, as in the phrase " a bright brown blade," the adjective did not always mean what it means to-day. In any case, " ruddy " establishes the colour ; " brown " probably referred merely to its intensity. And certainly the whole passage in no way destroys, but rather confirms, my parallelism.

I am sorry that Mr. Councell thinks my explanations are " not marked by candour," simply because I had not quoted a brief phrase from Flamel's description of silver-making—a phrase which I should have thought my explanation would have accounted for as part of the disguise. I am afraid that the ordinary reader would assume from Mr. Councell's letter that I have omitted all account of that passage whatsoever. Mr. Councell may have been a bit hasty in his charge, as perhaps he will admit when he realizes that it might very easily be retorted upon himself. He quotes me as saying that " matter would seem to be excluded from alchemy," and quite successfully demonstrates that it was not. I agree with him, as is obvious from my discussion of the four " elements." My words actually occurred in a place where I was summing up the theory of mystical alchemy in order to attack it.

Mr. Councell raises several other points which lose their force as soon as we consider them from the symbolic point of view. But Mr. Councell is not easily convinced. He believes, for example, that Thomas Vaughan's researches " were of a chemical nature "—judging by a mere title ! But let us see what Vaughan said in his introduction to his *Euphrates* : " alchemy—in the common acceptation, and as it is a torture of metals—I never did believe : much less did I study it. On this point my books, being perused, will give thee evidence. . . . But—to acquaint thee how ingenuous I am—I freely confess that in my practice I waived my own principles ; for having miscarried in my first attempts, I laid aside the true subject and was contented to follow their noise who will hear of nothing but metals. What a drudge I have been in this fetid and feculent school for three years together I will not here tell thee. It was well that I quitted it at last. . . ."

Mr. Councell says that in the *Aquæ Vitæ non Vitis* Vaughan speaks of the Mercury of vegetables, minerals, and metals, but does

not speak of human Mercury. Of course Vaughan does not; that would have been giving away the secret he was sworn not to reveal! The very omission is significant. But none the less Vaughan gives his hints; what is the "Aqua Rebecca" but the ectoplasm drawn from Rebecca, his wife and medium, whose name figures so prominently throughout the manuscript?

Mr. Councell, with Albert Poisson, takes quite seriously Flamel's account of the churches and hospices built by alchemical gold. Since it is practically certain that neither Flamel nor anybody of his century wrote the book, such evidence can hardly count for much.

The quotations from Eirenæus Philalethes prove nothing except that the ignorant populace believed in literal gold and a literal elixir. On the other hand, I do not mean to deny that Stirk was not also a doctor as well as an alchemist; though I might point out that, if he had an elixir, it did not save him from the Great Plague, which cut him off very abruptly.

As for the quotation from Basil Valentine, since Mr. Councell did not give the place where it is to be found, nor state the context, I can hardly be expected to explain a detached phrase. We have already seen how dangerous this practice is. But I am sure that, if it be by the genuine Basil Valentine, it can be covered by the type of interpretation which I have been endeavouring to establish.

Yours faithfully,

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS. S. FOSTER DAMON.

"PSYCHE."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It is not my practice to protest against comment or criticism either of my own work or of the contents of *Psyche*, but I cannot help thinking that the remarks published by you on page 185 of your March issue were written under a misapprehension.

The International Congress of Psychology referred to in the Editorial (*Psyche*, January, 1923) is—as stated—a Congress dealing with General Psychology and not with Psychical Research as your commentator seems to imagine. The ground covered will include such topics as Educational, Industrial, Vocational, Æsthetic, Medical and Comparative Psychology and I do not think that Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Dr. Gustave Geley or Prof. Richet can be considered as authorities on these subjects. Even Dr. Prince is known principally as a psycho-pathologist and has not applied himself, I think, at all considerably to other branches of psychological inquiry.

As regards the "responsible exponents" of other nations—notably the Germans and Austrians—who appear to have been troubling the mind of your contributor—I would suggest the names of Freud, Jung, Adler, Stekel, Ferenczi, Rank, Kohler, Wertheimer and Stumpf—offhand, though there are plenty more. Yours very truly,

W. WHATELY SMITH.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

WE are indebted to Mr. Thomas Browne for a refreshing contribution to the new issue of THE QUEST. It is entitled *The Conflict of Science with Religion*, and was read at a meeting of the Quest Society in the autumn of last year. It recalls obviously the well-known book by Draper on the *Conflict of Religion and Science* in Victorian Days, and indeed its object is to contrast things as they are and their position as it now is with Draper's capable but mistaken estimate of the past. But "Religion was synonymous with superstition" for the earlier writer, while for Mr. Browne it is the foundation and condition of the science which was championed by Draper. "If society cannot exist without religion, much less can science." Civilization also depends thereon and therefrom. It goes back far beyond the dawn of history, which "knows no instance of any stable polity" without religion. Science, on the other hand, at least in the modern sense, "is by no means indispensable to human progress." But since it must not be supposed that Mr. Browne has any real cause against science, while his idea of the "conflict" represents it as one aspect of "the eternal antinomy between subject and object," ego and environment, soul and body, so it must be understood that religion is not for him any external and official institution or a subject which can suffer at the hands of "higher criticism" and the "historical method." Its meaning and value are symbolic; it is concerned with that which is "true here and now," and belongs to each man in himself, with our relation to ultimate reality, which is that of the noumenal past within us to the noumenon behind phenomena in the world without. . . . There is also grave interest and consequence attaching to Mr. Mead's essay on *The Enigma of Human Existence.* It is a recognition of the truth that reason in the last resource must be helped in its quest for reality from a region within us which is above the logical understanding, a recognition also that the way of the quest is love. The quest is otherwise a venture of faith in a path which is called contemplation, though it ought to be called love, and there comes a stage of the journey when we travel no longer in darkness but with seeing inward eyes, opening to "the radiance of the good and true and beautiful." That which follows is described by Mr. Mead as the coming to self-conscious birth of the "mystery" in man which "is greater than man-the-reasoner." But this birth, as he says also and truly, is a beginning and not an end, because it is a beginning of life, and there must be growth in that life unto the stature of regenerate manhood. The new nature—which, however, is a very old nature—is brought to birth by the "will for good"; but will is also love, and the after life-state, which is described otherwise as intercourse with our "spiritual over-consciousness," seems

to us the state of awareness concerning the eternal object of love abiding within us. There is, moreover, a state beyond awareness, and it is that in which "subject and object and their relation become one in an identity of being." . . . Dr. Eisler follows his recent paper on "The Broken Bread Symbolism of the Last Supper" with a study of the Wine symbolism: it is rich in learning and suggestion.

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL covers a wide field in its various articles. Professor J. S. Haldane's study of science and religion commands our full sympathy and agreement. After the accepted working hypotheses of modern physical science and the fundamental conceptions of modern biology, there remains the sum total of "all that appears in conscious life, in our conscious fellowship with one another, with those who have gone before or will come after, and with Nature." When we take these into account, "God is revealed as the ultimate and only reality." In other words, scientific knowledge "has only served to establish . . . old teaching on a firmer basis, and to free it from confusion. . . ." Mr. Julian Huxley places Progress in the witness-box to testify concerning that "something not himself, greater than himself," with which man yet feels that he can "harmonize his nature." It is a most suggestive article and may be taken profitably by the discriminate reader in conjunction with that of Sir Oliver Lodge on "the effort of evolution. . . ." Dr. Archibald Robertson tells us "how it strikes a Bishop" in respect of Revelation and Relativity, and is writing in reply to Mr. Austin Hopkinson, who threw down a challenge to the bench in a previous issue of THE HIBBERT. Dr. Robertson accepts the disclaimer of physicists respecting "knowledge of reality in the material universe," but faintly or otherwise—and, we think, otherwise—he holds the "larger hope," namely, "that reality may be less remote from our grasp than we are allowed to affirm."

LA ROSE CROIX gives a long and moving account of what must be called the misfortunes and sorrows which mark the history of M. Jollivet Castelot, well known in Paris and not unknown here as President of the Alchemical Society of France. As a result of protracted and costly researches, through which he has groped his way, it is claimed that he has succeeded so far as to transmute silver into gold; and more even than this, he has enabled others to reproduce his experiments. He maintains further, and it is admitted, that his discovery revolutionizes modern chemistry, involving as it does the revision of accepted hypotheses respecting molecular physics. His own experiments are based on a counter-hypothesis, now personal to himself, though it is that of the old alchemists, namely, that all bodies are composed of one and the same atomic substance variously "agglomerated." We are told further: (1) That he expects nothing from his researches, meaning presumably in the order of material recompense; (2) that the gold which he obtains by transmutation costs and will cost always indefinitely more than it is worth; (3) that it is not therefore a commercial proposition—whence it follows that

it will not upset the currency system; and hence (4) that its value is purely scientific, but obviously incalculable as such if it is to revolutionize chemical science. This is how the case stands, and on this side of the subject it remains to say that his experiments have very nearly cost M. Jollivet Castelot the use of his eyes, owing to the high temperatures of electrical furnaces required therein. And now as to the recognition which has been allotted to his endeavours at the hands of official science. There has been the usual conspiracy of silence year after year on the part of its exponents; they have not examined his claims; and when recently they were brought before the *Faculté des Sciences de l'Université de Paris*, in the person of one of its most eminent members, and by a sponsor so well known as M. Paul Heuzié, the only result has been a letter written by a junior and enumerating reasons for not investigating the subject. They are of the kind which is called *a priori*, including the reaction of the alleged experiments on accepted doctrinal physics. Is it possible to think that the President of the Alchemical Society would fare better if he offered the control of his discovery to our authorities here in England or to those in America? We should like to feel that it is, but there is a past behind us which makes certitude out of the question and even hope faint. Our sympathies to M. Castelot: we know nothing about his transmutation; if its process can be put into writing, it is presumable that this has been done and that the skilled chemist can follow it himself in practice. There are several at least among us who would do so not only with open minds but living interest, and would honour any discoverer who proved his case. Meanwhile, the experiments of M. Castelot, pursued through many years on the basis of old Hermetic doctrine, are a satisfactory commentary, in view of the affirmed result, on the speculations of past and present dreamers for whom all alchemical literature is a cryptology veiling a psychical or mystical pursuit.

Those who feel drawn towards the obscure subject of numerical mysticism, more especially if they are acquainted with its contradictory records in occult literature, will do well to read certain studies which are appearing in LE VOILE D'ISIS on "The Plan of the World of Numbers." The author is M. Fidel Ami-Sage, who is connected otherwise with a French movement known as the Messianic Initiation, which understands the great work of alchemy and the texts of Hermetic literature in that spiritual and mystical sense to which reference has been made above. In respect of numbers, we hear of the metaphysical zero, the real nature of which must be understood by those who would grasp what is meant by the metaphysical infinite, this being regarded as the transcendental *locus* of the world of numbers. But there is also metaphysical unity, apart from which it is impossible to solve the problem of Divine attributes. The subject-matter of the moment is termed "numeration of the void," and we are disposed to agree with a prefatory remark which suggests that those who would enter

these mysterious regions must possess an "intellectual instrument" adequately qualified for profound researches. The question which occurs to us, however, is that of Saint-Martin, whether all this is necessary in order to find God. It is assumed that here is the object of the so-called "science of numbers," as of all real metaphysics, and we are led to think that there must be a shorter way. It seems indicated elsewhere in LE VOILE D'ISIS, when it is said that Mysticism is rooted in charity, sacrifice and love.

A recent issue of LE SYMBOLISME is instructive on the subject of Continental Freemasonry, about the current history of which no person in the world is more ignorant than is the body-general of Masons in England. How many are acquainted, we wonder, with the bare fact that an International Conference of Supreme Councils was held last year at Lausanne, from which the close corporation working under that title in this country was, of course, absent? Who has seen the reports of proceedings? It happens that the President was no less a person than the Belgian Sovereign Grand-Commander, Comte Goblet d'Alviella, perhaps the most learned among Continental Masons. The delegates of the Conference undertook to devote all their efforts and influence to the establishment of universal and lasting peace among nations. Our contemporary tells us, moreover, some important facts of the past and present respecting Germanic Freemasonry and the relations between those of its Grand Lodges which work on a Christian basis and others which appeal to the London first Book of Constitutions, published in 1723. In this notable performance the wording was so muddled that it seemed an open question whether a London Grand Lodge Mason had even to believe in God. Lastly, LE SYMBOLISME draws attention to a Dutch Masonic periodical which makes a subtle suggestion that the formula concerning a Grand Architect of the Universe may be interpreted as belonging to symbolism and not dogma, in which case it should be possible for those Grand Orients which have erased the formula to restore it on this understanding and so pave the way for their return into communion with universal Freemasonry. There is, however, no eirenicon possible between the utter anthropomorphism of the Craft Degrees in England and the militant agnosticism of, e.g., the French and Belgian Grand Symbolic Bodies. . . . We observe that the editor of THE BUILDER, who contributes to its last issue a thoughtful article on Masonic antiquities, is disposed to credit Albert Pike with a far larger share in the creation of the rituals and ceremonial of the Scottish Rite than belongs to his work historically. We are acquainted with it to a very considerable extent, and we know also on what basis it rests, as perhaps few persons are familiar with them here in England. We recognize that Pike's work is of no little moment, much as he missed when his antecedents offered great opportunities to the high genius of ritual: he had unfortunately no such genius. But it is a great exaggeration to say that he, "alone and unaided, erected a great deal of the lofty

and beautiful structure of the Scottish Rite ritual." His work belongs rather to the region of superstructure, if we are to use this kind of symbolism. With higher inspiration, he could have done much better, and one line of criticism to which his performance is open is that he added and extended too often without altering. He had, moreover, insufficient acquaintance with codices of the Rite of Perfection, but this was owing to his limitations in place and time.

The first issue of TOMORROW, a monthly review for the awakening of India, comes from Ahmedabad, and is a substantial octavo of 96 pp., under the editorship of Prof. A. T. Gidvani, who is connected also with a periodical entitled SATYA, described as a Sindhi magazine of culture. Among notable articles in TOMORROW there is an account of Shah Abdul Lattif, a poet of Sind, which is described as the chief Indian stronghold of Sufism, wherein a succession of Sufi poets has lived and worked. Lattif was born in the late seventeenth century. His theme is unity and his religion that of love. A second article is called "Europe and Asia," described otherwise as "an appeal to the West." It claims the rights of man and the law of nations as a basis of equal treatment for the civilized peoples of the East. It is said elsewhere that the vision of a new and great world has opened out before India and that the young men are bent on "making her future worthy of the world" and her own past. There is a note otherwise upon the iniquitous yoke of the caste system. There seems something to be said for the statement that India of the seventh century was more civilized than any other part of the world, and that in the seventeenth it was at least on a par with any country of Europe—notwithstanding the *grand siècle* and the reign of Louis Quatorze.

There are other new and recent enterprises which demand a word of acknowledgment. SALVE is a monthly magazine, just started at Madrid in the interests of the Latin Church: it contains illustrated readings on the Holy Gospels and reports of conferences on the liturgy of the Mass. . . . EL PROGRESSO comes from Havana, and claims to be a weekly magazine of advanced ideas: its ambitious programme embraces the history of human thought and whatsoever is comprised in the higher understanding of the word spiritual. There are articles on theosophy, naturism, and "sublime science," while a page is devoted to Freemasonry. The OCCULT PRESS REVIEW, which has been mentioned on a previous occasion, by no means corresponds to its title, and is indeed very slight in character; there are articles on "mental chemistry," elementary psychology and what is termed "the Tarot of the year"; but it proves on examination to be concerned only with ordinary playing-cards. . . . We have also to acknowledge the AMERICAN ASTROLOGICAL STUDENT (Minnesota), LE JOURNAL MONDAIN (Nice), LE MONDE NOUVEAU (Paris), an excellent publication, and EXLEXI (Rome), described as an universal review and the official organ of the *Association Eclectico Universal.*

REVIEWS

WITHIN YOU IS THE POWER. Fourth Edition, 46th Thousand. By Henry Thomas Hamblin, Editor of "The Science of Thought Review," and Author of "The Path of Victory," etc. etc. The Science of Thought Press, Bosham House, Chichester, England; London: L. N. Fowler & Co., Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net. Also in Paper Covers, 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

THAT this is the fourth edition of Mr. Hamblin's book, *Within You is the Power*, would seem to show that it has found its way to a very large circle of readers. It is without doubt a book for the present time of uncertainty, stress and strain, under which so many people are labouring. To these Mr. Hamblin says, "Only have faith in the spiritual power within you and you can know all the joys of overcoming and achievement." He defines "Fate" as those occurrences of life which are inevitable, and "Free-Will" as the spirit in which we meet them. His teaching is true because it is based on the words of the Divine Master: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," and all things *needful* shall be added. In chapter twelve, "The Use and Misuse of Mental and Spiritual Powers," the author, as in others of his works, emphatically insists that, "We have no right to endeavour to influence other people by the use of our inner forces." And in regard to "Entering the Silence," as it is called, he maintains: "Entering the Silence is a good thing: it is really entering the inner silence of the soul. . . . But to ensure this inward power for selfish and material ends . . . is a crime of the first magnitude, which can result only in ultimate failure and disaster." EDITH K. HARPER.

LIFE EVERLASTING, OR, THE DELIGHTS AWAITING THE FAITHFUL SOUL IN PARADISE. By the Right Rev. John S. Vaughan, Bishop of Sebastopolis, Author of "Life After Death," etc., etc. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, W.1; 8–10 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. And at Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

BISHOP VAUGHAN dwells so lovingly and beautifully in these pages on the delights of heaven which ultimately await the faithful soul, that one finds it difficult to realize that the same kind heart can contemplate as divinely ordained a contrasting alternative "of the raging fires of hell," in which lost souls must perforce spend the whole of eternity. An age-long purgation, in varying degrees, by the cleansing fires of remorse, is conceivable, but human imagination staggers before the thought of a "God of Love" Who will *never, never, never* open the once-closed door of Damnation to His crying and tortured children.

Leaving these considerations, however, to the theologians and the schoolmen in general, we can find in this most graphic and attractively written book, suggestions for spiritual guidance along earth's thorn-set way, which if followed by the humble and devout pilgrim would lead him far from any such terrible fate, whether literal or figurative. And we know that, as the good bishop says:

" So soon as he grows conscious of his immortality, man realizes that the present life is nothing more than a passing incident in a career which can have no end, and he awaits the next stage with immense interest and with the brightest and most glorious expectations."

Intensely interesting is the chapter entitled, " Supernatural Knowledge," in which the author dilates on the marvels of creation constantly open to our gaze, especially in the starlit sky. He reminds us that the magnificent constellation of Orion has for its principal star the glorious Betelgeuse, " which is billions of times the bulk of the world we inhabit." And he points out that while " in this present life, we may grope about in the dark, and with immense difficulty gain some imperfect acquaintance with the universe around us," in the larger life which will be ours when the freed soul has passed the portal of death we shall learn the laws of the universe and the history of creation, " and its infinite variety of genera and species " . . . and " the hitherto hidden action of Divine Providence in the affairs of man, and its marvellous intervention in the most critical moments, and in the most momentous crises of life."

The concluding chapter, " Steps on the Golden Stairs," though giving another passing glimpse of the " bottomless pit of hell " (worthy of the brush of El Greco), also contains some beautiful thoughts on the efficacy of prayer, both for those who pray and for those in the Unseen for whom such prayers are offered. Nor need there be any formality, for at any time, adds Bishop Vaughan, our daily occupations " may always be interrupted just for an imperceptible moment, to cast a loving glimpse at God, present within us, and to ask Him for a further increase of love."

EDITH K. HARPER.

COMMON-SENSE THEOLOGY. By C. E. M. Joad. 8¾ in. × 5¾ in., pp. 280. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2. Price 21s. net.

IT is a little difficult to understand why Mr. Joad has chosen so unattractive a title for this book, seeing that, on the one hand, whatever may be urged against his logic, it is certainly superior to that superficial empiricism which is known as " common sense," and on the other hand, as he informs us in the first sentence of his Introduction, the book " is not about God." The book in fact is an exposition of the philosophy of the Life Force. Mr. Joad is a Shavian, and perhaps no higher compliment can be paid to him than to say that he has caught something of his master's spirit, and that he has achieved a work that is not merely interesting but also stimulating. The book is written in dialogue form, but this device has been adopted merely for the sake of clearness and conciseness, and no dramatic effect has been attempted.

The work opens with a discussion of the philosophy of Bergson. Bergson's doctrine of the *élan vital* is accepted, but his peculiar views regarding the nature and function of intuition are rejected. Following is a discussion of psycho-analysis, and again, whilst rejecting a good deal of the more extreme claims of the psycho-analysts, Mr. Joad finds something of value for his purpose in their theories. The point is made that the Life Force acts upon us through the unconscious. The recent theories of M. Geley are discussed at some length, and with the greater portion of them Mr.

Joad finds himself in agreement. This is the case, it should be noted, with M. Geley's arguments for the truth of vitalism based on spiritualistic phenomena. Mr. Joad does not believe that it is possible to reduce the Universe to a unity. We must, he says, at least postulate matter and the Life Force. The Life Force is purposive, though we do not know exactly what its purpose is. By means of matter it creates mind. Matter, however, is antagonistic to the Life Force, and it is because mind is made from matter that we possess free will. In his third and fourth chapters, Mr. Joad deals with the theory of the Life Force in relation to education, literature and art. These chapters constitute a masterly and trenchantly written exposition of the Shavian point of view. In the last chapter Mr. Joad turns his attention to epistemology. It is a most unsatisfactory chapter. The author endeavours to reconcile the doctrines of the Hon. Bertrand Russell and the Behaviourists with those that he has expounded in his previous chapters. To do this is, of course, impossible; and the result is not far from being sheer nonsense. Mind is no longer conceived as being made of matter, but both are envisaged as being merely different arrangements of neutral particles or events. The Life Force is said to rearrange these particles so as to produce mind. The fact seems to be forgotten that it is not the mere arrangement of events that constitute a mind, but the fact of their continuity in memory. To use the term "mnemic phenomena" in this connection, as Mr. Joad does, following Semon, is a fruitless procedure. You cannot explain a thing by calling it by a new name. Many other points in this chapter with which I cannot here deal are open to serious criticism; and against any dualistic creed, such as that of Mr. Joad, it may be urged: if there is no need to explain matter in terms of the Life Force, or conversely, is there any need to explain anything? But in spite of these defects, few readers, if any, I think, will fail to enjoy reading Mr. Joad's work, and few, having once read it, will not want to put it on their bookshelves for future perusal.

H. S. REDGROVE.

SHEPHERD'S CROWNS. A Volume of Essays. By Pamela Grey. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. Price *7s. 6d.* net.

LADY GREY of Falloden tunes her lute to divers keys, and these make in their turn many sweet and gentle harmonies. In this her latest book she discourses variously on Symbolism, on Fables and Folk-lore, on Stonehenge and the village on Salisbury Plain, on Joan of Arc, on Geoffrey Chaucer, and on the comparatively little-known works of William Barnes, poet, clergyman, and philologist, whose poesy is redolent of what has been called "a tender joyousness," united to a deep love of nature, which invests his verse with a peculiar charm. Many to whom William Barnes is but a name will be grateful to Lady Grey for her brief but delightful analysis of his unique, quaint and delicate genius, which, in her own apt words, "Sheds a spirit of quietness most comfortable in these noisy days."

To those who—like the present reviewer—dwell in the heart of bird-land, there is special appeal in the Essay on The Singing of Birds—"The small fowls' jargonings"—and one could wish that this essay had been twice as long, for it hints all too slightly of the author's fuller knowledge of the music of the feathered choristers. Doubtless, however, most readers of the OCCULT REVIEW would turn first to see what Lady Grey has to say on

Dreams, and would agree with her that: "To those who have the power of dreaming, life is the richer." Dreaming "such dreams as crossing the hempen homespun woof of life, enrich it with rare dyes, or confirm to our spirits solace, a belief in an unseen world" . . . where "we feel that all our thoughts and hopes and longings are at length made known, at last understood and cherished; when craft, and interference, and cruelty, and corruption, are for ever entombed in the sea; and Time ceases because everything is believed and forgiven, with shining eyes that tell it as we dream."

In Aspects of The Higher Spiritualism, the author develops her theme on its ideal basis, expressing very definite views with which all who have at heart the deeper meaning of the soul's quest for "Light, more Light," will cordially agree. She defines true spiritualism as: "A vitalizing current that brings the living breath to old beliefs." For by its aid, "accounts of events that had come to be considered as legendary, the narrative of incidents originally given as history, but since relegated to the region of fable, these in the light of the teaching of the present day regain their authority. And this is no small matter. The Greatest Ghost Story ever told, one that holds such vast import for the human race, receives at the hands of modern spiritualism corroboration."

This discovery indeed has been made by some of our greatest scientists.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE PHENOMENA AND PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM. A Book for an Inquirer. By Julius Frost. Morland, Amersham, Bucks. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

As its sub-title indicates, this small and handy book is primarily for the Inquirer, and it carries out its purpose admirably, the various ramifications of this most elusive and intricate subject being touched upon, and in some instances elaborated, most carefully. That familiar bone of contention, the "Subconscious" mind, receives perhaps more than its due meed of attention, and the assertion that in that part of the brain which it is supposed to dominate, "is stored the memory of all we have ever done, heard, or seen," is an assertion impossible fully to substantiate. Again the notion that "everything that has ever happened in this world is recorded," on the ether, is one of those psuedo-scientific propositions that only throws dust in the eyes. The ether is understood to be in continuous motion, and surely the pictures, however temporarily "implanted" there, must in time be whirled into fragments, or otherwise transmuted. The thought of such a whirligig of trillions upon trillions of pictures on the ether suggests an inferno of cinemas with an eternal recurrence of films, such as even the fertile imagination of Dante never conceived. Apart from these criticisms, the little book is a useful Vade-mecum for the confused new-comer, and the author's remarks anent the attacks on Spiritualism are apt and well to the point. To those who say, "it is of the Devil," he replies: "Well, it is a curious devil who teaches Love, Brotherhood and Eternal Progression and gives consolation to so many who have lost their loved ones."

By the way, in alluding to what is called the "Direct Voice," Mr. Frost states that the psychic goes into a trance condition. May I remark that this is by no means always so. Mrs. Wriedt never does. Again, he describes the voice of the communicator as being the same as the voice of that individual

when on earth. This, too, is not invariably the case, in my own experience and in that of many another investigator. Often there seems to be a friendly spokesman on the Other Side who gives messages on behalf of others, without in any way invalidating their genuineness. These are some of the problems that arise. But there are times when the voice resembles unmistakably that of the speaker when in physical form.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE APPEARANCE OF MIND. By James Clark McKerrow, M.B. $7\frac{1}{4}$ ins. × $4\frac{3}{4}$ ins., pp. xvi. + 120. London: Longmans Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 6s. net.

THE title of this book, the author tells us, is intended to imply that mind is not a reality. In the place of mind, he asks us to accept what he calls another "Immaterial Principle," namely that of "Viable Equilibrium." He remarks on the difficulty of discussing his non-subjective theory without using subjective terms, and finally gives up the attempt. It ought to have been clear to him that the first requisite of a valid theory is the possibility of expressing it in clear and adequate language. This radical objection to his theory is not evaded, as he seems to think, by putting "subjective terms" in inverted commas, nor does his persistent use of capital letters in the case of words he considers to be of importance achieve anything but the irritation of the reader. His argument, moreover, is entirely vitiated by a complete misunderstanding of what constitutes a law of nature: he is always referring to laws of natures "operating" almost as though they were personalities possessed of minds.

At the end of his book, in an Appendix entitled "The Author's Apologia pro Sententiis Suis," Mr. McKerrow practically admits the worthlessness of his own arguments. He writes: "It is in a Pickwickian or Philosophic sense that we deny the fact of consciousness. In practice we admit that men are conscious persons, perceiving, feeling, willing and believing." Surely Pragmatism should have taught him that no divorce is possible between pure and practical reason. It has certainly demonstrated the futility of philosophic speculations that cannot bear the contact with actuality, and have only a "Pickwickian" significance.

H. S. REDGROVE.

NATAL ASTROLOGY. Serial Nos. 103 and 104. By C. C. Zain. Los Angeles and London: Brotherhood of Light. Price 1s. each, post free.

THESE little paper-covered booklets appear to belong to a series of over a hundred issued by the Californian "Brotherhood of Light," and, without knowing something of their forerunners, it is rather difficult to gauge their value from the astrological student's view-point. They deal, specifically, with the symbols and meanings of the thirty-six decanates, each sign of the zodiac being divided into three decanates in a manner familiar to most astrologers. The symbols employed are based on the constellations (as pictured by the ancients) lying outside the actual zodiac, the first decanate of Aries, for instance, corresponding to the constellation Triangulum, the second decanate to Eridanus, the third to Perseus, and so on throughout the twelve signs. Only experience could show how far this

interpretation is useful in practice, but it is suggestive and not lacking in interest.

The author's preliminary remarks are worthy of a careful reading, for they show a rare insight into the basic principles of astrology. He points out that the birth-map is not the " cause " of either tendencies or events. It merely pictures the harmonies and discords at birth, and is the result of the states of consciousness experienced before birth. As life proceeds, these harmonies and discords are modified and altered by the progressive movements of the planets, which stimulate the various centres of energy, bringing into play harmonious or discordant vibrations, as the case may be. So far from the study of the progressed horoscope approximating to " mere fortune-telling," it enables man to " rule his stars " by means of his own mental response to their influence, and to " take advantage of the periods of greater clemency to prepare for those more severe "—even as he does with regard to the weather and the seasons on the physical plane.

Further, Mr. Zain points out very forcibly that " every sign and planet is of equal importance," and that it is a false view of astrology that leads people to disparage certain signs or planets while exalting others. " Great individuals have been born when the sun was in each sign and decanate of the zodiac," and the significant fact is not that a certain sign, planet, decanate or aspect produces greatness, but that the *kind of greatness* possible of attainment is determined by the signs, planets, aspects, etc. Perhaps we feel that the author is not strictly faithful to this principle when we find him, later on, attributing the vice of *self-centredness* to certain decanates, for is it not a fact that an undeveloped soul—a " child "-ego—will be self-centred no matter in what sign or decanate the sun was placed at birth, while a highly evolved ego born with the sun in any degree of any sign will have conquered self and be capable of displaying purely altruistic qualities ? The personal examples given are not always convincing, some of the " celebrities " mentioned being totally unknown in this country, though perhaps their fame is greater across the Atlantic.

But the little books are provocative of thought and discussion, and arouse a wish to see more of the publications of the " Brotherhood of Light." E. M. M.

PERSIAN LITERATURE : An Introduction. By Reuben Levy, M.A. Oxford University Press. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

MR. LEVY has based his excellent manual on the highest authorities on Persian literature—the pre-eminent Professor Browne, Darmsteter, and Professor Williams Jackson, whose delightful book *Early Persian Poetry* has yielded me hours of enjoyment. Mr. Levy introduces the general public to all my favourites, peerless Jalál 'l Din Rumi, Firdawsi of the *Shah Nameh*, Hafiz of the *ghazels* of love, Sa'di of the *Gulistan* and *Bostan*, Jami who wrote the parable of the puzzled Kurd and the gourd, Shabistari, Nizami and delightful Farid 'l Din Attar, the perfume-seller to whom we owe both the attar of jasmine, roses and much imaginative poesy. Besides these, Mr. Levy narrates of a galaxy of luminaries from early Mithraic and Avesta ages and, among others, of a very attractive singer, Zulali of Khwansar (1615–16) who wrote an occult work on the theme of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, whose psychic and philosophic vein is specially calculated to appeal to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

NATURE AND HER LOVER, and other Poems from "Carol and Cadence." By John Payne. With an Introduction by Thomas Wright. 9½ ins. × 5½ ins., pp. 39 + 1 plate. Olney, Bucks: The John Payne Society; Secretary, Mr. Thomas Wright, Cowper School. Price 15*s.* net.

WELL does the old saying describe "a thing of beauty" as "a joy for ever." Unfortunately, however, in these days of stress and the worship of material values, we are very apt to lose sight of many of the things of beauty that belong to us. Payne's poems are emphatically in this category, and Mr. Wright and the John Payne Society are to be congratulated on the work they are doing in recovering Payne's work from the oblivion of out-of-print editions. *Carol and Cadence*—possibly Payne's finest book of poems—was, we learn from Mr. Wright, the result of a "verse flow" which happened to Payne in January, 1907. In addition to "Nature and Her Lover" the present volume contains eight other poems from this work. Two of them are inspired by the memory of Payne's dear friend, Helen Snee, who had died twenty-seven years previously, and whose portrait forms an appropriate frontispiece to the volume; and when I read so lovely an expression of sorrow as "Her Grave," I cannot but feel that Payne's sorrow was the world's gain. Payne sings in this volume of life and love, and of death and sorrow, and especially does he celebrate—giving many hints of her mystic significance—the beauty and wonder of Nature, "Mother of Life." He sings of the primrose—surely an exile from Heaven—and of the blackbird who is stirred with a celestial jubilance. And finally does he sing the praises of laughter.

> "It is the buckler that the sage employs
> Against the fiery shower
> Of ills and pains that mar the thinker's joys,
> The mail, wherein encased, as in a tower,
> He fares, unscathed, through Life's abhorrent noise,
> Wroughten of unspiteful scorn, and humour's tragic power."

H. S. REDGROVE.

GOTAMA BUDDHA. By K. J. Saunders. The Heritage of India Series, The Oxford University Press. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE *Heritage of India* Series is as valuable to the English lover of Orientalism as *The Wisdom of the East* publications. Mr. Saunders' contribution to the former is an erudite yet lucid biography of the Buddha based on the canonical books of the Theravadin.

Apart from his fascinating account of the great teacher's life, which was endeared to all by Sir Edwin Arnold's poetic version, "The Light of Asia," Mr. Saunders' most valuable statements are his really brilliant analysis of Buddhist philosophy. He is fully aware that it inculcated at once chivalry and a certain unnatural repression of the emotions; human kindliness and self-sacrifice and a coldly selfish absorption amounting to a sort of ætherialised egoism. Yet, although Buddhism inclines to make destiny a harsh unyielding rap over the knuckles, for sheer loving-kindness, humaneness, sweet temper and restraint it remains one of the Great Wise Codes of the world. As Mr. Saunders aptly remarks: "When all is said, it was by the living embodiment of this quality of good will that Gotama won the hearts of his people. If to-day he does not always command our intellectual assent, we should be churls indeed if we refused to him our love and gratitude. Gotama is himself a morning star of good will heralding the Sun of Love."

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

IN DIVERS TONES. By "Albius." London: Arthur H. Stockwell. Pp. 80. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

IT is a rare pleasure to find in a book of modern verse a sense of rhythm and of form such as characterizes the majority of these poems. Some of them have quite a Swinburnian quality—for instance, "To a Thrush" and "Hymn to the Sun"—and successfully sustained efforts, such as the "Ode to Song" and "Nenia Triumphalis," both in elaborate and difficult metres, are no small achievement. These poems contain some fine and memorable lines, and a verse from the former may be quoted:

> "All the dim caves of Fancy, opening fair
> On elfin lands and waters; all that sleeps
> Beneath our human heart;
> All the wild life of passions lurking there
> Strange as the legions of the ocean deeps,
> Yield to your vital art,
> Spring into being or consume away
> As the great light of music appoints them dark or day."

It will at once be obvious that the author owes something to the influence of Keats, but as she herself (for one suspects that "Albius" is a woman) remarks: "If echo please you, ask not why she sings." And there certainly is something more pleasing about work of this kind—which, while derivative, is not necessarily lacking in originality—than about many of the rhymeless, formless, and often senseless productions that rank as "modern poetry."

"Albius," like not a few other minor poets, is perhaps at her best in the sonnet-form. The Petrarchan sonnets which compose the second half of the book are remarkably successful, and some of them will bear the test of a second and a third reading. Among the most striking are "Like as a Coin," "The East," "The Ocean," "Discontent," "Possessed," "Ye shall surely find Me," "Ambition," "Vast Years," and "Jaded." It may be hoped that further, and even better, work from this author's pen will see the light ere long. E. M. M.

RECENT PSYCHOLOGY AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By Cyril E. Hudson. London: Allen & Unwin. Pp. 121. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

THERE has been of late years a good deal of discussion, and perhaps some bewilderment, as to the relationship between religion and psychology. Miss Evelyn Underhill touched on the question in her usual illuminating fashion in *The Life of the Spirit and the Life of To-day*, and now Mr. Hudson (who is Assistant-Curate of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington) deals with it more fully, exhibiting a broadmindedness and an originality

of outlook which should ensure him a wide circle of readers. His early chapters constitute a well-thought-out résumé of modern conceptions of "the unconscious" and its peculiarities, and readers whose brains have been addled by the incomprehensible jargon of most writers on this subject may turn to them with relief. To give one instance only of his clearness of statement: in discussing the phenomenon of introversion, or phantasy-making, he points out that this, in moderation, is not harmful, but continues:

"The danger of introversion lies in its regressive character. It is a return to the mentality of childhood, in which there are no duties, but only rights; no ideals, but only wishes; no You and Them, but only *ME AND WHAT I WANT.*"

In these five small capitalized words Mr. Hudson has condensed the essence of all human difficulties—national, social and domestic; while in a later chapter on "Herd Instinct," he is equally illuminating with regard to the "stable-minded" and "unstable-minded" types of individuals. After explaining the defects and qualities of each, he points out that the best hope for the "unstable-minded" is that "he should learn to dwell on the example of our Lord Himself."

"In His earthly life we have the exquisitely perfect balance—if in such a connection we may use such terms—of stable-mindedness and unstable-mindedness: on the one hand, boundless love and sympathy with each single soul with whom He comes in contact; on the other hand, complete independence of the moral standard of His environment in any point in which it falls short of the standards of God. The Lamb of God . . . *and* the Good Shepherd."

It will be seen that Mr. Hudson is not afraid of his subject, and that he is not at all hide-bound by orthodox convention. He thinks for himself—as is shown plainly enough by his repeated refutation of the conclusions of the extreme Freudian school of psycho-analysts, which insists on interpreting *everything* in terms of sex. While giving full credit to Freud for his great and valuable investigations into a hitherto almost unexplored region, Mr. Hudson declares that the exclusively sexual explanation of dreams, human wishes and conduct, religions, ideals, etc., etc., "is rejected, or qualified, by every psychologist who has not fallen a complete victim to the blandishments of the Mother Church—in Vienna," and towards the end of the book (p. 110) he quotes William James very aptly in this connection.

One is tempted to quote freely Mr. Hudson himself, but space permits neither this nor an adequate account of a book which, from cover to cover, is brimful of interest for all who are not dead to the far-reaching developments of modern psychological conceptions as applied to Christianity.

E. M. M.

BEG O' THE UPLAND. By Michael Lewis. Illustrated by Roy Meldrum. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. Pp. viii + 200. Price 6s. net.

IN this attractively illustrated story the author tries to present a law of visibility to account for the rarity of human sight of fairies: "The length of you [the fairies], and the width, and the breadth shall be severed asunder to meet henceforward at a single point only, and that at the pleasure of mortal man." A result of this decree is that, by the pressure of any material object on one of his dimensional lines, a fairy, as imagined by Mr. Lewis, may be prevented from showing himself. Such mathematics are more pathetic than intelligible to me, but I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Lewis knows how to write a fascinating tale. Here, in fact, we have tales within a tale, for "Beg," who regilds the dandelions, is raconteur to an unusually bright boy who is led to the discovery of him by verses inscribed on stones. The book is perhaps written for children, but the main lines of adult fiction are in it. It is, of course, a little morbid, for no one would choose to think that the material facts of humanity evilly affect fairies or desire that they should rely, like "Beg," for nutriment on emanations from human eyes. W. H. CHESSON.

Butler & Tanner Frome and London